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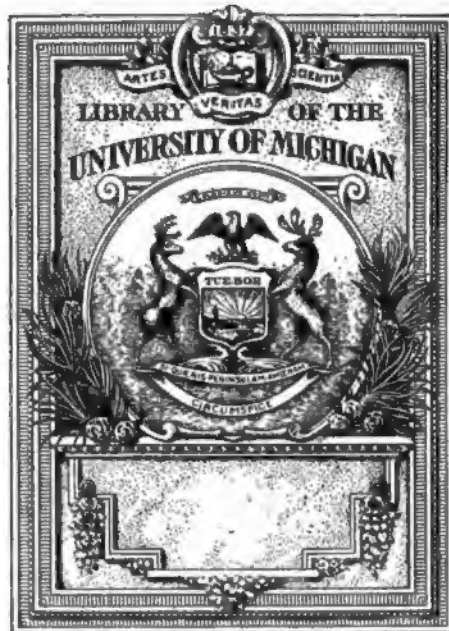
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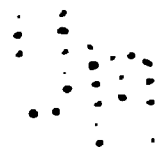


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THE

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF



FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1859.

W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK:

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CONTENTS OF THE MAY NUMBER.

EMBELLISHMENTS—MARIA ANTOINETTE GOING TO EXECUTION—CONDEMNATION OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

1. LITERATURE OF FRANCE--BATTLES--POETRY OF WAR IN ALGERIA,	North British,	1
2. THE ROMAN CATACOMBS,	Edinburgh Review,	13
3. OUTLINES OF ASTROLOGY,	Westminster Review,	33
4. ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE,	North British,	39
5. ELOQUENCE AND POWER OF DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE,	Eclectic Review,	51
6. MADAME DU BARRY,	Calburn's New Monthly,	56
7. SIR WALTER RALPH,	Edinburgh Review,	62
8. HENRY III., KING OF FRANCE AND POLAND,	Tait's Magazine,	65
9. RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STRANGE,	Bentley's Miscellany,	74
10. LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GOSSIP,	Eclectic Review,	84
11. MEMOIRS OF MARIA ANTOINETTE,	New Monthly,	94
12. OUR COUSIN ALICE,	Chambers's Journal,	109
13. THE HEADSMAN OF STRASBURGH,	Miss Julia Pardon,	117
14. TO ROBERT BURNS,	Bentley's Miscellany,	128
15. UP IN THE CLOUDS,	Chambers's Journal,	129
16. THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE,	Chambers's Journal,	134
17. DR. TAYLOR'S LECTURES ON MORAL GOVERN- MENT,	Edinburgh Review,	135
18. LITERARY MISCELLANIES,	Edinburgh Review,	141

EDITOR'S NOTE.

This number of our journal begins a new volume. It is the second in this year, and the forty-seventh in the series.

Our double-plate embellishments will excite pity and interest in the historic eye, and awaken a deep sympathy in the feeling heart. They take the mind back, at a leap, to gaze at the sad and sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution, amid one of the darkest dramas of human history. They bring before the eye the portraits of two beautiful and celebrated women—one a Queen of France, and the other a Princess of noble blood. They have fallen, in evil times, into the hands of worse than savage men—demons in human form. They are approaching their last hours to meet the terrors and agonies of a violent death. Read their sad story in the letter-press.

Our pages are filled with information and instruction. To those of our readers who love foreign travel, as we do, the leading article will take them on a most interesting May excursion, amid wondrous scenes in the Orient—quite out of the beaten track of travel. We hope they will not suffer from the heat, while traversing the vast African Sahara. If so, we recommend them to return via Rome, and walk in the cool and shady streets of the Catacombs, amid the impressive ruins of the "Eternal City." When they return to day-light, they will be ready to welcome astronomical scenes and wonders above earth, instead of within its dark bosom. Electricity will next invite the reader to its brilliant phenomena. It is said to be useful in rheumatic affections. France is rich in historic incident—wars, revolutions, tragedies, and sanguinary dramas innumerable, in which the better-half of creation figure largely as victims or otherwise. Several articles, taking the reader behind the scenes in French history, partly illustrative of the plates, will be found instructive. Other articles, which we have not room to name, will, as we trust, greet the reader with kindly influences. Our object is to present to our readers as wide a variety of information—instructive literature, poetry, history, etc., as is possible to crowd into our ample pages, which comprise as much matter in a year as *three entire British Quarterlies*—within a fraction, and far more select and choice. The cost of the *Edinburgh*, if published in London, would be \$15, instead of \$5 here.

THE BOX HOWARD EVERTS.—We hope greatly to please our readers by sending to them the June Number, embellished with a full length and striking portrait of this great American orator, as he appeared in the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 4th of March, delivering his address on the character of Washington.

As the present number begins the Second Volume, we shall be greatly obliged if our patrons who have forgotten it, will remit their subscriptions by mail or draft, at our risk.

INDEX.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

- ✓ 1. MARIE ANTOINETTE GOING TO EXECUTION.
- ✓ 2. CONDEMNATION OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.
- ✓ 3. PORTRAIT OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.
- ✓ 4. PORTRAIT OF VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.
- ✓ 5. TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE.

A

- Abbey Craig, the, and its Associations—*Titan*, 272
 An Hour Ago, or, Time in Dreamland — *Dublin University Magazine*, 388
 Assize Sunday—*Colburn's New Monthly*, 260
 Astronomy, Outlines of—*Westminster Review*, 33
 Astronomy, Popular—*Eclectic Review*, 415
 Austria, France, and Italy—*Edinburgh Review*, 326
 Austrians, the, and Italy—*Eclectic Review*, 538

B

- Barry, Madame du—*Colburn's New Monthly*, 56
 Beautiful Word Painting, 281
 Between Heaven and Earth—*Titan*, 231
 Beyond Mortal Vision—*Colburn's New Monthly*, 188
 Biographical Sketches and Notices of—
 Barry, Madame du, 56
 Cavour, Count, 285
 Everett, Edward, 279
 Ferdinand II. of Naples, 435
 Guthrie, Thomas, 51
 Henry III. of France, 65
 Humboldt, Alexander von, 435
 Jonson, Ben, 142
 Lamballe, the Princess, 134
 Lardner, Dionysius, 436
 Marie Antoinette, 94
 Metternich, Prince, 579
 Morgan, Lady Sydney, 283
 Napoleon, Louis, 142
 Olmsted, Denison, 282
 Orleans, Duchess of, 548
 Tocqueville, Alexis de, 458
 Victor Emmanuel, 422

C

- Catacombs, the Roman—*Edinburgh Review*, 13
 Catharine, Queen, Trial of, 574
 Christian Civilization, Modern—*Titan*, 175
 Commons House of Parliament, Origin of the, 214

D

- Drawbacks to Social Distinction—*Titan*, 275

E

- Electricity in Theory and Practice — *North British Review*, 39, 200
 Everett, Edward, Biographical Sketch of, 279
 ———— Mount Vernon Fund, 572

F

- France, Literature of—Battles—Poetry of War in Algeria—*North British Review*, 1

G

- Gravestone in the Cloisters, the—*Colburn's New Monthly*, 403
 Great Austrian War, the, 277
 Guthrie, Dr. Thomas, Eloquence and Power of—*Eclectic Review*, 51

H

- Hamilton's, Sir William, Lectures—*North British Review*, 439
 Headsman of Strasburgh—Miss JULIA PARDOE, 117
 Henry III, King of France and Poland—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, 65
 History, the Cradle of — *London Quarterly Review*, 248
 Humanity, Concerning Two Blisters of—*Frazer's Magazine*, 216

I

- Intuitionism and the Limits of Religious Thought—*North British Review*, 312

- Italian Question, the True Difficulties of the—
National Review, 166
 Italy for the Italians—*Eclectic Review*, 366
 Italy seen through French Spectacles—*Dublin University Magazine*, 515
- K
- Kossuth, M., Great Speech of 425
- L
- Laces and Embroideries—*Sharpe's London Magazine*, 571
 Lamballe, the Princess, 134
 "Legends and Lyrics," and "The Wanderer"—
North British Review, 462
 Literature of France, 1
 Literature, Science, and Gossip—*Eclectic Review*, 84
 LITERARY MISCELLANIES—141-144; 284-288; 435
 -438; 577-582
- M
- Magic and Mystery—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 193
 Marie Antoinette, Memoirs of—*New Monthly Magazine*, 94
 Monachism, Early Christian—*London Review*,
 145; 305
 Monte Rosa, an Ascent of—*Eclectic Review*, 481
 Morgan, the Late Lady, 283
- N
- New Light, a, 243
- O
- Olmsted, Prof., Demise of, 282
 Orleans, the Duchess of—*Tail's Edinburgh Magazine*, 548
 Our Cousin Alice—*Chambers's Journal*, 109
- P
- Peasant Life in Russia—*National Review*, 470
 Pictures of Rhine-Land and its Romance—*Titan*, 160
 Poetesses, a Triad of—*Dublin University Magazine*, 180
- R
- Rab and his Friends—JOHN BROWN, M.D., Edinburgh, 563
- Raleigh, Sir Walter, 64
 Recollections of Charles Strange—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 74
 Reverie and Abstraction—*Eclectic Review*, 556
 Roman Antiquities, 230
 Roman Question, the—*Fraser's Magazine*, 506
- S
- Scottish Maiden, the Last Victim of the—*Dublin University Magazine*, 397
 Siberian Gems—*Leisure Hour*, 245
- STANZAS:
- Arabs of Old Time—*Dublin University Magazine*, 274
 A Young Girl's Thoughts on her Twentieth
 Birthday—*Sharpe's London Magazine*, 570
 Breaking the Ice—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 215
 Life by the Blue-Haired Sea—*Dublin University Magazine*, 259
 May-Day Song—a Month behind Time—
Dublin University Magazine, 514
 The Dead Mother—*Sharpe's London Magazine*, 414
 To Robert Burns—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 128
- T
- Taylor's, Dr., Lectures on Moral Government, 135
 Things New and Old—*Dublin University Magazine*, 375
 Tocqueville, Alexis de—*Fraser's Magazine*, 458
 Tombs and their Lessons—*Eclectic Review*, 380
- U
- Up in the Clouds—*Chambers's Journal*, 129
 Unearthing a Buried City in Shropshire, 271
- V
- Varennas, the King's Flight to—*New Monthly Magazine*, 526
 Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, 422
- W
- "Washington, the Beacon Light," 244
 Weimar, the Court of, and its Celebrities—*Westminster Review*, 289
 Womanhood and its Mission—*Dublin University Magazine*, 349; 492

I N D E X .

EMBELLISHMENTS.

- ✓ 1. MARIE ANTOINETTE GOING TO EXECUTION.
- ✓ 2. CONDEMNATION OF THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.
- ✓ 3. PORTRAIT OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.
- ✓ 4. PORTRAIT OF VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SAR-
DINIA.
- ✓ 5. TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE.

A

Abbey Craig, the, and its Associations— <i>Titan</i> ,	272
An Hour Ago, or, Time in Dreamland — <i>Dublin</i> <i>University Magazine</i> ,	388
Assize Sunday— <i>Colburn's New Monthly</i> ,	260
Astronomy, Outlines of— <i>Westminster Review</i> ,	33
Astronomy, Popular— <i>Eclectic Review</i> ,	415
Austria, France, and Italy— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	326
Austrians, the, and Italy— <i>Eclectic Review</i> ,	538

B

Barry, Madame du— <i>Colburn's New Monthly</i> ,	56
Beautiful Word Painting,	281
Between Heaven and Earth— <i>Titan</i> ,	231
Beyond Mortal Vision— <i>Colburn's New Monthly</i> ,	188
Biographical Sketches and Notices of—	
Barry, Madame du,	56
Cavour, Count,	285
Everett, Edward,	279
Ferdinand II. of Naples,	435
Guthrie, Thomas,	51
Henry III. of France,	65
Humboldt, Alexander von,	435
Jonson, Ben,	142
Lamballe, the Princess,	134
Lardner, Dionysius,	436
Marie Antoinette,	94
Metternich, Prince,	579
Morgan, Lady Sydney,	283
Napoleon, Louis,	142
Olmsted, Denison,	282
Orleans, Duchess of,	548
Tocqueville, Alexis de,	458
Victor Emmanuel,	422

C

Catacombs, the Roman— <i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	13
Catharine, Queen, Trial of,	574
Christian Civilization, Modern— <i>Titan</i> ,	175
Commons House of Parliament, Origin of the,	214

D

Drawbacks to Social Distinction— <i>Titan</i> ,	275
---	-----

E

Electricity in Theory and Practice — <i>North Brit-</i> <i>ish Review</i> ,	39, 200
Everett, Edward, Biographical Sketch of,	279
—— ——— Mount Vernon Fund,	572

F

France, Literature of—Battles—Poetry of War in Algeria— <i>North British Review</i> ,	1
--	---

G

Gravestone in the Cloisters, the— <i>Colburn's New</i> <i>Monthly</i> ,	403
Great Austrian War, the,	277
Guthrie, Dr. Thomas, Eloquence and Power of— <i>Eclectic Review</i> ,	51

H

Hamilton's, Sir William, Lectures— <i>North British</i> <i>Review</i> ,	439
Headsmen of Strasburgh—Miss JULIA PARDOE,	117
Henry III., King of France and Poland— <i>Tait's</i> <i>Edinburgh Magazine</i> ,	65
History, the Cradle of — <i>London Quarterly Re-</i> <i>view</i> ,	248
Humanity, Concerning Two Blisters of— <i>Frazer's</i> <i>Magazine</i> ,	216

I

Intuitionism and the Limits of Religious Thought— <i>North British Review</i> ,	312
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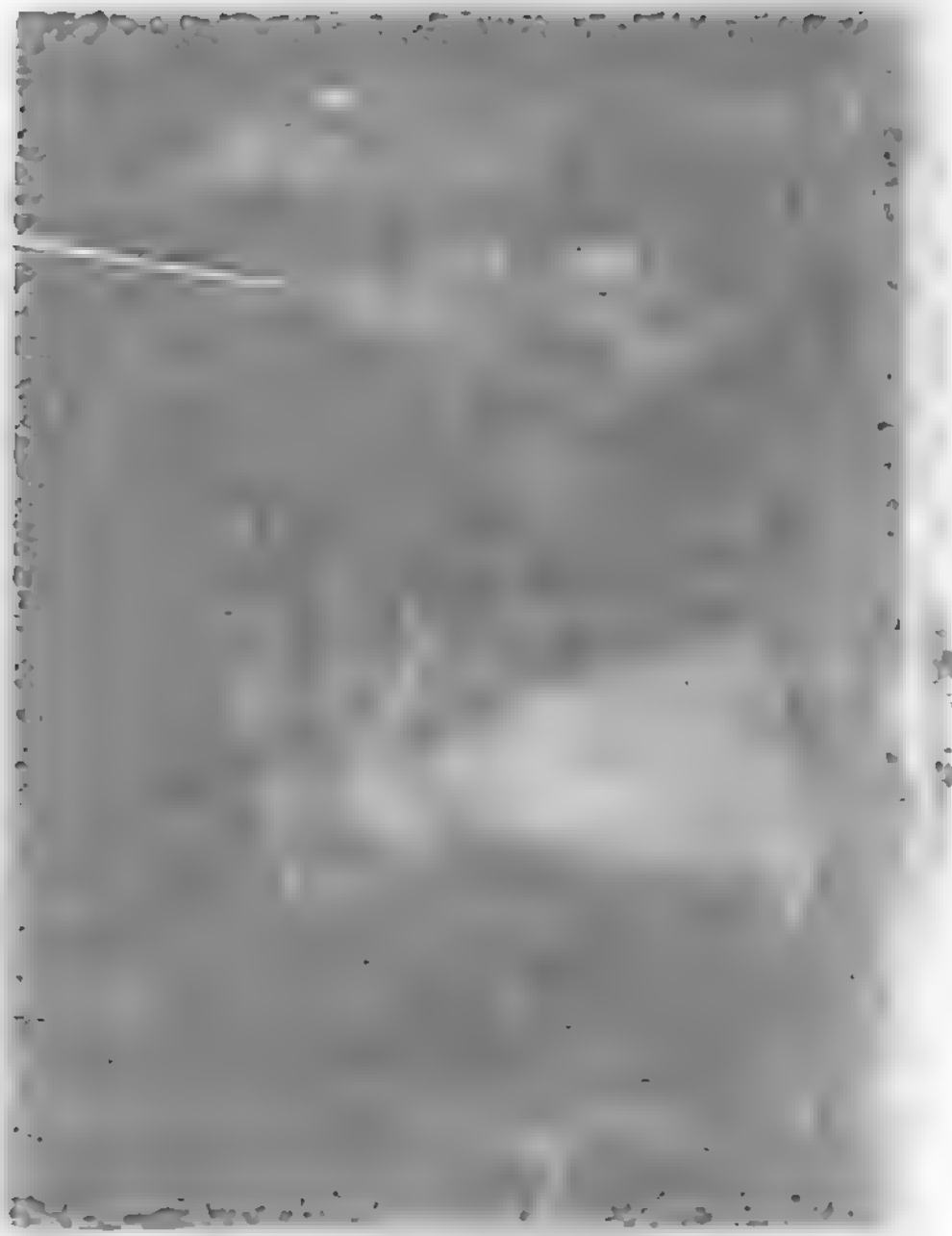
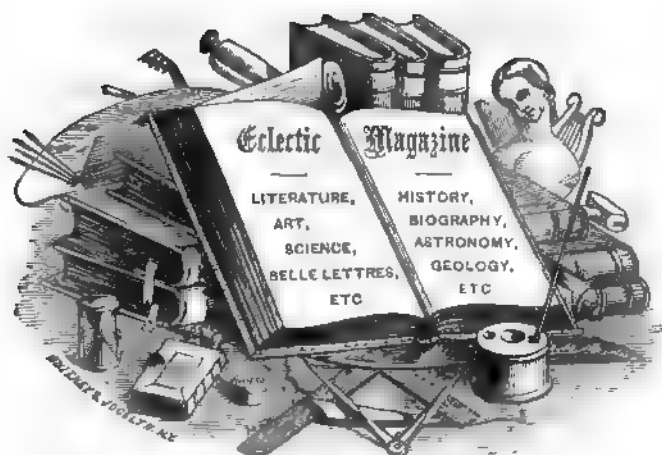




Fig. 1. The central figure of the painting.

Fig. 1. The central figure of the painting.



Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

M A Y , 1 8 5 9 .

From the North British Review.

LITERATURE OF FRANCE—BATTLES—POETRY OF WAR IN ALGERIA.*

ONE of the greatest musicians of this age was once applied to by a lady, whom it is no exaggeration to call a remarkably fine piano-forte player, and was entreated to give her some advice upon her execution of the work of such masters as Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, etc. He politely but firmly refused. "Do not you think the lady has real talent?" inquired a friend. "She has every requisite of a magnificent

* *Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire en Afrique.* By PIERRE DE CASTELLANE. 1 vol. in 18mo. Paris: L. Hachette & Co.

Caracteres et Récits du temps Histoires Sentimentales et Militaires. By PAUL DE MOLENE. 2 vols. in 18mo. Paris: Michel Levy.

Le Grand Désert—Les Chevaux du Sahara. By GENERAL DAUMAS. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Levy.

Un Été dans le Sahara, Une année dans le Sahara. By EUGENE FROMENTIN. 2 vols. in 18mo. Paris: Michel Levy.

VOL. XLVII.—NO. I.

performer," was the reply—"fine touch, strength, delicacy, precision, execution, but——" "But what?" persisted the friend, "why will you not help her with your counsels?" "Because," rejoined the great artist, "she and I would cease to comprehend each other at the first word I should utter. I should have only to say to her this: 'You execute in perfection whatsoever you choose, *but you feel falsely*; if I am to enter into communication with you, and to explain to you what my convictions are, the beauties and the intentions of this or that divinity of my musical Olympus, I shall simply have to repeat to you, at every instant, *Feel otherwise—be otherwise impressed*, in a word, change your nature.' What earthly use do you fancy there could be in that? No, my dear sir, I could more

easily do good by my advice to a far inferior performer, but the vibrations of whose nature should respond truly to the mighty harmonies of those who, to me, are the representatives of absolute beauty and truth, under the artistic form of music." These words may be applied in many other cases. There are things that may be described, and there are things that must be *felt* and felt *rightly*; that is, felt in such a way that their key-note, if it may be so termed, shall strike upon and awaken sympathetic vibrations, out of which shall sound forth the perfect harmony of the perfect chord. Wherever this harmony is heard, its perfection is acknowledged. Now, the "key-note," if the word may be a second time recurred to, of Algeria, is one that will admit of none save its own simplest, most natural harmonies. If you seek to marry it to any thing "scientific," or complex, you are lost, and out of the pale of artistic truth. There is more than one way in which Algeria may impress you, and its truth has more than one aspect; but the *sine quâ non* is, that you should see *its truth* simply, and not through the medium of any secondary conventional pre-conceived truths of your own.

Painting is, up to the present day, the art whereby the effect produced upon the French mind, by the various aspects of Algerian civilization, has been best chronicled. Painting — *the art* itself — has of course not gained by this; but, as our object is not, in these pages, to enter into a disquisition upon art in the abstract, we will not pause to point out how, when *the subject* portrayed becomes dominant, and "local coloring" grows to be a necessity, art must necessarily be all but extinct, we will merely, *en passant*, notice the use made of painting in the case under examination. Painting, we therefore repeat, has been until now the best medium through which the French mind has shown its apprehension of the various aspects of that strange land now called the African colony of France. Delacroix and Decamps have really *seen* Algeria as Algeria is, been struck by the *tone* we have above alluded to, and really responded to it by *its own natural* harmonies; they have, each of them, *felt* truly the aspects of the truth of the land before them, and have obeyed their impression. Neither have gained, *as painters*, in all this, but as the reflectors of what can not be described,

both are admirable. The *Dante et Virgile* of Eugene Delacroix, or the *Bataille des Cimbres* of Decamps, are as superior, *as pictures*, to the *Fremmer d'Alger* of the former, or the *Ecole Turque* of the latter, as an original work is to a translation; but, it is enough to look, for a moment, at the intense blue of one of Delacroix's African skies, to see flapping in the wind the blinding red of one of his Arab mantles, or to cast a glance at a battled white wall of Decamps, to have Algeria living before you, flashed back pitilessly, upon your aching eye-balls, by sky, and wall, and mantle. This perfect truth attained to, comes from the simple fact of *reflection* only having been aimed at. Each of these illustrious artists has "*felt rightly*" the genius of that portion of the East called Algeria. He has copied what presented itself to his eye, giving it, at the same time, its own particular, individual meaning, and no other.

It is curious to mark how, until now, the intrinsic poetry of Algeria has not been perceived. In France, hitherto, Algeria has had no poet; her nearest approach to poetry lay in war. But war, though furnishing an undeniable poetic element, furnished at the same time only a relative one, inasmuch as the poetry, if evoked, was the result of the contact of two adverse civilizations in the Desert, and was not exclusively inspired by the genius of the Desert itself. It can not be denied, however, that "Othello's occupation," in what we may without much extravagance conceive to have been his own land, is the source of so much poetry, that the best writers hitherto upon Algeria are military men, and those who are the most exclusively military are precisely thereby the most poetical. General Dumas, in his little volume upon Arab horses, their education, their qualities, their uses, and their position with regard to their riders, has, whilst aiming chiefly at the composition of a technical work, composed in reality a poetical one, for the reason that the poetry lay in the subject itself, and that the more immediately and simply this was *reflected* from the writer to the reader, the more necessarily the poetry inherent in what was reflected, made itself clear. It was impossible to register exactly the details of the horse's existence in Algeria, and of his juxtaposition to his master, without opening one of the prime springs of poetry, in the particular portion of the

East to which these pages allude. The plain statement of the facts was sufficient; and from them, a reader gifted with the least imagination, could conjure up before him, the strange spirit of that civilization, in which the man is no more complete without his steed, than was the fabled centaur of the ancient Greeks. Another proof of what we say lies in this little circumstance, that when General Daumas mistaking what was required of him, attempted to *describe*, instead of to *reflect*, the aspects of the Algerian East, and when he deliberately sets to work to descant upon what might be its poetry, he altogether failed. His *Chevaux du Sahara*, is a charming work; his *Grand Desert* is pretentious, and merely proves, that he did not *feel* rightly what lay before him. His Saharian horses are *true*, as are the red *bornouses* and bits of burning blue sky of Delcroix, or the heat-cracked white walls of Decamps. He has duly seized upon the "key-note" of the country, "*La note y est*," as the French so expressively say.

We repeat it, the first writers who have, in any degree, given us the poetry of Algeria, are military men; and the more the merely warlike element predominates in their productions, the more poetical these become, because the poetry is inherent in the facts recounted, and not transfigured by the voluntary act of the narrator. A perfect example of this may be found by comparing the works of M. de Molènes with those of M. de Castellane. Both are young men of nearly the same age; both are soldiers; both are esteemed passionately fond of their profession; both have led, for years, the camp life of the French African Colony. The difference between them is this—M. de Molènes, the son of a distinguished juris-consult, began life as a man of letters, and at twenty, or one and twenty, published several articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which took the attention of the public. His passion for the army, however, was such, that when the Revolution of February, 1848, broke out, he rushed into the ranks of the *Garde Mobile*, distinguished himself, got wounded, was among those who were drafted into the regular army, and has served ever since, bearing his share in all the campaigns of Africa and of the Crimea, and rising gradually to the rank of an able officer of French cavalry. M. de Castellane, on the contrary, was one of

those "younger sons," who will be younger sons even in a country where all inherit equally. He was so essentially a younger son, as to be inevitably a soldier. He could be nothing else; but that he was, and is, and always will be, with all the advantages and defects specially appertaining to the cloth. The man of letters turned soldier, is inferior when he comes to speak of camp-life in the East, to the soldier who writes. The former is so well versed in all the tricks of the pen, that he can *describe* any thing; the latter, without any art, states merely what passes around and before him. But, as what passes partakes of the very essence of poetry, the mere statement of the deeds done under such and such circumstances, evokes the true *genius loci*, and suggests to the reader all that is so strikingly poetical in plain facts. M. de Molènes' Arabs are not real Arabs, neither are his men of the French African army, *real "Africains,"* to employ the term used in France. They are, one and all of them, variations of a favorite type, the author whereof has so often *described* it to himself, that he ends by firmly believing he has *seen* it, which he never did. M. de Molènes' African Sketches are full of talent, as are all his many charming contributions to the Literature of French fiction—for he is perhaps one of the most original romance-writers of his day; but he describes as a European, what is in him as a European—nay, more, as a Parisian—to describe, he does not *feel* the aspects of Algeria, he does not seize its *key-note*, meeting it by sympathetic and subordinate harmonies of his own.

Now, M. de Castellane, on the other hand, is really impressed with what has gone on around him; and it is because he is so, that he wishes to set it down as precisely as he can. In the three chapters of his *Souvenirs de la Vie Militaire en Afrique*, that are devoted to Generals Lamoricière, Cavaignac, and Changarnier, he simply states events that force the reader, in spite of himself, to feel the poetry such events contain; and which poetry, had he himself witnessed the deeds in question, would have appeared to him when time should have effaced the *physical sense* of whatsoever is eye-witnessed, and allowed its equally true but more refined image to rise up from memory's depths. We quote, from the chapter

on Changarnier, the recital of the combat of the Oned Froddha :

"In order to appreciate this terrible action, you should represent to yourself exactly the scene of it! A space of about a hundred feet wide whereon to fight; a footing of sand, furrowed in the middle by the bed of the torrent; to the right and the left, perpendicular hights, of a gray tint, overgrown with marine pines; above the trees, the caps of the mountains rising up bare and conical like pyramids, whence came raining down the enemy's musket-balls—this is the scene of action. . . ."

Then we have the action itself:

"On the eve of the battle, our sick were sent, under escort, to Milianah, and the Roman tombs around us received those who had died. One of our Zouaves was buried in a Christian grave, and the cross found in digging up the earth, was placed, to the sincere satisfaction of all, upon the last abode of a soldier who had died of exhaustion. The following day (seventeenth September, 1842) our little column began its march. It marched on all the next day, receiving on its way the submissions of several native chiefs; and on the nineteenth, towards the hour of nine in the morning, came to a general halt upon the river of the *Oned Froddha*. The horsemen profited by the halt to go foraging under an infantry escort. The order was given not to let a shot be heard. On a sudden a peal of musketry rings out, and the officer, who is dispatched to see what the firing means, finds our men, steadily obedient, receiving the fire of the Kabyles in silence. From the spot where the troops had come to a halt, it was impossible to make out a small narrow valley, separating us from the nearest neighboring hill. From this hidden valley, and from the lower part of the hill, the Kabyles were pouring their fire upon our men. There they were by thousands, the false Kabyles, white as vultures in their white cloaks, and flying to and fro untiringly, under the direction of their superiors, who were dressed in red. They screamed, and shrieked, and stamped, and tore, and excited themselves to the work of destruction. We had been told quite another story, and had counted on friendly populations on our road. There were no friends here. We could not, however, dream of retreat. Let alone honor, our interest forbade it, for a retreat would have made revolt more resolute. Besides, in retreating, we should have heaps of wounded men, wounded uselessly; in advancing, on the contrary, the blood of our soldiers was certain not to be shed in vain. The position was reconnoitered, the order to march given, and in a few minutes more the head of the column was plunging into the frightful gorge of the *Oned Froddha*. . . . At a turn of the stream, Arab horsemen dashed forth upon a detachment of the twenty-sixth. They were repulsed. The infantry stood its ground, firing only when face

to face with the foe. Meanwhile, on the left bank of the river, the Chasseurs d'Orleans fell back in excellent order, toward the main column, cautiously marching from copse to copse, from bush to bush, from tree to tree; each man individually seeking for himself the surest shelter, the best cover, for an ambushade. Often a thicket would be chosen on either side, and would hide a Kabyle and a French trooper, each watching the first opportunity of surprising the other. When the headmost hight was reached, the trumpets sounded the *pas gymnastique*, and instantly the acclivities on both sides were covered with our men, who rolled down them, rushing on to meet the rear-guard, just then preparing to enter the ravine. The real combat began then. The Kabyles, from the hill-tops, shouted fiercely down to us: 'You have entered this tomb-pass, you shall *not* leave it alive.' But they counted without our troops—above all, without their chief, calm, immovable, Changarnier brought up the rear, wrapped in his white woolen cloak, the target for every Arab ball, and issuing his behests with a coolness and precision, that steadied all around him, and doubled their energy. . . . Ravine, rocks, hills, on either hand, were over-swarmed with Arabs whom the smell of powder, and their own cries, had made drunk with excitement, and regardless of danger. They tried to sweep over and exterminate our handful of men, but Changarnier had decided otherwise. Without one second's hesitation, his plan was conceived, and his own determined dauntlessness inspired the troops he commanded." . . .

The issue of the combat of the *Oned Froddha* is a matter of history; and to master the details of that action, where a portion of the French army was saved by the extraordinary presence of mind, and by the truly heroic qualities of incomparably the most illustrious of all living French generals, Changarnier, we need only refer to the *Moniteur* for September, 1842, (which, at that period, was wont to tell the plain truth, and did not, for the sake of the government, deem it necessary to distort and disguise every fact;) but the historical part of the circumstance is not now before us. It is the *narrative* with which we have to do, and that narrative is a decidedly poetical one, because it is nothing more than a mirror of events. Who, in reading it, does not see the gaunt figure of the bronze-faced Kabyles, flitting along, and with their wide white draperies, overshadowing the plains and hills, as would, with their pale wings, a flock of vultures? Who does not see the intense scarlet *Bornouses* of their chiefs, breaking—to use Goethe's fine image, apropos to the analogies be-

tween colors and sounds—breaking the uniform tone of the rest as harshly as the clang of a trumpet breaks upon silence? Who does not hear the savage cries of the dusky oriental horde, and the plash of their horses' hoofs on the wet stones of the river's bed, and the sharp cracking sound of their guns, and all the discordant din of the fearful war-symphony? And who that is able to *read* it, does not feel that above all this hideous human disturbance, lies, serene and undisturbed, the most glorious of nature's aspects? To whose senses does not the sorrowing wind bring, mixed with the smell of powder, the fragrance of the mountain pines? Whose latent poetic sentiment is not aroused by the strong contrast, between the violence of man, the short-lived, and the grand quietude of what surrounds him?

Now, how is this brought about? how is the true feeling here excited in the reader? Merely by the writer's simplicity. He *states*, he does not *describe*. He does not *explain* to you what *effect* it is possible may be made upon you by the mountain pass of the Oned Froddha, or by the white-mantled Kabyles, or by the pine woods around the base of the hills; he does not translate or interpret the sense of the scene, thereby diluting the force of facts by an infusion of personality. No! he takes down on paper; he notes, chiefly for military purposes, as precisely as his memory will enable him, what was done on such and such a day; and, by this method, the scenes reflected being full of poetry, the reader has all the poetry brought before him, and that as vividly as it would have been had he been a witness. But this, as we have said, is the poetry of war. It is one poetical aspect of the Algerian east. No one has better seized this than M. Pierre de Castellane. He writes, moreover, simply for the purpose of recording what has come under his own observation. We can fancy ourselves present when Jenina, the widow of the famous Omar Pasha, lifts the veil from her face, at her son's request, and is welcomed by Marshal Bugeaud, as becomes the bereft wife of a dead warrior. We have before us the last living remnant of the days when the satrap form of government still existed in the East, and when the Turk reigned in Algeria after the fashion practiced by his predecessors from the very days of the Medes and Persians. The whole history of Omar, and of the

destruction of the Turkish satrap sway, is one of the most interesting portions of the volume before us, and one that even commonplace readers, who "read for information," will appreciate. To such as have any *presentiment* of what lies deeper than this in the various aspects of French Africa, we might point out many other pictures, but he principally excels in placing before us whatever relates to military expeditions or to the development of military characters.

An element of importance, that has become extinct in most countries, is to be found in all its pristine importance in the military civilization of Algeria. We allude to the "Adventurer," in the proper acceptation of the term, to the "soldier of fortune," who fills every page of the history of the middle ages, in every country — who has his representatives upon thrones, as in the case of the founder of the house of Hapsburg, and some others, and who ends with questionable respectability, in the person of M. de Bonneval, who turned Mussulman, and of Philip Königsmark, who was murdered on the hearthstone of the guard-room at Hanover. Naturally, in this present age of institutions, individualism, when too vivacious, is crushed. We, in these free islands of ours, and our offspring of the far west, still allow the individual to expand self to a certain point; but, on the continent, and no where more than in France, (under all regimes,) society and the individual are at variance. Society reigns, and the individual must submit. Then necessary consequence is, that whenever individualism becomes manifest in any very remarkable degree in the states of the continent, the man by whom it is represented, invariably clashes against the sovereign abstraction, termed society, and to avoid coming to grief, has nothing for it but to turn his back upon Europe. The history of the Legion Etrangère of the French African army, would, if it were ever written, be the chronicle of the deeds and sufferings of these votaries of individualism, at odds with their epoch. M. de Castellane has sketched more than one of them, and amongst others is a certain Prussian gentleman, known by the name of the Caïd Osman, than whom no romance-writer has ever conceived a more interesting type:

"The Eastern name hid a career of agitation passed in northern Germany, full of duels and

adventures, of death-sentences and hangings in effigy. Be sure of this, however, that well informed and intelligent exceedingly, he had, even in his roughness and rudeness, a singular charm, and his courage had gained him a real renown, that commanded the respect of all. In all, he was the ideal of a soldier of fortune, a *lanzknecht* of by-gone times. His double-barreled gun, equally dreaded by the Arabs and by the game of the desert, his dog Tom, his bay horse, a splendid beast—these were, whilst he was campaigning, his sole friends. In garrison, a fourth affection filled a corner of his heart—a little Spanish girl, who never opened her mouth, and was devoted to him with absolutely canine devotion. Tom, *La Chica*, and the 'Caïd,' were at such times three beings in one; and not a joy or a grief of their lives but was fairly shared between them."

A day comes, however, when the "three in one" are disunited, and when two only are left. This is one of the most touching episodes of M. de Castellane's book:

"We were returning one morning," he narrates, "after a three months' absence, to Mascara. Our troops followed the long street leading to the cavalry barracks, when we perceived all the officers of the garrison assembled before the Caïd's dwellings. One after the other stepped forward to greet us, and we learnt that *La Chica*, the Caïd's little friend, the friend and favorite of all, poor child, was dead!

"Poor thing! she had been ailing a good long while. The day before, however, she got up. The sun was bright and warm, and the air full of perfumes. '*Chico*,' had she said to the Caïd, 'give me your arm and let me see the sun.' She walked on a few steps, and then began to cry, seeing the green leaves sparkling every where, and the beauty of the spring day. When she was brought back to her arm-chair, 'Ah! *Chico*,'* moaned she, 'I am dying,' and as she sat down, she died quietly, without pain, without any contraction even of the muscles, but with a faint smile on her lips, as she looked at the Caïd.

"The coffin was brought out from the house, every head was uncovered, and we joined the other officers who followed it to the grave.

"The burying-ground of Mascara, filled with olive and other tall trees, lies in the midst of gardens, and is a spot of peace and of repose. The *Chica*'s grave was dug under a large fig tree. The spahis, who bore the corpse, stood still, and setting it down, formed themselves into a circle; two soldiers of the engineer corps took up the light coffin, and gently deposited the poor *Chica* in her last resting-place. The Caïd stood at the edge of the grave. A soldier tendered to him a handful of earth; as he took

it in his hand, he trembled visibly; and when the earth, falling on the coffin, gave forth the dull sad sound, so full of gloom, tears rolled in the eyes of the soldier of fortune.

"From that day forth the dog Tom, of whom *La Chica* had been so fond, was the sole companion, the sole affection, of the Caïd."

We think it scarcely possible to relate a more touching event more simply.

But we repeat it—all this is dependent for its existence upon the fact of the existence of war. Suppose no war to be going on, you can not apply to any of the sources whence the poetic current flows throughout M. de Castellane's book. The book could not be—it would have no *raison d'être*. If there were no combat of the Oned Froddha, how should our imagination be impressed by the contrast, for instance, between the noisily heroic Kabyles, and the noiselessly heroic Changarnier,* death defiant both, but in such a different way? Or what meaning would the superstitious terror of the Arabs have, at passing after nightfall over the *Col de Mougaiia*, if it had not been the theater of one of the bloodiest engagements that took place since the French occupation in 1830? We can readily conceive the error of the Arabs at passing after sunset along the hilly range, where they maintain they hear "the wail of the slaughtered crying out for sepulcher," and believe they have seen the pale ghosts, shivering on the mountain-sides, and gathering together by hundreds to mourn over their exclusion from Paradise. We can picture to ourselves the wretched Bedouin, who, says M. de Castellane, "became insane from fright, because one night, as he crossed the fatal place, he was pursued by a crowd of shadows, and heard a lament burst forth from every bush he neared:"

* It is strange enough, that under the signature of the author, should be found in the book we are now noticing, such an appreciation of Changarnier as the following: "What above all distinguishes Changarnier, in his judgment, as prompt as it is sure, and his indomitable energy. *He is born to command.* His courage grows with danger. In hours of peril, if near him, his dauntlessness becomes contagious, and you feel he must be successful. From the moment when he first showed what he was at Constantine, he has never once ceased to act up to his most glorious reputation. If ever you meet with a group of veteran '*Africains*,' ask them to tell you what the work of campaigning was with Changarnier. You will hear what they will recount." [We should like M. de Castellane to tell us whether the "work of campaigning" of the *coup d'état* of 1851, has left any glorious or romantic tales to be told.]

* *Chico* is the masculine, and *Chica* the feminine, in Spanish, for any thing very "*wee*," as we should say. It is also a term of endearment.

but all this can not be if you do not preconceive the bloody battle of the *Col de la Mougia*. M. de Castellane's volume reflects one of the aspects of Algeria as it now is, and as the French invasion has made it; but the poetry of it is relative, not absolute. M. de Castellane has admirably carried out the precepts of his eminent teacher, the Marechal de Montluc, whose words he takes as an epigraph: "Would to God that we, who bear arms, did but adopt the habit of writing down what we see and feel; for I imagine this would be preferable, in as far as war is concerned, and would be better set forth by us than by the mere men of letters. They disguise things far too much, and what they say has always a savor of the scribe." The Marechal's own French phrase is perfect: *cela sent trop son clerc!* At three hundred years' distance, the veteran companion of Henri IV. has guessed what is the plague of our time far more than it could ever have been of his, as we have already so often said. Writers nowadays, describe before they have rightly seen or felt, that which they undertake to paint. Impression and expression are inadequate each to the other—the former being poor, and the latter too abundant. For this reason, M. de Castellane's book is most interesting; for it never once aims at mere description. The author, as the famous captain of the sixteenth century prescribes, does truly "write down what he has seen." He never, like the "mere men of letters," transforms or "disguises" any thing; and whatever the faults of the book may be, it is quite impossible to say of any part of it, that "it savors of the scribe."

And so with General Daumas' *Horses of the Sahara*; so long as he simply aims at informing you, like a plain straightforward soldier and lover of the equine race, what the particulars are of the education and position in Arab civilization of the Arab horse, he is nothing of the scribe, and his recital charms, captivates, and hurries you along with it. But when he thinks this is not sufficient, and fancies he can better make you appreciate the tent-life of the desert, by setting to work to describe it more fully, he, as we have noticed, fails, and we must say, with old Blaise de Montluc, "*Cela sent trop son clerc.*"

There is no denying that one great merit of the *Chevaux du Sahara* of Gen-

eral Daumas is to be found in the very curious and interesting notes furnished by the Emir, Abd-el-Kader. There is something in the desert horseman's manner of speaking of his horse, indescribably charming, and which at once brings before you the details of nomad civilization. For instance, mark the tender age at which the foal is mounted, and the perpetual companionship between the man and the animal that is thus rendered inevitable. The more you truly tell how horses are brought up in the Desert, the stronger light you throw upon the interior existence of the Desert families. One can not be told, without the other becoming evident. A passage written by the Emir shows us even the Arab women, kept so sacred from every eye, sharing in the work of caring for the steeds of their tribe: "Our noble coursers pass their lives in outstripping each other in speed, and when they return home, *our women wipe with their vails* the sweat that runs down the horse's face. They toss their heads as though they would fain escape from the reins that hold them in, and their ears are attentive to the faintest sound. On their backs sit their riders—fierce lions these!"

It is not very difficult, from these few words, to conjure up the picture of a return of a *goum* of cavaliers to their tents, and to see the ardent, impatient horses snuffing the air with inflated nostrils, pointing the small, nervous ears to catch an echo of pursuit, and at the same time allowing female hands to caress their steaming withers, and the vails of their masters' wives to wipe the sweat from their brows.

From what General Daumas reports, it is impossible the horse and his rider should not be one in the social habits of the Desert. For the first few months of his life, the foal is given up to the care of women, and at a year and a half old he is mounted by children.

"The only method of making horses infallibly docile," says General Daumas, "is, according to the Arabs, to give them riders of a weight corresponding to their strength at the very earliest age. The existence of the Arab horse is perpetual movement; he is never at rest; he goes far and wide for his rider's purposes, far and wide even to fetch his own food; farther and wider still, very often, to fetch his drink. But this makes him, like his master, abstemious and indefatigable; and this is the kind of apprenticeship which makes him, in moments of emergency, capable of incredible efforts. . .

At eighteen months old, a child leads the foal to grass, or to the water, wherever that may be, or mounts him with an easy, soft mule-bridle. This exercise suits both—the horse grows gentle, and the child grows up to know how to ride. This is the principal cause of the possibility which the Arab possesses of assuring you with truth, that ‘he has to learn what is the meaning of a restive horse.’”

By the way, Mr. Rarey’s much-vaunted system of horse-training has light thrown on it in the pages of General Daumas. The “*Cavalier-type*,” as the French call him, the rider who indubitably, in modern times, as nearly as possible, realizes the existence of the fabled Centaur of the ancients, never admits of the practice known in all other parts of the world, under the denomination of “*horse-breaking*.” The Arab “*breaks in*” no horses, nor would dream of such a proceeding. He “*educates*” the animal, so that he shall never stand in need of being “*broken in* ;” and he lays down as a principle *never* to be violated, the “*avoidance of any of those struggles between the horse and his rider which, supposing even the latter to be victorious, make the man’s victory possible only at the expense of the horse’s best qualities.*” At two years and a half a full-grown man mounts the young horse. But for a considerable time he never goes *beyond a foot’s pace*, and he is only required to be gentle. His bit is the lightest imaginable ; his rider has no spurs ; under his hand is only a mere twig, which he tries *never* to use.

“In this way,” says the General, “he goes to market, visits his friends, inspects his pasture land and flocks, and sees to his affairs, requiring only from his companion obedience and docility, both of which he usually obtains by speaking to the horse in a loud, kind tone, but never showing anger, and never provoking resistance. . . . At the age of three, or between that and four years, somewhat more is demanded from the horse, whose food is now very abundant. Spurs are then used for the first time ; and to docility it is necessary he should add boldness. This is easy too ; for the numerous beasts of all kinds that, in the *Douar*, have been life-long his companions in the day, have used him to every species of noise ; besides which he has heard the hootings and howlings of the wild animals that prowl round the tents at night, and that ceaseless firing of pistols and guns that is quite inseparable from his master’s every-day existence ; all of which makes it hard to frighten or take a horse by surprise.”

This, which is but half a page of a volume containing upwards of four hundred similar pages, shows at once how, by the simplest technical details, straightforwardly and unpretendingly given, a light is thrown upon the half-warlike, half-pastoral existence of the nomad tribes of the Algerian desert.

General Daumas’ book upon the *Horses of the Sahara* is, without his having meant it to be so, the most successful attempt yet made at a relation of the *tent-life* of the Arabs. It is, of course, incomplete, but we should doubt it being possible for any European to treat the subject in a completer or more perfect form.

Here, then, we have *two* distinct aspects of Arab civilization satisfactorily reflected and brought home to the reader, because not attempted to be *described*. For the poetry of war we have M. de Castéllane’s *Souvenirs Militaires* ; for the poetry of the every-day out-of-doors life of the Arab, when at peace and free to attend to his pastoral occupations, we have General Daumas’ *Chevaux du Sahara*. But these are two “*aspects*,” as we have often repeated, of the life of the Desert. There is something beyond, immeasurably beyond, all this, lying unfathomably deep beneath these outward appearances. There is the poetry of the Desert itself—the intense and hidden flame, one spark whereof it is that animates each of the “*aspects*” we have noted, making them therewith *poetical*, but not transforming them into *the poetry* that lies at the origin of all.

We said it in the commencement of this essay, and we now repeat it : Algeria has a poet—a poet whose form is prose, but who is as thoroughly, as unmistakably *a poet*, as was he who sung of Childe Harold’s first wanderings. M. Fromentin’s two small volumes have taken the entire reading world in France by surprise, for the simple reason that—if you accept the *Lettres d’un Voyageur* of Mme. Sand, some five-and-twenty years ago—there has been nothing in French literature for the last quarter of a century, that can with any shadow of justice, be compared to them. We would not be mistaken in what we say : It is needless to register our admiration of the works published by the illustrious men of our day in France, and bearing upon History, Biography, Politics, or Political Economy. These

have now the renown they merit; but with these M. Fromentin's books have nothing in common. His are *poems*, in which the ceaseless presence of the Ideal and of the Poetic element is the distinguishing mark of superiority; and we again say, and we have, in support of our assertion, all the modern critics of France, nothing at all to be compared to M. Fromentin's two volumes, has been published for the last quarter of a century, in the imaginative literature of the French tongue. We are obliged to use the word "imaginative" in this case, to mark the poetic category to which the volumes under our present notice belong; otherwise, the term is an improper one, for, more than any one, M. Fromentin has mirrored forth strictly that portion of the East he has visited. But he has reflected neither this aspect, especially, nor that. He has reflected the sources when each general "aspect" is derived. With him we have the essence of the whole thing: its soul, that which animates and makes it what it is—that which is indispensable to all its various forms, but to which they are indifferent. With him we enjoy all the infinitudes of the East; the light, heat, silence, space, that to the perception of Europeans never come other than portionwise, and that in the Desert are still absolute abstractions. Even in Italy and Spain, we have after all but a bearable ray of that light which, in the Desert, is still *the light*, unclouded, absolute, and too much almost for mortal vision, that it was when the creative word "*Fiat lux*," made it shine forth and divide time. Silence absolute still broods over space, surpassing human powers of appreciation, as it did over chaos before creation. It is this pressure upon you of the abstract and infinite on every side, that forces a true poet or a true philosopher to feel in the Desert that he has reached what the Germans call "the source of things." This feeling it is that the author of a *Summer in the Sahara*, arouses in the reader at every line of his works.

The two books can not be separated, for if read apart they have but half their meaning. Strangely enough, too, that published first should be read *after* reading two thirds of the later one. *Une année dans le Sahel* tells you why the other volume exists. During the first two thirds of this last book, we scarcely feel at home with the writer; we are

conscious of a vague longing to be elsewhere than with him, and to carry him with us. He is so natural in all he writes, that you soon share his aspirations, and fall to dreaming of something that lies far and wide beyond all that you as yet perceive, but of the existence whereof you are as perfectly sure as you are of the objects lying beside you. The sort of strong yearning to which you are thus brought, can only be rendered by a term applicable to a physical sensation; you are "*thirsting*," as is the poet himself, for some distant fount of poetry whereto you are irresistibly drawn. The word is spoken, and the aim of the longings is attained! *The Sahara!* There is the ta isman. The wanderer has been long enough imprisoned in the haunts of men. He has gone from Algiers to Blidah, and has painted, in poetry, the Arab and Moorish populations, and has brought before your eyes the civilization of French Africa. But there is something else wanting. What is it? One evening he falls in with a troop of wandering Saharians, and the mystery is made clear. This is the origin of the work entitled *A Summer in the Sahara*; but the story of this episode we will let the author give in his own words:

" . . . It was nine o'clock. A hot, calm night. A mist hung over the plain; the lake and the marsh were soon made visible by their outline of white vapor. The swallows left the heavens one by one, as the daylight faded from the sky. The air was full of the beating, whirring wings of night-insects.

"On reaching the west gate of Blidah, I found an encampment established round the tanks. Fifty camels or thereabouts, and perhaps thirty drivers. Though it was nearly dark, I saw at once, from their air and their dusker skins, and their harsher eyes, that they were mere Saharians.

"'Whence come you?' asked I.

"One of the men answered: 'From El Aghonath.'

"El-Aghonath, in an Arab mouth, has a strange, hard sound, and yet I could not help listening to it, and asking the speaker to repeat it. The *gh* is harsher and more guttural by far than the Spanish *jota*, but it was the first time an Arab had uttered the name before me; and in this man's accent there was that tenderness and pride with which one's *home* should be mentioned before a foreigner. I asked how many days were required to go thither? 'Ten days,' was the reply. 'From here to Baghar, and from Baghar to Medeah two.

"'How lies the road?'

"The man had recourse to the favorite Arab gesture, pointed to the wide path that skirted

the bivouac; stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and waving it as to describe immensity, added, Look! that is the Sahara! as though in all the world nothing could be so worthy the human gaze as the boundless void of a flat horizon.

"Good night; a blessing on you all," said I.

"On thee be the blessing!" was the reply of the Aghonati,* and I came to the end of my stroll.

"But before returning home, I sat for some time in front of Bon Djima's *café*; a little rustic place of refreshment, overshadowed by orange trees; and surrounded by streams of running water, as though it were an island. I was quite alone. Bon-Djima was asleep by the side of his cooking apparatus, and beneath the half-extinguished light of his lantern. I did not care to wake him, but sat on the threshold. Here and there in the distance, and towards the mountains, a light might be seen, which scarcely seen, disappeared; and far off the faint barking of dogs was occasionally heard. I looked up at the sky where shone all the summer constellations. The thought of the Saharans, instead of growing weaker, possessed me, and I began involuntarily to wander. Now, whenever the vagrant fit seizes me, in dreams or in reality, I never wander but in the one same direction—towards the south: . . . It is midnight. I have come to no decision yet, but it is likely that to-morrow I shall get up with the invincible resolution to take to the road."

And so it really happens. The Desert draws the traveler on, with all its wonders—beckons him with all its sights, calls to him with all its voices, and he obeys the summons, as do you who read him, irresistibly. Thus originates the book called *Un été dans le Sahara*, the title whereof is like every thing the writer does or says, true. When after a three months' absence, M. Fromentin returns again to Blidah, the friend with whom he resides there, asks him what he has "seen in the Sahara?"

"Summer!" is the expressive answer. Hence the title of his volume. Volume and its title are a reality. It is indeed summer that M. Fromentin has seen. Summer such as makes even the hottest summers of the southern climes of Europe look ghastly. He goes to the Desert for the Desert's sake, for the sake of those infinitudes of which we have already spoken; the infinite light, the infinite heat, the infinite silence, and the infinite space. He is attracted even by that which would repel any other traveler; and, as he gazes from the heights of El-

Aghonati upon the scorched land that lies beyond, such a name as *Bled-el-Atench*, (the land of thirst,) instead of alarming, fascinates him. "I passionately love the blue," he exclaims, "and there are two things I burn to contemplate: the sky without a cloud above; the desert without a shade."

M. Fromentin is right when he says he passionately loves "the blue." This intensely passionate feeling it is, throughout his writings, which makes them poetry, and forbids the reader from ever tearing himself away from them, till the last page is turned.

Our author's talent is twofold. This, too, contributes much to the charm of his books; his perceptions are those of a painter, whilst the form affected by the reproductive force within him is exclusively the literary one. This gives an originality to what he writes, that it is quite impossible to describe. Take for instance, the following appreciation of the East, considered in its relation to art:

"I am not alluding now to a conventional East; but to the East such as it lies before me—a land of dust and whiteness; inclined to be glaring when it is colored, and inclined to be monotonous when its full colors are not donned; in the latter aspect it is rigid in its every line, and all its *drawing* is in length instead of in weight—it is sharp, devoid of vapor, or of any *modifying medium*, devoid almost of appreciable atmosphere, and wholly without distance. This is the East that I know of that surrounds me, and that I see. The land of grandeur *par excellence*, of grandeur, of broad lightning and of the immovable. But imagine flaming foregrounds under a blue sky; that is, foregrounds of lighter, brighter tints than the sky, (a fact which confounds you at every turn)—imagine a landscape without a possible central point; for the light is *equal* all round; without any transient shadow, for the heavens have no cloud! It is the first time art has had cause to complain of the sun—but I doubt if, till our days, any artist would have taken it into his head that one of the objects of painting could ever be to express, with the miserably limited means that lie at our disposal, the *excess* of the solar splendor, rendered a thousand times more great by its diffusion."

Where, unless in a painter, will you find so admirable a definition of some of the obstacles to art offered by the aspects of the desert? but where will you find the painter who is poet enough to make you feel what he is defining?

We should not have space for reviewing M. Fromentin's works from the point of

* Inhabitant of El-Agonati.

view of the elevated and most severely true-art theories they contain. From his two volumes a third small one might be extracted, that would be invaluable to the art-students of our times; but we will resolutely refrain from touching upon this topic, and will return to M. Fromentin as a poet-traveler; the capacity in which he can be best appreciated by the largest number of those who read him.

As we are not aware that any so true and perfect copy of the various aspects of the Desert is elsewhere to be found, as in the book now under review, we will translate the picture given by M. Fromentin of a day and night of solitude in the middle of the Sahara:

"The sons of this soil love it to adoration, and I can well understand their passionate sentiment. Travelers—those from the north especially—call it a fearful country, where death lies in wait for the European, in the shape of heat, thirst, or *nostalgia*. Many wonder at me for being here, and most people try to deter me from remaining, under pretense that I shall lose my time, my health, and what is worse, my reason. Assuredly this land, such as it is, so simple and so fine, is, I avow, not *charming*, but it is more productive of strong emotion than perhaps any country in the world. It is a land without grace, without softness, but whose merit is its severity, and whose first influence is to incline the beholder to gravity—(gravity being by the vulgar often mistaken for *ennui*)— . . . short dawns, long noons, heavier than elsewhere, hardly any twilight; sometimes a sudden expansion of light and heat; winds of fire, that all at once cast a threatening air over all things, and produce for the moment fits of languor and depression; but, for the most part, a radiant immobility the somewhat sad fixity of perpetual fair weather—upon the whole, in short, a species of universal impassibility, that, from the sky, descends upon the earth, and from the aspects of the earth, seems reflected back upon the faces of the human kind.

"The *first* impression produced by this vast spectacle, ardent at once and inanimate, made up of space, solitude, and sun, is to a certain degree a painful one, and is like unto none other. Little by little, however, the eye familiarizes itself with the grandeur of the outline, the emptiness of the space, the nakedness of the ground; and the only astonishment that subsists is, that any should be felt in the face of such changeless and such simple scenes.

"Till now, the exaggerated and violent aspects, so much talked of in the East, have not struck me; and I find but little to justify the *extraordinary* descriptions one reads of it. The sky is, with more intensity, the same sky, as that of Algiers; it is the sky of a country that is *dry* as well as hot. Perfectly different from the sky of Egypt, for instance, which is the sky

of a country the soil whereof is watered, steeped, overflowed, and heated at once; of a country that possesses a huge river, and vast lagoons, where the nights are always damp, and the earth is in a perpetual steam. This sky, on the contrary, is forever clear, arid, and invariable; the white or fawn-colored foregrounds, or the rose-tinted hills, help to preserve the azure of the firmament unmodified over its entire surface; or, when at sunset the sky grows golden in the east, opposite to the sinking sun, the extremity towards the horizon is violet-tinged, or barely gray. Neither have I seen any *mirages*. . . . My best and most delightful hours—those I shall regret the most—are those I pass upon the heights of the town, usually at the foot of the so-called Eastern Tower, and fronting the immense horizon that opens before me on all sides, boundlessly. From this point every thing is clear; from east to west, from north to south—hills, mountains, town, oasis, and desert, all lies there spread out. I am there at dawn; I am there at mid-day; I return there at evening. I am alone, and perceive no human being, save here and there a rare visitor, who is attracted by the sight of my white parasol, and is lost in surprise at the singular taste that can induce me to be where I am, upon these heights. At the hour when I first reach my favorite spot, a few moments generally after sunrise, I find a native sentinel lying asleep at the foot of the tower. His guard is soon relieved, for this outpost is only guarded during the night. At the hour I speak of, the whole country around is rose color, bright rose color, with backgrounds of peach blossom; the town is speckled with bits of shade, and here and there a white *marabout*, on the edge of a palm plantation, looks gay in the still sameness of a land that appears to smile in the sun's face on its first waking. The air is calm, and for a very short space of time almost cool; and there are vague musical sounds afloat upon the wind, that tell one the dawn is a cheerful thing all over the world.

"In a few minutes, and every day at the same hour, there comes rustling from the south the noise of wings, and the hum of birds. These are the *gargas*, (a sort of red partridge,) that fly from the Desert to the springs to drink. They sweep rapidly over the town: and the beat of their pinions, and their low quivering cry, have something strange, as for an instant their sun-gilt feathers seem to cast spangles over the face of the blue sky. This is some where about half-past six. An hour after, the same rushing noise comes from the north: it is the *gargas* on their return home; but this time, as they fly desertwards, the sound of their flight, instead of suddenly ceasing, as before, when they reach the wells, sinks gradually down, and merges imperceptibly into silence. The *morning* is ended, and the only *laughing* hour of the day is passed between the coming and going of these birds. The landscape, instead of rose, is now tan-colored; the little shadows of the town have vanished: and, as the sun rises, the

walls of the city grow gray. By degrees, as the Desert lies more and more under the sun's uniform glare, it looks as though it darkened beneath it; the sand hills alone remain ruddy. If there has been a breath of wind, it now falls; hot exhalations rise up from the plain; two hours later, the trumpets sound the *retreat*—all sound and movement ceases, and at the clarion's last note, it is noon.

"At this hour I need fear no one; for no one, save myself, would dream of remaining where I stay. The sun rises, rises, and is at last directly over my head. I have no shelter, save my parasol. My feet rest upon the burning sand; my drawing papers writhe in the heat, and my color-box crackles like blazing wood. *Not a sound is to be heard.* The next four hours are full of a calm and stupor that are absolutely incredible.

"The town sleeps at my feet, a dumb, violet-colored mass, with its empty terraces, and closed windows and doors. A thin streak of darker purple marks here and there the meager shadow of a high-walled street, and a line of light, sharper at its edges in this place or that, distinguishes one from the other the edifices of the slumbering city. On either side spreads forth the oasis, silent too, and oppressed under the cumbrousness of the heat. It seems a sheet of green, where the form of no tree is visible. . On the southern side the walls are, as it were, overflowed by waves of sand—the Desert encroaches on cultivation. The trees move not. In the thickness of the woods, you guess, but do not perceive, certain dark and shady nooks where the birds lie hidden, waiting for their second waking at night-fall.

"This is the hour when—I was struck by it on my first arrival—the Desert is transformed into a vast *dark* plain. The perpendicular sun shuts it in on all sides into a circle of light, where *every ray is of equal intensity.* There is then no perspective, no light and shade, nothing relative, no means of calculating distance. A brown hue covers all things; you discern nothing; and the utter immobility of this solid sea astounds you. When you gaze at it, then, commencing as it does at your feet, and gradually rolling farther and farther on to the east, to the west, to the south, without a path, without a road, inflexible and myeterious, you ask yourself, What is this silent land, clothed in what may well pass for the color of the eternal void?—this land whither none cometh, whereto none goeth, where none dwell, and that ends in one line, straight and hard, drawn against the sky? Were one even geographically ignorant, one should *feel* it did *not end* there, and that yonder line marks but the entrance to what are the high-seas of the ocean of sand.

"To these dreamy thoughts, add the knowledge of the strange places whose names are down on maps, and whence you are separate by only thirty, or fifty, or sixty days' journey, as it may be. The tribes, some familiarly known, others vaguely talked of as of fantastic beings: the *Beni-M'zab*, the *Chamba*, the *Touaregs*,

with their vast tracts of territory; the land of the negro races, far beyond; a capital, vast as a kingdom; lake, forests, rapid rivers; seasons unlike ours; and the strange products of the equator; monstrous beasts, elephants, gigantic sheep, and what not. Nothing *homely*, or that we can appreciate; unmeasurable distances, incomputable proportions, uncertainty; mystery every where! The great enigma! There, before me, I have now the enigma's first syllable, its beginning, and a more extraordinary sight never met the eye of the noonday sun; but *beyond*? Ah! it is here that I would fain see the Egyptian Sphinx!

"Whenever you search for life, you search in vain; nothing moves. Sometimes (but rarely) a few camels and their drivers pass across the sand hills, unseen till they have mounted the slight rising ground. They are travelers. Who are they? Whence come they? They have traversed and none has descried them—the entire line of the horizon lying immediately before my eyes. Sometimes a sand-spout darts up into the air like a column of smoke, and in a few seconds evaporates, and is no more.

"The day is slow to pass away. It fades as it commenced. Roscate hues blush over an amber heaven, back-grounds show deepened tints, long tongues of flame lick the hills empurpling them. The sands, the rocks, all redden beneath the reflection; shade creeps over the spots that were tortured by the heat; and a general relief seems at hand. The sparrows and ring-doves chirp and coo whisperingly among the palm trees. A species of resurrection takes place in the town; human beings are visible on the terraces, the voice of beasts is heard on the open places—horses, that are led to water, neigh; camels bellow; the desert shines like one immense sheet of gold; the sun sinks behind the lilac hills, and night prepares to tread upon the scene.

"When I come in after a day thus passed, I have a kind of intoxicated feeling, caused, I believe, by the prodigious quantity of light I have absorbed during this *solar immersion*, which has lasted twelve hours. I am in a state I can with difficulty make clear. A sort of intense translucidness dwells as it were within me; nor yields to the approach of evening, but refracts itself again from the interior to the exterior, through the obstacle even of sleep. I dream of light. I am light-pervaded. I close my eyes, and flames are around me—I have, in reality, no night. This ceaseless sensation of daylight, even in the sun's absence; this illuminated slumber, across which shoot globes of fire, as meteors dart through summer's midnights; this singular nightmare, as it may be called by some, which deprives me of the sense of darkness—all these phenomena resemble the symptoms of fever; but I have none. I feel no fatigue even, nor do I complain of the state I describe."

We have given what may be thought perhaps a too long quotation from our author's book, but it seems to us to be too

completely the reproduction of what the Desert is and *appears* to be, to a human being formed to feel rightly its poetry, for it to be allowable to curtail it. We have given it at full length, as it stands in M. Fromentin's work; and we think no one will dispute our assertion, that it is the most perfect *reflection* of the Desert that has yet been attempted. You have here the *passion* of the Desert, loved for its own sake only—so ardently loved, that it is absolutely absorbed, and that the very spirit of the Desert itself, the unmistakable *genius loci*, stands before you self-revealed, betraying to you its own dearest, deepest secrets.

We have given this fragment, too, in its entirety, because we wished to go at once to the extreme end of M. Fromentin's inspiration, following therein the advice of a famous critic, who, speaking of Racine's *Bérénice*, as the most exclusively *Racinian* of his works, said, You must

"go to the end of a poet, or you know no more of him than travelers know of Sicily who have seen it in December, or of Russia, who have seen it in May." We have plunged at once to the very source of poetry in M. Fromentin. We have rushed to the confines of that mysterious land neither the blankness nor the blaze whereof have any terrors for him; and we have shown what right he has to tell us of the *summer* in its own Saharian home. Of a truth, he may well reply to the demand of what he has seen, by that one word, for he has taken Summer to himself, and made it his own.

We hope what we have said of M. Fromentin's two volumes will induce many to read them; for no mere extracts can afford any just notion of the real interest of the books themselves. We have not spared commendation, because we are convinced that any reserve in praise would, in this case, be injustice.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.*

GREAT would be the excitement of the learned and the curious throughout the world, if it were suddenly announced that the daring and ingenious explorers of Babylon, Nineveh, or Memphis had discov-

* *Monumenti delle Arte Cristiane Primitive nella Metropoli del Cristianesimo disegnati ed illustrati per cura di G. MARCHI.* Architettura della Roma sotterranea Cristiana. 4to. Roma: 1844.

Les Catacombes de Rome. Par LOUIS PERRET. 6 vols. folio. Paris: 1852-57.

The Church in the Catacombs; a Description of the primitive Church of Rome, illustrated by its Sepulchral Remains. By CHARLES MAITLAND, M.D. London: 1847.

The Roman Catacombs; or, Some Account of the Burial-Places of the early Christians in Rome. By Rev. J. SPENCER NORTHCOTE, M.A. London: 1857.

Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs. London: 1857.

ered, beneath the accumulated ruins of those great cities, an immense labyrinth of subterranean communications—a maze of several hundred miles in extent, carefully wrought by human hands in strata of rock peculiarly adapted to the execution and preservation of so remarkable a work. This interest would be still further increased, if it were ascertained that these mysterious abodes had served in past ages as the asylum of a persecuted religion and the receptacle of innumerable confessors and martyrs; that inscriptions still exist in great numbers, amongst these rock tombs, denoting the names, the profession, and, above all, the faith of those who were deposited in them; that these cotemporary records are sometimes accompanied by the symbols of

martyrdom, and even by instruments of torture used in inflicting death; that many of these monumental records tally with the historical annals of the time; and, lastly, that from these crypts buried in the recesses of the earth, a spirit and a power went forth which has survived the overthrow of its imperial persecutors and the destruction of their proudest trophies, till by its influence a new law, a new civilization, a new religion, sent forth its apostles throughout the habitable earth.

If some such impression might be anticipated from discoveries made in the far East, amongst the remains of nations long past away, and belonging to the dawn of society and knowledge, the researches which have recently thrown a fresh and striking light on the monuments of subterranean Rome,* appear to us to have a more direct and intense claim on the attention of our readers. They exist not in the deserted plains of Mesopotamia or the upper regions of the Valley of the Nile, but in the heart of Italy, on a site which has never ceased to attract the eager interest of European society. They belong to an age, imperfectly known to us indeed, because it is concealed from our view by the mystery which was necessary to the existence of the first Christian communities, and by the ruin which subsequently befell the Roman Empire; but many of the memorials they contain are cotemporary records of primitive Christianity; the very dust in those vaults is the dust of men who carried with them the faith of the New Testament to their graves—who witnessed the persecutions—who must have seen their kinsmen, their friends, their pastors, torn from them by a thousand cruel deaths, or who shared their fate—who received the lessons of Christianity from teachers who lived in or near to the apostolic age—and who have left to us, even now, in the architecture and ornaments of the Catacombs, the type of the Christian Church and the germ of Christian Art.

No doubt for several centuries, and especially since the Reformation, the Christian monuments of subterranean Rome have been regarded with great suspicion by writers and antiquaries not belonging to

the Romish Church. It was and is notorious, that from these Catacombs the Papal hierarchy had drawn the relics, the sacred oils, and the memorials of real or pretended saints, which gave a color to some of its most superstitious practices, and a form to its legendary martyrology. Nothing could be more natural than that, in rejecting the whole tissue of fable which artifice or credulity had interposed between man and the true objects of worship and of faith, the source from which so many of these traditions had been drawn should be regarded as one contaminated by deceit. Accordingly, it was loosely asserted by Protestant writers of the last century, that the Catacombs of Rome were, after all, no more than the *arenariæ* or sand-pits of antiquity, from which the materials for building the city had from time immemorial been extracted; that the pretended monuments and remains of the early Christians had been deposited there by the priests of a later age, to impose on the superstition of the faithful; and that no reliance whatever could be placed on the evidence of these works with reference to the state of the Christian world anterior to the accession of Constantine and the peace of the Church. A very slight acquaintance with the Catacombs themselves, their amazing extent, their internal arrangements for the purposes of sepulture, concealment, and public worship, their peculiar structure, their authentic ornaments and inscriptions, and their date, suffices at once to confute this theory, which is at least as wild and unfounded as the most fanciful legend of the Romish Calendar. But the truth is, that the Papal authorities overshoot the mark: and in their imprudent zeal for the traditions of the Church and the lives of the saints, they often gave a legendary and superstitious aspect to that which would have remained an object of interest and reverence to all Christians, if it had preserved a simple historical character. By removing the remains of many of the most distinguished amongst the early Christians from their original place of burial, marked by a cotemporary inscription, to stately churches in the city of Rome, which have in later times been re-decorated with the florid ornaments of cinque-cento architecture, or even to abbeys and cathedrals in distant parts of Europe, the Romish Church broke the chain of positive evidence, and destroyed

* We walked along some of the streets of this vast metropolis, this subterranean city of the dead, a few summers ago, by torch-light, with impressive interest, little dreaming then of the immense extent of these dark regions.—EDITOR OF ECLEOTIC.

the associations which naturally cling to the last resting-places of those who have toiled or suffered for mankind. "Nemo martyrem distrahat, nemo mercetur," was a wise provision of the Theodosian Code; but martyrs continued to be pulled to pieces and sold, as if it had never existed. To such lengths was this abuse carried, that the Catacombs themselves had almost ceased to be regarded as an object of historical or religious interest for more than two hundred years; that is, from the time when they were explored and described by Bosio, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, till within a comparatively recent period. The graves of the early Christians had been rifled, partly by the barbarians, and partly by the popes under the pretext of removing the relics to places of greater security. In the eighteenth century the taste for antiquarian researches was concentrated on the remains of classical antiquity; and, amongst the innumerable museums of Rome, no systematic collection or arrangement of the monuments of the first ages of Christianity had been attempted.

It will not be disputed by any sect of Christians, that in as far as it is possible to disencumber the memorials of the primitive Church of Rome from the artificial superstructure raised upon them in later ages by the Romish hierarchy, these researches assume a high degree of interest. The growth of the Church in Rome was, beyond all question, the most important event in the propagation of the Gospel among the Gentiles. It was to the little band of Roman Christians that St. Paul addressed, even from Corinth, the most elaborate and comprehensive of his epistles. It was to Rome that he sought to direct the course of his mission, and thither, by his right as a Roman citizen, and by his appeal to Cæsar, he was ultimately brought. Upon his arrival he addressed himself to the Jewish community in Rome, to which the first converts probably belonged, but finding "they agreed not among themselves," he made the sublime declaration of the Apostle of the Gentiles and the preacher of good tidings to the universal earth: "Be it known therefore unto you, that the salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles, *and that they will hear it.*" From this time forth he dwelt in Rome two whole years in his own hired house, and taught with all confidence, no

man forbidding him; and the results of that teaching proved with what secret efficacy the new doctrine spread through all classes of the imperial city.

There, in the capital of the vast empire which overshadowed the earth, the conflict between Paganism and Christianity was to be fought out. Already, before the close of the apostolical age, the mystical visions of the Apocalypse had announced, in no ambiguous language, the impending doom of the great Babylon, drunken with the blood of the saints and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. Ten persecutions swept in vain over the heads of the Christian proselytes—perpetual edicts of proscription remained in force against them, even under the most humane of the Cæsars—unheard of numbers perished, as we know by the direct testimony of Tacitus and Pliny, in the tortures which polluted the circus of Nero, in slavery and oppression, in the bloody games of the Flavian amphitheater, and in those massacres which, at certain times, spared neither age, nor party, nor sex, nor the blood of the noblest and wealthiest of the Roman citizens. But the Church survived. The teaching of the apostles was perpetuated and preserved; the sacred volumes of the Gospels and the epistles of the New Testament were saved; the simple rights of the Church were solemnized. For in those ages, however fiercely the Cæsarian persecution might rage in the city and throughout the land, there was a resting-place for every martyr, and a refuge for every confessor or neophyte in the faith, in the vast subterranean net-work which stretched its expanding web round the metropolis of the world, and seemed by its silent progress to prefigure the growth of that humble and obscure faith which in less than three centuries rose triumphant over the power it had undermined.

Well considered, this contest between the powers of the old world and the day-spring of the new world, so unequal in its origin, yet so amazing in its result, is to us and to all mankind the most momentous epoch in the history of our race. More especially in Rome, then undisputed mistress of the world, the organized but exhausted frame of the imperial government and of heathen society was assailed by this new idea, this hidden enemy, which seemed to gain life and strength by the innumerable victims whose blood

watered the earth. To quote a noble passage from Dean Milman : *

"Rome must be imagined in the vastness and uniformity of its social condition, the mingling and confusion of races, languages, conditions, in order to conceive the slow, imperceptible, yet continuous aggression of Christianity. Amid the affairs of the universal empire, the perpetual revolutions, which were constantly calling up new dynasties, or new masters over the world, the pomp and state of the imperial palace, the commerce, the business flowing in from all parts of the world, the bustle of the Basilicas, or courts of law, the ordinary religious ceremonies, or the more splendid rites on signal occasions, which still went on, if with diminishing concourse of worshipers, with their old sumptuousness, magnificence, and frequency, the public games, the theaters, the gladiatorial shows, the Lucullan or Apician banquets, Christianity was gradually withdrawing from the heterogeneous mass some of all orders, even slaves, out of the vices, the ignorance, the misery of that corrupted social system. It was instilling humanity, yet unknown, or coldly commended by an impotent philosophy, among men and women whose infant ears had been habituated to the shrieks of dying gladiators ; it was giving dignity to minds prostrated by years, almost centuries, of degrading despotism ; it was nurturing purity and modesty of manners in an unspeakable state of deprivation ; it was enshrining the marriage-bed in a sanctity long almost entirely lost, and rekindling to a steady warmth the domestic affections ; it was substituting a simple, calm, and rational faith and worship for the worn-out superstitions of heathenism ; gently establishing in the soul of man the sense of immortality, till it became a natural and inextinguishable part of his moral being."

The test of this progress was the slow but uninterrupted advance of the Christian community till it had won over the numerical majority of the educated classes, overpowered the fierce hostility of the heathen populace, and attained, eventually, to the possession of the throne itself. Within forty years of the fiercest persecution of Diocletian, a Christian emperor reigned over the Empire ; and hard by the baptistry of the Lateran, which bore the name of Constantine, the Catacombs of Rome concealed the honored remains of the vast army of martyrs, the soldiers of the Cross who had fallen in the struggle.

Such was the growth of the primitive Roman Church ; and although there is, no doubt, great obscurity in its earlier annals, which has been increased by the attempt to create a history where, in fact, no

authentic materials of history existed, yet there is hardly any period of antiquity which has left us more striking material indications of its character than the early Christian cemeteries of Rome do still at this day afford. The question then which now presents itself to our attention, and to which we purpose to devote the following pages, is, whether it be possible to bring back the study of these early Christian memorials to a true standard of accurate research ; to throw off the mass of legendary and superstitious rubbish which has for ages concealed their real character, and blocked them up as effectually as the ruins and *detritus* which choked up their *lucernariæ* and their galleries ; and to establish their real value and importance on the grounds of science and of history alone.

This attempt has recently been made to a certain extent, and with some degree of success. The publications now before us, and still more the labors of the Commission appointed by the present Pontiff for the study and preservation of Christian antiquities in Rome, tend in this direction, and have certainly made important additions to the materials for more exact comparison and investigation. In the early part of the seventeenth century, as we have already observed, all the known catacombs of Rome were explored by Anthony Bosio, who devoted his life to this labor. For nearly eight hundred years, the Catacombs had, at that time, ceased to be used as places of sepulture or of pilgrimage. The approaches to them were generally closed ; the orifices or shafts through which light and air penetrated to the upper portions of them had been blocked up by the tillers of the soil ; the passages had in many places fallen in ; and it was only by great physical energy and address, that Bosio succeeded in procuring access to these subterranean labyrinths. He died before the results of his labors could be given to the world, but they were published in Italian in 1632, under the title of *Roma Sotterranea*, and the work was afterwards re-produced in Latin, with considerable additions, by the Padre Arringhi. Nothing can exceed the confusion which prevails in these ponderous volumes. Monuments and inscriptions of every age are mixed together, and works undertaken for entirely different purposes at different periods are confounded under the same head. But Bosio

* *History of Latin Christianity*, vol. i. p. 26.

himself was, nevertheless, an accurate and honest, as well as an enterprising observer: his admeasurements prove to be strictly correct wherever they have been compared, after an interval of more than two centuries, with the *cubiculi* or crypts and tombs he describes; his drawings from the tomb-paintings and the sarcophagi of the first Christian centuries may be identified at the present day in those catacombs which have been thoroughly explored by the Commission. Many other cemeteries which Bosio succeeded in visiting, are now closed, either because all trace of the entrance is lost, or because the galleries have fallen in, and the Commission has not at its disposal the pecuniary means which are required to open them: but as the details given in the "Roma Sotterranea" have been verified by recent discoveries, especially in the Catacombs of St. Agnes and St. Calixtus, in a very remarkable and unexpected manner, it may be assumed that his account of similar structures in the other cemeteries is not less accurate.

But here our approval of the labors of these first explorers of subterranean Rome must stop. Their observations and drawings may be trusted as to matters of fact, but the moment they travel into criticism their opinions are utterly worthless. To say the truth, almost all the writers who have approached this curious subject, and more especially the Roman Catholic writers, have allowed themselves to be carried away by their preconceived notions into a wide field of exaggeration. Some have enlarged to an incalculable extent this maze of unexplored excavations—some have fancied they discovered in this vast necropolis, tombs and remains of a much earlier period than those which the legible and recorded inscriptions denote—some have attempted, by a highly symbolical interpretation of every object employed in the decoration of the tombs, and even in the structure of these primitive Christian Basilicas, to discover hidden indications of all the later dogmas and practices of the Church of Rome. Padre Marchi, the author of the work which stands first on our list, is entitled to the honor of having revived in Rome the study of these interesting monuments. He has labored incessantly in this task, and his volume contains, as we shall presently show, many observations of great interest. But Padre Marchi is a zealous

and distinguished member of the Collegio Romano, and in every page of his work an exuberant desire to find evidence in support of the later Romish doctrines amongst these records of the primitive Church, predominates over almost every other consideration. Mr. Spencer Northcote, in a small English compendium of these discoveries, and Cardinal Wiseman, in his tale of Fabiola, appear simply to have taken for granted all that Padre Marchi tells them, and in their zealous desire to interest their readers by the most picturesque memorials which the whole range of the cemeteries affords, they have brought into one focus the traditions and remains of several different periods of Christian antiquity. The French Government, animated by the laudable patronage of art which is one of its most honorable characteristics, has enabled M. Louis Perret to produce a work of extraordinary magnificence, purporting to represent, in no less than six folio volumes of colored drawings and plans, all the most remarkable features of the Catacombs; and it is a curious circumstance, that this costly and splendid undertaking is the result of a vote of the Legislative Assembly of *The French Republic* of the second of July, 1851. But the enthusiasm of art, or an excess of religious zeal, has led the artists employed on this publication to overdo it. Instead of giving to the world a fac-simile of the half-obliterated wall-paintings, or the rude, and sometimes unintelligible forms, indicated on the tombs, they have thrown into their drawings the force, color, and expression which these designs appear to them originally to have possessed. The result is that the copies convey an impression of more finished performances than can be discovered in the present condition of the originals. The letter-press which accompanies the plates is strung together without discrimination or critical research, and conveys a very inaccurate notion of the results which scientific inquiry, as opposed to mere ecclesiastical tradition, has now reached. Nevertheless as a contribution to the history of the arts of design in antiquity, this publication is of considerable value. Some of the paintings in the *cubiculi* of the Catacombs are equal to the best-preserved remains of Greek and Roman mural ornaments—as, for instance, the celebrated decoration of the gallery in the Baths of Titus. They have

none of the stiffness which afterwards characterized the early productions of medieval Christian art, being, on the contrary, obviously formed on the contemporary classical models. As works of art the earliest works are the best. Sometimes it is possible to trace the hand of an artist more conversant with the fashion of a pagan age than with the symbolical figures of the Christians; but, with few exceptions, while the execution remains altogether Roman, the spirit, the modesty, and the grace of these Christian ornaments of the cemeteries, form a striking contrast to the loose and fanciful designs employed in the decoration of pagan architecture. The subject may be studied with great advantage in M. Perret's volumes, and the fac-similes he has given of a certain number of inscriptions are admirable.

Dr. Maitland has the merit in our eyes of being the first English Protestant writer who has entered minutely on these investigations, but this circumstance has perhaps given his book too controversial a character. He supplies us with a considerable number of early Christian inscriptions copied from the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican, which had not before been published, and his account of the Catacombs themselves is judicious as far as it goes. Upon the whole, we consider Dr. Maitland's book to be one of real value and interest; but it is necessarily very incomplete; and as nearly twelve years have elapsed since the publication of the last edition, the latest and most important discoveries which have been made are, of course, unnoticed by him. These discoveries are mainly due to the youngest and most able member of the present Commission, the Cavaliere di Rossi, an antiquary of far higher attainments, of greater candor, and of greater ingenuity than any of those who had previously made the Catacombs an object of special research. The result of this accomplished gentleman's studies has not yet been given to the public; in fact, the renewed and critical examination of the Catacombs has not yet proceeded far enough for us to say with certainty that the whole evidence is at present known. But about 12,000 inscriptions of the early Christian period have been carefully removed from the cemeteries themselves, and are now classified by Cavaliere di Rossi, previous to their being fixed in the walls of the

Christian Museum recently formed by order of Pius IX. in the Lateran Palace; these inscriptions will all be exhibited to the public, and copies of the whole collection, with an account of the position in which they were found, are announced for publication.

This work is considered by the Commission and by the Papal Government to be the most essential portion of the duty it has undertaken; and in fact, when the whole body of known inscriptions is before the world, it will devolve upon the criticism and scholarship of Christendom to determine their historical value, and to draw from them the inferences which these characteristic memorials can barely fail to suggest. The chronological arrangement of these inscriptions, extending from the first to the sixth century, is in truth the most difficult and essential portion of the task, for the importance of any given monument to the history of the Christian community depends almost entirely on the exact period to which it belongs. Hitherto this duty had been neglected, and the consequence is that extreme confusion has pervaded the whole subject. We have no doubt, however, that a more careful study of the localities, the characters employed, the monograms, and other peculiarities of the inscriptions, may lead to as correct a knowledge of the Christian monuments as that which has been attained for the remains of classical antiquity. On this basis Cavaliere di Rossi rests his general view of the structure and history of the Catacombs, and he postpones the publication of a full statement of his own theory until the materials on which he founds it are complete.

We hope, however, within the limits we can allot to these curious inquiries, to show succinctly the present state of opinion on the structure and uses of the Catacombs themselves, and to indicate some of the most recent and striking of these historical discoveries. The former of these problems is one of purely scientific observation, for the present aspect of the subterranean excavations tells us all we are likely to know of their origin; the latter is a subject capable of much more copious illustration than we shall be able to afford to it, because the real significance of these memorials is rendered clear and intelligible mainly by comparing them with the literary and biographical

details which have come down to us with reference to the persons thus brought, as it were, visibly before us.

Let us proceed, then, in the first instance, to state the prodigious extent assigned to the cemeteries by Padre Marchi and the present Roman antiquaries. Their opinion is thus briefly given by Mr. Northcote :

“Throwing aside exaggeration, the real extent of the Roman Catacombs, as far as it can be guessed at, is enough to strike us with wonder. Our estimate on the subject unfortunately can be but a conjectural one ; for it is manifest that, even if we knew—which we do not—the entire length and breadth of the superficial soil undermined by the Catacombs, this alone would not suffice to give us the desired result ; for, consisting as they do of a perfect labyrinth of paths intersecting each other in all directions, and, in many instances, repeated in several stories (so to speak) one below the other, all these must be measured, before we can have any real idea of the extent of the work of excavation. The incidental notices in the old missals and office books of the Church, and the descriptions given by ancient writers, mention no less than sixty different Catacombs on the different sides of Rome, bordering her fifteen great consular roads. Of these not more than a third part is open to us, and even of those that have been most visited, not one has ever yet been examined in all its ramifications ; for the ruin caused by earthquakes and inundations, and still more by long neglect—the quantity of soil accumulated in the galleries, and above all, the want of funds to carry on the work on a sufficient scale, present obstacles which it will take a long time to overcome.

“We must be content, therefore, to make a merely conjectural statement, founded on certain portions which have really been measured with accuracy. The most perfect map of this kind which has yet been published is of a part of the Catacomb of St. Agnes, on the Via Nomentana, published under the immediate superintendence of Father Marchi, and it is calculated to contain about an eighth part of that cemetery. The greatest length of the portion thus measured is not more than 700 feet, and its greatest width about 550 ; nevertheless, if we measure all the streets which it contains, their united length scarcely falls short of two English miles. This would give fifteen or sixteen miles as the united length of all the streets in the cemetery of St. Agnes alone, and, if we may look upon this as a fair specimen of the rest, (for it certainly is larger than some and smaller than others,) about 900 miles in all the Catacombs taken together.

“As to the number of graves which would be contained in this immense extent of streets, it is impossible to speak confidently, for both the height of the streets themselves, and the number of graves in streets of equal height,

differ in different cemeteries. Perhaps the average height may be stated to be about seven or eight feet, but in some places it reaches to twelve or fifteen ; and always the depth between the several shelves or graves varies according to the quality of the soil in which they are dug. Then again, graves of all sizes, of men, women, and children, are mixed together with such irregularity, that a good deal of space is often necessarily lost, not to mention the frequent interruptions occasioned by arched monuments, (*arcosolia*, as they are called,) and by the entrances to the chapels and other chambers. Altogether, therefore, though we may sometimes find, in a few rare instances, as many as thirteen or fourteen graves, one over the other, on the other hand we sometimes find only three or four ; so that, taking the average, Father Marchi thinks we ought not to allow more than ten graves, that is, five on each side, to every seven feet of road ; and according to this calculation, the Roman Catacombs may be believed to contain almost seven millions of graves.”

We are not in a condition either to impugn or to give an unqualified assent to this astonishing calculation, but we confess that we can not accept it without considerable doubt and hesitation. This, however, is the opinion of the men who have made themselves best acquainted with the Catacombs by repeated exploration ; and assuming the facts to be as they are now stated, they immediately open a variety of curious and perplexing questions. Were these amazing excavations made for the sole purpose of sepulture and seclusion by the Christians only, or were they wholly or in part the result of perforations commenced for the extraction of *pozzolana*, and appropriated by the Christians to their own uses ? If they were constructed by the Christian population of Rome alone, and by the *fossore*s, who were inferior officers of the Church—Anglicé sextons—how are we to account for the extraordinary amount of labor, supposed to have been performed in secret, though the cemeteries were all immediately contiguous to the principal approaches to Rome, and what can have been done with the enormous quantities of tufa regularly extracted from the recesses of the earth, which may be taken, on a rough calculation, at one hundred millions of cubit feet of earth ? But if these difficulties be surmounted, then during how long a period is it supposed that the excavations were in progress, for how many centuries were they employed for the burial of the dead, and what was the Christian population of the city which is

supposed within this period to have required no less than seven millions of graves? How could interments on so vast a scale be carried on, especially when it was known, as it could not fail to be, that these cemeteries were the sanctuary and stronghold of a sect, detested by the Roman populace, dreaded by the more intelligent classes, and often persecuted with extreme rigor by the imperial government? We find no complete answer to these perplexing questions in the works before us. Probably there is some exaggeration in the area now assigned to the Catacombs themselves; for though they were undoubtedly numerous, many of them must have been far less extensive than those of St. Agnes or St. Calixtus. Enough, however, remains to place beyond all doubt their prodigious extent and the labor bestowed on them. Their complete history must be the result of further investigation; and the ingenuity with which Cavaliere di Rossi has proceeded from one fact to another, by a process of reasoning analogous to that applied by geologists to the earlier formations of the globe, leads us to hope that he will perfect his great work. On these points, however, Padre Marchi already supplies us with important, if not with conclusive, arguments and information.

The first condition to be considered in the structure of the subterranean cemeteries is the nature of the rock in which they are perforated. Recent geological observations on the soil of the Agro Romano, and the site of Rome itself, have determined the fact that the vast amphitheater destined to witness so many of the greatest events in human history, and the most violent revolutions of political power, was itself formed by the action of volcanic fire, commencing before the Sabine or the Latin hills had risen above the plain—before the Tiber and the Anio had found their way to the sea. These igneous rocks bear indisputable traces of the different periods at which they were projected to the earth's surface, and still retain an entirely distinct character. The earliest of the series, which is found in the more immediate vicinity of Rome, consists of a red volcanic tufa, and it is sufficiently hard to be employed—as it has constantly been employed from the earliest ages—in the buildings of the city. The massive blocks of the Cloaca Maxima, of the Tabularium of the Capitol, and of

the recently discovered wall of Romulus which encircles the base of the Palatine, attests the durability of this *tufa lithoide*, as it is termed by the Romans; and geology traces its origin to the action of submarine craters, every vestige of which has disappeared. At a far later period fresh currents of lava, mingled with ashes and pumice, forced their way over the plain, and these proceeded from the comparatively modern craters still visible in the Alban hills; but this substance is far less compact than the primitive tufa; it is distinguished by the name of *tufa granolare*, and though it has just consistency enough to retain the form given to it by the excavators, it can not be hewn or extracted in blocks; and in the lower strata it degenerates into the friable volcanic ashes known as *pozzolana*, which have been extensively used in all ages for mortar or Roman cement.

The history of these volcanic formations has a direct bearing on the structure of the Catacombs. They are never hewn in the *tufa lithoide* or more compact tufa, though that stone was largely quarried by the old Romans for building purposes. To this very day the traveler may visit beneath the Passionist Convent of S. Giovanni and S. Paolo on the Cœlian, the immense grottoes, hewn perhaps by the Jewish prisoners of Titus, who were employed in the excavation of the materials used in the erection of the Coliseum. But nothing can less resemble a Christian cemetery than these tremendous caverns, in which it is said—though on doubtful authority—that the beasts destined for the fierce pastime of the amphitheater were afterwards kept. The Christian architects carefully avoided these massive strata; and we believe it is ascertained that all the known Catacombs are driven exclusively along the courses of the *tufa granolare*. With equal care these subterranean engineers avoided the layers of *pozzolana*, which would have rendered their work insecure, and in which no permanent rock-tomb could have been constructed. Thus we arrive at the curious fact, that in making the Catacombs, the excavators carefully avoided the strata of hard stone and the strata of soft stone, used respectively for building and for mortar, and selected that course of medium hardness which was best adapted to their peculiar purpose. The Romans, no doubt, had their *arenariæ*; and probably we are

to understand by that term, the sand-pits from which pozzolana was dug. Cicero mentions that the young patrician Asinius had been enticed into these dark abodes and murdered; and when Nero, in the last frightful night of his life, took refuge in the villa of his freedman Phaon, between the Nomentane and Salarian roads, he was advised to hide himself in the adjacent sand-pit, but he vowed he would not go alive underground, and remained trembling beneath the wall.* But these *arenariæ* were totally unlike the Christian cemeteries; and the comparison may be the more easily made as in some instances, as at S. Agnese, the shaft which gave admission to the Catacombs has been sunk from the floor of one of the Pagan excavations above; so that on the higher level the broad and lofty quarry still remains, with such supports as were necessary to sustain the vault, whilst beneath in a lower stratum, the Christians gradually formed one of the most extensive cemeteries known to exist in the vicinity of Rome. Possibly this contrivance served more effectually to mask the entrance to the lower passages, by concealing them altogether from external observation, whilst it afforded an easy means of removing the broken stuff from the deepest excavations. In the Roman *arenariæ* there are no vestiges of tombs, and not the slightest indication that they were ever used for purposes of sepulture. In the Christian Catacombs not a yard seems to have been excavated except for the purpose of making tombs; they line the walls *throughout*, as close to one another as the berths in the side of a ship, only divided by an intervening shelf of rock. Every tomb appears to have been made exactly of the proper size for the body which was to occupy it. Myriads are to be found adapted for infants only. In some instances they were enlarged to contain two bodies, the tomb being then called a *bisomum*; or even more—husband and wife, or other members of one Christian family. Every grave was closed, when filled, with tiles or with a marble slab. In one of the Catacombs visited by Padre Marchi, he found the gallery of Christian tombs abruptly terminated by a wall. On further examination, it was discovered that the *fossores*, or excavators, had come upon a sunken pagan

columbarium, such as was used for sepulture by the Roman families. The Christians instantly closed the gallery and walled it up, leaving the *columbarium* outside—a remarkable proof of their repugnance to suffer the presence of the unconverted heathen in their cemeteries.

There is no evidence that the Romans ever regarded this mode of sepulture with any feelings but those of abhorrence and contempt. To use the vituperative language applied by Horace to the site of Mæcenæ's palace on the Esquiline, where, by the way, there is no Catacomb—

“Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cellis
Conservus vili portanda locabat in arcâ.
Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulchrum.”

The *puticoli*, into which the carrion of the Roman slaves might be flung, had not the slightest analogy with the decorous, careful, and expensive provisions made by the early Christians for the conservation of their dead. Throughout the whole extent of the Christian cemeteries, no trace has been found of any admixture of the pagan population. Every inscription, however humble, attests the Christian faith of him who was “deposited”—to use the peculiar and appropriate expression*—within that narrow cell. The curt or desponding tone of the heathen mortuary inscription disappears. The Christian “sleeps”—and sleeps “in peace.” No badge of slavery or of freedom is to be seen amongst his fellows, for in the sublime language which St. Paul himself had addressed to these very Romans, “the creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.”

It is impossible to survey the half-obliterated memorials of this extinct race of men, and to compare them with the remains of Pagan Rome, without feeling that every broken fragment of a grave, every pinch of human dust and ashes scattered round, belongs altogether to a different faith, a different era of the world's history, and that Imperial Rome had no hand in the mysterious structures which thus encompassed her walls, except when she peopled them with the victims of persecution. On this head we entirely

* Merivale's *Romans*, vol. vi. p. 363.

* The heathen expression was *situs*, *positus*, or *compositus*; the Christian term, *depositus*, *depositio*, implying a different shade of meaning.

agree with Padre Marchi, and we think he has demonstrated that the entire work of the Catacombs is Christian. But we acknowledge that we are at a loss to explain the means by which excavations of such magnitude could be carried on, within a few yards of the Via Appia or the Via Nomentana, without attracting considerable attention. It is impossible to conceive that the earth extracted could be furtively disposed of; and the most probable explanation is that the administration of the city opposed no obstacle to the work. The laws of Rome prohibited intramural interment; but provided the bodies of the dead were conveyed outside the city, it would seem that no inquiries were made as to the manner in which they were disposed of. Nevertheless one of the difficulties attending the whole subject arises from the manifest inconvenience of accumulating this enormous number of human bodies in rock-tombs and galleries, which had no effect in retarding decomposition, or in absorbing the effluvia. It is probable that the wealthy were embalmed, and in some of the tombs traces may still be seen of the lime in which the remains of the poor were embedded. A further question of some nicety might be raised as to the legal right of persons, not being owners of the surface of the whole soil, to bore at a depth of fifty or one hundred feet for any purpose whatever, more especially if the earth extracted were a salable commodity. But to such perplexing speculations no satisfactory answer has been given; we must content ourselves with the fact that these vast excavations do unquestionably exist, and must have been made in their present form between the second and fourth centuries of the Christian era.

The manner in which the rite of sepulture was regarded and solemnized by the early Christians, is peculiarly characteristic of the origin of their faith. It has been well observed by the Dean of St. Paul's, that the Roman Church of the apostolic age was but one of the confederation of Greek religious republics founded by Christianity; but this Church, as much or more than any of the Eastern Churches, had strongly retained the Judaizing tenets and spirit of the first proselytes. The Jews residing in Rome undoubtedly formed a considerable community at the time of the death of Christ; for although the date of their expulsion by Claudius

can not be strictly determined, it is clear from that event that they had already excited the jealousy of the Imperial Government. That the Gospel had previously been made known to some at least among them, may be inferred from the fact that Aquila and Priscilla at once joined St. Paul at Corinth. The Roman Jews inhabited the right bank of the Tiber, or what is now termed the Trastevere quarter of the city; and they appear to have had a very early Catacomb of their own, in the Monte Verde, contiguous to their place of abode. This Catacomb was visited by Bosio in the beginning of the seventeenth century; he discovered in it monuments bearing the seven-branched Jewish candlestick, and one inscription on which the word *CYNAΓΩΓΗ* (Synagogue) was legible; but the structure of the cemetery was singularly rude, and no Christian monuments were found in it—"in eo quippe haud ulla, ut in reliquis, Christianæ religionis indicia et signa apparebant." The attempt to penetrate into this excavation at the present time has, we believe, failed; but it is probable that Bosio's account of it is correct, and that the Jews of Rome had a Catacomb peculiarly devoted to their national mode of sepulture.

This peculiar mode of sepulture was, however, endeared to the early Christians by other considerations, and, above all, by the example of their crucified Master. The Evangelist John has recorded that, after the body of Jesus had been given up to his disciples by Pilate, "they wound it in linen clothes with the spices, *as the manner of the Jews is to bury*. Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulcher, wherein was never man yet laid. There laid they Jesus." (John 19: 40.) This solemn rite, connected, as it was, with the resurrection of our Lord, and the fundamental hopes of Christianity, was naturally regarded with the utmost veneration by the disciples. "To bury after the manner of the Jews" became one of the earliest observances of religion; and, even amidst the horrors of persecution it was faithfully adhered to, for the bodies of those who perished in the amphitheater were generally given over for Christian burial.

This practice was, however, more than a usage derived from the Jewish custom of burial, or the example of the first disci-

ples; it soon became closely connected with the faith of the Church. In death as well as in life, the faithful brethren of that little flock lay apart, waiting for the great and terrible day which, according to the universal belief of the primitive Church, and the literal teaching of the apostles themselves, was near at hand. Whether they lived surrounded by the perils of a hostile world, or whether they had fallen asleep in the faith, they were a peculiar people, waiting to be called, at the first blast of the archangel's trumpet, to join the heavenly host and receive the crown. To them the language of the Revelation of St. John, after the opening of the fifth seal, was the literal description of their own condition. They "*saw under the altar* the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and for the testimony which they held . . . and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow-servants and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled." (Rev. 6: 9-11.) Hence the lively sympathy they felt for the spots which were consecrated by the remains of those who had gone before them: hence the jealous exclusion of every thing which bore not the mark of a common faith: hence the gradual formation of a huge city of the dead, extending beneath and around the whole circuit of Rome, and awaiting that second advent which was, ere long, to call this mortal to put on immortality. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body, literally construed, probably increased the veneration of the early Christians even for the inanimate remains of the brethren, and the desire of preserving them in these rock-tombs where, in fact, after a lapse of sixteen centuries, some of them are still visible. The tombs have suffered more from the brutality and cupidity of the barbarians than by the hand of time. Comparatively few of them escaped desecration when it was suspected, by the ferocious hordes which overran Italy, that treasures or ornaments might be concealed there. The great majority of them are now open, and the ashes they once contained, dispersed. But there is no doubt that during the first five or six centuries of the Church, they were religiously guarded and considered the receptacle and depository of those who had borne witness for the faith upon the earth.

Amongst the dust and ashes of this primitive congregation innumerable lamps of terra cotta or bronze have been found, some personal ornaments, small glass vessels, on which are graven very curious specimens of early Christian art,* and here and there instruments of torture, which may be seen in the Christian Museum of the Vatican. A great number of the tombs are found to contain, in a niche, a small vial or glass vessel, which appears to have been filled with a red liquid; and the "Congregation of Relics" decided, in 1668, "that whenever the palm and vessel tinged with blood were found, they were to be considered most certain signs of martyrdom." This hasty and improbable assumption seems to us not to support examination, and we agree with Raoul Rochette that these vessels may rather be supposed to represent the sacramental cup—some of them bear the sacramental inscription *PIE ZESE*—and that they have no necessary connection with the idea of martyrdom. The notions of collecting the blood of dead martyrs in a bottle, to be placed in their graves, is singularly childish and impracticable, and we are not aware that it is alluded to by cotemporary writers.

These details may, however, be said more properly to belong to the second division of the subject—that, namely, which relates to the history of the Catacombs, a history singularly varied in different ages. It is easy to distinguish in the records of these cemeteries, and even in their architectural remains, two leading periods of a very opposite character. During the first three centuries of the Church in Rome—days of darkness and of dread—when even this retreat and this resting-place was oftentimes profaned or disturbed, the Catacombs were gradually filled, as we have seen, with the graves of the faithful, and he who descended into them was encompassed on every side by the moldering remains of his fellow-believers. "When I was a boy at Rome," said St. Jerome, writing in a more tranquil age, "in the pursuit of my liberal studies, I was wont, in the company of others of the same age and disposition, to wander on Sundays about the tombs of the apostles and martyrs, and not seldom

* The whole subject of these glass vessels, or, as they are called, "*Vetri Cristiani*," has been illustrated with great learning by Padre Garucci in a folio volume, published in Rome in the autumn of 1858.

to descend into the crypts, which being dug into the depths of the earth, are walled in on either side by the bodies interred there, and are so entirely dark as to fulfill the language of the Prophet, 'the living are descended into Hell.' Here and there the light admitted from above tempered the horror of this gloom, yet it was not the light of a window but of a loop-hole, and again we groped our way onwards in the darkness which Virgil spoke of:

" 'Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.' "

But whatever awe these subterranean galleries may have inspired in later ages, they must have witnessed scenes of far greater solemnity, when the dead were borne along them with funeral torches to their narrow homes; when the picks of the *fossores* were still perpetually extending this mysterious domain; when from time to time fugitives from sanguinary persecutions fled hither for an asylum, pursued sometimes by their implacable enemies, by whom, for example, Sixtus II. was butchered at the very foot of one of these subterranean altars; and when, hunted from the surface of the earth to the receptacles of the dead, the presbyters and catechumens of the Church assembled in the lowly vaults which were then the only secure churches of Christian worship. There were, indeed, fifty Christian churches in Rome, with a regular staff of priests and deacons, before the persecution of Diocletian—but on the proclamation of fresh measures of rigor, the Catacombs were the place of refuge, and even the Bishops of Rome frequently sought an asylum there.

It is difficult to determine the exact time at which the first Christian interment in the Catacombs took place. We have already seen that among the Jews in Rome, the practice was probably anterior to Christianity. But the earliest recorded inscription is of the year 102. The evidence on which the tomb of St. Alexander, called the sixth successor from St. Peter in the See of Rome, and said to have been martyred in 117, has been identified in a small catacomb seven miles from the city, is quite insufficient; and the monumental altar bearing his name there is admitted to be of the fourth or fifth century. A far more certain inscription, belonging to about the year 130, is

given by Dr. Maitland, following all the Roman antiquaries:

"TEMPORE ADRIANI IMPERATORIS MARIUS DOLESCENS DVX MILITVM QVI SATIS VIXIT DVM VITAM PRO CHO CVM SANGVINE CONSUNSI IN PACE TANDEM QVIEVIT BENEMERENTES CVM LACRIMIS ET METV POSVERVNT I. D. VI."

"In Christ. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear. On the sixth before the Ides of——."

Still more characteristic is the inscription found over one of the graves in the cemetery of Calixtus, to a martyr of the Antonine period—about 160.

"ALEXANDER MORTVVS NON EST SED VIVIT SVPER ASTRA ET CORPVS IN HOC TVMVLO QVIESCIT VITAM EXPLEVIT SVB ANTONINO IMP^o QVIVBI MVLTVM BENE FITII ANTEVENIRE PRAEVIDERET PRO GRATIA ODIVM REDDIDIT GENVA ENIM FLECTENS VERO DEO SACRIFICATVRVS AD SVPPPLICIA DVCITVRO TEMPORA INFVSTA QVIBVS INTER SACRA ET VOTANE IN CAVERNIS QVIDEM SALVARI POSSIMVS QVID MISERIVS VITA SED QVID MISERIVS IN MORTE CVM AB AMICIS ET PARENTIBVS SEPELIRI NEQVEANT TANDEM IN COELO CORVSCANT PARVM VIXIT QVI VIXIT IV. X. TEM."

"In Christ. Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended his life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For, while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O sad times! in which, among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? when they can not be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

In the third century it is evident that the Christian population of Rome had increased to an enormous extent—probably to a far greater extent than any historical annals of the time have yet shown. When the captivity of the Emperor Valerian led the Christian community to believe that the hour of the long-expected revolution was at hand, the discomfiture of the Empire gave fresh courage to the proselytes of the Church, and it has been held, with some air of probability, that half the population of Rome was already either openly or secretly Christian. The great per-

secution of Diocletian, which followed this premature gleam of hope, was the last violent reaction against the progress of the Church; and in spite of the efforts of Gibbon to underrate the numbers of those who sealed their faith in Christ with their blood, it is impossible to doubt that enormous multitudes of Christians were at that time exposed to indiscriminate massacre. The Catacombs consequently abound far more in the memorials of the third century than of the preceding times; and it is to this later age of the subterranean Church that the principal ecclesiastical arrangements and decorations, which are still to be seen in the Catacombs, must be ascribed.

The mode in which the cemeteries served for an asylum in the days of persecution is thus described by Dr. Maitland:

"The fact that the Catacombs were employed as a refuge from persecution, rests upon good evidence, notwithstanding objections founded upon the narrowness of the passages, the difficulty of supporting life, and the risk of discovery incurred by seeking concealment in an asylum so well known to the Pagans. These objections do not apply to a temporary residence below ground in time of danger; and it is not pretended that the Catacombs were inhabited under other circumstances. The recourse to such an asylum was no novelty in history, for long before that time, many 'of whom the world was not worthy,' took refuge in dens and caves of the earth. In the excavations at Quesnel, not only persons, but cattle, contrived to support existence; added to which, we have, as will be seen presently, the direct testimony of several writers. Had the intricacies of the Catacombs been known to the heathen authorities, or the entrances few in number, they would doubtless have afforded an insecure asylum. But the entrances were numberless, scattered over the Campagna for miles; and the labyrinth below was so occupied by the Christians, and so blocked up in various places by them, that pursuit must have been almost useless. The Acts of the Martyrs relate some attempts made to obstruct the galleries with earth, in order to destroy those who were concealed within; but setting aside these legends, we are credibly informed that not only did the Christians take refuge there, but that they were also occasionally overtaken by their pursuers. The Catacombs have become illustrious by the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground in the time of Cyprian. Stephen, also Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel; on the conclusion of divine service, he was thrust back into his

episcopal chair, and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration; while their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times."

"In the time of Diocletian, Caius is said to have lived eight years in the Catacombs, and to have terminated this long period of confession by undergoing martyrdom. Even as late as the year 352, Liberius, Bishop of Rome, took up his abode in the cemetery of St. Agnes during the Arian persecution.

"The discovery of wells and springs in various parts assists us in understanding how life could be supported in those dismal regions; although there is no evidence to prove that the wells were sunk for that purpose. One of them has been named the font of St. Peter; and however apocryphal the tradition which refers it to apostolic times, the fact of its having been long used for baptism is not to be disputed. Some of the wells were probably dug with the intention of draining the Catacombs.

"St. Chrysostom, who lived not long after the days of persecution, alludes to the concealment of a noble lady under ground. In an indignant remonstrance against the festivities held over the graves of martyrs in his dissipated city, he compares with the luxurious revels into which the Agape had degenerated, the actual condition of those whose sufferings were celebrated in so unbecoming a manner. 'What connection,' he asks, 'is there between your feasts, and the hardships of a lady unaccustomed to privation, trembling in a vault, apprehensive of the capture of her maid, upon whom she depends for her daily food?'

"These circumstances sufficiently prove the habit of taking refuge in the cemeteries on any sudden emergency; and it is not difficult to understand how the concealment was effected. On the outbreak of a persecution, the clergy, heads of families, and others particularly obnoxious to the Pagans, were the first to suffer; perhaps the only individuals whose death or exile was intended by the imperial officers. Aware of their danger, and well versed in the signs of impending persecution, they betook themselves to the Catacombs, there to be supported by those whose obscure condition left them at liberty.

"So well was this mode of escaping their vengeance known to the heathen, that several Roman edicts made it a capital offense to enter the cemeteries. The rescript of Valerian and Gallienus begins with this prohibition; and at the close of their persecution, Gallienus gave the Christians a formal license to return to the Catacombs. This permission was repealed by Maximian, on the renewal of the Diocletian persecution."

If it be in some measure difficult to conceive this prolonged underground life, which must after all have been confined

to a comparatively small number of persons, owing to the absence of every species of sustenance, and for the most part, even of water, the same remark does not apply to the crypts or larger vaults, excavated and evidently used for the purposes of divine worship. These subterranean churches were filled with tombs, tombs in the floor, and tombs in the walls, whilst at the end the *arcosolium*, in front or by the side of which the officiating presbyter occupied a marble chair, gradually came to serve the purposes of an altar. There is, however, abundant evidence that this was not its original destination, and that the primitive practice was otherwise. It is apparent from all the paintings of Christian feasts, whether of the Agape, or the burial-feasts of the dead, or the Communion of the Holy Sacrament, that they were celebrated by the early Christians sitting round a table. In one of the chapels of the cemetery of St. Calixtus, traces of the sockets to receive the four feet of a table in front of the tribune or apsis are distinctly visible; and this arrangement has so far been preserved in the most ancient Christian basilicas of the city of Rome, that to this day the high altar is not contiguous to the eastern end of the church, but placed in the middle of the choir, and the officiating priest turns his face westward towards the people, looking over the altar.

On this point, as it is nearly connected with the disputed question of stone altars, we must permit ourselves a short digression. There is in Rome one wooden altar, or rather Lord's Table, and this is placed by a remarkable exception in the very first of all the churches, the Lateran itself—*caput et mater omnium ecclesiarum*. The exception was so striking, that in the papal decretals which regulated and established the use of stone altars, an express exception was made for the table of the Lateran. The history of it is this. Tradition asserts that the Holy Communion was administered to the faithful in Rome by St. Peter on a wooden table; and it is affirmed that as early as the fourth century Pope Sylvester presented to the church of the Lateran a table on which this apostolic rite was believed to have taken place. One of the Salzburg Pilgrims (hereafter referred to) goes so far as to attribute to Peter the manufacture of the table. "*Mensa quoque, modo altare, quam Petrus manibus suis fecit, ibidem est!*"

It is probable that the original table has long since perished, but a wooden table of great antiquity supplies its place and preserves the tradition, which may be seen to this day inside the high altar of the Lateran. M. Perret, who yields to none in Catholic orthodoxy, expressly admits this fact:

"It is in the Catacombs that the type of altars in the form of tombs, as they were afterwards raised, must be sought. Nevertheless, the Christian altar called by St. Paul sometimes *altare*, (Heb. 13: 10,) and sometimes *mensa domini*, (1 Cor. 10: 21,) had at first the form of a table, because it was at table that our Lord instituted the Sacrament. It appears that originally this table was commonly made of wood, in order that in case of persecution it might easily be removed from one place to another; hence it is not wonderful that the Pagans reproached the Christians as having no altars." —Perret, vol. vi. p. 55.

It has been shown in the able discussion which this subject has lately undergone in our own ecclesiastical courts and the Privy Council, that this distinction between a table and an altar is in truth an essential difference, marking the line between the celebration of the Lord's Supper and the sacrifice of the Mass. It thus appears that the movable wooden table, which is alone sanctioned by the Church of England, may be traced in the primitive ritual of the Catacombs; and that in proportion as the celebration of the Sacrament was transferred from the table in front to the altar-tomb behind, the ceremony itself and the doctrine it embodied gradually assumed a different character. This view of the case is of course disputed by the Roman Catholic writers, who satisfy their own zeal or imaginations by finding, on the most slender evidence, traces of all the latter practices of their Church. Thus, whenever Padre Marchi discovers a marble chair, the well-known seat or throne of the priest or bishop, he converts it into a confessional; the shelf, or credence-table on which the sacred books or sacramental vessels were probably laid, is supposed to have served as a support for movable pictures; and the tomb at the head of the vault becomes an altar.

It is not, however, our intention to give a polemical character to these descriptive observations, or to enter upon theological questions which would here be out of place; we content ourselves with the re-

mark that no one can examine these records and ornaments of the Catacombs without being forcibly struck by the constant recurrence of evangelical symbols and allusions to the Old and New Testament, common to the whole Christian world, whilst there is a marked absence of every thing relating to the exclusive and peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. It is gratifying to remark that the doctrines they convey, and the truths they represent, are, for the most part, those on which all Christians agree, as in the primitive faith, and not those on which subsequent differences have arisen.

The subjects painted are strictly historical. They are selected, with hardly an exception, from the Bible, and they were evidently intended partly to instruct the uninformed by pictures addressed to the eye, and partly to awaken the mind of the Christian to the symbolical meaning of these types.* Thus, the Temptation of Eve, Moses striking the Rock, Elijah ascending in the Chariot of Fire, Noah in the Ark, Daniel in the Lions' Den, the Young Men in the Fiery Furnace, Jonah and the Gourd, Jonah's deliverance from the Whale's Belly; and from the New Testament, the Good Shepherd, the Adoration of the Magi, in which alone the Virgin Mary is introduced, the Resurrection of Lazarus, the Delivery of the Keys to St. Peter, the Sower, the Wise and Foolish Virgins, are continually repeated on the ceiling of *cubiculi*. In a few instances Pagan subjects were introduced, perhaps because Pagan artists were employed; thus it was fancifully conceived that Ulysses fastened to the mast of his ship presented some faint resemblance to the Crucifixion, and the Saviour was represented under the person or with the lyre of Orpheus, either as the civilizer of men, or in allusion to the Orphic poetry already interspersed with Christian images. The ornaments of the walls and roofs of the *cubiculi* were painted in the Roman taste, but every object became symbolical. Thus the Church was represented by a ship, the Navicella, or by a woman in the attitude of prayer; the anchor represented Hope in immortality; the stag reminded the faithful of the pious aspirations of the Psalmist; the horse was the emblem of strength in the faith; the hunted hare of

persecution; the fish was an anagram of the name of Jesus; the dove and the cock stood for Christian virtues; the peacock and the phoenix for signs of the resurrection. But this is the sum total of these primitive paintings; no legends, no saints, few portraits even of apostolic persons; here and there, but seldom, a head of the Saviour; in one instance only, a female figure with a child, supposed to be the Virgin, but the subject and the dates are alike uncertain.* The earliest painted head of Christ is probably not older than the fourth century. The bas-reliefs on the first Christian sarcophagi are perhaps earlier. But it is extremely remarkable that the early Christians never represented those scenes of the passion and death of our Lord which afterwards became the favorite subjects of Christian artists—the crucifix was unknown till long afterwards—and even the plain Cross, anterior to the monogram of Constantine, seems to have been secreted in the lowest depths of the Catacombs. The *nimbus* was never used by the early Christians or applied to their holy images until it had ceased altogether to be used in Pagan art.

The two great sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper are constantly represented and alluded to in these paintings, but no others. Thus the administration of the Lord's Supper is depicted by a sketch of seven, or, in one instance, twelve Apostles, sitting on one side a table, on which is placed a dish containing loaves of bread and grapes, sometimes a fish, *Ιχθϋς*. An attempt has sometimes been made to connect the fish with the doctrine of transubstantiation; but, in fact, it is much more probable, that this scene represents the meal near the Sea of Tiberias, described in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel. There is in the whole range of these paintings and symbols no Host, no adoration of the Sacrament, no sign of a transcendental character; nor is there a vestige of holy water, extreme

* Padre Marchi assigns this head of the Virgin Mary to the second century, but the introduction of the monogram of Constantine shows it to be of a far later period. Some of the painted sepulchral glasses found in the Catacombs present an unequivocal representation of the Virgin Mary with uplifted arms and the *nimbus*, the name MARIA being inscribed above the figure; but these paintings appear to us to convey no more than that veneration which has in all ages of the Church been paid to the Mother of our Lord, and which the Church of England professes.

* See *Milman's History of Christianity*, vol. iii. p. 499.

unction, incense, confessions, worship of saints, purgatory, and other Romish observances. Martyrs and martyr-worship did not exist at the same time. Lastly, although it is probable that the separate cells of each chapel, intersected by the corridor, were respectively occupied by male and female worshipers, yet no seclusion of the sexes could be observed there.

These matters have been fully discussed by Dr. Maitland, to whose work we refer our readers. Mr. Northcote, on the other hand, protests, on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church, against building any argument, real or supposed, on the silence of the inscriptions or the absence of certain dogmatic teaching. Yet Mr. Northcote, four pages earlier, has drawn a precisely similar inference from the fact that no titles of rank or dignity, and no badges of slavery, are to be found in the entire range of the Catacombs. He justly contends that this circumstance can only be explained by the precepts of a religion which taught that there was no respect of persons. In like manner we argue that the absence of images of the Virgin Mary and the Saints, in the primitive portions of the cemeteries, shows how little such practices or opinions were known to those who formed and decorated these cemeteries with the simple historical scenes of Scripture.

Such was the state and such were the uses of the Catacombs during the first three centuries of the Church in Rome. But in the fourth century, the baptism of Constantine, the proclamation of peace and toleration to the Church, and the powerful impulse given by these events to the propagation of Christianity, changed the aspect of these subterranean retreats. The practice of burying the dead in crypts which were already hallowed by the remains of so many confessors and martyrs still prevailed, and amongst the inscriptions collected by Bosio some are as late as the sixth century of our era. But the age of martyrdom was passed. The perils which had driven the early Christians to these gloomy tabernacles were over. The Christian Church began to expand from the recess hollowed in the rock into edifices which took their form and their name from the basilica or seat of justice of the Roman authorities. The *monumentum arcuatum* which bent over the grave of the martyr, feebly illu-

minated by the tiny lamps of those who groped their way to the shrine, swelled into the apsis or tribune of a temple, in which, however, the same disposition of seats and reading-desks was long retained.* But whilst the Church was emerging from the Catacombs, these cemeteries, which still contained the bones and ashes of the first champions of the faith, were invested with unspeakable sanctity in the eyes of the people, and it may be assumed that the priests were not slow to avail themselves of these devotional sentiments. The sacred places were only to be approached with awe. The relics they contained were gradually invested with miraculous powers, and exceeded in value all the treasures of the earth. Pilgrims of all lands, in which the Gospel had been preached, began to flock to Rome, and in Rome the most attractive spots were the tombs of the first Christians. The Catacombs became from the fourth to the eighth century the scene and the object of countless acts of devotion. To admit these pilgrims, the narrow shaft and the dim aperture of the days of persecution were no longer sufficient. Staircases were opened—the galleries leading to the principal tombs were enlarged—the *lucernariæ* were widened, and churches erected over or near the entrance to each of the principal cemeteries. Those of St. Agnes, St. Sebastian, and many others, are still in existence. It requires a careful and a practiced eye to distinguish between the genuine, original structure of the Catacombs and the additions made to them in later ages for other purposes. Probably also some of the ornaments to be found over the principal tombs are of a more recent date than the tombs themselves. But for three or four centuries the distinctive characteristics of the cemeteries remained unaltered.

It is stated that amongst the pilgrims

* The church of St. Clement near the Lateran is the edifice in Rome which has most completely retained its primitive arrangements—the marble chair of the bishop—the choir separated from the church by a low marble balustrade—on either side the *ambones*, that is, a pulpit and a reading-desk, precisely in the form used by the Church of England and adapted to her worship. The present church of St. Clement is of the eighth century; but underneath this church a subterranean church of the fourth century has been discovered; and still deeper in the earth, beneath the subterranean church, the remains of a pagan temple of the earliest period of Roman architecture have recently been excavated.

who resorted to these interesting spots in the course of the seventh century and the pontificate of Honorius, two pious travelers from the diocese of Salzburg have left to posterity a precise manual or handbook of their visit to the churches and cemeteries both within and without the walls of Rome. They are said to have visited the imperial city in the early part of the seventeenth century and in the reign of Pope Honorius—but these curious itineraries remained unpublished till the latter portion of the last century, when being found amongst a Salzburg manuscript of the works of Alcuin, the last editor of that writer gave them to the press. These guide-books have but recently been studied and applied to the spots they describe. They were of course wholly unknown to Bosio and the explorers of the seventeenth century. Yet they not only correspond accurately with the directions and observations contained in the *Roma Sotterranea* of that period, but they have proved of some service in establishing the site and identity of other monuments, and have contributed to furnish Cavaliere di Rossi with a clue to this labyrinth. Indeed, it was chiefly on the faith of these guides, that the reigning Pope was induced by the Commission of the Catacombs to purchase a vineyard in which the true entrance to the Calixtine Catacomb has now been found, and thus the most curious discoveries of the last few years have been made. Considerable confusion had been introduced in the names or designations of the cemeteries lying between the Via Latina, the Via Appia, and the Via Ardentina; but the Salzburg Pilgrims distinctly affirmed that the entrance to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus was on the right of the Appian Way, somewhat nearer to the city than the Church of St. Sebastian, the Prætesta Catacomb being to the north, and that of St. Domitilla to the south. They also stated the names of the principal persons buried there, and in particular referred to the Pontifical crypt which they said contained the tombs of at least four of the Popes of the third century, whilst St. Cornelius and St. Cæcilia were interred in other parts of the cemetery.

We borrow from the text of M. Perret's work the following succinct account of these researches:

"Down to the year 1854 it was almost univer-

sally believed that the center of the cemetery of St. Calixtus was in the excavations under the basilica of St. Sebastian. The tombs of the pontiffs interred in that catacomb were shown there, and St. Urban was supposed to have deposited the body of St. Cæcilia—*inter collegas episcopos*—in the same place. Since that time, M. di Rossi, relying on authentic monuments, has combated the prevailing opinion, and proved that the tombs of the pontiffs and of St. Cæcilia are under certain vineyards on the Appian Way. The excavations made under his directions have demonstrated the truth of his views.

"In this vineyard stands an ancient edifice, which (though now used as a farm building) may be regarded as an ancient Christian basilica. Near this edifice is a large staircase leading to the upper level of the cemetery, but, till lately, blocked up with earth and ruins. An immense quantity of rubbish closed the approaches and the crypts to which this staircase originally led. No sooner had a few feet of the chief entrance been cleared, than a fine range of masonry was discovered, reaching to the level of the soil. On the right a large door opened upon a crypt which was equally full of earth and rubbish; but the stucco of the vault was soon laid bare, and found to be covered with Greek and Latin inscriptions, scratched upon it by the numerous pilgrims who had visited this spot—an evident proof that it was one of peculiar importance. Most of the inscriptions were mere names or monograms scratched on the plaster. Thus, a certain Elaphis has written *Ελαφιν εις μνησιν εξετε*—a Dionysius, *Διονυσιον εις μνησιν εξετε*. Some of them were invocations of the pilgrims, not for themselves, but for those dear to them: *ζη εν Θεω, vivat in Domino, vivat in Deo*; sometimes *vivat in Oeo*, and similar expressions."

In one of these, not mentioned by M. Perret, the name of Sophronia repeatedly occurs, evidently traced by the same hand. "*Sophronia, dulcis Sophronia*," marks the track of the faithful pilgrim along the walls, until at length in the crypt of St. Cornelius, which is in one of the most remote parts of the Catacomb, the same touching remembrance occurs, with this addition: "*Sophronia, dulcis Sophronia, vivis in Deo!*" By these and similar indications Cavaliere di Rossi was guided in the researches which have lately been crowned with still more remarkable success. A staircase, partly of the fourth century, now conducts the traveler by about twenty-four steps to a passage broader than the galleries of the dead usually are, and thence to a sepulchral chamber. On the sides of this chamber are tombs bearing in rude letters the names of ANTEPOC, (A.D. 235,) FA-

BIANUS, (A.D. 236,) LTCIOT, (Lucius, A.D. 256,) and EUTYCHIANUS, (A.D. 275.) Each of these names is followed by the short designation *EPIS. ET. MAR.* Dean Milman expresses an opinion that Fabian is the first Bishop of Rome whose martyrdom is historically authenticated; but it will be observed that in this crypt the tomb of Fabian is found side by side with his immediate predecessor Anteros, Cornelius lay in another part of the same cemetery, and Lucius, who succeeded Cornelius, lay beside Fabian. The history of these early bishops is doubtless very obscure, but that they actually existed, and were bishops and martyrs of the Church in Rome, may fairly be inferred from the discovery of tombs bearing their names and titles in the very place of sepulture where they were stated to have been interred. The title of "martyr" was however sometimes applied to those who lived under the persecutions, though without enduring actual martyrdom. All these prelates are mentioned by Tillemont in the third volume of his *Ecclesiastical History*, and the fact of their interment in the cemetery of St. Calixtus is particularly noticed.

The central tomb under the *arcosolium* of this crypt is nameless and empty; but as it is known that Pope Sixtus II. was buried in this catacomb, after having suffered martyrdom under the Emperor Valerian, A.D. 258, in the adjoining galleries of the Prætesta, there is a strong presumption that this was his grave. This presumption is fortified by a striking piece of evidence. Pope Damasus, towards the close of the fourth century, rendered himself remarkable for the care he bestowed on the sacred edifices of Rome, for his skill in composing a species of bastard epigram, and for his zeal in having these compositions cut in marble in Roman letters of a peculiar form and of extreme elegance. The inscriptions of Pope Damasus are some of the most beautiful in the world, and the hand of the workman he employed is so peculiar that it is almost impossible to mistake it when once it is known. A fac-simile of one of them is given with great success by M. Perret, vol. v. plate 39. Many of the original inscriptions have of course perished, but they are preserved in considerable numbers by contemporary historians, and amongst them the following lines are recorded. They were written by the Pope

to be placed in or over a sepulchral chamber in the cemetery of St. Calixtus, and they describe the holy persons interred there, with whose remains Damasus was too modest to confound his own:

"Hic congesta jacet quæris si turba piorum
Corpora sanctorum retinent veneranda sepul-
cra,
Sublimes animas rapuit sibi regia cœli.
Hic comites Xysti portant qui ex hoste
tropæa,
Hic numerus procerum servat qui altaria
Christi,
Hic positus longa vixit qui in pace sacerdos,*
Hic confessores sancti quos Græcia misit,
Hic juvenes, puerique, senes, castique nepo-
tes,
Queis magis virgineum placuit retinere pu-
dorem,
Hic fateor Damasus volui mea condere mem-
bra,
Sed cineres timui sanctos vexare piorum."

What had become of this celebrated monumental inscription, which was, as it were, the title and frontispiece of the catacomb itself? Our antiquarian readers will sympathize with the excitement of Cavaliere di Rossi when he found, amongst the rubbish cleared from the Chapel, a broken fragments of a marble tablet containing the word "Hic" in Damasian characters, three time repeated, one below the other. The commencement of the fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of the well-known inscription flashed on his mind; and, in short, after a careful search, and an ingenious reconstruction of the whole tablet, which had been shattered into one hundred and twenty-six fragments, the entire inscription was recovered, and may now be seen as legible as when Pope Damasus had it executed some fourteen hundred and fifty years ago.

The discoveries made in this catacomb did not end here. It was stated by the Salzburg Itineraries and by other authorities, that Cornelius, who succeeded to the See of Rome next after the martyrdom of Fabian, (A.D. 249,) was interred in a remote part of the same cemetery. During the earlier excavations a broken slab had been discovered with the syllables LIUS . . . TYR. . . upon it, and this had been deposited in the Kircherian Museum. Some time afterwards, the portions of the same slab, with the syllables CORNE

* Supposed by Cavaliere di Rossi to be Pope Melchisedes, who lay in another crypt of the same tomb.

. MAR were found to have been built into an adjoining wall. The two fragments fitted, and now form the tablet which once covered the grave of CORNELIUS, MARTYR.* Hard by the spot is a rude wall painting representing the Saint, and by his side St. Cyprian, whose name is introduced; a remarkable confirmation of the intimacy between these two eminent men, who resisted, with equal firmness, the progress of the Novatian heresy, the one in Carthage, the other in Rome; and both died the death of martyrs.

The legend of St. Cæcilia has been so disguised by the Roman martyrologists, that it is difficult to establish for her a positive historical character. Yet some of the particulars of her reputed life and death are confirmed by evidence which demonstrates, at least, the antiquity of her story. The Church of St. Cæcilia in Trastevere, was certainly in existence in the year 500, when Pope Symmachus held a council there. It was then believed to have been erected on the site of the mansion of Cæcilia herself, and the Chapel in which she is supposed to have suffered the first attempt on her life, still contains the conduits for steam or hot air, showing it to have formed part of the baths of a Roman palace. The legend goes on to relate, that after she had converted her husband, Valerian, to the faith, he and his brother were first put to death and buried by her care in the cemetery of St. Calixtus. Her own execution speedily followed; and having distributed her goods to the poor, and desired that her house might be converted into a place of Christian worship, she too expired, and was buried by St. Urban in the same catacomb. The story is a touching and a graceful one; but, as Tillemont observes, there is no evidence that she ever saw St. Urban at all; and he conjectures that she suffered in Sicily about the year 178. However, he adds, with real or affected submission to authority, “il nous suffit” that the Church placed her in all its oldest martyrologies and in the Litanies of the Saints. Our present concern is not with the Saint, but with the tomb which was believed to contain her remains—whether apocryphal or not, is immaterial. The records of the pilgrims relate, that in the seventh cen-

tury the tomb of Cæcilia was resorted to as a place of great sanctity *within* the sepulchral chamber of the Popes. In the ninth century, Pope Paschal I. removed her remains to the Church consecrated to her within the city; and, to descend to more recent times, when we find ourselves within reach of actual testimony, the sarcophagus in which these remains were placed by Paschal, was opened with great solemnity, in the year 1599, in the presence of Cardinal Baronius, who has left an exact description of the ceremony and of the appearance of the body. “She was lying within a coffin of cypress wood, inclosed in a marble sarcophagus, not in the manner of one dead and buried, but on her right side, as one asleep; and in a very modest attitude, covered with a simple stuff of taffety, having her head bound with cloth, and at her feet the remains of the cloth of gold and silk which Pope Paschal found in her original tomb.” This attitude was seized with great felicity by the sculptor Stefano Maderno, who executed the recumbent figure which may still be seen over her shrine.

Could then any traces be found of the crypt in the catacomb of St. Calixtus, in which the alleged body of St. Cæcilia was originally deposited, and where—whether it was authentic or spurious—it certainly was held in high veneration for several centuries anterior to the removal by Pope Paschal? We have already mentioned that this crypt was recorded to be *within* the Pontifical Chamber, and, a closer search being recently made, traces of a passage were discovered by Cavaliere di Rossi on the left hand of the *arcosolium*; the passage was cleared, and found to lead into an inner sepulchral chamber. Here lay an open tomb, from which the body had been removed, and on the wall may be seen the painted figure of a woman, (an object of unfrequent occurrence in the Christian cemeteries,) by whose side stands a venerable figure designated by the name of Urban. Whether, therefore, “divine Cæcilia” is to be regarded as a myth of the Romish Church, or whether a martyr of that name was actually interred there under the circumstances described, there is a chain of direct evidence connecting the present tomb, which was erected only two centuries and a half ago, with the remains existing in the Catacombs probably as early as the third century.

This example may serve to show the

* Cornelius suffered martyrdom at Civita Vecchia on the fourteenth September, 252, and was buried in St. Calixtus' cemetery.

nature and effect of the last change the Catacombs were destined to undergo. We have seen that from the fourth to the eighth centuries, they had become the resort of innumerable pilgrims, and the plaster or soft tufa of the walls is still marked in a thousand places with the *graffiti* or scratches of those, who, like more modern visitors, seem in all ages to have had a passion for leaving their names to be deciphered by posterity. But, towards the ninth century, partly from fear of the incursions of barbarians, especially of the Lombards, partly from a desire to give additional sanctity to the churches and shrines within the city of Rome, the popes encouraged the removal of the remains of the early Christians from their real places of interment to other sanctuaries. The progress of superstition had led to the belief that every altar ought, if possible, to be consecrated by the relics of a martyr. The Catacombs afforded an inexhaustible supply of these memorials; the chain of local evidence which gave an interest and a meaning to the actual tombs of the early Christians, were altogether broken; the cemeteries were literally rifled, and their contents were promiscuously transferred to the marble altars and the gilded shrines of a faith widely different from that simple creed for which so many of them had died.*

* This most objectionable practice has not only prevailed throughout the later ages of the Romish Church, but, we are sorry to say, is not even now entirely abandoned. Dr. Wordsworth has recently exposed in his "Notes in Paris," published in 1854, a most remarkable case of this kind, which forcibly illustrates the gross abuse of which we complain. Some time ago the following inscription was discovered in the Catacombs of Rome near the Via Salaria:

AURELIÆ THEUDOSIÆ
BENIGNISSIMÆ ET
INCOMPARABILI FEMINÆ
AURELIUS OPTATUS
CONJUGI INNOCENTISSIMÆ
DEPOS. PR. KAL. DEC.
NAT. AMBIANA.
B. M. F.

The Congregation of Relics decided that this lady was a Christian, which is probable—a martyr, which is uncertain—a saint and a native of Amiens in France. The Pope decreed that the name of St. Theudisia, a name wholly unknown even to the Roman Calendar, should be added to the ritual of the Church of Amiens: and her body (or what was supposed to remain of it) was actually transported to Amiens on the twelfth October, 1853, and received there in the cathedral with extraordinary splendor by twenty-eight mitred prelates. Cardinal Wiseman preached the first sermon on the occasion. All this

This transformation seems to us to explain, in a very striking manner, some of the characteristic practices of the later Romish Church, from which Protestant Christians most cordially dissent. Planted, as it were, in the earlier ages of the Church, within the recesses of these subterranean crypts which were dedicated to and peopled by the dead, the offices of religion began to partake in some degree of *tomb-worship*. The celebration of the Lord's Supper was transferred, as we have seen, from the table in front of the *arcosolium* to the slab behind it—*retro sanctos*—and beneath that slab slept a martyr, so that the very idea of the altar became connected with the relics of a saint. The churches of the Christian metropolis which arose in great number and magnificence, after the ascendancy of the faith had been proclaimed, aspired to vie in sanctity with those mysterious sepulchers which had witnessed the first trials and triumphs of the Christian community. The relics and supposed remains were therefore removed; and the early Christians who had been laid centuries before in the cells of the Catacombs, anticipating certainly no earthly disinterment, were brought to the light of day, and invested with legendary histories and miraculous powers. Such was the exact course the doctrine of the veneration of saints appears to have followed from its origin in these very Catacombs; and when it is considered how large are the temptations it offers to the frauds of one class of men and to the credulity of another, it is not surprising that the result has been injurious to religion and debasing to mankind. The more curious, therefore, is it to compare the simplicity of the original tombs and the humility of their evangelical ornaments, with the prodigious superstructure raised by Rome on this foundation. But in removing the remains of the early Christians to more pompous receptacles, the Popes appear to have been unconscious that they were destroying part of the actual historical evidence of the primitive

rests on the assumption, made in defiance of the laws of grammar, that the words NAT. AMBIANA agree with "Theudisia" and mean, as the Abbé Gerbet says, "*née Amienoise*." Dr. Wordsworth, however, suggests that these words stand for "*Natione Ambiana*"—a more correct form of expression—meaning that she was of the nation of the Ambiani. Amiens was called Samanobria and not Ambianum until the time of Gratian (A.D. 382,) when the age of martyrdom had long passed away.

Church; to substitute one tomb for another is to raise grave doubts of the authenticity of both.

We hope, on every account, that a more candid and judicious spirit now prevails in the management of this department of Christian antiquities; and the reputation of Cavaliere di Rossi as an antiquary and a scholar, stands too high for him to lend himself in any way to these devices, which are absolutely destructive of that which is of interest to the whole literary world, as long as it is reserved for the purposes of history and not prostituted to those of superstition. The publication of the entire collection of the Christian inscriptions of Rome is a great work which can not fail to shed additional lustre on the reign of the present pontiff, who has certainly not been wanting in the encourage-

ment and assistance he has been able to bestow on Roman archæology. The funds for the purchase of the vineyard leading to the entrance of the cemetery of St. Calixtus were provided, not without difficulty, from the Pope's own purse, and Pius IX. was one of the first persons who proceeded to visit these curious discoveries. We trust, therefore, the success of this experiment may encourage the Papal Government to reöpen the Catacombs for the only legitimate purpose they can serve, namely, as the repository of the remains of the primitive Church. The different sects and opinions of the present day may find in these memorials various meanings; but as long as they are preserved in their genuine simplicity, they can not fail to add an interesting page to the records of mankind.

From the Westminster Review.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY.*

THE value of Sir John Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy* is so universally recognized, that we need no more than announce the publication of a new and revised edition, to secure for it the respectful attention of every one who aims to acquire more than a popular acquaintance with the general truths and doctrines of that science. But as the manner in which the additions have been introduced enables us readily to sift them out, we shall take advantage of the opportunity which this republication affords, to bring concisely before our readers the features of recent progress which its distinguished author considers most noteworthy; prefacing our catalogue with the following extract, for the sake of the admirable

manner in which it expresses a profound truth that can not be too constantly borne in mind:

"No grand practical result of human industry, genius, or meditation, has sprung forth entire and complete from the master-hand or mind of an individual designer working straight to its object, and foreseeing and providing for all details. As in the building of a great city, so in every such product, its historian has to record rude beginnings, circuitous and inadequate plans; frequent demolition, renewal, and rectification; the perpetual removal of much cumbersome and unsightly material and scaffolding, and constant opening out of wider and grander conceptions; till at length a unity and a nobility is attained little dreamed of in the imagination of the first projector. The same is equally true of every great body of knowledge, and would be found signally exemplified in the history of astronomy. What concerns more is, that the same remark is applicable to the process by which it is brought up in

* *Outlines of Astronomy.* BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL, Bart., K.H., etc., etc. Fifth edition. 8vo, pp. 714. London. 1858.

the mind of each individual, and by which alone it can attain any extensive development or any grand proportions. No man can rise from ignorance to any thing deserving to be called a complete grasp of any considerable branch of science, without receiving and discarding in succession many crude and incomplete notions, which, so far from injuring the truth in its ultimate reception, act as positive aids to its attainment by acquainting him with the symptoms of an insecure footing in his progress.

Astronomy is very peculiarly in this predicament. Its study to each individual student is a continual process of rectification and correction—the abandoning one point of view for another higher and better—of temporary and occasional reception of even positive and admitted errors, for the convenience they afford towards giving clear notions of important truths, whose essence they do not affect, by sparing him that contention of mind which fatigues and distresses.”—Pp. 9, 10.

It has been well said that “Truth emerges sooner out of error than out of chaos;” or, in other words, it is better to have imperfect and erroneous notions about a subject, than no notions at all. And every thoughtful seeker after knowledge who looks back upon the history of his own mental acquirements, will be ready, we think, to admit the fidelity of Sir J. Herschel’s description of the process by which he has attained his final elevation. How comforting it should be to the disciples of progress, to be thus not merely enabled, but required, to look upon what seem obstructive errors as necessary antecedents to the triumph of truth; and how charitable should they feel towards what they esteem the narrow-minded and absurd prejudices of such as have not yet been able to rise to the same level with themselves, in remembering that they have themselves had to pass through a series of mental states, which higher intelligences would have pronounced to be not one whit nearer to absolute truth than those with which they are disposed to quarrel—nay, that their own existing conceptions may, in the estimation of those above, be only one remove from the same low grade!

The first considerable addition we find under the head of the “Rotation of the Earth,” the physical evidence of which has of late years received important confirmation from two very different kinds of investigation; that, namely, of the phenomena of hurricanes and cyclones, which are now, we believe, for the first time applied to this use in a treatise on astron-

omy; and that of the actions of the gyroscope, the ingenious invention of M. Foucault, to whom we owe the well-known pendulum experiment. It is shown by Sir John Herschel to be a necessary consequence of the earth’s rotation, that if any considerable portion of the northern hemisphere becomes so much more heated by the solar rays than that surrounding it, as to determine an ascending current, the general current which sets in towards the heated region from all sides will have a rotation round the axis of the ascending column, arising from the difference of the diurnal rotatory velocities of the portions of the globe from which the northern and southern parts of that current proceed; and the direction of the rotation will, in the northern hemisphere, be retrograde, or contrary to that of the hands of a watch, whilst in the southern it will be direct, or correspondent to that of the hands. The force of the rotation, however, will depend upon several conditions. In high latitudes there is a deficiency of solar heat to produce a powerful ascensional current; but on and about the equator, the other efficient cause, namely, a considerable difference of diurnal rotatory velocity in the regions from which the general current flows in—is absent. Such movements, therefore, can not exist on the equator, and their intensity must be chiefly confined to regions in moderate latitudes. Now, to use our author’s words, “every one of these particulars is in exact conformity with the history of those hurricanes or cyclones, as they have been called from their revolving characters, which infest the Atlantic along the west coast of the United States and the West-Indies, the Indian Ocean, and (under the name of typhoons) the China seas. Their extent and violence are frightful; their rotation in the same hemisphere is invariably the same, and in each that which theory indicates; and they are utterly wanting on the equator. This grand result, the establishment of which we owe to the labors of Mr. Redfield, Colonel Reid, and Mr. Piddington, forms a capital feature in the array of evidence by which the rotation of the earth, as a physical fact, is demonstrated.”

We alluded not long since to the principle of the gyroscope, when noticing Professor Piazzì Smyth’s ingenious application of it to the support of a telescope for astronomical observations at sea. The

tendency of a heavy body in rapid revolution, if freed from any disturbing attachment, to surrounding objects, to preserve its plane of rotation unaltered, so that the axis about which it spins shall always remain parallel to itself, is applied by the apparatus of M. Foucault, which we must not now attempt to describe in detail, to render the earth's rotation evident to the senses: the method being concisely this—that the axis of the freely-suspended body, being made to point towards any given star, continues to do so as long as the rotation endures with sufficient power, and thus perceptibly changes its position from minute to minute, with reference to a graduated circle which rests on the table and partakes of the diurnal motion of the earth; so that while the axis is apparently moving within this circle, since its direction remains constant, it is really the circle which is moving round the axis—just as, in the pendulum experiment, the plane of oscillation remaining constant, the direction of that plane with reference to surrounding objects is changed from minute to minute by *their* participation in the earth's rotation.

Sir J. Herschel deems worthy of special notice Mr. Dawes's researches on the nature of the solar spots, which have been made by means of a peculiar method of observation devised by Mr. D. himself. In order to scrutinize under high magnifying powers minute portions of the solar disc, Mr. D. intercepts the light and heat of the general surface by a metallic screen placed in the focus where the image is formed, and pierced with a very small hole, so as to allow only that minute portion to be scrutinized through the eye-piece, and to shut out from the observer's eye the glare of the rest; thus not merely protecting it, but enabling it to apply itself more advantageously to the examination of feebly-illuminated objects. In this manner Mr. Dawes has ascertained that the blacker portion which occupies the middle of each spot, and which to former observers appeared so dark and uniform as to lead them to believe it to be the sun's actual surface, seen through an aperture in an exterior envelope, is itself only an additional and inferior stratum of very feebly-luminous (or unilluminated) matter, which he has called the "cloudy stratum," and which in its turn is frequently pierced with a smaller and usually much more rounded aperture, which would seem at length to

afford a view of the real solar surface of most intense blackness. Further, in tracing the changes in the spots, from day to day, Mr. Dawes has been led to conclude that in many instances they have a movement of rotation about their own centers. Again, M. Schwabe of Dessau, and M. Wolf of Berne, have shown, by the comparison of all the observations recorded of solar spots, from their first telescopic discovery by Fabricius and Harriot in 1610, that their degree of copiousness is subject to a law of periodicity; the interval between the *minima*, which are marked by extreme paucity and sometimes almost entire absence of spots, averaging exactly one ninth of a century, or 11.1 years; whilst the *maxima*, in which the spots are often so copious that fifty or one hundred have been counted at once upon the disc, do not appear to fall exactly in the middle year between the minima, but rather earlier. It is a remarkable confirmation of this generalization, that in cases in which the appearance of spots or groups of spots visible to the naked eye has been recorded by annalists, and in others in which a marked diminution of the sun's light has been recorded, although no spots were visible, the dates corresponded very closely to the epochs of maxima as fixed by this law. And the phenomena presented by the solar surface since its announcement have been in exact conformity with it; the year 1856 being remarkable for the deficiency of spots in the sun, whilst they began to show an increase in 1857, and have been remarkably large in 1858. The periodical recurrence of large numbers of solar spots has been lately found to correspond so closely with the periodical recurrence of "magnetic storms"—that is, of simultaneous disturbances of the magnetic needle over large areas of the earth's surface, that the relation of the two orders of facts can not be doubted, notwithstanding that neither astronomical nor magnetic science is yet sufficiently far advanced to furnish its rationale. Some curious computations are given by Sir J. Herschel as to the intensity of the light and heat of the sun at the solar surface itself. The ball of quicklime ignited in the oxyhydrogen jet gives one of the most brilliant lights with which we are acquainted; yet the intensity of this, according to the recent experiments of MM. Fizeau and Foucault, has only 1-146th part of that at the surface of the

sun. It is estimated by Professor Thomson, that to produce a dynamical effect in our manufactories equal to that of the heat given off from each individual square yard of the solar surface, the combustion of 13,500 pounds of coal per hour would be required, which would maintain the power of 63,000 horses. This result is deduced from calculations as to the amount of ice melted by the solar rays in a given time on the earth's surface, when exposed to its rays under the most favorable circumstances; from which it appears that, at the surface of the sun, about *forty feet thickness* of ice would be melted *every minute*.

One of the most remarkable additions contained in the volume before us, consists of a *suggestion* of the author's own; which is one of those profound and sagacious thoughts that mark the highest order of philosophic penetration. Every one knows that the non-existence of any atmosphere surrounding the Moon has been regarded as a fact demonstrated by the absence of all perceptible refraction when the sun or stars are eclipsed by her disc; it being certain that refraction does not take place to the amount of even a single second of a degree—a quantity that would indicate the existence of an atmosphere having only the two-thousandth of the density of that of the earth. The non-habitability of the moon by living beings, at all analogous to those tenanted the earth, seems a necessary corollary to this fact; and of this again there would appear to be independent confirmation, in the circumstance that no appearance indicating vegetation, or the slightest variation of surface fairly ascribable to change of season, can any where be discerned. But Sir J. Herschel now throws in an important *caveat* against the unqualified acceptance of such a conclusion. "How do we know," he inquires, "that this absence of atmosphere is general over the entire surface of the moon? Are there any indications which support a contrary idea?" The following is the substance of his reply: It has been remarked by Professor Hansen that the fact of the Moon always turning the same face towards the earth is in all probability the result of an elongation of its figure in the direction of a line joining the centres of both bodies, acting conjointly with a *non-coincidence of its center of gravity with its center of figure*. The

distribution of any fluid, whether air or water, on the surface of such a globe, must necessarily be greatly modified by a peculiarity of this kind; for, if not sufficient in quantity to drown the whole mass, it will run towards the level which is nearest, not to the center of figure, but to the center of gravity; so that water would form an ocean, of greater or less extent, according to the quantity of fluid, directly over the heavier nucleus, while the lighter portion of the solid material will stand out as a continent on the opposite side; and air, in like manner, would form an air-lake resting on the ocean, whilst the land on the other side would be almost destitute of atmosphere. Now this, to a limited extent, is actually the case with the Earth; for nearly all our land is collected in one of its hemispheres, and much the larger portion of the sea in the opposite; so that there is evidently an excess of heavy material vertically beneath the middle of the Pacific; while not very remote from the part of the globe diametrically opposite, rises the great table-land of Northern India and the Himalayan chain, on the summit of which the air has not more than a third of the density it has on the sea-level, and from which animated existence is for ever excluded. Now supposing, in the Moon's case, that the eccentricity of the center of gravity should amount to thirty or forty miles, such would be the general elevation of the lunar land (or the portion turned earthwards) above its ocean, so that the whole of that portion of the Moon which we see, would in fact come to be regarded as a mountainous elevation above the sea-level. But it by no means follows that air and water are equally deficient on the other side of her sphere, the contrary, in fact, being indicated by the analogy of the earth; so that sentient beings may exist there, who would no more be able in such a case to get a sight of the splendid moon that *we* furnish to the lunar surface opposite to us, than the Earth's inhabitants would be to live upon the summit of one of the Andes piled upon the top of the highest of the Himalayas.

Another topic as to which we shall avail ourselves of Sir John Herschel's admirable summary of recent researches, is the Density of the Earth; the determination of which has been the object of some of the most beautifully-contrived and labor-

iously-executed experimental investigations that the annals of science contain. Three different methods have been devised of obtaining data for its estimation. The first was the observation of the amount of deviation of the plumb-line occasioned by the neighborhood of a mountain mass; from which the relative attractive force vertically exerted by the Earth's globe, and laterally by the mountain could be computed; so that, their relative bulks being compared, the specific gravity of the globe may be estimated from that of the mountain, the latter being assumed from examination of its mineral components. The first inquiry upon this plan, the results of which are at all reliable, was that of Dr. Maskelyne, who found that the joint amount of the local deviations on either side of the mountain Schehallien, in Scotland, was 11.6 seconds; from which the mean density of the earth was computed by Professor Playfair to be 4.713 times that of water. More recently, an inquiry of like nature has been conducted by Colonel James (of the Ordnance Survey) in regard to the local deviation occasioned by Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh: this was found to be 2.21 sec. on the north side, and 2.00 sec. on the south; and the Earth's density, computed from the comparison of relative bulks with relative powers of attraction, was 5.316.—Another method consists in observing the rate of a vibrating pendulum at different altitudes above the sea-level, or at different depths beneath it; removal further from the earth's center producing a retardation of its oscillations, modified by the local attraction of the mountain; whilst by a nearer approach to the center of the earth we cut off by our descent the attraction of the whole spherical shell exterior to the point of observation, and so should reduce the entire amount (if the earth were homogeneous throughout) in the proportion which the radius of the internal sphere bears to that of the earth. The former plan of observation was pursued by the Italian astronomers, Plana and Carlini, on Mount Cenis, in Savoy; and computation from their results has given 4.950 as the mean density of the earth. The latter has recently been followed by the Astronomer Royal in Harton Colliery, near South-Shields; and an acceleration of $2\frac{1}{4}$ sec. of time per day having been ascertained to be produced by carrying the pendulum down

to a depth of 1200 feet, the mean density is thence computed at the comparatively high figure of 6.565.—The third method consists in making a more direct comparison between the attractive force of the earth than that of another small mass whose bulk and specific gravity can be exactly determined, by means of the balance of torsion: this, which is known as the experiment of Cavendish, is free from many sources of error to which the other methods are liable, but it has new disturbing elements of its own; and for the avoidance of these, or their reduction to their lowest point, the greatest experimental skill is requisite. This method has been put in practice three times; the first instance by Cavendish, who obtained, as the computed result, 5.480; secondly, by Reich, whose determination was 5.438; and thirdly, by Bailey, whose investigation of the problem was made with as near an approach to perfection as the present state of science permits, and whose result was 5.660. The much nearer coincidence that exists between these three estimates, than between any two of the others, whether obtained by similar or by different methods, recommends them as peculiarly trustworthy; it will be seen that they agree pretty closely with the result of Colonel James's observations upon the local attraction of Arthur's Seat; and it is not a little remarkable that, they also correspond with the *mean* between the *highest* estimate of the earth's specific gravity (that of Mr. Airy, from his pendulum experiments) and the *lowest*, (that of Playfair, from Maskelyne's observations on Schehallien.) Nor is it less remarkable, that Newton, by one of what Sir J. Herschel truly calls "his astonishing divinations," should have expressed his opinion that the density of the earth would be found to be between five and six times that of water.

In the last place we may notice some highly interesting contributions, which have been recently afforded by astronomical computation to the accurate determination of the dates of important historical events, which thus stand as fixed epochs from which other dates may be safely deduced. No celestial phenomena would be more likely to be recorded, than total eclipses of the sun; but for the determination not only of the precise times of their occurrence, but of the exact course of the moon's shadow over the

earth—especially when the computation has to be carried back for many centuries—extreme perfection is required in the “lunar theory,” on which all such calculations must be based. This perfection was wanting until the publication of Professor Hansen’s “Lunar Tables;” “the accuracy of which,” says Sir J. Herschel, “is such as to justify the most entire reliance on the results of such calculations grounded on them.” Now, there is a celebrated solar eclipse, known as that of Thales, which is said by Herodotus to have been predicted by that philosopher, and to have caused the suspension of a battle between the Medes and Lydians, which must have taken place somewhere in Asia Minor. By the use of the best tables then in existence, Mr. Baily (whose computations were afterwards confirmed by M. Olmanns) had identified this eclipse with the total one of September 30th, B.C. 610, which, according to those tables, must have passed over the mouth of the river Halys, where it had all along been assumed (though without any positive grounds) that the battle was fought. But Mr. Airy has conclusively shown by Hansen’s tables, that the shadow in this eclipse must have passed altogether out of Asia Minor, and even north of the Sea of Azof; whilst on the other hand, the eclipse of B.C. 585, which was also total, passed over Issus, a locality satisfying all the circumstantial and general military conditions of the narrative even better than the Halys; so that there can be no reasonable doubt that this battle was fought at that time and in that place. So, again, the total eclipse of the sun, which was witnessed by the fleet of Agathocles in his escape from Syracuse when blockaded by the Carthaginians, and which was pronounced by Mr. Baily to be incompatible with that of the year B.C. 310, is now found to have passed on that date so near the southern corner of Sicily, that the fleet might have very probably entered it; whilst no other eclipse could by possibility have done so. Lastly, a solar eclipse is related by Xenophon to have caused the capture of the city of Larissa, by producing a panic among its Median defenders, of which the Persian besiegers took advantage. The site of Larissa has been satisfactorily identified with Nimroud; and as, according to Hansen’s tables, the total eclipse of August 15, B.C. 310, passed centrally over Nimroud,

(the total shadow in this instance not exceeding twenty-five miles in diameter,) it may be most confidently regarded as the “eclipse of Larissa,” of which the date is thus fixed far more unerringly than it could be by any historical records.

For a fuller exposition of the subjects which we have thus concisely brought under the attention of our readers, we must refer to Sir John Herschel’s own pages, and to the various memoirs cited by him; and we have only to add, as the crowning merit of this admirable work, that in its Appendix will be found copious Synoptic Tables of astronomical elements, which have been carefully revised in conformity with the best current authorities. As no one is more competent than Sir John Herschel to estimate the relative value of those authorities, and as no one would execute the labor of revision more thoroughly or conscientiously, we feel sure that these tables are worthy of the fullest reliance, as the most accurate that astronomical science can at present furnish.

No contrast could well be stronger between the productions of two men of high scientific reputation, than that which is presented by the *Popular Astronomy* of M. Arago to the *Outlines* of Sir John Herschel;* and no more complete justification could be given, than is afforded by the recent publication of the second volume, (completing the work,) to the representations of those who have all along asserted, that Arago was a very much overrated man, and that his acquirements would not stand the test of a thorough examination. For whilst, on the one hand, this volume is characterized by that cleverness of exposition by which its author acquired distinction as a popular lecturer, it affords such abundant evidence of a want of thorough acquaintance with his subject, as to make it not a little surprising that he could have maintained his ground at all, among so many competent and not always favorably disposed critics. It is fortunate for such as may wish to avail themselves of the large body of valuable information conveyed in these lectures, that the English republication

* *Popular Astronomy*. By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. Translated from the original, and edited by Admiral M. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., For. Sec. R.S., etc. etc., and ROBERT GRANT, Esq., M. A., F.R.A.S. Volume II. With numerous illustrations. 8vo, pp. 844. London. 1858.

has been superintended by editors so competent as Admiral Smyth and Mr. Robert Grant; for they have applied themselves so carefully to the correction of the author's errors of fact and of conception, that their notes bear to the text a proportion by no means unimportant as regards amount, and still less so in point of value. Thus, in a single short chapter of scarcely two pages, on the mass of the planets, the editors find occasion to point out three considerable errors of statement; and in that which almost immediately succeeds, on the density of the earth, they have to notice the extraordinary omission of all reference to Mr. Baily's repetition of the Cavendish experiment, whilst we have Sir John Herschel's authority for the assertion that Arago's account of the principle of that experiment involves a total misconception of its real nature.

From the North British Review.

ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.*

OF all the physical sciences electricity is the most marvelous in its phenomena, the most attractive by the brilliancy of its experiments, and the most intelligible in its popular departments. It appeals more frequently and vividly than any of them to our reason and our senses, and has contributed more than them all to the interests of humanity and civilization. We may contemplate the sun, and the moon, and the planets, in their various phases and movements, without asking who made them, and what are their functions. We may bask in the heat and light of the sun without inquiring into their origin and properties. We may daily witness the transformations of chemistry in the preparation of our food and our beverage, without any other interest than that which is common to the brutes that perish; and we may worship the silver, the gold, and the gems, and value the coal and the iron which the Great Benefactor has thrown into our hands from his subterranean laboratory, without asking or wishing to know from whence they came, or for what purpose they were made. But when the electricity of the earth or

the atmosphere is disturbed; when the vault of heaven is lighted up with its electric fires, and reëchoes with its thunders; when the lightning bolt descends upon its victims, and crushes the stately fabric, and rends the very pavement of the globe—man yearns to understand the dangers which he has escaped, and strives to discover the means by which they may be averted. When the Creator chides with a voice of thunder, and rebukes in the wild utterance of the tempest, the creature is more disposed to study the language in which he is addressed and to feel an interest in the tremendous agencies which so often threaten him with destruction.

But great as this interest is, and popular as are the lessons by which it is to be gratified, it is surprising how completely all such knowledge is excluded from our elementary schools, and how little even educated persons know of the facts and laws of electricity. Nor is it less surprising, that when the inmates of the cottage or of the castle are trembling under the rattling artillery of a thunder-storm, and when the simultaneous flash and crash announce the close proximity of danger, there is not one of the party who knows where to place himself in safety. The master of the house stands at his fireplace, and is struck by the descending bolt; while his equally uninstructed partner, seated before the bell-wire, shares her husband's fate. The couch of the invalid

* *A Treatise on Electricity in Theory and Practice.*—By AUG. DE LA RIVE, Ex-Professor in the Academy of Geneva; Foreign Member of the Royal Society of London; Corresponding Member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, etc., etc. Translated for the Author, by CHARLES V. WALKER, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., etc. In three vols. 8vo. London, 1853, 1856, 1859. Pp. 2334.

is placed against the chimney-wall, and its occupant receives the fatal bolt. The peasant flies for shelter beneath the pine or the oak, and sinks under the resistless shock. The sailor leans against the mast, and is perforated by the fire which is attracted by its summit. With the most elementary knowledge of electricity, the peasant would have prostrated himself on the ground, or sought the shelter of a bush; and the household victim would have retreated to the middle of his apartment, or to the point of greatest distance from the wall of his chimney.

But while electricity, in its atmospheric development, is thus pregnant with danger, it is, nevertheless, a power fraught with beneficence to man. Though sometimes a formidable enemy, whom we can neither resist nor evade, it is more frequently a menial servant, ever obedient to our will, and a powerful auxiliary in the noblest enterprises of philanthropy and civilization. Within the circuit of our globe, it transmits to the most distant bourn the messages of amity and civilization, uniting in its telegraphic bonds all the families of the earth. In a narrower sphere, as the means of communication between the nervous center and the muscles of the human frame, it comes with healing under its wings to animate the vital powers, and strengthen the feeble limbs. It furnishes to art and science new and fertile powers of production, and thus creates new materials and new combinations. It promises to labor an inexhaustible mechanical power, to lessen the toil of the workman, and to strengthen his already gigantic arm; and it will, ere long, supply us with a light to brighten our arctic winters, and illuminate the midnight of every region of the earth.

A subject so rich in its resources, and so universal in its application, is well worthy of being studied, not merely by men of science, who may extend it by their genius, but by men of the world, who ought to know more than they do of the value of knowledge, and by the Christian reader, who can not escape from the obligation of understanding and appreciating those marvelous arrangements, and those wise adaptations of material nature which preëminently attest the beneficence, and add to the glory, of Him whom they love.

In order to gratify this desire, if it should be felt, it is not necessary to write a meager and popular treatise on electri-

city. We must confine ourselves to the more curious and interesting departments of the subject which the most juvenile, and least informed, of our readers can comprehend; and refer the more advanced student to the admirable work of M. De La Rive, or to the numerous treatises which are to be found in our Encyclopædias and Courses of Physical Science.

The word Electricity is derived from a Greek word—*electron*, the name for *amber*, which, when rubbed with a dry woollen cloth, attracted light bodies of every kind, such as small pieces of paper, gold-leaf, etc. A glass rod, or a stick of sealing-wax, and indeed all bodies whatever, become electrical by friction, or are electrized, and attract light bodies. If we suspend a little ball of cork or of the pith of the elder tree with a silk fiber or thread from a glass rod, an apparatus which is called an *electroscope*, an electrized rod or tube of glass will attract it; an electrized stick of wax will produce the same effect. If we now take another electroscope, and electrize the ball of the *first* with a rubbed *glass rod*, and the ball of the *second* with a rubbed *stick of wax*, we shall find that the balls, when brought to a certain distance from each other, will *attract* and fly to each other, and after coming into contact will resume their original position. If one of the balls is electrized either with *wax* or with *glass*, and the other is not, they at first attract each other; but as soon as they have been in contact, they *repel* each other, the one ball having received a portion of the electricity of the other. Hence we arrive at two fundamental laws:

1. *That two bodies SIMILARLY electrized, that is, both by glass, or both by wax, REPEL each other.*

2. *That two bodies DIFFERENTLY electrized, that is, the one by wax and the other by glass, ATTRACT each other.* The electricity, therefore, of glass is different from that of wax; and the one is called *vitreous*, and the other *resinous* electricity.

But though all bodies can be electrized by friction, yielding either vitreous or resinous electricity, yet they have very different relations to the electricity in electrized bodies. If we touch an electrized pith-ball with a rod of metal, it will carry off its electricity, and is therefore a *conductor* of electricity; but if we touch an electrized ball with a rod of glass, it

will not carry off its electricity, that is, it is a *non-conductor* or an *insulator* of electricity.

All the metals and metallic ores, acids, fluids, (except oils,) juicy substances such as plants and animals, flame, smoke, vapors, earth, and rocks, are *conductors* of electricity.

Gum-lac, gutta percha, amber, resinous bodies, amber wax, glass of all kinds, mica, precious stones, silks, leather, dry gases and air, dry bodies of various kinds, oils, and dry metallic oxides, are *non-conductors* or *insulators* of electricity.

When two *oppositely* electrized balls, that is, one vitreous and the other resinous, attract each other, they resume their natural condition; the two electricities having disappeared, or been *neutralized*. If the balls were *equal*, the neutralization is perfect; but if the one is larger, or contains more electricity, than the other, the strongest retains its excess of electricity above the quantity of *resinous* electricity which neutralizes an equal quantity of *vitreous* electricity. When the two oppositely electrified bodies can not approach each other, and have been either large or strongly electrified, the neutralization of the two electricities is accompanied with a *spark* when the bodies are brought within a certain distance; and when the bodies are at too great a distance, the neutralization may be effected, or the spark produced, by joining the balls with an insulated conductor, that is, with a branch of metal held by a glass handle.

In the simple experiments with cork or pith-balls the electricity is very feeble, and no spark is seen when the opposite electricities are combined; but if, instead of producing electricity by rubbing a rod of glass, we place a globe or cylinder of glass upon a turning-lathe, and apply to it a rubber of woolen cloth or leather, we shall produce electricity in abundance. When the globe or cylinder is placed upon two vertical supports with an axle, turned by the hand, we have what is called an *electrical machine*, the electricity of which is accumulated on an adjacent brass cylinder or tube called the *prime conductor*, so that we have now abundance of electricity at our command.

If we now take a pane of glass a foot square, and cover both its surfaces with tinfoil eight or ten inches square, leaving an inch or two between the edge of the tinfoil and the edge of the glass, we have

a simple piece of apparatus for accumulating electricity. This is done by holding one of the plates of tinfoil near the brass knob of the prime conductor, and filling it, or *charging* it with electricity, while the other plate of tinfoil is connected with the ground. By this process the vitreous electricity in the one square of tinfoil, decomposes the natural electricities in the other square, drives away or repels the vitreous, and fixes the resinous there. Hence an apparatus is charged with *vitreous* electricity on one side, and *resinous* on the other. The very same thing takes place if we coat the inside and outside of a glass cylinder, or vial with a wide mouth, charging the inside with vitreous electricity, driving away the vitreous from the outside, and fixing the resinous there. In this form the piece of apparatus is called the *Leyden Vial* or *Jar*; and it is now charged with opposite electricities of an intensity proportional to the area of the squares of tinfoil.

Having fixed a glass handle to the middle of a piece of strong beat brass wire, with two brass balls, or knobs at its extremities, and at such a distance from each other that we can touch the inside tinfoil or coating of the jar with one ball and the outside with the other, we have formed a *discharging rod*. If we now place the jar on the table and touch the two coatings with the balls, the opposite electricities will combine or be neutralized with a brilliant spark and a loud snap. As the human body is a conductor, the electricities may be combined by grasping the outside coating with one hand, and touching the inside with another. In this case the electricities pass through the body, giving a shock along the arms and across the chest.

By combining a number of these jars, and connecting by wires all their inside coatings, and also all their outside coatings, we form what is called an *electrical battery*, which may be electrified so powerfully as to kill a man, or even a horse, if the electricities are made to pass through the one or the other.

But it is not merely by the friction of solid bodies that electricity may be copiously generated. The *friction of steam upon wood*, as in Mr. Armstrong's *hydro-electric machine*, effects this in a remarkable degree. When the steam of a boiler is made to pass through a great number of bent iron tubes, terminating in jets or

small orifices of box-wood, the electricity produced by the friction of the steam, while issuing through the wooden jets, is accumulated in such abundance, that, with a boiler six and a half feet long and three and a half feet wide, sixty or seventy enormous sparks were obtained in a minute, succeeding each other with such rapidity as to form continuous and brilliant jets of light, about twenty-two inches long, and some inches in breadth!

Some curious and almost incredible phenomena have been very recently observed in America, arising from the electricity produced by friction, and passing through the human body. Previous to this, analogous phenomena had been observed in individuals when combing their hair, when rubbing their body, or when taking off particular pieces of dress. Phenomena of this kind were generally produced in dry weather and in persons with dry skins, and were exhibited in luminous sparks and in crackling sounds, which, in the days of superstition, imparted a supernatural character to the agent.

The phenomena observed in America were of a different kind; and were so generally discredited as to require the testimony of a distinguished American professor, who saw them with his own eyes, and has removed them from the category of the supernatural. Upon learning that these phenomena were remarkably exhibited at the house of Mrs. C., in New-York, Professor Loomis called upon her to witness her electrical powers. The party occupied a parlor covered with a heavy velvet carpet, and lighted with a chandelier suspended from the ceiling. Mrs. C. advanced from her chair by a few short steps, and gave a slight spring towards the chandelier, which was above her reach. As her finger approached the metal, Mr. Loomis perceived a brilliant spark, and heard a pretty loud snap. A few steps on the carpet were sufficient to reproduce the electricity in Mrs. C.; and the spark was seen whenever she touched any metallic object. When she approached the speaking-tube to call the servant, she repeatedly received an unpleasant shock in the mouth, and was annoyed at this, till she learned first to touch the tube with her finger. When she stepped on the brass slide for the folding-doors, she received an unpleasant shock in the foot. Visitors received a shock upon shaking hands with her.

A lady, on attempting to kiss her, was saluted by a spark from her lips. These experiments, at first alarming, amused the inmates; and the children shuffled about on the carpet, giving each other sparks from their fingers. By skipping a few times across the room with a shuffling motion, gas may be ignited, especially when the burner is warm. The electricity produced by the friction of the leather shoe upon the carpet is resinous, and is more abundant from the great weight of the person who makes the experiment. These experiments were repeated on the twelfth February, 1858, by Professor Loomis and Professor St. John, in a house well warmed by furnaces, to 70° of Fahr., and having thick velvet carpets on the rooms. Gas and sulphuric ether were inflamed; and the length of the spark between two insulated brass balls was one third of an inch. When the experiments were made in dry cold weather by young ladies who had been dancing, the spark inflamed pulverized resin, and was sometimes *half an inch* long. A thick Brussels carpet, a dry slipper with a thin sole, a silk or woolen dress, cold dry weather, and a warm well-built house, are necessary for a successful display of these remarkable phenomena.*

But it is not merely by friction that electricity is produced. It is developed during the passage of bodies from the solid to the fluid state, as exhibited in the cooling of melted chocolate, sulphur, wax, and other bodies. It is developed during the transition of solids or fluids into the state of vapors or gases, as in the disengagement of gases during chemical action, and in the evaporation of alcohol, ether, and water by boiling. It is developed by flames of all kinds; and during the combustion of solid bodies, as in the insulated flames of wax, oil, alcohol, and hydrogen; and in the combustion of charcoal, phosphorus, and other substances. It is developed during vegetation by the exhalation of oxygen and carbonic acid from living plants, and more powerfully from all vegetable matter in the state of decomposition and putrefaction; and when we consider how copiously electricity is developed in the hydro-electric machine by the mere friction of steam against

* See Reports of *British Association*, 1857, Trans., p. 34; and the *American Journal of Science*, July 1858, vol. xxvi. p. 58.

wood, we can not doubt that, in the rapid descent of rain and hail, abundance of electricity must be copiously developed by the friction of the air upon the falling drops of rain, the spherules of ice, and the flakes of snow, as well as by their partial evaporation during their fall.

From all these causes we are prepared to expect that the earth's atmosphere is full of electricity, neutralized or disguised in its normal state, when we see it but in the azure plumage of the dove, and stirred only by the gentle zephyrs which scarcely move the aspen leaf on its stalk; but in its abnormal and disturbed condition, when the great currents of the ocean, and the high temperatures of the tropical regions, send their hostile elements into the temperate zones, and when local causes combine with them their deleterious influences, we must expect the occurrence of electrical phenomena in a gigantic and dangerous form. Meteorologists have accordingly found that there are numerous states of the atmosphere in which free electricity can be collected by the tops of long conducting rods in a vertical position, or by insulated wires stretched horizontally, or by kites sent into higher regions. It is found, for example, during driving fogs, accompanied by small rain; during a fall of hail or snow; during smart showers in a hot or cold day; during hot weather after some wet days; during wet weather after some dry days; during clear frosty weather, or clear, warm, summer weather; when there is a cloudy, or a mackerel, or a mottled sky; during sultry weather, with light, hazy clouds; during a cold, damp night; and during dry and cold north-east winds.

Although a resemblance had been observed by the early writers on electricity between the electric flash and spark and their crackling noise, and the flash of lightning and the rattling of thunder, yet they never ventured to suggest that the two classes of phenomena had the same origin; and it was not till the middle of the last century, about 1750, when Benjamin Franklin directed the attention of philosophers to the various phenomena in which lightning resembled the electric spark, and proposed to preserve buildings from lightning by means of pointed metallic rods erected upon their summits, and communicating with the ground. In order to verify these opinions, several philosophers in France, and one in Russia,

erected conductors in order to examine the properties of the electricity which accompanies thunder-storms. Early in 1752, M. Dalibard used a pointed metallic rod, forty feet long and an inch in diameter, supported by three poles, and insulated by silk strings and a stool with glass feet. In Dalibard's absence, a thunder-storm occurred on the tenth of May, 1752. His assistant, Coiffier, ran immediately to the rod, and obtained several sparks from it by an insulated piece of wire. He then summoned the curate, as he had been desired to do; and M. Raulet, attended by numbers of his flock, rushed to the apparatus to see the remarkable result. He repeated the experiment of Coiffier several times; each experiment "continuing during the time of a *Pater* and an *Ave*." When the cloud had passed, the bluish spark and the sulphurous smell had diminished.

A few days afterwards, M. Delors, in Paris, obtained from a rod ninety-nine feet high sparks exactly the same as those given by the common electrifying machine. M. Buffon succeeded also in recognizing at Montbar the identity of the two classes of sparks; but it is to M. Romas that we owe a series of experiments with an electrical kite, which far surpassed those of every other philosopher. Elevated to heights between five hundred and seven hundred feet, he brought down electricity of such power, that upon receiving it by his knuckles, he experienced a terrible shock, which struck him in his elbows, shoulders, breast, knees, and the joints of his feet. Seven or eight persons, joining hands, received shocks which struck the feet even of the fifth person. The electricity at last became so powerful, that the rod yielded flashes of fire about a foot long, three inches wide, and three lines in diameter; and the accompanying snap was heard at the distance of more than five hundred feet. Long straws near the apparatus stood on end, dancing up and down like light bodies under the influence of common electricity. Cracks like those of a whip, and crashing noises like those produced by breaking a piece of earthen-ware, accompanied the moving straws, one of which, alternately attracted and repelled, gave out at every attraction long plates of fire, accompanied by continual explosions. Subsequently, on the sixteenth August, M. Romas obtained in less than an hour upwards of thirty

beams of fire nine or ten feet long and about an inch in diameter, without reckoning a thousand others below seven feet in length.

Without knowing of what had been done in France, Benjamin Franklin elevated an electrical kite in June, 1752, and proved by innumerable experiments—charging Leyden jars, and inflaming spirits of wine, etc.—that the natural electricity of the atmosphere, which showed itself in thunder and lightning, was in every respect identical with the artificial electricity produced by friction. He has therefore been regarded by his countrymen, and also, generally speaking, by Englishmen, as having the merit of bringing down lightning from heaven, and taming its wild fires by carrying it by conductors into the earth. To this merit his countrymen have added a more questionable one.

“*Arripuit fulmen cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis.*”

While these bold and certainly hazardous experiments were making in France and America, a Russian philosopher, less cautious than his fellow-laborers, was engaged in the same inquiry at St. Petersburg. M. Richman had erected an iron rod, rising four or five feet above the roof of his house, and connected with a Leyden jar, for the purpose of collecting the electricity of the atmosphere. In communication with this apparatus was an electrometer, which measured the intensity of the accumulated electricity by the angular ascent of a delicate plummet (a linen thread carrying half a grain of lead) on the limb of a graduated quadrant. On the ninth of August, 1752, he had obtained from the end of his rod electric flashes of a large size, and on the thirty-first May, 1753, the electrical explosions were heard at the distance of three rooms from the conductor. On the sixth of August, when the Professor was at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, he heard the sound of distant thunder, and hurried to his apparatus to observe its effects. When he and his friend Mr. Sokolow reached the house, the plummet had risen 4° ; and when he was describing the danger of being near the rod should the plummet rise to 45° , a tremendous peal of thunder terrified the city. Richman approached the electrometer to observe its indications, and when stooping with his head a foot from the apparatus, a huge globe of bluish-

white fire, the size of a man's fist, issued from the rod with the report of a pistol, and entered the head of the Professor. The stroke was fatal, and he fell back upon a chest and expired. Though benumbed and stupefied by a sort of electric vapor, and covered with the red-hot fragments of a metallic wire, which the electricity had deflagrated, Mr. Sokolow ran from the house to announce the disaster. Madame Richman, who had heard the explosion, hastened to the apartment, and found her husband, apparently lifeless, sitting on the chest, and leaning against the wall. Medical aid was obtained in vain. There was a red spot on the forehead of the Professor, and a blue mark on his left foot beneath a hole where the shoe was burst open, indicating the places where the electricity had entered and quitted his body. The house was filled with a sulphurous vapor. A clock in the adjoining apartment was stopped, and a piece of the door torn off its hinges.

Having thus established beyond a doubt the perfect identity of thunder and lightning and the electric sparks and snap of the electricity produced by the electrical machine, philosophers had no difficulty in explaining the origin and nature of those alarming and often destructive thunderstorms with which we are too familiar. “In a fine summer day,” as we have elsewhere remarked, “when, after a long drought, the moisture of an overloaded atmosphere is accumulated in massive clouds, animated by opposite electricities, and driven by antagonistic currents, the reunited elements compress, as it were, in their fiery embrace their tenements of sponge; and cataracts of rain, and showers of hail, and volleys of stony meteors, are thrown down upon the earth, desolating its valleys with floods, and crushing its vegetation by their fall. Even in our temperate zone, but especially under the raging heats of a tropical sun, this ferment and explosion of the elements is more terrific still. As if launched from an omnipotent arm, the red lightning-bolt cuts its way to the earth, now transfixing man and beast in its course, now rending the smitten oak with its wedges of livid fire, now shivering or consuming the storm-tossed vessel, now shattering cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, nor even sparing the holy sanctuary, the hallowed dome, or the consecrated spire: And no sooner has the bolt crushed its victim,

and the forked messenger secured his prey, than the peals of its rattling artillery rebound from cloud to cloud, and from hill to hill, as if the God of nature were pronouncing the condition of ungodly men, and as if the heavens, 'waxed old as garments,' were about to be wrapped up in the fervent heat of the elements, during this rehearsal of the day which is to come as 'a thief in the night.'—Heaven seems to be in fierce conflict with earth—man the sufferer—and God the avenger. The warrior turns pale—the priest stands appalled at his altar—the despot trembles on his throne; even dumb life, sharing the perils of its tyrant, is stricken with fear—the war-horse shakes under its rider—the eagle cowers in its cleft of rock—the sea-bird screams in its flight—and universal life travails with one common dread of the great arm wielding the omnipotence of the elements."

But it is not in its aerial descent that the thunderbolt is most dangerous to man. He can, to a certain degree, protect his dwelling by metallic conductors raised above its roof, and he can retreat to places of safety removed from all elevated objects, and from the walls of his apartment that terminate pointedly in the air. He can retire into a hammock suspended by silk strings in the center of his bedroom; he can avoid the wires and the stations of the electric telegraph, and the pillars and supports of metallic roofs, and of iron or suspension bridges. If he is a soldier, he can throw down his musket, or his lance, or his sword; if he is a sportsman, he can part with his fowling-piece and his powder-flask; if he is a traveler, he can throw away his money, and the metallic articles in his pocket or about his person; and if he is a husbandman, he can keep himself at a respectful distance from the iron implements of his trade. If he is a railway passenger, he must submit to his fate. To the other dangers of his vocation, he has added a new one, the nature and extent of which neither theory nor experience has taught us.*

Great as the dangers are to life† and

* The necessity of conductors to railway trains will not be acknowledged till some gigantic disaster becomes our instructor.

† Between the years 1835 and 1852 no fewer than *thirteen hundred and eight persons* were killed by lightning in France. In one year, when the victims were 103, 22 were killed in June and 19 in August. The greatest number of persons killed by

property when clouds highly charged with opposite electricities are in the vicinity of man, or of his dwellings, he is exposed to others of an electrical origin from which he has neither the means of protection or of escape. When the thunderbolt ascends from the earth, and selects him as his victim, either in his house or in the field, he has no alternative but to submit to its stroke. The existence of *ascending thunderbolts* was known even in ancient times, and has been mentioned by Pliny as occurring in Etruria. Modern observers have described them as rising from the surface of the earth, and even from that of water, in the form of a flame several feet high; and we have seen them, in the form of forked lightning, shooting upwards from the summit of the ridge to the west of the Eildon Hills. Richter informs us, that when the servants of the Benedictines of Fotigno were in the cellar pouring wine into a cask, a thunderbolt filled the cellar with its fires, perforated the bottom of the cask with a hole three inches in diameter, and broke the staves in spite of the iron hoops which held them together.

A very interesting example of an ascending thunderbolt was communicated many years ago to the writer of this article by Mr. Williams. In a thunderstorm which had occurred at Worcester on the fourteenth December, 1825, this gentleman and others observed the lightning ascend St. Andrew's Church and escape into the clouds from a point half-way between the top of the tower and the weather-cock, tearing off at that point two or three inches of the stone. In the following year, Mr. Williams had occasion to study the effects of a much more interesting, though fatal thunderbolt. On a warm and sunny morning of the first of July, 1826, when the barometer at eight A.M. was at 30.27 inches, and the thermometer 72°, the sky was clear; but about ten o'clock, very heavy dense clouds of the cumulus form began to gather, and at two o'clock, when the temperature had

a single stroke is about 8 or 9. According to M. Boudin, the number of persons annually killed by lightning in England is 22, in Sweden nearly 10, and in Belgium 3. According to Moriam, the number is 50 in the United States. M. Abbadie informs us that 2000 were killed in Ethiopia by a single stroke of lightning; and M. Boudin has remarked "that the shepherd, the hunter, and the horseman are red. whilst the animals, the dogs, and the horses at it."

risen to 82° , it thundered hard in the south-west. About a quarter before three a loud clap of thunder was heard in the village of Great Malvern, about seven miles south-west of Worcester. At this time "a party, consisting of two sons and four daughters of Mr. Hill, of Dymock, in Gloucestershire, and Miss Woodgate, of Hereford, accompanied by two servants, were upon the hills above the village; and observing a storm gathering round them, with heavy thunder, they retired to take some refreshment they had brought with them to a hut situated on a high ridge about three or four hundred yards below the summit of the mountain. Several huts had been erected on the hill by the Countess of Harcourt for the accommodation of the company frequenting Malvern, and for the purpose of affording shelter in case of a sudden shower. These huts were small circular buildings, built with the rough fragments of granite found on the surface of the hills, the outside walls being whitewashed with lime, and the roofs made of sheet-iron. It is not a little remarkable that Miss Elizabeth Hill observed, when she entered the hut, that she felt alarmed lest the iron roof should attract the lightning. They had scarcely entered this retreat, and were about to take their refreshment, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning came on from the west; and at a quarter before three P.M. one of the Mr. Hills, who stood at the entrance which fronted the east, saw a ball of fire, which seemed to him moving on the surface of the ground. It instantaneously entered the hut, forcing him several paces forwards from the doorway. As soon as he recovered from the shock, he found his sisters on the floor of the hut, fainting, as he supposed, from alarm. He instantly sent off one of the party who had escaped injury for assistance; and the usual means of recovery were applied by a medical practitioner from the village. Miss Elizabeth Hill and Miss Woodgate appeared to have died instantly, and Miss Margaret Hill and the rest of the party were much injured. The explosion which followed the flash of lightning was terrific, and alarmed the inhabitants of the village below. Soon after Mr. Williams heard of the accident, he went and examined the hut. He found a large crack on the west side of the building, which passed upwards from near the ground to the frame of a small win-

dow, above which the iron roof was a little indented. The fragments of stone, when first observed, were all found on the west side of the hut, and these were readily distinguished from other loose stones, owing to the lime-wash which coated the exterior surface."

The established fact, that currents of electricity ascend from the earth into the atmosphere, affords an explanation of many interesting phenomena. When an electric spark passes from a ball of metal, it carries off with it a portion of the metal in a state of minute subdivision, and the visible spark is produced by the combustion or incandescence of this metallic vapor, having different colors when the spark is taken from different metals. In proof of this remarkable fact M. Fusinieri received a strong spark from a ball of gold upon a plate of polished silver. The gold formed a series of colored rings upon the silver plate; and what was still more remarkable, the particles of gold actually passed through a thin lamina of silver placed between the gold ball and the silver plate. In studying the localities where lightning had struck trees, or stone walls, or iron, or wood, Fusinieri invariably found traces of iron, sulphur, and carbon, which must have existed in the higher atmosphere, and have been carried down to the place upon which the lightning fell. These substances must, doubtless, have been carried up into the atmosphere in a state of extreme subdivision by the electric currents which ascend from metalliferous mountains. Hence we have a simple explanation of the origin of meteoric stones, whose elements, existing in the atmosphere, are fused by the lightning which traverses it, in the same manner as when lightning falls upon a haystack, perforates it as with a red-hot bolt from top to bottom, and leaves at the end of the perforation, where the electric fluid entered the ground, a vitreous mass formed by the fusion of the silex which existed in the hay.*

We have already seen that electricity is produced in women by the combing of their hair, and in men by the removal of different parts of their dress. In pulling off

* This effect was produced in a hay-stack which was struck with lightning in the parish of Dun, near Montrose. The vitreous product was for some time in our possession, and is now in one of our public museums.

black silk stockings Mr. Symmer observed some remarkable phenomena. When a black silk stocking, worn on the same leg above a worsted one, was separated from it by drawing the one out of the other, they were more or less inflated, and exhibited the attractions and repulsions of electrified bodies; but no electricity was produced when the silk stocking was white. Two black or two white silk stockings, put on the same leg and taken off, gave no indications of being electrified; but when a black and a white stocking were put on the same leg, and taken off at the end of ten minutes, they were inflated to such a degree when separated, that each of them showed *the entire shape of the leg*, and at the distance of a foot and a half they rushed together, becoming as flat as so many folds of silk when they are joined. The stockings of the same color repel one another, and those of the opposite color attract one another; so that when held near each other they became amusingly agitated, each stocking catching at the one of an opposite color. Having thrown one of these electrified stockings out of his hand, he found it sticking to the paper-hanging of the room, where it often remained suspended for a whole hour!

Although the human body exhibits electricity when condensed and received by an electroscope, being generally speaking vitreous or positive, yet, as there are no electrical organs in man, the electricity was supposed to arise, as it does, either from slight friction of his clothes, or, when he is naked, from some internal or external changes of a chemical or a physical kind; but it is now certain, as we shall presently see, that electrical currents do preëxist in the human body, and probably in all animals whatever.

This important discovery was made in the year 1789 by M. Galvani, Professor of Anatomy at Bologna. When a number of skinned frogs, prepared for cooking, were lying upon a table, one of Galvani's pupils was making experiments with an electrical machine in the immediate neighborhood of the table. Taking up a dissecting-knife, he happened to touch the nerve of the leg of one of the frogs, when to his great surprise, the leg was strongly convulsed. Madame Galvani, who was present, communicated the fact to her husband, who lost no time in repeating and varying the experiment. The convulsions invariably took place when a spark

was taken from the prime conductor, and the nerve touched with the blade of the knife. Galvani found, in short, that a frog is violently convulsed when one of its nerves, exposed by dissection, is touched with one metal such as zinc, and its muscles with another such as copper; the two metals touching one another in one or more points of their surface. This remarkable experiment excited general notice, and particularly attracted the attention of M. Volta, Professor of Physics at Pavia. Interpreting erroneously the great experiment of his countryman, he attributed the electrical action to the two heterogeneous substances—two metals which united the muscles and the nerves of the frog. Galvani, in replying to this explanation, showed that the convulsions were produced by two homogeneous substances. Volta, in explaining this new experiment, endeavored to show that the slightest difference in the homogeneity of the two substances, or of the arc, as it is called, occasioned the electricity in question; but Galvani and his nephew Aldini refuted this explanation, by showing that the convulsion of the frog could be produced by *perfectly homogeneous* metallic arcs, or even without metals. By this and other experiments, Galvani demonstrated the existence of an animal electricity, the *negative* portion of which being condensed in the *interior* of the muscle, and the positive at its surface, and the nerve acting as a conductor between the coatings of this singular species of a Leyden jar.

In extending his experiments to warm-blooded animals, Galvani proved that in these, as well as in the frog, an electrical current passed from the lower extremity of the limbs towards the nerve. The influence of Volta and his followers was, however, so powerful, that their denial of the existence of an animal electricity long threw a doubt upon the discoveries of Galvani. But, in the face of this influence, Humboldt, by a series of accurate experiments, published in 1797, restored to the discoveries of Galvani the credit which they so well merited; and in 1827 M. Nobili demonstrated the existence of an electric current in the frog, which he named the current proper of the frog. These results have been confirmed by the beautiful experiments of M. Dubois Re-mond and M. Matteucci, who have shown that the nerves and muscles of man and other animals have a natural electric state

proper to themselves, and that it is "by a modification of its natural electric state that a nerve acts when, by virtue of an excitation arising from the brain, or from the muscle, or from an exterior cause, it produces motion or sensation."

M. Dubois Remond has established the existence of electric currents in the human body by means of a very sensitive galvanoscope, consisting of a coil of wire $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. When two basins containing salt and water (brine) are connected by wires with this instrument to wires terminating in platina plates, and a strong person dips each hand in a basin, and forcibly contracts all the muscles of one of his arms, the needle of the galvanoscope will move through a space of 30° . The greatest deviation of the needle is produced by the strongest person; but sometimes, as in the experiments which the writer of this article saw performed by M. Dubois Remond himself at the Royal Institution, no effect is produced by particular individuals.

In this instrument the feeble electric current generated by muscular action is magnified by the coil of wire, and its amount indicated by the delicately suspended needle. An apparatus of a more sensitive kind has been invented by Mr. Rutter of Brighton. "A comparatively small quantity of wire is made electromagnetic by a current of low intensity, and placed within the range of the curves of a powerful magnet, the wire disposes itself accordingly. In one case the helix is stationary, and by the force of the magnetic current the magnet (needle) is moved; in the other the magnet is a fixture, and the helix is set in motion." Mr. Rutter uses pure water in place of brine, and he has found that children of both sexes can deflect the needle with as much force as adults.

From these and various other experiments, it is placed beyond a doubt that the higher animals, and probably those of all ranks, are continually developing electricity, and are therefore electrical machines, though they have not the power of giving electrical shocks. The quantity of electricity, however, thus obtained is so very small, and of such low intensity, that the idea of its being able to turn tables, or make pendulums oscillate, when touched with the finger or held in the hand, is too absurd to require our notice.

But though man and the higher ani-

mals can not convert their electricity into any useful or hostile purpose, yet there are a few fishes—fishes, too, without scales—which develop electricity in such quantity and of such strength, as to benumb and even kill their enemies in the sea. They are in reality electrical machines, or rather electrical apparatuses, of such power, that philosophers have succeeded in obtaining from them not only shocks and sparks, but all the other functions and phenomena which are possessed and exhibited by the electricity produced by friction and chemical action. Our distinguished countryman Professor Simpson has recently directed the attention of medical men to the application of electric fishes as a remedial agent by the Greek and Roman physicians; and his eminent colleague, Dr. George Wilson, has published an interesting paper, showing that the electric fishes were the earliest electric machines employed by mankind, and that their existence and their remedial properties were known to nations at a much earlier civilization than even the Greeks and Romans.

The most remarkable and best of these fishes is the *Torpedo*—the *Náπκη* of the Greeks, the *Rau'ád* of the Arabians, (*raad* meaning *thunder*), the *La tremble* of the French, and the *cramp fish* or *numb fish* of the English. It abounds on the coast of the Mediterranean, and was known before the Christian era. Its electrical organs, which were described by Lorenzini so early as 1678, are double, one being placed on each side of the cranium or gills, and occupying one half of the fish, filling the space between its upper and under surface. Each organ consists of hexagonal or pentagonal columns, extending between the upper and under-surface of the body, and varying in length according to the thickness of the parts of the body between which they are placed. Dr. Hunter found the number of columns in one fish to be 470 in each organ; but in a very large one, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 73 lbs. in weight, the number was 1182. The number of partitions or diaphragms in a column one inch long was 150. These diaphragms are separated from each other by a very small space, 0.000628 inch wide, containing a clear albuminous fluid, (9-10ths water, and 1-10th albumen,) and each of them, according to Kolliker, is formed of six layers. In the middle, according to the same author, are situated

the great nervous ramifications, and the blood-vessels; then come on both sides of the partition a special nervous membrane, from 0.0000726 of an inch to 0.00009075 of an inch thick, which are the true termination of the nerves in the electric organ.

According to M. de la Rive, there are—the torpedo being of a mean size—in each of the prisms of which its organ is composed, and which are $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in length, 2000 diaphragms or partitions, having a superficial area of 0.009 to 0.0012 of an inch; and as there are 470 prisms or piles on each half of the double organ, we have 940 piles of 2000 diaphragms each. According to the experiments of Matteucci, each cell or space between two diaphragms in the elementary organ—each diaphragm being positive on one side and negative on the other, and each prism formed by the union of these superimposed elementary organs—is, as it were, a Voltaic pile, (having two poles of opposite electricities at its extremities,) the charge of which is proportional to the number of cells of which the prism itself is composed.

When Mr. Walsh held a large and powerful torpedo in both hands by its electric organs, and after plunging it a foot under water, raised it suddenly to the same height in the air, he received a violent shock upon bringing down the surface of the fish to touch the water; but the shock was still more violent when the same surface quitted the water in its ascent. Shocks were also felt both when the fish was held in the air, and in the water. When the finger of one hand touched the upper part of a single organ, and the thumb of the same hand the under part, the shock was twice as severe as when it passed from each hand through the arms.

M. Spallanzani found that the shocks were strongest when the fish was laid on a plate of glass, and when the animal was dying; the shocks were almost continuous—316 having been received in seven minutes, or one in every $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. According to the observations of Humboldt and Gay Lussac, a person accustomed to electric shocks could scarcely bear the shock of a vigorous torpedo 14 inches long; a convulsive movement of the pectoral fins precedes the shock; a shock is given when a single finger touches a single surface of the organ; and the least injury done to the brain of the fish prevents its electrical discharge.

Father Linari was the first person who obtained an electric spark from the torpedo. He also decomposed nitrate of silver with it; and he and Dr. Davy and Matteucci magnetized steel needles with its electricity.

When a torpedo is dead, or apparently dead, so that its gills no longer move, and it no longer gives discharges when it is irritated by wounding or squeezing, we may, by touching the fourth or electric lobe of the brain, obtain more powerful shocks than the animal gave when alive. No discharge is obtained by touching any other part of the brain. After a certain time, the touching of the electric lobe ceases to give any discharge. Upon wounding it, however, some discharges are still obtained, when its electrical agency is forever destroyed. When the torpedo is irritated so as to give a shock, the action which produces it is transmitted by the nerves at the point of irritation to the brain, and from thence to the electric lobe and to the nerves of the organ.*

In using the torpedo for medical purposes, it was applied alive to the aching part of the head, and left upon it till it was completely benumbed. In order to cure gout, the patient was ordered “to stand upon a live black torpedo, on a moist shore which has been washed by the sea, till torpor is felt through the feet up to the knee.” In order to cure fever, the Abyssinians strap a patient to a table, and apply the fish successively over every organ of the body—an operation which is said to be very painful and successful.

The *Gymnotus electricus*, or the Surinam electric eel, is the most powerful of all the electric fishes. It is commonly about three feet long, and sometimes eight or ten feet; but some are said to have been found in the Surinam rivers whose shock proved instantly fatal. It is a long and flexible fish, of a greenish-gray color resembling a serpent. It lives in fresh water, and not like the torpedo in seawater, inhabiting in South-America the Orinoco, the Amazons, and the Meta, and also their tributaries, and even small basins of stagnant water. In a gymnotus of average length, or about thirty-one inches,

* A very interesting account of the structure and action of the electric organ of the torpedo will be found in M. De La Rive's 3d volume, part vi. chap i. p. 62, and Appendix, p. 777.

the electric organ is about twenty-five inches long, and the number of electric diaphragms about four thousand. The number of prisms or prismatic canals on each side is, according to Dr. Hunter, forty-eight, or ninety-six in all—each of these ninety-six piles containing four thousand diaphragms! Though the number of diaphragms in the gymnotus is less than in the torpedo, yet their surface is much greater in the former in the proportion of 0.075 square inch to 0.0105. Each diaphragm of the gymnotus consists, according to Pacini, of two separate solid parts, one cellular and the other formed of fibrils. There are two kinds—one between the cellular part and the plate of fibrils, and the other between two adjacent diaphragms.

Dr. Faraday made some interesting experiments with a gymnotus, which was caught in March, 1838, but did not feed till the nineteenth of October, when it killed and ate four small fish. It afterwards ate one gudgeon, carp, or perch daily. The shock was most powerful when one hand was placed on the body near the head, and the other near the tail; positive electricity being accumulated in the anterior part of the body, and negative electricity in its posterior part. M. Fahlberg first obtained an electric spark from the gymnotus; Dr. Faraday obtained from it chemical decomposition, and the evolution of heat. He also magnetized needles by it; and M. Schoenbein produced from the same fish the combustion of gold, by causing two gold leaves to communicate respectively with its head and tail. This fish gave powerful shocks as we had an opportunity of experiencing; and Dr. Faraday concluded, from his experiments, that an average discharge from it was equal to the electricity of a battery of fifteen Leyden jars, containing three thousand five hundred square inches of glass coated on both sides, and charged to its highest degree. The shocks of the gymnotus are equally strong in whatever part of the body the fish is touched, though it is most disposed to give them when the pectoral fins, the electrical organ, the lips, the eyes, or the gills are pinched. Having rashly placed both his feet on a fresh gymnotus, Humboldt received a more severe shock than he ever got from a Leyden jar, leaving a violent pain in his knees and almost in every joint during the rest of the day.

In Dutch Guiana the gymnoti were formerly employed to cure paralytic affections; and when one was sent from Surinam to Stockholm, persons afflicted with rheumatism came to touch it, in the hopes of being cured.

The method of fishing the gymnoti in South America by means of wild horses, as described by Humboldt, who saw it practiced in a pool of muddy water surrounded with fir trees, can not fail to interest the reader. "About thirty wild horses having been forced into the pool, the noise caused by the horses' hoofs brings out the fish, and excite them to the combat. These livid eels, like large serpents, crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules, who try to run to the bank of the pool, but are prevented by the Indians; some of whom on the bank, and others among the branches of the trees, stretching over the pool, are armed with harpoons and long reeds. By their wild cries, and the length of their reeds, they keep the horses in the middle of the water; while the eels, stunned with the noise, defend themselves by repeated discharges of their electric batteries, pressing themselves against the bellies of the horses, and attacking at once the heart, the intestines, and the cœliac plexus of the abdominal nerves. Some of the horses sink beneath these invisible shocks, and, stunned by their force and frequency, disappear under the water; while others, panting with mane erect and haggard eyes expressing anguish, rouse themselves, and try to escape from the raging storm. The Indians drive them back into the contest; but a few of them succeed in reaching the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretching themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and benumbed by the electric shocks of their enemies. Stunned by the shocks which they receive, some of the horses were drowned from the impossibility of rising amid the struggle between the other horses and the eels."

There are other four electric fishes; the *Tilurus electricus*, about twenty inches long, and inhabiting the Senegal, the Niger, and the Nile; the *Tetraodon electricus*, found in the cavities of the coral rocks of Johanna, one of the Canary Islands, and also in America; the *Trichiurus electricus*, found in the Indian seas; and the *Melapterurus beninensis*, recently found in the river Old Calabar, in Africa. This

fish is used, as Mr. Murray informs us, by the natives as a cure for their sick children. It is put into a dish containing water, and the child made to play with it; or the child is put into a tub or other vessel with water, and one or more of the fish put in beside it. The children are also made to drink a great quantity of the water in which the fishes have been. It is also the practice to dip either the hands or feet of their infants in a basin containing one of the fishes, in order to give them a shock,

which they believe strengthens the child, who squalls and struggles under the operation. Mr. Thomson, who had been stationed several years at the Creek Town Mission, gave to a tame heron, who had never fished for itself, some live fish, among which was a small malepterurus. The bird had no sooner swallowed it than it gave a great scream, and was thrown violently backwards. It soon recovered, but would never afterwards touch a malepterurus.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From the Eclectic Review.

ELOQUENCE AND POWER OF DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

WHEN the sight-seer from the south has spent his six days in Edinburgh—visiting Holyrood and the Castle, excavating antiquities in the Canongate, making excursions to Hawthornden and Roslyn Chapel—he is advised, if he wishes to see and hear every thing worth seeing and hearing in the “Great Metropolis of the North,” to attend the ministrations of Dr. Guthrie on the seventh. Without particularly striving to become so, Dr. Guthrie is one of the “lions” of Edinburgh. He is a “sight,” like the Parliament-house, or the Rizzio-room. The tourist who has passed through Edinburgh, and who has not heard Guthrie, has departed without the full impression of the city. There are pieces of ordnance, light and heavy, peering down from the castle batteries, there are a few at Holyrood, twenty or so at Leith fort; but amid all these muniments of war, the stranger cares only to behold Mons Meg. In like wise there are many distinguished and able clergymen in the city: Dr.

Candlish, with his fiery logic and impetuous eloquence, and wonderful ability to manage affairs and men; Dr. Robert Lee, who has gathered together perhaps the most intellectual congregation in Scotland, and Dr. Alexander, whose praise is in all the churches; but these are disregarded by the stranger; the Southern desire to hear Guthrie. His church is always crowded. Eager listeners are always standing in the passages, and if a coroneted carriage happens to be in the city, it is sure on Sundays to be seen in the vicinity of the Luckenbooths. Perhaps there is no Edinburgh man so well known. The very children know him when he passes in the streets. The diseased and the dying in the Cowgate and St. Mary’s Wynd know him better, and honor him more than even his titled friends. No man ever indulged more in the luxury of doing good. As a pulpit orator, he has at present no fellow. The faults of his style are original like the virtues. He is the last representative of the Edward Irvings and the Chalmerses of old.

* Mr. A. Murray on *Electric Fishes*, Ed. Ph. Jour., ii. 379.

Dr. Guthrie in the pulpit is wonderful to eye as well as to ear. He is tall, with

a face quite peculiar—a face that attracts, you can not tell why; full of earnestness, as you look upon it, every feature eloquent with the message he is delivering, yet withal full of shrewdness and sagacity; the face of a man who could be consulted with advantage on the matters of this world, as well as on those of the next; and beneath all that, you can trace a fund of kindest humor, flashes of which escape inadvertently now and then, and disport themselves amid the solemnities of his theme, strangely brightening the effect. Than his action and elocution, nothing could be more monotonous. He sways backwards and forwards in his pulpit, he speaks in an undulating sing-song, not without a certain melody and rude rhythmic cadence of its own; and while you sit puzzled with his peculiarities, and inwardly asking yourself if this is the orator of whom you have heard so much, there is suddenly a strange excitation on the speaker, his arm waves, his eye flashes, his voice rises clear up out of its usual level, and a startling thought or illustration hurries your blood like a trumpet's clang. Dr. Guthrie does not argue save through images. He does not throw out new thoughts, but he illustrates and enforces old ones. He reads his Bible with a marvelously vivifying glance; and expressions, and little points of narration, which his hearer has been accustomed to pass over with indifference, or accept as matters of course, are to him of the profoundest significance. His illustrations, drawn from the Old Testament histories, are remarkable for freshness and life. He speaks of the bulrushes bending over the ark of Moses, as if he had beheld the scene yesterday. He sees David sling down the boaster of Gath, and in the silence of the two armies he hears Goliath fall like a tower. Professor Blackie has called him a "preaching Homer." After sermon in the evening you feel yourself a better man; your aspirations are quickened, your desires after goodness stimulated, although you can not, on examination, find that you have been taught any thing, that a single new thought has been received into your mind, or that an oppressive doubt has been dissipated. You find that no local change has been wrought, so to speak; but that the general health has been improved as by a change of air.

With all his fame, it may be doubted whether Dr. Guthrie's greatest triumphs

have been won in the pulpit. Perhaps he is greater on the platform. He is really worth seeing and hearing *there*. He rises and begins to speak in an uncertain and listless manner, having apparently given the subject no previous consideration. The tall swaying figure seems ill at ease; the words pause on the tongue. He seems to feel speech-making a very difficult business. The road clears however before him, getting less stony every step. Then the eyes kindle in the shrewd swarthy face; a telling anecdote is introduced, and the audience is in a roar. When he gets thoroughly into his subject he plays with it like a kitten with a ball of worsted; he turns it round and round, surveys it from every point of view, flashes light upon it from the oddest corners. He is not afraid of his audience. He speaks as unreservedly to a crowded hall, as he would to himself in his study at home with the door shut. He lays the reins on the neck of his humor, and away it carries him to a triumphant close, through many a peal of laughter, through many a shout of delighted applause. He speaks naturally and without effort, and he shows that eloquence is as native to his thoughts as lofty bearing to princes of the blood; and what to him is simple kind-heartedness, is to his audience the finest humor. He only thinks of ordinary bread, and he feeds the multitude on manna. Dr. Guthrie is eloquent and spirit-stirring in the pulpit; but in his occasional addresses he is equally eloquent and spirit-stirring, and displays a greater variety of powers, for his fun breaks out "forty thousand strong;" his genius is now a severe cherub, and now a rollicking Puck. In these speeches there is no monotony, no relentless logical method, every thing is loose, free, and unrestrained; thought and feeling, pathos and comedy, Scripture illustration and curious anecdote, chase one another over their surfaces like belts of green and purple over a fresh-blown sea.

During the last few years this warm-hearted and popular clergyman has published three volumes of sermons, all of which have been well received. These have carried his name over the length and breadth of the land; they have diffused amongst the reading public much stirring exhortation, much excellent advice, and much touching appeal; and they have, it is understood, being highly profitable to

author and publisher—the *Gospel in Ezekiel*, being labelled “Twentieth thousand,” and the *Sorrows of the City*, “Fifteenth thousand;” nothing more can be added to the list of their merits. They certainly add nothing to Dr. Guthrie’s reputation in Edinburgh, and in Scotland generally. To those who have heard the doctor preach, these printed discourses must appear stale, flat, and unprofitable; their present effect contrasting with their former effect when published by the living voice pretty much as a glow-worm in your hand by daylight contrasts with his last evening’s splendor in the shadowy grass. The discourses should be heard, not read. They are of a kind of composition that least of any can stand the ordeal of print. They are Ossianic, rhapsodical. In listening to Dr. Guthrie, a metaphor dazzles you and it is gone; in his book you inspect it, it is pinned down for you like a butterfly on a card, and you can critically finger it and pick holes in it. In these volumes there is a great deal of illustration and very little to illustrate; a very small army but a most valorous noise of drums. The illustration bears the same relation to the idea illustrated that the lion depicted on the outside of the menagerie, a man beneath his royal foot, a horse flying afar, as with uplifted head and dishevelled mane he is engaged in sending forth his tremendous roar, which makes every creature of the wilderness quake with fear, bears to the sleepy and ignoble brute which, when you enter, you find huddled down in a corner of his cage, no more like the king of beasts outside, which is supposed to be his counterfeit presentment, “than I to Hercules.” These illustrations, too, are seldom quick and decisive, brief as lightning yet revealing the horizon—they are for the most part long and rolled out; the author has evidently labored upon them, and you begin to suspect that the illustration does not exist for the thought, but the thought for the illustration—the waiting-woman does not serve the queen, the queen is a mere appendage of the waiting-woman. This is a fault which may escape detection, while the many-colored discourse flashes past, lightened as the whole charm is, by the fascination of voice and gesture; but in a book, read quietly and with attention, where you can return on a sentence, the “murder is out.” There are few readers who will not be pained with the want of

proportion in the following passage; being the opening of his last volume, *Christ and the Inheritance of the Saints*:

“One thing is often set against another in the experience of the Christian; and also in the every-day procedure of the providence of God. So fared it with Jacob that night he slept in Bethel. A stone was his pillow, and the cold, hard ground his bed; yet, while sleep sealed his eyelids, he had God himself to guard his low-laid head, and dreams such as seldom bless a couch of down. A ladder rose before him in the vision of the night. It rested on earth, and reached to the stars. And forming a highway for a multitude of angels, who ascended and descended in two dazzling streams of light, it stood there the bright sign of a redemption which has restored the intercourse between earth and heaven, and opened a path for our return to God.

“Now, the scheme of salvation, of which that ladder was a glorious emblem, may be traversed in either of these two ways. In studying it, we may descend by the steps that lead from the cause to the consummation, or, taking the opposite course, we may rise from the consummation to the cause. So—as a matter sometimes of taste, sometimes of judgment—men do in other departments of study. The geographer, for example, may follow a river, from the lone mountain-tops where its waters spring, down into the glen, into which, eager to leave sterility behind, it leaps with a joyous bound; and from thence, after resting a while in black, deep, swirling pool, resumes its way, here spreading itself out in glassy lake, or there winding like a silver serpent through flowery meadows; until, forcing a passage through some rocky gorge, it sweeps out into the plain, to pursue, ‘mid shady woods and by lordly tower, through corn-fields, by smiling villages and busy towns, a course that, like the life of man, grows calmer as it nears its end. Or, starting up from the sea-beach, he may trace the river upwards; till, passing town and church, tower and mill, scattered hamlet and solitary shepherd’s cot, in some mossy well, where the wild deer drink, or mountain rock beneath the eagle’s nest, he finds the place of its birth. The botanist, too, who describes a tree, may begin with its fruit; and from this, whether husky shell, or rugged cone, or clustering berry, he may pass to the flower; from that to the buds; from those to the branches; from the branches to the stem; and from the stem into the ground, where he lays bare the wide-spread roots, on which—as states depend upon the humbler classes for power, wealth, and worth—the tree depends both for nourishment and support. Or, reversing the plan, with equal justice to his subject, and advantage to his pupils, he may begin at the root and end with the fruit.”

The reader will notice here with what an amount of illustration the thought, no-

wise a new or important one, has been honored; and it is significant of Dr. Guthrie's proclivity to this kind of illustrative weakness, that after tracing the various points and stages in the march of a river from mountain source to salt sea, he, traveling from sea to source, is at the trouble to point them all out again, and so on one page we behold two long-drawn files of epithets, like strings of camels in the desert, identical in appearance, one holding straight for the east, and the other for the setting sun.

It is remarkable that the two masters of pulpit eloquence, at present in Scotland, should stand apart, wide as the poles, so far as mode of thought and expression are concerned. You shut Dr. Guthrie's volume and open Mr. Caird's, and you find yourself in a different intellectual climate, where different birds fly and sing, and where flowers of another hue and odor bloom. Dr. Guthrie paints a mile-long panorama, which, slowly moving to solemn music, unrolls its glory of mountain forest and flashing cascade. Mr. Caird paints cabinet pictures; he leaves the "cold and splendor of the hills," for the softer graces of fat pasture-lands and the round of pastoral duties; his pencil has great delicacy and touch, and if the full effect does not startle or surprise, it soothes and satisfies. Dr. Guthrie garbs his ideas in foreign costume. In his sentences, instead of the music of the pastoral pipe, you hear the clash of the cymbals or the clangor of the Alpine horn. Mr. Caird's thoughts wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; they are untraveled, they hear the tumult and are still in an "English home of ancient peace." In a word, Dr. Guthrie is a bold, lavish genius, impatient of rule or restraint. Mr. Caird is thoughtful, chaste, correct. In the mind of the latter there is, perhaps, a certain timidity, a kind of watchfulness and self-consciousness, which hinder the full growth and expansion of his powers. His book reminds one of a budding tree in March, the "glad green" stands on the black boughs in timid buds as if afraid of frosts and snows, and it will take many a sunny noon to woo them forth. Dr. Guthrie has rushed out into exuberant foliage, a foliage so dense and thick that every branch is lost; and not only that, but autumn has come and painted the forest monarch in his thousand colors.

What we have written has been sug-

gested by the fear that the extraordinary fascinations of Dr. Guthrie's style of illustration, and his great and deserved popularity, are likely to dazzle and mislead some of our younger preachers. We were anxious to remind those who have been intoxicated by their admiration of his splendid excellences, that he has faults almost as great, though perhaps scarcely less splendid, which must seriously diminish his real power. The boundless exuberance of imagery, in which very often the thought is wholly lost, the frequent disparity between the poverty of the ideas and the regal magnificence of the robes in which they are arrayed, are not the only blemishes which strike us. Very often there is no real and deep analogy between the illustration and the principle it is intended to illustrate. The resemblance is merely superficial or accidental; and not unfrequently, especially in the last volume, the illustrations awaken emotions which are singularly out of harmony with the emotions appropriate to the subject. During the Indian rebellion Dr. Guthrie could not forget on the Sunday—who indeed could?—the tales of heroism and of horror he had been reading in the week; but the constant recurrence of allusions to the diabolical atrocities of our foes, the courage and glory of our countrymen and countrywomen, produces an excitement too violent, and quite incongruous with the lofty topics about which our hearts ought to be occupied. The confusion of the battle-field, the terrors of the siege, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, are unfavorable to profound and devout thinking. When the tumultuous illustration comes to a close, we find ourselves indisposed to return to the divine thoughts from which it has diverted us.

As a sufficient set-off against all we have been constrained to say in disparagement of Dr. Guthrie's discourses, we may note their abounding life. *That*, after all, is the great thing. In this book you come in contact with a living, genial soul—the spirit that moves and breathes in these pages, is one "finely-touched" to hear "the low, sad music of humanity," a spirit ready to pity the afflicted, to comfort those who have no comforter; here is charity, brotherly kindness, love of souls. And the exuberance of metaphor which we have felt in some measure compelled to condemn, is but the overflow of the same fresh strong ebullient spirit; the

warm colors that glow upon his page are but counterparts of the warm feelings that glow within his heart; the charity that urged the "plea for the ragged schools," that spends itself in good deeds in the abodes of poverty and by the beds of the dying, is closely connected with the imaginative emotion that preserves in his mind the scarlet of the sunset, the silence of the moor with its circle of Druid stone, and the great sea-billows breaking on the scooped and hollowed northern shore. Criticism shrinks ashamed from such a man. Heat the critical furnace ever so hot, his works will remain uninjured, without the smell of fire upon them; for Dr. Guthrie appeals to another public from that which is heard in newspapers and reviews, he conforms to other laws than those of human æsthetics.

We have already noticed the vividness with which Dr. Guthrie conceives and presents to the reader passages of Scripture history with which we are most familiar. Here are two illustrations of his power; and as our readers gaze on the visions which the magician has called up, we fear that all our sober criticism will be forgotten:

"Ancient Egypt, however, supplies perhaps the best illustration of the connection which subsists between a state of darkness and a state of indolence. God said to Moses: 'Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt.' And Moses stretched forth his hand toward heaven: and there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days.' And how passed these days of darkness? They neither bought nor sold; they neither married nor buried; they neither rock nor roll, nor embalmed a corpse. No hammer rang; no merry wheel went round; no fire burned at the brick-kiln; no woman sang 'behind the mill;' no busy tread sounded on the pavement, nor cheerful dash of oar upon the water. An awful silence reigned throughout the land. As if every house had been in a moment changed

into a tomb, and each living man into a mummied corpse, they sat motionless—the king on his weary throne, the peasant in the field, the weaver at his loom, the prisoner in his dungeon. As in the story of some old romance, where a bold knight, going in quest of adventures, sounds his horn at the castle-gate, and, getting no response, enters to find the king, courtiers, servants, horses, all turned into stone—they sat, spell-bound, where the darkness seized them. 'They saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days.'

"But if we would see spiritual darkness represented on a scale in any degree commensurate with the multitude of its victims, and with its destructive power, let us turn to the host of Midian. The memorable night has come when, animated by a divine courage, Gideon leads his three hundred to the bold assault. Silently he plants them around the enemy's lines, waiting till song and revel have died away, and that mighty host lies buried in stillest slumbers. Then, one trumpet blows loud and clear, startling the wary sentinel on his round. He stops, he listens; and, ere its last echoes have ceased, the whole air is torn with battle-notes. Out of the darkness, trumpet replies to trumpet, and the blast of three hundred, blown loud and long, wakens the deepest sleeper—filling the ear of night with a dreadful din, and the hearts of the bravest with strange and sudden fear. Ere they can ask what mean, whence come, these sounds, a sight as strange blazes up through the murky night. Three hundred torch-fires pierce the gloom, and advance in flaming circle on the panic-stricken camp. Suddenly extinguished, once more all is dark. Then—as if the dust of the whirlwind, or the sands of the desert, or the leaves of the forest, had turned into armed men, ready to burst on that uncircumcised host—in front, on their rear, on either flank, rings the Hebrews' battle-cry: 'The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!' For dear life the Midianites draw. Mistaking friend for foe, they bury their swords in each other's bosoms. Wild with terror, stricken mad with pain, each man seizes his fellow by the beard, giving and receiving mortal wounds. And so, not by the arms of the brave, but as by the hand of the darkness, was skill defeated, and bravery defeated, and that mighty army routed and slain. Such is the power of darkness! Not what is that dying host to one lost soul!"

From Colburn's New Monthly.

M A D A M E D U B A R R Y . *

M. CAPEFIGUE, the legitimist, and author of a graceful apology of Madame the Marquise de Pompadour, has added to his literary, if not his philosophical laurels, by penning the memoirs of the less gifted, less artistic, and less tasteful, but still beautiful, joyous, kindly-hearted, clever, and fascinating Du Barry. M. Capefigue wishes it to be clearly understood that, in taking up subjects of so delicate a character, it must not for one moment be supposed that it is from any desire on his part to vindicate the reputation of the king's favorites. These evil manners, these derelictions of family duty have been justly chastised by the French Revolution: the errors of the flesh have been expiated by blood. But the influence exercised by these ladies on political events, on arts, letters, and the social movement of the eighteenth century remain not the less worthy of study—not the less interesting to be appreciated in their true light.

Marie-Jeannede Vaubernier, afterwards Madame Du Barry, was the daughter of a poor but honorable couple dwelling in Lorraine, a district which had only been annexed to France by the treaty of Vienna of 1756. So straitened were her parents' circumstances, that the death of her father, who was employed under the Farmer-General, when she was only eight years of age, obliged the mother to seek refuge in Paris, where she took lodgings in the Rue des Lions-Saint-Paul, not far from the convent of the Picpus. They had a friend in the metropolis in the person of the Farmer-General, M. Billard de Monceaux, who had stood sponsor to Marie-Jeanne, and he placed his god-daughter in the convent of Saint-Aure, whilst a situation was found for the mother, Madame de Vaubernier, in the house of Madame de Renage. Marie-

Jeanne, at thirteen years of age, was already a lively, joyous, captivating child, coquette in her dress, and proud of her long light hair, that fell down to her feet, of her eyes so neatly cloven beneath penciled brows, and of the perfect oval of her figure.

Her prospects were, however, humble at first. On leaving the convent she was apprenticed to a milliner, Madame Labille, of the Rue Saint-Honoré under the name of Lançon, for it was thought to be derogatory to a Vaubernier to be in business. Her uncle, an ecclesiastic known as Father Lange, and who enjoyed the advantage of being spiritual director to Madame de la Garde, ("une veuve de haute finance," as Capefigue amusingly designates a wealthy widow,) came to Mademoiselle Lançon's rescue, and got her after her three years' apprenticeship had expired, a situation as demoiselle de compagnie in the house of the above-mentioned opulent lady. Unfortunately, Marie-Jeanne was so fair and so clever that she won the hearts of both the sons of Madame de la Garde, and the "spiritual director" was obliged to remove her under the charge of the ladies De la Verrière, who received a great deal of company at their Hôtel du Roule, now the park of Monceaux.

Among the frequenters at the said hotel was one Jean de Cérès, Comte du Barry, the eldest son of an old family said to be of Scottish origin, and descended from the Barri-mores, the younger branch of the Stuarts. His escutcheon and his motto, or cri d'armes, "Bouttez en avant," had been given to him by Charles VII., who had taken a company of Scotchmen (since incorporated with the guards) into his service. That most amusing chronicler, Alexandre Dumas, Senior, has taken advantage of this traditional descent of the Barrys to declare that Richelieu presented the portrait of Charles I., by Vandyck, to Madame du Barry, because an

* Madame la Comtesse du Barry. Par M. Capefigue. Paris: Amyot.

ancestor of her husband's, one Barry, a page, holds the horse, but in reality as a hint to the king that he must either break with his parliament or go like the Stuart to the scaffold. The same cruel Alexander says, apropos of Jeanne-Marie :

"M. de Richelieu invented Madame du Barry (it is only Capefigue, the legitimist, who writes *Du Barry*,) a young and pretty 'coquine' of sufficient mediocrity not to obtain any personal influence, and yet clever enough to assist others in acquiring it.

"MM. d'Aiguillon and de Richelieu did the honor to the little 'grisette' of being her lovers in the first place; they then married her to a poor gentleman who lent her his name; and she was then afterwards made a present of to Louis XV."

Chroniclers as little scrupulous as M. Alexandre Dumas, Senior, have associated the first intrigues in the life of Jeanne-Marie with the period of her apprenticeship in millinery; there certainly are three long years to account for. Others have made her the mistress of Comte de Cérès, the eldest of the Du Barrys, before she wedded the youngest, Comte Guillaume du Barry, on the first of October, 1768. M. Capefigue gets over these disagreeable precedents of early youth by strictly confining himself to that which is documentary or can be proved in evidence. Who, he inquires, opened the book of the first loves of the young workwoman—of the *grisette*, as she was after enviously designated at court—to the scandalizing pamphleteers of London and Holland? And as to the presumed *liaison* with Count Cérès, he dismisses it with utter contempt, as one of those base calumnies to which all women suddenly raised to a great position are subjected. Yet does he afterwards himself speak of the younger brother being in his turn smitten with the charms of the captivating Marie-Jeanne, just as had been the case with the brothers La Garde, thereby admitting, at all events, that there was some foundation for the scandal.

Nor does M. Capefigue attempt to deny that the King had seen Marie-Jeanne before her marriage. Madame de Vaubernier had been associated by Marshal de Belle Isle, a protector of that good lady's, in certain army contracts, the benefices of which she had to apply for at Versailles. Marie-Jeanne, young, pretty, graceful, and lively, had been spoken of at the suppers

of Marly, La Muette, and Choisy. It is not to be supposed that the luxurious old monarch did not ask to see and did not see the young person who was the admiration of all. But M. Capefigue will not allow that Guillaume du Barry wedded a courtesan in order to give his name to the King's mistress. Yet certain it is, amidst all this contradictory scandal, that Marie-Jeanne had not been wedded three months before, to use Capefigue's own words, "*la comtesse ne vint habiter secrètement les communs de Versailles.*"

Louis XV. had returned for a brief time after the death of Madame de Pompadour into the bosom of his family. But even if his own habits had permitted him to enjoy the pleasures of an honorable domesticity for any length of time, the intrigues of courtiers would not have permitted it. Each party sought to give a new mistress to the King, in order by that means to hold the reins of power. The Duke of Choiseul fixed his eyes on his sister, the Duchess of Grammont. She was still handsome, but intellectual and haughty—the very spirit of the Encyclopædists feminized—the last person for the worn-out Louis, who wanted, above all things, "*délassement*," not philosophy, however charmingly dressed up.

De Choiseul's enemies, Richelieu and D'Aiguillon, found something more tempting than the beautiful and ennobled philosopher Madame de Grammont. The reputation of Marie-Jeanne, let M. Capefigue say what he will, had spread to the furthest extremities of France before October, 1768. He himself gives the text of that licentious ballad, entitled "*La Bourbonnaise*," which was sung from the Pont-Neuf to the remotest provinces, and which M. de Choiseul himself condescended to answer in the light verse which was acceptable in those pagan days, and in which he attempted to prove the decline and fall of the fair and famous "*Bourbonnaise*."

M. de Choiseul was wrong, however. Madame du Barry was destined to become the center of a powerful political movement. The hostility of the two parties into which France was at that time divided—the parliamentary and Jansenist, conciliated by De Choiseul; and the absolutist and Jesuitical, upheld by De Richelieu—came to a collision in the person of a king's mistress. M. de Choiseul was, as we have before seen, if not the nominee of

Madame de Pompadour, the representative of that enlightened lady's political tendencies. The King was, on the contrary, all for royal prerogatives. The new favorite was as hostile to liberality in parliament or church as was the King himself, and she became, from the moment of her elevation—if not, as seems more likely the case before she was introduced to the monarch—the pivot upon which the royalist party was prepared to work its way into power.

M. de Choiseul had recourse to lampoons and satires to displace the enemy, and these failing, he did not even reject the more odious weapons of scandal and calumny. He was aided and abetted in this paper-warfare by the wits of the day, including ladies as well as gentlemen. Voltaire, however, carried the palm by his "*Roi Pétard*," penned at the instigation of M. de Choiseul:

"Il vous souvient encor de cette tour de Nesles,
Mintiville, Lymail, Rouxchâteau, Pampodour;
(*Vintimille*,) (*Mailly*,) (*Châteauroux*,) (*Pom-*
padour;))

Dans la foule enfin de peut-être cent belles,
Qu'il honora de son amour,
Pour distinguer celle qu'à la cour
On soutenait n'avoir jamais, été cruelle.
La bonne pâte de femelle,
Combien d'heureux fit-elle dans ses bras!
Qui dans Paris ne connut ses appas?
Du laquais au marquis, chacun se souvient
d'elle."

M. Capefigue, however, doubts the authenticity of the supposed authorship. He says that he can not discover in the verses either the wit or the airy readiness and smartness of Voltaire.

When Louis XV. took Madame du Barry in affection, he also took a whole family under his august protection. Comte Jean du Barry, the eldest of the family, was a clever, shrewd, worldly man. He got his son Adolphe nominated as page, and his two daughters, Isabelle and Françoise, attached to the person of Madame du Barry. It is evident that no scruples were allowed to interfere in seeking to place out his family. As to Guillaume du Barry, the husband of the favorite, he withdrew to Toulouse, and, like M. d'Etioles, the husband of Madame de Pompadour, all he sought for was obscurity. The younger brother, Comte d'Hargicourt, inhabited the "hôtel" of Comte Jean du Barry. The docile King was soon taught to take the greatest in-

terest in the welfare of this family grouped around the fortunes of Madame du Barry.

The difficulty was to present the new favorite at court. Louis had had so many presented, and now the last, albeit a Venus Aphrodite sprung from the foam of the ocean, as the graceful lyrists who wrote in her favor expressed it, was, from that very fact, unpresentable at that brilliant and aristocratic court. It required, in the first place, proofs of five degrees of nobility. Comte Jean was the man to find them. They were in the archives of North Britain—the Barrys were archers to the Black Prince! This difficulty over, another presented itself. This was to find a chaperon. The Countess de Béarn was induced to act for a consideration. But even then Louis XV. hesitated at exposing his "*petites faiblesses*" before the whole court. Politics did what perhaps love might have hesitated to accomplish. Richelieu's party were determined to overthrow Choiseul's: they represented Madame du Barry at court as the great enemy to the parliamentarians and philosophers, and thus paved the way to her favorable reception, whilst they undermined the power of the existing ministry.

The presentation took place on the twenty-first August, 1770. The Choiseul party defeated, still anticipated a triumph in the awkwardness of the fair Bourbonnaise, "*la servante de Blaise*," but they were destined to be disappointed. Madame du Barry was exquisite in youth, beauty, and dress. Never did more brilliant beauty present itself with greater grace and dignity.

"The King had sent her a magnificent set of diamonds: nothing could have better suited the Countess than these diamonds on the neck and hair falling down like fairy cascades on her shoulders. The eighteenth century had exquisite taste in dress. The Comtesse du Barry had forgotten nothing: she wore a dress of blue damask with silver plates, dotted with roseate ribbons and emerald knots; her beautiful light hair loose, powdered with gold and brilliants; her long black eyelashes arched over eyes cut like almonds, and her incomparable eyelids, made her the most beautiful among all the beauties. There was in the Comtesse du Barry a mixture of the young girl and of the lady of the court, a reminiscence of the easy, coquettish dress of a Parisian superadded to the elegance of the imposing forms and pomps of a salon of Versailles."

The King was delighted. He raised up the Countess, who, as was customary, had

knelt on her presentation, and proclaimed his admiration in loud terms. Mesdames, the daughters of the King, carried away by enthusiasm or trained by the opposition, received her most graciously, embracing her with effusion, a condescension which the favorite met with respect mingled with dignity. So perfect a success completely changed the situation: the King was enabled to give public demonstration of his affections, and the courtiers had to bow to the favors of a new sovereign.

The success of Madame du Barry was the triumph not only of a favorite but of a political party. The resolution was at once adopted to annul the decrees of parliament against the Duc d'Aiguillon by a royal *coup d'état*. Richelieu, the Prince of Soubise, and the Chancellor Maupeou (a man who was originally brought forward by De Choiseul himself, but who went over to the ultra-royalist party, and whose tergiversation is therefore extolled by M. Capefigue as an act of profound political wisdom) were, with D'Aiguillon, the moving springs, but, Madame du Barry was intrusted with the arduous part, in which she never failed, of directing the King's judgment and upholding his resolutions by those lively, clever, laughter-loving manners which were her great characteristic, and by which she held her power to the last.

Madame du Barry was not, however, without her fears that the *coup d'état* of the third of September might be followed by some accident, and consequently the King's safe return from parliament was fêted in her saloons as a grand occasion. As to Louis XV., he was as pleased and as proud of what he had done as if his courage had emanated from himself. The only chance that remained for M. de Choiseul was the marriage that he was at that very moment bringing about between the Dauphin and Marie Antoinette. We have seen, in our account of the admirable memoirs of that unfortunate lady by the brothers De Goncourt, how for a time the amiable young Austrian Princess brought back Louis XV. to better sentiments as to what was due to his position, to himself, and to his family, but how all failed before the playful, captivating, seductive charms of the voluptuous Du Barry; how ably she fought for M. de Choiseul, whose liberal and conciliating policy she ever approved of, and to whom

she was ever grateful for the happiness (alas! it was but small) she enjoyed in the husband he had obtained for her, but how signally she was defeated by Madame du Barry and the party she upheld, and who were at that epoch hurrying royalty with such fatal rapidity down the incline of revolution. All this is much better told by the De Goncourts than by Capefigue, but the latter is far happier in his delineations of the intimate life of court under the later Bourbons than perhaps any of his cotemporaries. On the delicate subject of the oft-discussed and inconsiderate introduction of Marie Antoinette to Madame du Barry, and which has been so justly animadverted upon, M. Capefigue says that Marie Antoinette had been especially instructed to "*ménager les affections du Roi de France.*"

"The moment the Archduchess trod on the soil of France it became a question of ceremonial. Louis XV., a perfect gentleman, consented, at the request of the Duke of Choiseul, to repair to Compiègne for two days, in order to meet the Dauphiness at that place. The Comtesse du Barry accordingly addressed to him a few remarks in the name of the council. (Richelieu, Soubise, D'Aiguillon, and Maupeou had constituted an anti-ministerial and royalist council ever since Madame du Barry's triumph.) As to the influence which would be given to the party of the Duke of Choiseul by his taking such a step, the King replied: "I know the limits within which I have to confine myself; this is a matter that concerns my family, and has nothing to do with politics; besides, Countess, what can I say further to you? the first titled person who shall be presented to my daughter-in-law after the princes of the blood shall be you!" The promise was, in fact, kept at Versailles, and the Countess du Barry was received by Madame la Dauphine with perfect grace. Some words are placed in her mouth of too studied a character to be true; the Archduchess, mindful of the instructions of her mother, embraced the Countess du Barry, whom she declared to be charming, expressing her feelings aloud that the friendship of the King for the Countess was not to be wondered at, and that all her efforts should be directed to participating in the mission of Madame du Barry, which was to amuse the King."

It was, to say the least, a base concession exacted by a spoilt favorite; but there was a good deal in the words as reported by Capefigue, if true, and which are not in De Goncourt's memoirs. It is well known that Marie Antoinette did become a formidable rival in the favor of Louis XV., and that she almost succeeded in

providing him with sufficient amusements to withdraw him from others that were of a less innocent description ; but the wiles of her of whom the officers used to sign at the camp of Compiègne—

“Vive le roi ! vive l'amour !
Que ce refrain soit nuit et jour
Ma devise chérie.
En vain les serpens de l'envie,
Soufflent autour de mes rideaux,
L'amour lui-même assure mon repos,
Et dans ses bras je le défie—”

soon prevailed over the more placid and divided attentions of the youthful Austrian Archduchess.

Louis XV. took especial delight in those sites on the hilly slopes west of Paris, which at every turn overlooking the river windings and the vast city beyond, present some new and varied landscape. He inhabited successively Marly, Choisy-le-Roi, and Haut Meudon, but Marly was found to be too expensive—the outlay was estimated at a thousand pounds per week. The wood of Luciennes, or Louveciennes, was celebrated from olden times. Like that of Marly and Meudon, it had been once favored by wolves—whence its name. It was known for its varied configuration, its thick coverts, its rocks, and its live springs, with the ponds and lakes they gave birth to. It was a chosen spot for hermits, who loved the picturesque as much as a reputation for sanctity. The princes of Conti first erected a mansion there, and it had passed into the King's hands, and he delighted to go thither to garden, or sit beneath the shadowy limes and enjoy the splendid landscape that lay at his feet. When Madame du Barry was at the apogee of her favor, Louis XV. offered to her the mansion of Luciennes, but it is admitted of the favorite that, however bountiful she may have been to others, she was as disinterested as she was charitable in disposition, as often asking pardon of the King for evildoers and for the unfortunate as providing for her own immediate relatives ; but still she was never either selfish or exacting where she was personally concerned.

Madame du Barry, therefore, declined the mansion, but elected to construct on the same beautiful grounds what Capefigue calls a “tout petit pavillon.” But very convenient, very elegant, very ornamental, was this little home of the favorite.

Ledoux superintended the costly architecture ; all the artists of the day were appealed to, to aid in its embellishment. There was not a lock to a door that was not a work of art. But Madame du Barry had a very different notion of art to that which obtained with the intellectual and cultivated Madame de Pompadour. With the former, art was an accumulation of beautiful trifles, a whole army of fantastic yet precious nothings, ornaments solely adapted to making a sanctuary of the resident divinity.

Besides the King, who regularly visited this little pavilion—“charming bonbonnière,” Capefigue calls it, “which had risen up like the castle of the fairy Alcine in the songs of Ariosto, on the heights of Luciennes”—Isabelle du Barry, nicknamed Bichi by the King, who liked her for her good sense, although couched in a southern accent ; Comte Jean du Barry ; and Comte Adolphe, now Colonel in the Royal Corsican Regiment, were among those who were constant frequenters of Luciennes.

“Among other things that made themselves remarked in these salons lined with chintz, and in which the ladies in waiting most in favor with the Countess presided, were a little white spaniel ; a Brazilian monkey, smaller even than the dog ; a parrot, color of fire ; and a child of twelve years of age, of a dark copper color, strangely attired as a Cupid, entangled in collars of coral and glass, and with a look of coquetry and malignancy united.* This little colored boy came from Bengal ; the Countess had him christened at the same time as the Prince of Conti, and, as Voltaire's tragedies were all the vogue at that time, he had the name of Zamore given to him, in remembrance of Alzire. Zamore amused the King ; very clean in his person, he carried the Countess's red parasol, and thus, by his proximity, presented an admirable contrast to the brilliant whiteness of that satiny skin which was the despair of the great ladies of the court, all painted with white and red.

“Every day the King came from Marly to Luciennes, and, putting on a loose and easy white coat, he would go alone, or, accompanied by only a few friends, from the chateau by the avenue of lime-trees, which led thence to the Countess's pavilion. The Countess would issue forth from her little box of gold and ivory, in a red and white robe, like a fairy, Zamore carrying the red parasol, the strange and fantastic

* This petted and ungrateful Oriental, whose heart was blacker even than his skin, became the most inveterate enemy of the Countess, and was one of the chief instruments in bringing the unfortunate lady to the scaffold.

garb of the negro contrasting well with the elegant simplicity of the Countess, whilst all the time the little spaniel would run barking through the flower-beds, or among the vases of jasper and porphyry, with their hanging clusters of blossoms. As wicked as the devil, the little dog would bite or scratch every one except the King, whom it seemed to respect, if not actually to like. The Countess ran, rather than walked, to meet Louis XV. She would stoop, as if about to kneel, and then suddenly rise and embrace him, with all the playfulness and simplicity of a petted child. The King would then walk into the pavilion, partake of some fruit gathered by the Countess, and of a glass of Spanish wine, and then stroll out on the terrace, taking his seat beneath a great old lime-tree, whose soft shade protected him from the sun, whilst before him lay an immense and splendid landscape—the valley of the Seine, the great woods, and the villages grouped together as in a huge basket. The King would often remain thus in contemplation for an hour, the ladies bringing him flowers and fruit. Ceremony was dispensed with at Luciennes, and discussions were especially avoided. The King's friends were invited, and Madame du Barry drew up the lists, announcing in her notes that the King would honor her with his presence on the evenings in question."

M. de Choiseul had, in the mean time, been unceremoniously got rid of by a *lettre de cachet*. Under the absolutism of the Bourbons, no explanation was permitted. A minister fell from the highest pinnacle without even a break in his fall; he was not only dismissed, he was exiled, because his recriminations, if not inopportune, would have been wearisome and distressing to a worn-out semi-imbecile monarch. The King's counsel was now held at Luciennes, where De Maupcou, the Abbé Terray, and the Duc d'Aiguillon ruled under the protection of Madame du Barry. The faithful mousquetaires were called out, and on the night of the nineteenth to twentieth January, 1771, bands of these devoted royalists paid domiciliary visits to the houses of presidents and councilors of parliament, and bade them yield implicit obedience to the King, or to receive a letter of exile or of "*cachet*." This is what the legitimist Capefigue calls "realizing the great problem of unity of power and the obedience of all with the constitution of a magistracy purely judicial!" Great was the anger and consternation at this act of despotism. All the princes protested against it. But Madame du Barry kept the King up to the mark by her lively sallies, her inexhausti-

ble gayety, and her sarcasms. She even undertook to bring over the princes, and she succeeded in many instances. She gained over Conti by her graceful concessions, and D'Orleans by conniving at his secret marriage with Madame de Montesson. The opposition thought that the King would waver, as he had done before; but they had miscalculated. Royalty was under the government of the Graces, and the Graces were inflexible. No one was allowed to see him till he had conformed to his wishes by taking his seat at the new parliament. The large body of barristers, solicitors, notaries, and others who enjoyed lucrative places under the old parliament soon got tired of exile, and crept back by the customary old doorways.

The power of the Comtesse du Barry, who had crumbled to pieces the old parliament, became now an incontestable thing. A further triumph came to crown her successes. Voltaire, the bosom-friend of M. de Choiseul, and who had penned "*La Cour du Roi Pétard*" at his instigation, was base enough to lay his literary offering at the feet of the favorite. "He had always," he said, "expected that beauty would triumph over all obstacles. He had taught her name to every echo of the Alps, and that name in the mythological fashion of the day was Pallas!" The exiled minister revenged himself for this base tergiversation of the poet-philosopher by making him figure as a weathercock on his chateau of Chanteloup.

It is but justice, however, to the recluse of Ferney to say that, although disliked by the King, who had certain religious weaknesses, Madame du Barry had from an early period sought to conciliate his high renown. The task was the more easy, as Voltaire, albeit indebted to De Choiseul, was at open war with the old parliament. He had defended Calas and La Barre in pamphlets of rare eloquence against a power which would have sent the philosophers to the scaffold. Madame du Barry herself wrote to the petulant old man, whose great ambition was to be Marquis of Ferney. He hesitated between the two goddesses of Gratitude and Fortune, as he expressed it, but soon allowed himself to be led away unresisting by the latter. It was at the instigation of the Duc d'Aiguillon and of Madame du Barry that he penned his "*Histoire des Parlements*."

On the occasion of Madame du Barry's great political triumph, Voltaire gave

himself up, soul and body, to the new system inaugurated—the reform of parliaments. He wrote of the Chancellor Maupeou as surpassing all the heroes of mythological antiquity. These were the days when, under the patronage of Catherine II., the Messalina of the North, and of the skeptical Frederick of Prussia, the press teemed with so-called philosophical, but, in reality, licentious, anarchical, and impious books. Madame du Barry may or may not have had a fellow feeling for the Encyclopædists, but she liked to patronize talent. She ambitioned following in the footsteps of Madame de Pompadour; and, above all, she liked to hear herself spoken of as a Hebe or a Venus.

“Est-il beauté plus accomplie !
Hébé, Vénus, oui, la voilà ;
Voyez sous sa collerette voilà
Ce bouton-ci, ce bouton-là,
Cette taille fine et légère.”

Above all, the coöperation of the party of Encyclopædists was essential to the struggle between the old and new parliaments; and thus it was that the two extremes met on a common ground—to the inevitable tumbling down and ruin of one or the other after a brief lapse of time—in this case of the monarchy.

Madame du Barry worked things in her own way. Louis XV.'s dislike to the poets and philosophers was so inveterate as not to be easily turned aside. The Countess began by familiarizing him with their plays, which were enacted at Choisy. “Madame du Barry amused herself infinitely, and laughed aloud; the King smiled sometimes.* This melancholy smile—a cruel scar inflicted on the King's heart—the fatal punishment of sensualism—was perceptible to every one, and the Countess made incessant efforts and enhanced every grace to call a smile upon those withered lips.”

Louis, who abhorred the philosophers, was thus gradually induced to stretch forth his hand to those amiable poets who lent a charm to life. The Countess was now at the apogee of her repute. She was the soul of the council of ministers, and swayed the monarch. She had married Vicomte Adolphe du Barry to Mademoiselle de Tournon; the Comte

d'Hargicourt was captain of the Swiss Guard; she could be merciful to M. de Choiseul, who, instead of being an exile, held a kind of court at Chanteloup; she could rival the Dauphine in her levees, her dramatic and other entertainments; and if she had not her countenance, the Comte de Provence, who hated Marie Antoinette, lent her his. More than all this, the religious party, represented by the Duc de la Vauguyon, were obliged to cultivate the friendship of the favorite, as it was through her alone that they could depend upon the King's firmness in resisting the encroachments of the parliaments. To cement the alliance they sought to legitimize her position, as they had done in the instance of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. In this they were especially seconded by Madame Louise de France, or rather the reverend Marie Thérèse de Saint Augustin, as she was called in her conventual residence, and for whom Louis had an unbounded esteem. Cardinal de Bernis had already been sent to Rome to negotiate the divorce of Madame du Barry from her husband, when the fatal illness of the monarch came to cast to the winds all these mundane projects.

The grievous melancholy of the King Louis XV. had visibly augmented towards the end of 1773. His leaden-yellow aspect was never brightened except with a hectic flush. He moved about from place to place to relieve the deadly feeling of satiety that beset him, but in vain; the joyous laugh and lively talk of the favorite alone procured a moment's illusion. The King was taken fatally ill of small-pox after a bacchanalian supper, prolonged till two in the morning, and in which “l'esprit circula à pleins verres d'Aï,” and he was at once removed beyond the control of the favorite to Versailles. He, however, insisted upon seeing her once again before his death, which ensued on the sixth of May. This sudden decease of the monarch gave rise to many strange rumors. The one generally accepted had reference to the legendary Parc aux Cerfs. A stupid follower had, it was said, introduced to the King the daughter of a carpenter, who was afflicted with the disease of which he perished. Needless to say that Capefigue treats these rumors of the day as impure libels, the offspring of the corrupt times in which they gained currency.

* Journal de Bachaumont, 1772. As detailed in the original edition, and not in the less perfect extracts given by M. Ravenel.

The very next day after the King's death, Madame du Barry received a "lettre de cachet," banishing her, for state reasons, to the convent of the Pont aux Dames, in charge of an exempt, and with permission to take only one attendant. The Countess is described as manifesting the greatest firmness under such a sudden reverse of fortune. She had passed her early years in a convent, and she did not dread dwelling among the nuns of the old monastery in the forest of Meaux, and who are, curiously enough, described as receiving the stray sheep into their fold with every mark of sympathy and interest.

Madame du Barry had, however, too many friends at court to remain long buried in a monastery, and where hostile pens, playing on the word "bridge," said she would end her days:

"L'art libertin de rallumer les flammes,
Au Pont Royal me mit le sceptre en main ;
Un si haut fait me mit au Pont aux Dames,
Où j'ai bien peur de finir mon destin."

She was soon allowed to withdraw to her little property of Saint-Vrain, near Chartres, which she had purchased with the price of her hotel at Versailles, sold to the Comte de Provence. Here she entered into relations with the Comte Cossé de Brissac, "d'une douce et tendre amitié," according to Capefigure, but to which the scandal of the day attached greater importance. A clever, pleasant letter, such a one as Madame du Barry could, when she chose, indite, to M. de Maurepas, obtained a further concession: it was the permission to return to Luciennes. The Countess could sway more than kings. She influenced, by her charms and graces, a hostile queen and minister. Nor was Madame du Barry ungrateful. There seems, as in Madame de Pompadour, to be always some redeeming point in the life of these otherwise little commendable personages. Madame du Barry sacrificed hers for the queen Marie Antoinette.

For a brief time all was once more gayety and liveliness at Luciennes. The inhabitants hailed the return of the generous favorite as a godsend. Not one of her friends had abandoned her. The Ducs de Brissac and D'Aiguillon, Marshal Richelieu, the Prince of Soubise, and others, were constantly at her pavilion, where Joseph II. also visited her, walking arm-in-arm through the grounds. It was

only beneath the tree beloved by the late King that she would sometimes tarry a moment to shed the tears of regret.

The time had now come when it was the turn of Marie Antoinette to suffer, as Madame Du Barry had all the days of her elevation, from the low, leveling, scandalizing spirit of the age. It was mainly from Holland and England that these abominable pamphlets, sapping the honor of the Queen, emanated. The Memoirs of the well-known dramatist Beaumarchais give some curious details as to his being engaged by Louis XVI. to bribe certain of these calumniators into silence. Under the pretext of a robbery of jewels, and of the flight of the robber to England, Madame du Barry, arming herself with a passport, and with letters of credit from the Dutch banker, Vanderneyer, father and son, and who were destined to perish on the scaffold by her side, followed in the footsteps of the author of *The Barber of Seville*. Such was her influence as the Queen's representative, that she had several interviews with Pitt, which were well known to the Jacobins, and which soon entailed her destruction.

Madame du Barry returned to Luciennes in December, 1791, in time to witness the murder of her friend, M. de Brissac, slain by the emissaries of the Girondists in the orangery of Versailles. They carried the head—or that of another person, for the revolutionists were not particular—to Luciennes, and threw it into the passage, shouting: "Voilà la tête de ton amant." Broken-hearted as she well might be, by so many trials, Madame du Barry resolved on another journey to England. She was in London at the time when Louis XVI. fell beneath the knife of the guillotine, and she may, says Capefigure, have remembered the fearful prediction made to his predecessor when she presented him with the portrait of Charles I., Vandyck's *chef-d'œuvre*. It was, under these circumstances, the height of folly and imprudence on the part of the Countess to think of returning to France. All her friends, and even Pitt himself, counseled her against so dangerous a proceeding—the love of Luciennes appears, however, to have predominated over any fears for self. The black rascal, Zamore, was in open rebellion at that place, in actual possession of every thing, and he had denounced his mistress, and proffered all her valuables to the "comité de sûreté

générale." No sooner, therefore, had Madame du Barry returned, than she was arrested and conducted to Sainte Pélagie. The Vanderneycers were arrested at the same time for the crime of having supplied her with money on her jewels! The fact was, that, like the Countess, they had wealth which the revolutionists coveted.

Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott relates, in the interesting journal of her life* recently published, that Madame du Barry, as she writes it, came to Sainte Pélagie, while she was there. She describes her as being very unhappy. "She used to sit by my bed for hours, telling me anecdotes of Louis XV. and the court. She talked to me much of England and of the Prince of Wales, with whom she was enchanted." Here is another instance of the wondrous tact of Madame du Barry, by which she won upon all who came within her influence—she knew that the Prince of Wales was dear to Mrs. Grace Dalrymple Elliott.

Led from Sainte Pélagie, the prison of the suspected, to the prison of the Conciergerie, the threshold to the scaffold, Madame du Barry's career was soon cut short by the bloodthirsty revolutionists. Her own page, Zamore—the black miscreant, who had basked for years on her bounty—was the chief witness against her. The court did not deliberate five minutes; she was unanimously condemned to death, with, what was of more importance to the comité, confiscation of her goods.

Madame du Barry has been accused of weakness on the scaffold. Absurd charge! As if a lady, all little graces and womanly charms, should be expected to face death like a soldier! And, as Capefigue justly remarks, what a death that given by a great heavy knife, massive enough for an ox! The very idea is sufficient to make even the stoutest-hearted quail. What then must have been the effect on a tender-hearted, delicately-nursed, luxuriously-brought-up favorite? Passing by the Palais Royal, some of the young women employed at Madame Bertin's are said to have rushed to see her with such impetuosity as to earn the rebuke of the authorities. Carried up the steps of the scaffold, the unfortunate lady said: "Grace, grace! monsieur le bourreau, encore un moment!" But every one remained silent. The executioners seized upon her with the indifference of butchers in a slaughter-house, and in a moment more Sampson held up the head of the beautiful favorite to that savage crowd—"worthy pupils of the philosophy of the eighteenth century which had deified the coarse instinct of brutal force." At the very time that this horrible scene was being enacted in the so-called "Place la Concorde," the negro Zamore was toasting with his boon companions "the pretty head that was being tumbled into the basket of red eggs," in the countess's own champagne, and in her own pavilion at Luciennes!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—He was the first that brought tobacco into England, and into fashion. In our part of North Wiltshire — Malmesbury hundred — it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir

W. R. standing in a stand at Sir R. Poyntz' park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these thirty-five years it was scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old yeoman neighbors say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market, they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco; now, the customs of it are the greatest his majesty hath.

* *Journal of my Life during the French Revolution.* By GRACE DALRYMPLE ELLIOTT. London: Bentley. 1859.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

HENRY III., KING OF FRANCE AND POLAND.*

PERHAPS no period of French history is more eventful or interesting than the era of Henry III., and the authoress of this work has done well in choosing it as her subject. She begins, as all biographers should, by giving us the date of the King's birth, and the names of his parents. "Henry de Valois, third surviving son of Henry II., King of France, and of Catherine de Medici, was born at Fontainebleau September 18th, 1551." The other children of this royal family at that date were the dauphin, Francis; Charles, Duke of Orleans, afterwards Charles IX.; and the Princesses Elizabeth and Claude. These children, "with Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, and the young Duc de Lorraine, resided at St. Germain, with their tutors and governesses."

Henry was but a sickly child, and Catherine watched over him with the greatest care. He was her favorite, and she was often heard to express her intention of bringing him up as "her own." "Monsieur le Dauphin, and his young brother, Charles duc d'Orleans," "appertain to the state, their education being superintended by the King and his council."

The education of Prince Henry being intrusted to the Queen, she deputed it principally to a countryman of her own, Corbinelli, and he also received instruction from M. de Carnavalet, Luigi Alemanni, another protégé of the queen. But Henry showed little taste for study. He preferred games and diversions, and in the acquirement of courtly accomplishments he excelled. On the death of Henry II., who fell at the tourney of the Rue St. Antoine, accidentally smitten by the lance of Montgomery, Francis II. succeeded; but his reign terminated speedily, and the queen mother was named regent during the minority of the young king, Charles IX.—the King of Navarre, Antoine de

Bourbon, who had been appointed regent, resigning in her favor.

The kingdom was rent by internal schism, fomented by powerful factions. "The Queen," writes Miss Freer—

"At the commencement of her regency, therefore beheld two rival claimants for power, each dissatisfied at his submission to her authority—able, popular, and ready to avail himself of any oversight on her part, to regain the advantage relinquished during the panic attending the inauguration of a new reign. The King of Navarre was the first prince of the blood, and the leader of the Calvinists, then a powerful body, comprehending men distinguished for their rank, learning, and abilities; who clung with zeal to the principles of reform, and advocated with unflinching eloquence, the right of every individual to serve God according to his conscience, in loyal obedience to the civil power. The Duc de Guise was the champion of the ancient faith, and the minister approved by the King of Spain and the Papal court. The noble presence and princely liberality of the Duke won the hearts of the multitude; the alliances of the houses of Guise and Lorraine placed at his disposal the political influence of the chief aristocracy of the nation, while the clergy of the Gallican Church regarded the princes of Lorraine as the bulwarks of the true faith—protectors, whose piety and zeal repressed the dangerous encroachments of heresy. Catherine, therefore, commenced her regency by fomenting the jealousy and hatred of factions."

When Catherine began her regency, the young Henry, together with his sister Marguerite, one year younger than himself, and whose history is so entangled with his own, resided at Amboise, Henry being in his tenth year, Marguerite in her ninth. In his boyhood he is said to have manifested a penchant for the doctrines of the reformed religion, but that was easily set aside by the queen mother, and at a very early age we find him in arms against the Calvinists, and earning military fame at Jarnac and Moncontour. His military genius now became the theme of the poets and courtiers of the age, who were so eloquent in his praise,

* *Henry III., King of France and Poland. His Court and Times.* By MARYA WALKER FREER. 3 vols. London. Hurst & Blackett.

that the jealousy of the King was excited, and he "imperiously demanded from his mother why his brother d'Anjou (Henry was created Duc d'Anjou) should reap all the glory of the war, while he, the King, remained leading a life idle and inglorious?" He moreover told the Queen "that it was not his pleasure to enact the role of one of the *rois fainéants*, and suffer his brother to usurp the power of Maire du Palais, but that he would lead his own armies, like Francis the First, his grandfather. Accordingly, we find him superintending the siege of St. Jean d'Angely in person.

These feelings of animosity between the brothers increased, and became a subject of much anxiety to Catherine, who feared that the king's enmity might injure her favorite Henry. A feud also existed between the latter and his sister, Marguerite, arising in the favor which she showed to the young Duc de Guise, the political adversary of her brother.

Marguerite is supposed to have been sincerely attached to M. de Guise; but that family was too ambitious to have its power augmented by a marriage with a member of the royal family. So argued Henry, and so said Catherine. Marguerite was desired to give him no further encouragement, the gentleman himself being strongly counseled to seek another bride with all convenient speed, an order which he reluctantly obeyed by marrying the Princesse de Porcien, Catherine de Cleves.

Marguerite de Valois ultimately became the bride of Henri de Navarre. The union was repugnant to her feelings, and she expressed herself strongly on that point to the ladies about her. The authoress tells us that,

"To Madame de Retz, to Madame de Nevers, and to the Duchesse de Montpensier, sister of the Duc de Guise, Marguerite's intimate friends, the princess bewailed the violence done to her inclinations, and the arbitrary manner in which the King had disposed of her hand, without regard to her own wishes. She even went so far as to declare, 'That she never could resign herself willingly to the loss of the Duc de Guise, to whom she had given her affection and her faith; neither would she of her own free will accept for a husband the duke's greatest enemy.'"

Her resistance, however, was in vain.

"On the sixteenth of August, 1572, Marguerite de Valois and the King of Navarre were be-

trothed at the Louvre by the Cardinal de Bourbon. The following day, Sunday, August seventeenth, the public ceremonial of their nuptials was performed on an elevated platform, reared in front of the portal of Notre Dame."

Then we have a description of her deportment on the occasion:

"The bride was led to the altar between her two brothers, the King and the Duc d'Anjou. Marguerite to the last persisted in her system of silent deprecation of the alliance; if she offered no resistance, she gave no assent. Davila asserts that at the moment when the officiating prelate demanded of the princess whether she were willing to accept the King of Navarre for her husband, Marguerite resolutely refused to respond. At last the King impatiently advanced, and compelled his sister to incline her head, which gesture was interpreted as a token in the affirmative."

Marguerite de Valois has been described, and with truth, as a light, gay person, both vicious and thoughtless in character. Perhaps those who forced her into this repugnant marriage, and from motives of state jealousy separated her from the Duc de Guise, for whom she undoubtedly entertained a sincere affection, may be answerable for her faults. Not that there was any just cause for her repugnance, except in the particular of her former attachment, for the gallant bearing and mental qualities of her husband might have consoled Marguerite for the loss of Guise; but, unfortunately, she preferred the latter—that was where all the mischief lay.

The marriage of the Princess Marguerite was the occasion of feasting and festival. "In the evening, after the banquet, Catherine gave a ballet and masque, at which, however, as it was Sunday, few of the Huguenot leaders were present. On the evening of Wednesday, the twentieth of August, the King gave a ballet and masque in honor of his sister's nuptials, at which the principal courtiers, Huguenot as well as Orthodox, were present. The following day there were tiltings at the Louvre, followed by gorgeous revelry." And now was attempted the first of those horrid murders, which, perpetrated at the instance of the inhuman Catherine, has stamped her memory with ineffable disgrace. The Admiral de Coligny, as the friend of the Huguenot party, was far too potent an enemy to be allowed to live. The queen mother and the Duc d'Anjou had determined on his death, keeping their resolve a profound secret, not even

trusting the King with their intent, for says Miss Freer, "Charles remained in positive ignorance of the resolution taken by the Duc d'Anjou and his mother to attempt the Admiral's life." The attempted assassination we give in the authoress's words. Coligny, it must be observed, had been to the Louvre by appointment to settle some dispute, and then we read that, on leaving the cabinet, Coligny met the King in the court of the Louvre, his Majesty having just quitted the chapel where he had heard matins with the Queen his mother. Charles cordially greeted the Admiral, and taking him familiarly by the arm compelled him to enter the tennis court, where his Majesty, the Duc de Guise, and Teligny were going to take a brief diversion. Coligny watched the play for some short interval, and then quitted the Louvre. The Admiral was accompanied by MM. de Guercy and de Pruniaux, being followed at a little distance by the brave Huguenot chieftains de Pilles and the Monneins. The party proceeded on foot towards the hotel in the Rue de Bethesy. The house of the Canon Villemur, at the trellised windows of which, according to the suggestion of Madame de Nemours, the assassin was posted, was in the Rue des Fasses St. Germain.

Maureval rested his arquebuse on the iron trellis, before which, the better to conceal himself, he had suspended a blind of black serge. The Admiral was walking slowly, perusing a paper which some one had just presented. The assassin took deliberate aim and fired. One ball struck the Admiral on the shoulder and lodged in the left arm, and the second carried away the forefinger of his right hand. A deadly pallor spread over the features of Coligny; on presently recovering, he indicated the house from which the shot had been fired, and, calmly turning to de Pilles, said, "Go and inform his majesty what has happened to me." Guercy, perceiving that the Admiral was growing faint, supported him in his arms, while de Monneins bound the wounds with a handkerchief. "Meanwhile the door of the canon's house was forced by a party of Coligny's gentlemen, but the assassin had made his escape by the cloister of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, which adjoined the house, and into which a small door opened. The arquebuse, however, was found resting on the iron grating. It

was seized, examined, and identified as one of those with which the men of the Duc d'Anjou's corps-de-gardes were armed. The identification of this arquebuse, by fixing suspicion on the Duke, first inspired the project of the subsequent tragedy. Catherine and her favorite son trembled before the threats and the insinuations of the Huguenot chieftains—an indignity which their blood alone could efface.

The Huguenots now clustered round their wounded leader, burning to avenge him. They clamored for redress. That arch hypocrite, the queen regent, feigned to sympathize with them. "She shed tears," and then she observed, "that the crime affected not only the person of the Admiral but the safety of the King; for that, if his majesty suffered so notable an outrage to remain unavenged to day, tomorrow the same murderous assault would be made on his majesty in his bed, or perhaps even while in her own arms!" And the Duc d'Anjou likewise counterfeited indignation at the outrage. But they could not conceal the share they had taken in this horrible proceeding long, for the Huguenots, thus deceived as to the authors of the crime, next fixed their suspicions on the Duc de Guise. His life, it was resolved, should pay the forfeit of the attempt. At this crisis Catherine found herself compelled to appeal to the king, and urge him to take active measures against the Huguenots. She then confessed herself the originator of the plot against Coligny, and demanded her own safety by the death of his friends.

Stirred up by every vindictive argument she could urge, impelled by his own hatred towards them, rendered almost insane by the fury of his passion, he yielded to her persuasions, and the horrid massacre of St. Bartholomew* completed the terrors of that fearful period. One scene we extract as the crowning horror of the part that fiendish woman took in those terrible events:

"The following evening their majesties (Catherine and Charles) accompanied by Monsieur, left the Louvre, and repaired to the Hotel de Ville, where the municipality had prepared a magnificent banquet. At ten o'clock the closing

* We were shown the apartment in the old palace at Bayonne in which this terrible plot was hatched and planned by Catherine de Medici and the Spanish Duke.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

scene of the bloody tragedy of Paris was performed. The windows of the great hall overlooking the Place de Gréve were thrown open, and the royal guests presented themselves to the mob beneath, surrounded by a blaze of torches. The unfortunate prisoners (those among the Huguenots who had resisted) had been meantime drawn on hurdles through the streets, and exposed to the ferocity of the excited populace. The piles were lighted and the victims consumed. The interlude of execution over, the Queen and her two sons returned to the banquet-table, and, after prolonged revelry, departed for the Louvre."

The frightful saturnalia of a heathen world could not have surpassed the savage barbarity of these professed and professing Christians. The greatest condemnation was expressed by the other courts of Europe. "In England the recital caused intense indignation and horror. Queen Elizabeth refused for long to receive the ambassador, Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, commanded by the French court to be apologist of the massacre; and when at length he was admitted to her presence, Elizabeth received him clad in mourning."

Similar feelings were expressed by Austria, and, of course, by the Protestant courts of Germany, where this inhuman massacre was regarded with the horror it deserved.

But Rome upheld it, and there was a public celebration of the Church's victory over her Gallic foes. Rome has never repudiated these great murders. And then was issued a placard to the effect that "Charles IX., the most Christian King of France, fired with zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, like an avenging angel divinely commissioned, has taken swift and sudden vengeance on the heretics of his realm—his enemies, and those of the Holy Church and of his state." And then, in his blasphemous bigotry, the Cardinal proceeds to thank the Almighty for this unparalleled deliverance; he congratulates the Sovereign Pontiff on his felicity that so notable an achievement should illustrate his pontificate, and concludes by demanding "the prayers and thanksgivings of the faithful."

Thus, then, terminates one period of the future monarch's life. We next see him raised, through the diplomatic negotiation of the queen mother, to the throne of Poland. This crown was scarcely a coveted possession by him who was destined to wear it. He loved France,

and did not love Poland, and could not bear to think of relinquishing the one for the other.

"The most profound melancholy now overwhelmed Henry. France never possessed more charms, or offered before so many attractions to enhance his regret. Catherine also severely felt her approaching separation from her best beloved son. She wept while clasping Henry in her arms, protesting that the pain of farewell surpassed her most bitter anticipation. Moreover, the health of the King seemed declining rapidly. A fixed and somber gloom oppressed his spirits. He lamented the loss of Coligny, and perpetually reproached his mother and brother for what Charles now designated their abominable counsels respecting the Admiral, which he rightly declared was the cause of all."

This state of the King's health suggested other motives for the postponement of his departure, for we read—

"Such being the condition of King Charles, the Crown of France, with its brilliant destinies, seemed to the King of Poland almost within his grasp. Mirou, Henry's first physician, secretly communicated his belief to his royal master that the king could not survive six months. It was, therefore, privately represented to Henry, by the Marechal de Retz, the Duc de Nevers, and others, that, by departing from the realm, he ran extraordinary hazard of losing the crown of France altogether. The liason of the Duc de Alençon, with the faction denominated Les Politiques, secured for the latter, in case of the demise of the King, the potent coöperation of the house of Montmorency in any designs he might harbor to supplant his brother."

The Huguenots of France—a faction consisting of two thirds the population of the realm—hated the King of Poland, and had vowed to avenge the murder of Coligny, and its subsequent catastrophes. It was therefore to be apprehended that the Montmorency and their partisans, uniting with the King and Queen of Navarre, and supported by powerful foreign leagues, would conspire to exclude Henry from the crown, to place it on the head of their nominal chief, the Duc d'Alençon—whose tolerant principles were, on every occasion, ostentatiously manifested. These speculations coincided too well with Henry's private sentiments, not to arouse vivid alarm in his mind. Catherine also acknowledged their force, and dreaded the peril, which, on the death of King Charles, must threaten the interests of her son. Strong,

however, in her maternal affection, and relying on her powers of discernment and energy, the Queen assured her son that she would preserve for him his kingdom; and that while she existed, no usurper should wield the scepter, rightfully his own by inheritance. She bade Henry depart to his distant realm, "relying on her love and eagerness to bring him back in triumph to her arms." "Thus conjoined by his mother, whom Henry revered as his best and most potent friend, the King departed from Paris on the twenty-ninth of September."

Soon after this, Charles became very ill again; his symptoms were such as to suggest the possibility of his having been poisoned. It was a frightful thought—as his mother must, were the suggestion correct, be concerned in the murder.

We have not time to follow Henry through his Polish career, but pass on to the death of Charles IX., which occurred on Whit Sunday, May thirtieth, 1574, and the accession of the King of Poland to the throne of France. A negotiation was at this time commenced with Gustavus Wasa, Henry demanding the daughter of the Swedish king in marriage. But before these negotiations could be concluded, the royal wooer changed his mind, and signified his intention of espousing Louise de Lorraine, whom he spoke of as "a princess of his own nation, and one whom he could love and be faithful to, so as not to follow the pernicious example set by the late kings his predecessors."

The princess, who lived in great retirement, had no idea of the brilliant destiny which awaited her. An attachment to Prince Paul de Saulms was her prevailing thought, and she gave herself no concern about the king, or the attentions he had paid her during the winter of the year 1573. But the King was determined, and despatched the Marquis du Guast to demand her hand. Louise had been little thought of, but much neglected by her stepmother and kindred, whose astonishment at the King's preference was unbounded. The authoress tells us that—

"The proposals of King Henry were communicated to the Duc de Lorraine by a private missive, six hours before the arrival of the Marquis du Guast. The amazement of the Duke, of his consort, Claude de France, and of the Comte and Comtesse de Vaudemont, was unparalleled. They could not believe that the

young girl, so little beloved, and disregarded by her kindred, was about to ascend the most brilliant throne of Europe—to become a queen, their sovereign. The same night, du Guast arrived; but it does not seem that Louise had been then informed of the momentous change in her destiny about to occur. The Duke of Lorraine as yet refused belief in the alliance, and decided that, until the ambassador developed his mission, and clearly explained the intentions of his Majesty, the affair had better not be discussed. Du Guast remained in conference with the Duke and the Comte de Vaudemont during the night. His mission was simply to exchange rings of betrothal with the Princess Louise, on behalf of his royal master; he was besides the bearer of letters from the King and Queen Catherine to Louise, and to the Comte and Comtesse de Vaudemont. The morning following the arrival of the Marquis du Guast, the Princess Louise, on awaking, beheld the Comtesse de Vaudemont standing by her bed side. At the sight of her dreaded stepmother, the young princess sprang from her bed and murmured an apology for the lateness of her repose. The Comtesse made no reply, and Louise, on raising her eyes, was surprised at the pallor of her stepmother's countenance, and the restraint of her manner. Suddenly, the Countess approached. Bending the knee before the astonished Louise, she exclaimed, 'Madame, you are Queen of France!' The princess, who believed this salutation to be ironically given, made no reply. Madame de Vaudemont therefore hurriedly related the events of the preceding day, announced the arrival of du Guast, and presented the letters written to the Duc de Lorraine, and the Comte de Vaudemont by King Henry. When no longer able to refuse belief to the statements of the Countess, the emotion of the princess was great, and for some minutes she wept passionately. Two hours later the Princess Louise, standing between the Duc de Lorraine and her father, granted audience to the Marquis du Guast. Kneeling, du Guast presented his master's missive, and after receiving the formal assent of the princess to the King's suit, he hailed her as his queen and mistress. Three days after the arrival of du Guast, the Princess Louise, the Comte and Comtesse de Vaudemont, the Duc de Lorraine, and the dowager, duchesse de Guise, attended by a numerous suite, set out for Rheims, where, after the coronation of the King, his marriage was to be celebrated."

We now read of revolts in Languedoc, and a "dangerous conspiracy to seize the royal person," to which the Duc d'Alençon was privy. He subsequently confessed his guilt, and the share he had taken in the plot to his mother, on condition of pardon being granted to all concerned in it. "This grace Catherine promised, and kept her word; for Mon-

sieur being implicated, so frequent an exhibition of disloyalty in the heir apparent, she deemed to be fraught with danger." The coronation of Henry III. was performed February twentieth, 1575, the anniversary of the ceremony of his consecration as King of Poland. The Cardinal de Guise was the officiating prelate, assisted by the Bishop of Metz.

Two days after, on Tuesday, February 22d, his Majesty commenced betimes to prepare for the ceremonial of his espousals. The same delay as on the coronation morning however occurred, for the King spent the early part of the day in adorning his bride elect, at whose toilette he was present. With his own royal hands, Henry arranged the jewels on his consort's robe, and set the diadem on her head. No bridegroom elect could seem more enamored of the charms of his betrothed than did Henry. The King having satisfied himself as to the appearance of his bride, next inspected and offered his advice, on the rich suits to be worn by his favorites, Villequier and Du Guast. He then held a short conference with Queen Catherine, and admitted the Comte de Vaudemont to the honor of an interview.

"A platform of state, surmounted by a canopy of cloth of gold, had been erected at the portal of Notre Dame de Rheims. The King was conducted thither, walking between the Duc de Lorraine, and the Cardinal de Guise, preceded by bands of musicians, and by the Grand Master of the household, the Duc de Guise, who carried his baton of office.

"The attire of King Henry was deemed a marvelous display of elaborate taste, and the fashion of his vestments was so novel, that all the young lords of the court, excepting the privileged band of favorites or mignons, beheld themselves eclipsed. The Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Vaudemont followed. Next marched the Duc de Mayenne, Grand Chamberlain. Then followed the bride, supported by the Duc d'Alençon and the King of Navarre. The robe of Louise was of white satin, sumptuously adorned and beset with gems. Her mantle was of violet velvet, embroidered with the fleur-de-lys, the train, which was twelve yards long, being carried by the Princess Catherine de Navarre, assisted by the widowed Princesses of Condé and La Roche-Sur-Yon—the latter being the mo-

ther of the Duc de Montpensier. Catherine followed, wearing robes of black velvet, her train borne by the Duchess de Retz. The Queen of Navarre came next, walking between the Duchess de Montpensier, and the widowed Duchess de Guise. The ceremony of the espousals was performed by the Cardinal de Bourbon, and the high mass which followed, was said by the same prelate, assisted by the Cardinal de Guise.

Before Louise had been queen a month, she was made quite aware of the arbitrary disposition of the King, for disregarding his wife's just scruples, he insisted on the admission of the infamous Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf to court, and although Louise objected in very energetic terms, he set her objections completely aside, and carried his wishes into effect. The personal appearance of Louise is thus described by the Venetian Ambassador, Jean Michel:

"The Queen is a princess of nineteen or twenty years. She is very handsome; her figure is very elegant and of middle size rather than small, for her Majesty has no need to wear high-heeled shoes to increase her height. Her figure is slight; her profile beautiful; and her features majestic, agreeable, and lively. Her eyes, though very pale, are full of vivacity, her complexion is fair, and the color of her hair pale-yellow, which gives great content to the King, because that hue is rare in this country, where most of the ladies have black hair. The Queen uses no cosmetics, nor any other artifices of the toilette. As for her moral virtues, she is gentle and affable. It is said that she is liberal and benevolent to the extent of her means. She has some wit and understanding, and her comprehension is ready. Her piety is fervent as that of her husband, and this is saying every thing. She appears devoted to the King, and shows him great reverence; in short, it is impossible to witness a more complete union than that which now exists between their Majesties."

M. Jean Michel, we fancy, looking back on the little episode of Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf, only saw the outer coating of the young Queen's life. We know that even then she had deep sorrows and sharp trials to bear. Not only was she compelled against her conscience to receive a courtesan, but her own people, those she had brought with her as her suite, (and some of whom were old and valued friends) were dismissed by her imperious lord, and their places filled by Frenchwomen of his own choosing. The gentle Louise bore all patiently, until an

insult of more than usual audacity on the part of Renée de Châteauneuf induced her to apply to Catherine for redress. It happened as follows :

"The marriage of the King, meanwhile, greatly incensed Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf. The fierce temper of this lady occasioned Henry serious disquietude. Unpropitiated by her appointment in the household of the Queen, her insolent defiance at times shocked her royal mistress. At one of the balls given in honor of the royal nuptials, Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf audaciously appeared in robes similar to those of the young Queen, imitating even the parure of jewels worn by Louise. The indignation of the Queen was now fairly roused. Aware that it would be useless to appeal to her consort, she quitted the saloon, and sought the presence of Catherine, to whom she related the unexampled insolence of the favorite. Catherine forthwith summoned her son, and insisted that an order should be dispatched commanding Mademoiselle de Châteauneuf to retire to her apartments. The following morning Catherine exiled the presumptuous Renée from the court, for the space of three months."

From this time we have an account of discussions, tumults, assassinations, and conspiracies. The King sat uneasily on his throne. The tutelage of the worthless Catherine, had produced a character incompatible with happiness. His suspicions of the Duc d'Alençon became stronger and stronger, and embittered this portion of his existence. Thus does Miss Freer write of him, and describe the state in which he then lived:

"During the month of June, King Henry fell ill of an ear-ache; resulting, it was supposed, from exposure to the draughts of a church, within which his Majesty had knelt some time before a shrine. The sufferings of the King were excruciating, and during two days, inflammation of the brain was apprehended. Incapable of the least self-control, the King's transports of rage and despair during his sufferings were indescribable. The most somber suspicion took possession of his mind; and he believed himself poisoned by the machinations of the Duc d'Alençons, who, his Majesty declared, had bribed one of his valets to scratch him slightly with a poisoned pin, on the nape of the neck, while fixing his ruff. It was with the greatest difficulty that Catherine prevented the immediate arrest of Monsieur; and it is believed that the Queen took upon herself to cancel the order issued by Henry to that effect. Shaken by the most terrible misgivings, Henry sent for the King of Navarre, and implored him to watch over his safety; and in case his death ensued, to seize the crown: 'As,' said the King,

'I would rather you reigned than that malatru of a traitor, my brother!'

"He then advised the King of Navarre to make his accession sure, by compassing while there was yet opportunity, the assassination of Monsieur. 'What!' exclaimed the King, 'shall I leave my crown to this vile profligate! Mon frère, take my advice; find means to rid yourself of him, and gather together your friends, so as to be ready at the first moment to seize the crown!'"

When Henry uttered this injunction, it must charitably be supposed that, maddened by pain, he knew not what he counseled: nevertheless, when the week following his Majesty's partial recovery, we find him coolly discussing a plot for the assassination of his prisoner, the Maréchal de Montmorency, the perfidy of the mind which sanctioned the murder of Coligny, and counseled that of Monsieur, seems but to be developing its deformity. The King of Navarre treated Henry's proposition respecting Monsieur as emanating from the frenzy of delirium; but he thought it prudent, considering the reckless daring of some of the King's intimate associates, to advertise the Queen of the peril which threatened her son. Catherine, therefore, sent for Monsieur, and ordered him to "take up his abode in the Hotel des Tuileries, and carefully to avoid, for the present, his usual rambles through the streets of Paris."

The authoress, after giving us a description of the state of France generally, enters into a comparative view of the characters of the royal personages of that country. She says:

"From one end of France to the other, therefore, jealousies were rife; seditions, distrusts, frauds, famines, and poverty reigned every where. The court, meanwhile, set the example of discord, and showed that the highest personages in the realm were not exempt from participation in the general corruption. The character of the King proved a spectacle the reverse of edifying to his people. Next to his Majesty stood Monsieur, weak perfidious, and crafty; then Marguerite, with her imperial beauty, and unbridled passions, uniting the frivolity of the most wanton coquette with the fierce and vengeful spirit of her race. On the right hand of the throne, terrible in her uncertainty, the incarnation of that power which had exalted her ancestors of Medici from the marts of commerce, to be Lords of Florence; displaying a singular oblivion of past pledges, having no fixed principles of government, yet unerringly imparting the aspect and effect to events as they passed—the character of the Queen presenting the grand

enigma of the age. In strong contrast with the Queen mother appeared her daughter-in-law, Louise: gentle, pious, and dazzled by the splendors of her state, yet inspired with that pride of race inherent in the blood of Lorraine, Louise neither desired nor possessed political influence. The King of Navarre, of genial and buoyant spirit, and of honor so unstained that by two kings, successively, he had been chosen the guardian of their life, against the machinations of their nearest kindred—as yet challenged the confidence of no special faction. In the court of Henry, the King of Navarre played a secondary part, as the satellite of Monsieur, his just pretensions being crushed by the assumptions of the King's favorite's. Later, the nation recognized in Henri de Navarre the worthy son of Jeanne d'Albret, and the hero, whose first essay in arms had been beneath the inspiration of Coligny's genius. Condé, of reserved temper, unshaken integrity, taciturn, and rigid in morals, was little fitted for the leader of a faction. Oppressed by a continual sense of the injury he had personally sustained from the hands of Henry III., first on the plains of Jarnac, in the murder of his father; secondly, by the King's intended appropriation of his deceased wife, Marie de Clèves, the Prince abhorred the court for its profligacy, whilst he bore unrelenting animosity for St. Bartholomew's Eve."

For years now we read of nothing but internal commotions. Margaret of Navarre, unforgiving and unscrupulous, was the warm partisan of the Duc d'Alençon, and aided him in all his views, whilst she tried to mar those of Henry. Her light conduct was the scandal of that bad age, and her vices no longer a matter of doubt. In 1583 her liason with the Marquis de Chanvallon became the scandal of even the infamous court of France, and so public and disgraceful did her behavior become that Henry "ordered her to retire from his presence, and leave Paris within twelve hours." The King, moreover, ordered the arrest of Chanvallon, who, however, had fled to Germany for safety. "Margaret, meanwhile, maintained her proud and fearless demeanor, and employed a part of the night and the following morning in writing letters, containing a temperate but resolute denial of the charges made against her by the King, which she sent to the princes of Lorraine, and to the principal personages of the Court, deeming such a contradiction more suitable to her royal station, than to have publicly retorted the abusive epithets of her brother and King. Marguerite's cool ability generally extracted the sting from the King's most vindictive assault; her

consummate assumption of innocence in matters afterwards proved against her, forms not the least wonderful faculty of the remarkable character of this princess." Nor did Henry content himself with simply dismissing his sister from the Court, but commenced a system of unwarrantable and unmanly conduct to her. He hated her, and now that he had a just cause of complaint, he heaped gross and unjustifiable insults on her. An explanation of this conduct being required by the King of Navarre, and proof of his wife's innocence or guilt demanded, Henry sullenly replied that he had been irritated by false reports as to the amount of his sister's misconduct; and that now it was the desire of the Queen his mother, whose arrival was hourly expected, and his own, that the Queen of Navarre should be reconciled with the King her husband; that he was weary of the controversy, and had so written to his brother-in-law.

"But, sire, what will the princes of Christendom say if the King of Navarre receives back again his wife without explanation or reparation, after her reputation has been so cruelly sullied by your Majesty?"

"Say?" exclaimed Henry haughtily, "say? These said princes will say, that the King of Navarre has received back again the sister of his King."

But the King of Navarre would not be satisfied with this explanation; he refused to be reconciled to his consort with this stain upon her character, whereupon the King sent a letter, written with his own hand, in which his Majesty, eloquent in his exhortations, tells his brother-in-law that "Kings, mon frère, have before this committed errors, and the most virtuous princesses have not been exempt from foul slanders, in witness of which remember all the libels current respecting that inestimable personage the late queen your mother."

A series of negotiations followed, which ended in Marguerite's acceptance of her husband's proposition that she should live in retirement at Nerac, until she could disprove the statements made by the King relative to the Marquis de Chanvallon.

But Marguerite and her errors and misfortunes became secondary to miseries which now fell on France. Tumult followed tumult, and horror horror; until the public were affrighted by the base murder of the Duc de Guise.

"The assassination of the Duc de Guise,* was known in Paris on the day following its perpetration. While Richelieu and his archers were lighting the funeral pile of the unfortunate princes, the mob of Paris had risen to avenge their death."

The powerful family of the Duc determining to have vengeance for the death of their kinsman, called their followers around them, while the frantic Duchesse urged them on by her loud cries for revenge. Henry now repented of his bloody deed; his energy was gone; "fears, regrets, indecision, and weariness followed."

And a heavy misfortune hung over him, for "the master-spirit which had so long guided the counsels of France—the genius alternately used for the glory and for the misfortune of the realm, and from the influence of which Henry had in vain sought emancipation, was about to be withdrawn from earth. Catherine de Medici, at the moment when her unrivaled powers of conciliation were needed to deliver her son from the abyss into which his furious passions had plunged him, lay on the bed of death. From the fatal twenty-fourth of December her strength had rapidly given way. Her real sorrow at the death of the Duc de Guise, her indignation at the perfidy with which, despite the nature of the provocation given, the King had violated his word and her own—without the support of which Henry's asseverations would have been treated with derision—and her consternation at the desperate condition of affairs, pressed with fatal effect on the already stricken frame of the Queen. Her matured experience at once revealed to Catherine the lamentable consequences of the late catastrophe. She had lived to witness the son once loved by herself hated and reviled. Aware of his incapacity and of his untoward temper, at once fanatical and puerile, she mourned the over-

throw of the royal race of Valois; she mourned at beholding the son for whom she had sacrificed so much laden with opprobrium, and dishonored by his vices. More than this, Catherine predicted the eventual triumph of her detested son-in-law, Le Béarnnois, while now she acknowledged that the salvation of Henry depended on his prompt reconciliation with the son of Jeanne d'Albret, and the consequent recognition of Henri de Navarre, heretic, as he was, as Henry's legitimate successor. In her zeal to erase from the royal lineage and succession the name of Henri de Navarre, and to substitute that of her grandson, Catherine had countenanced and even upheld the revolutionary and ambitious designs of the princes of Guise, for without her secret support they must have fallen long ago before the hate of the King and his favorites. This reflection weighed heavily on the mind of Catherine.*

She died unregretted and unmourned. Her life had been a series of plots and savage cruelties, her death, when she had just witnessed the failure of her most cherished hope, was a vivid homily on the folly of misdirected human energy and intellect.

One more horrible scene terminates the career of this base son of an infamous mother. As is well known, he was assassinated by a monk named Clement, and thus paid the forfeit of his crimes and his cruelties.

His Queen, the gentle Louise, "mourned the untimely death of Henry III., and was constant in her endeavors to avenge it. From that period she completely broke off all relations with her own kindred of Lorraine, and sincerely embraced the cause of Henry IV. Of the Duchesse de Montpensier the Queen could never speak without shuddering, deeming her, as she said, the assassin of her deceased lord. At Chenonceau, the Queen passed her forlorn widowhood in the practice of rigid austerities. Mournful notes of solemn requiems for the departed perpetually echoed through those apartments once dedicated to the profligate revels of the court of Catherine de Medici."

* This horrid tragedy occurred in the old Blois Castle, seventy-five miles south of Paris. The Duc de Guise was on pretense invited from Paris to attend a Council of State. He was standing on the hearth with his back to the fire eating prunes, when the King sent for him to his library. On his way through the arched passage to the King's bed-chamber, he was met by forty-five assassins, "gentlemen in waiting," to whom the King had given each a dagger, with which he was stabbed, and fell dead in front of the King's bed. After two hours the King came out and kicked his dead body with his foot. It was then burned to ashes, which were thrown into the river. A gentleman of Blois pointed out to us minutely the whole scene upon the spot.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

* Twelve days after the death of the Duc de Guise, Catherine herself died in her chamber in the Blois Castle, where she was listening to the noise at the Duke's death which she had plotted. We visited all her apartments, which are full of historical interest.—EDITOR ECLECTIC.

Thus ends the History of Henry III. of France. It is a valuable work, carefully compiled, beautifully and impartially written, and so vividly interesting that it carries the reader on unflagging to the end. Miss Freer has made an important addition to the standard literature of the country.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES STRANGE.

ANOTHER LOSS.

My partner, Mr. Brightman, had been for years the confidential solicitor of Sir Ralph Clavering, a physician, whose baronetcy was a new one. When Sir Ralph gave up practice, and retired to an estate he bought in the country, a Mrs. Clavering, a widow lady, whose husband had been a distant cousin of Sir Ralph's, entered it with him, to be his companion and housekeeper. It ended in his marrying her, as such sort of companionships often do end, especially where the man is old, and the woman young and attractive. Mrs. Clavering was poor, and no doubt she played for the stake. The heir presumptive to Sir Ralph's title was his nephew, Edmund Clavering, but his fortune he could leave to whom he would.

Sir Ralph Clavering died; and Mr. Brightman went to the funeral; it was a very short period indeed previous to his own death. When he returned to our office it was evening; the clerks had left, and he came up-stairs into my room.

"Take this off my hat, will you, Charles," he said. "I can't go home in it, to be stared at; and Mrs. Brightman has a superstitious resentment against a hat-band going into the house."

I unpinned the black silk, folded, and laid it on the table. "What am I to do with it, sir?"

"Any thing. Give it to Leah for a Sunday apron. My lady treated us to a

specimen of temper," he added, as I put the silk on a tray which Leah would be coming up to fetch. "She thought to inherit all, and is not satisfied with the competency left to her."

"Who does inherit?" I eagerly asked; for Mr. Brightman had never enlightened me, although I knew that he had made Sir Ralph's will.

"Edmund Clavering. And quite right that he should: the estate ought to go with the title. Besides, setting that consideration aside, Sir Edmund is entitled to it as much as my lady. More too, I think. There's the will, Charles; you can read it."

I glanced my eyes over the will. Lady Clavering had a competency, but the bulk of the property was left to the inheritor of the title, Sir Edmund. I was surprised.

"I thought she would have had it all, Mr. Brightman. Living so estranged as Sir Ralph did with his brother, even refusing to be reconciled when the latter was dying, and the estrangement extending itself to the son, Edmund, I certainly thought Lady Clavering would come in for it. You thought so too, sir."

"I did, until I made the will. And at one time it was Sir Ralph's intention to leave it mostly to her. But for certain reasons, which arose, he altered his plans. Good, sufficient reasons," added Mr. Brightman, in a marked manner; "he im-

parted them to me when he gave instructions for his will. I should have left her less."

"May I know them?"

"No, Charles. They were told me in confidence, and they concern neither you nor me. Is the gas put out in the next room?"

"Yes. Shall I turn it on?"

"It is not worth while. That hand-lamp of yours will do, if you will light it. I only want to put up the will."

I took the lamp, and lighted Mr. Brightman into the other room; his, exclusively. He opened the iron safe, and deposited Sir Ralph Clavering's will inside it.

Very soon after this, before the will was proved, Mr. Brightman died. Sir Edmund Clavering then sought an interview with me. I had never acted for him; for Mr. Brightman always.

"Can you carry my business through, Mr. Strange?" he proceeded to ask, after expressing his shock and regret at Mr. Brightman's sudden fate.

"I hope so. Why not, Sir Edmund?"

"You have not the legal knowledge and experience of Mr. Brightman."

"Not the experience; because he was an old man and I am a young one. But, so far as practice goes, I have for some time done most of the business; Mr. Brightman confining himself chiefly to the seeing clients. You may trust me, Sir Edmund, I assure you."

"Oh! yes, I dare say it will be all right," he rejoined. "Do you know that Lady Clavering and her cousin—my cousin also—mean to dispute the will?"

"Upon what grounds?"

"Upon his incompetency to make one, I suppose—as foul a plea as ever false woman or man invented. Mr. Brightman can prove—Good Heavens! every minute I forget that he is dead," broke off Sir Edmund. "How unfortunate that he should have gone just now!"

"But there can not fail proof of Sir Ralph's competency. The servants about him must know that he was sane and healthy in mind."

"I don't know what her schemes may be," rejoined Sir Edmund, "but I do know that she will not leave a stone unturned to wrest away my rights. I am worse to her than gall."

"On account of the money going to you."

"Ay, for one thing. But there's another reason, more bitter even than that."

Sir Edmund looked at me with a peculiar expression. He was about my own age, and would have been an exceedingly pleasant man, but for his pride. When he could forget that, so far as to divest his manner of it, he was warm and cordial.

"Her ladyship is a scheming woman, Mr. Strange. She flung off resentment at first, as Mr. Brightman was a witness to, but then her tactics changed; and before Sir Ralph had been three weeks in his grave, she contrived to intimate to me that we had better join interests together. Do you understand?"

I did not know whether to understand or not. It was inconceivable.

"She offered herself to me; my willing wife. 'If you will wed no other woman, I will wed no other man——.' How does the old ballad run? Not in plain terms, but in terms sufficiently plain to be understood. I declined; declined to join interests; declined *her*; and so made her my mortal enemy forever. Do you know her?"

"I never saw her."

"Take care of yourself, then, should you be brought in contact with her," laughed Sir Edmund. "She's one of the most fascinating of women; irresistibly so; had she been any but my uncle's wife—widow—I don't answer for how it would have gone with me. By the way, Mr. Strange, did Mr. Brightman impart to you Sir Ralph's reason for devising his property to me. Mr. Brightman would not tell me what it was."

"No he did not. Sir Ralph intended, I believe, to bequeath most of it to his wife, and he changed his intention quite suddenly. So much Mr. Brightman told me."

Sir Edmund remained silent, apparently thinking, and then rose to leave. "The will must be proved without delay."

"I will see about it almost immediately, Sir Edmund. It would have been done this week, but for Mr. Brightman's unexpected death."

"Why do you sink your voice to a whisper?" asked Sir Edmund, as we were quitting the room. "Do you fear eavesdroppers?"

I was not conscious I had sunk it until recalled to the fact by Sir Edmund. "Every time I approach this door," point-

ing to the one opening into the other room, "I feel as if I were in the presence of the dead. He is lying there."

"What—Mr. Brightman?"

"It is where he died. He will be removed to his late residence to-night."

"I think I will see him," cried Sir Edmund, laying his hand on the door-handle.

"As you please. I would not advise you." And he apparently thought better of it, and went down stairs.

I had to attend the Vice-Chancellors' Court—law business must go on with little respect for the dead. Upon my return, I was in my clerk's room, speaking to Lennard, when a carriage drove down the street, and stopped at the door. The white blinds were of course down, (white by courtesy, for they were dirty and yellow,) but one of the clerks peeped out.

"It's a mourning-coach," cried he.

"A mourning-coach!" I exclaimed. "What's the undertaker thinking of?" A hearse was to come that night at dusk, and I thought he must have misunderstood his orders.

"It's not that sort of mourning-coach, sir," interposed Lennard, who now peeped out at his window. "It is a gentleman's chariot, painted black; the servants are in deep mourning."

Allen went out and brought back a card. "The lady wishes to see you, sir."

I cast my eyes on it. "Lady Clavering." And an involuntary smile crossed my face, at the remembrance of Sir Edmund's caution—should I ever be brought into contact with her. But what could Lady Clavering want with me?

She was conducted up-stairs, and I followed, leaving my business with Lennard until afterwards. She was already seated in the very chair that, not two hours previously, had held her opponent, Sir Edmund; a very handsome woman, dressed as coquettishly as her widow's weeds allowed. Her face was beautiful, but her vanity spoiled her. Every glance of her eye, every movement of her head and hands, every word that fell from her lips, was a display of her charms, and a demand of admiration. Sir Edmund need not have cautioned me to keep heart-whole; one, so vain and foolish, would repel rather than attract me, even though gifted with beauty rarely accorded to woman.

"I have the honor of speaking to Mr. Strange? Charles Strange, as I have

heard Mr. Brightman call you," she said, with a smile of fascination.

"Yes, I am Charles Strange. What can I do for your ladyship?"

"Will you promise to do what I have come to ask you?"

The more she spoke, the less I liked her. I am a frank man in manner, but I grew reserved to her. "I can not make a promise, not knowing its nature, Lady Clavering."

She picked up her long jet chain, which hung down to her knees, and twirled it about in her fingers. "What a frightfully sudden death Mr. Brightman's has been," she resumed. "Did he lie ill at all?"

"No. He died suddenly, as he was sitting at his desk. And, what renders it more painful, no one was with him."

"I read the account in Monday's paper, and came up at once to see you," resumed Lady Clavering. "He was my husband's confidential adviser. Were you in his confidence also?"

I presumed she meant in Mr. Brightman's, and answered accordingly. "Partially so."

"You are aware how very unjustly my poor childish husband strove to will away his property. Of course the will can not be allowed to stand. At the time of Sir Ralph's funeral, I informed Mr. Brightman I should take some steps to assert my rights, and I wished him to be my solicitor in the matter. But no: he refused; and went over to the enemy, Edmund Clavering."

"We were solicitors to Mr. Edmund Clavering before he came into the title."

"Mr. Brightman was; you never did any thing for him," she hastily interrupted; "therefore there is no obligation on you to do any thing for him now. I want you to act for me, and I came all this way to request you to do so."

"I can not, Lady Clavering. I have seen Sir Edmund since Mr. Brightman's death, and have undertaken to carry on his business."

She threw herself back in her chair, and looked at me from under her vain eyelids. "Leave him, Mr. Strange; you can make a ready excuse, if you will. Mr. Brightman held all my husband's papers, knew all about his property, and there is no one so fit to act for me as you, his partner. I will make it worth your while."

"What you suggest is impossible, Lady

Clavering. We are enlisted in the interests—I speak professionally—of the other side, and have already advised with Sir Edmund, as to the steps to be taken, in the suit you purpose to enter against him. To leave him for you, after doing so would be dishonorable.”

She shot another glance at me from those mischievous eyes. “I will make it well worth your while, I repeat, Mr. Strange.”

I could look mischievous too, if I pleased, and had in my day; but she could read nothing in my gaze then, as it met hers, but what was sober as old Time. Her eyes dropped.

“I have heard Mr. Brightman speak of Charles Strange, as a thorough lawyer, and as a *gentleman*; somewhat over-fond of the world’s vanities.”

“Not over-fond, Lady Clavering. Joining in them occasionally, at proper time and place.”

“Well—I did not think a gentleman”—laying a stress upon the word, as she had done before—“would have refused to act on my behalf.”

“Lady Clavering must perceive that I have no other alternative.”

“Who is Edmund Clavering, that he should be preferred to me?” she rejoined, with some vehemence.

“Nay Lady Clavering, circumstances compel the preference.”

A silence ensued, and I looked at my watch—the lawyer’s hint. She did not take it.

“Can you tell me whether, amidst the papers which Mr. Brightman held, belonging to Sir Ralph, there are any letters of mine?”

“I can not say.”

“Some of my letters to Sir Ralph are missing, and I think they may have got amongst the papers by mistake. Will you look?”

“I will take an early opportunity of doing so.”

“Oh! but I mean now. I want them. Why can not you search now?”

I did not tell her why. In the first place, the Clavering papers—not including the will—were in the room where Mr. Brightman was lying, and there were other reasons.

“I can not spare the time to-day, Lady Clavering. I will search the beginning of next week. But, should there be any letters of yours here—of which I assure

you I am ignorant—you will pardon my intimating that it may not be expedient to give them up.”

“What do you mean? Why not?”

“Should they bear at all upon the cause at issue, between you and Sir Edmund Clavering——”

“But they don’t,” she interrupted.

“Then, if they do not, I shall be happy to inclose them to you.” I rose as I spoke, and waited for her to rise. She did so, but advanced to the window.

“My carriage is not here yet, Mr. Strange. I sent it to fetch a friend, who is going with me into the city. It will not be long.”

I begged her to remain as long as she pleased, but to excuse me, for I had pressing business: and I went down stairs.

When I had finished my directions to Lennard, I hastened out, having an appointment in the Temple, and was away, perhaps, twenty minutes. As I turned into Essex street again, Lady Clavering’s carriage was bowling up it. I raised my hat, and she bowed to me, leaning before another lady, who now sat with her, but she looked white and scared. What had gone with her brilliant color? In the passage, when I entered, stood the clerks, every one, and Lennard amongst them, some with a laugh on their countenances, some looking as white and scared as Lady Clavering. “Why, what is this?” I exclaimed.

They all scurried into the office, except Lennard, who staid to explain. “You must have met Lady Clavering’s carriage, Mr. Strange?”

“Yes.”

“A minute, or so, before it came for her, cries and shrieks were heard from the rooms above; startling, awful shrieks they were, and we all hastened up. Lady Clavering——”

“Well?” I impatiently cried, looking at Lennard.

“She had gone into the next room, and seen Mr. Brightman,” he whispered. “It took three of us to hold her, she shook so, and it ended in a burst of hysterics. Leah and Watts came flying up from the kitchen, thinking some body was murdered.”

I was sorry to hear it; sorry that any woman should have been exposed to so unpleasant a fright. “But it was her own fault,” I said to Lennard. “Why could she not have sat still? Why need

she have gone into other rooms than the one she was shown to?"

"What right had she to go into them? I should say," returned Lennard. "And the best of it was, she laid all the blame upon us: asking what business we had to put dead people into public places."

"She is a curious sort of woman, I fancy, Lennard."

On the following Monday morning I set to professional business in right earnest: the previous week had been intermixed with other business, besides professional. One of the first things to attend to, was to get the will of Sir Ralph Clavering proved, and I unlocked the iron safe to procure it. Nothing was ever placed in that safe but wills and title-deeds, and they were never placed anywhere else. But where this particular will was hiding itself, I could not tell, for I turned over every paper the place contained, without coming to it. "More haste less speed," cried I to myself, for I had been doing it in a hurry, "I must have overlooked it."

So I began again, and went through the papers carefully, paper by paper. I had not overlooked it, for Sir Ralph's will was certainly not there.

Now, was I awake or dreaming? Was there a fairy in the walls to remove things, or was the house bewitched? or what was it? Only the Saturday week previously, that bag of gold disappeared in the same singular manner; nay, in a more singular one, for that was safe half an hour before it was missed, but the will had had more time to disappear in. I went and examined the Clavering papers, but it was not amongst them; and I searched desks and other receptacles, though certain, beforehand, that it would not be found in any of them. And it was not.

I called up Lennard. "Do you know any thing of Sir Ralph Clavering's will? I can not find it."

"It must be in the safe," he replied.

"It is not. Lennard, this is very strange: first the bag of gold, and now the will!"

"Oh! but it can not be," returned Lennard, after a pause of thought. "That the gold went, appears to be too plain, but who would take a will? The gold might be a temptation, if any stranger did get into Mr. Brightman's room that night, but ——"

"It has been proved, almost beyond doubt, that no one did get in: and yet the gold went."

"True," returned Lennard. "But I was going to observe that, though the gold might be a temptation, the will would not be."

"Lennard—there's something not canny at work, as the Scotch say."

"Do not think it, Mr. Strange," he replied warmly. "The gold appears to have gone in some mysterious manner; but the will can not be gone. Depend upon it, it is in the safe."

Now I had a great respect for Lennard's judgment, but I had as great a one for my own eyesight. It would be better to convince him. I unlocked the safe again, and taking out the parchments, one by one, handed them to Lennard, that he might read the titles of each. "There," said I, when we reached the last, "is the will amongst them?"

Lennard's face assumed a grave hue. "This is very extraordinary," he exclaimed. "Mr. Brightman would not put it any where else."

"He never put a will up in any place but this, since I have been with him, Lennard! But, to make sure, I have looked in every drawer, and cupboard, and desk. It is gone after the gold."

"No, no," he cried, almost in agitation, "it has not, it has not: I never will believe it."

One very slight hope occurred to me—that Mr. Brightman might have given it into the custody of Sir Edward Clavering: but then, Sir Edmund would surely have said so, when he spoke to me about proving the will. The loss of the gold was nothing to this, for that had been replaced at the cost of £30, and there was an end of the matter; but this loss could not be replaced, and there was no knowing what would be the end. It might be little short of ruin to Sir Edmund Clavering, and nothing short of ruin to me: for who would continue to employ a firm liable to lose wills?

I was greatly occupied that day, but the missing will lay upon me like a heavy nightmare, and I forced time for a dash up to Sir Edmund Clavering's in the afternoon, bribing the cabman to speed. By dint of good luck, I found Sir Edmund in, and I inquired if he held possession of the will.

"Mr. Brightman holds the will," he re-

plied. "Held, I should say: I can not get into speaking of him in the past tense, you see. He took it home with him after Sir Ralph's funeral."

"I know he brought it home, Sir Edmund; but I thought it possible he might have given it into your possession since. I hoped he had, for I can not find the will. I have searched for it every where."

"Not find the will!" he echoed. "Perhaps you have looked in every place but the right," he added, with a laugh. "I can tell you where it is."

"Where?"

"No end of confusion it must cause when a man, in the position of Mr. Brightman, dies suddenly," continued Sir Edmund. "I dare say it will be weeks before you come to the bottom of all his holes and corners and hiding-places."

"But where do you say the will is?" cried I, chafing at the suspense.

"In your front room on the first floor—Mr. Brightman's consulting room, I believe it is called—there is an iron safe on the right-hand side as you enter, opposite the fireplace. The will is there."

"The will was there, I am aware, for I saw it placed there, but the will is not there now."

"Then he has put it somewhere else," carelessly replied Sir Edmund.

"We never put wills in any place but that; never. Not finding it there, I was in hopes it might have been handed over to you. May I ask how you knew it was there, Sir Edmund?"

"Because, the other day, when I was with Mr. Brightman in that room, we differed in opinion as to a certain clause in the will, and he took it out of the safe to convince me. He was right, and I was wrong. I saw him put it in again and lock it up."

"Do you remember when this was?"

"It was—let me see—the Thursday preceding Mr. Brightman's death; the day I went into the country. When are you going to prove the will? It ought to be done."

"Sir Edmund, I was going to set about it this very day; but, as I say, I can not find the will."

"It must be easy enough to find; a big parchment like that. If not in the safe, Mr. Brightman must have removed it elsewhere. Look in all his pigeon-holes and places."

"I have looked: I have looked every-

where." Like I looked some days before for the bag of gold, I mentally added.

But Sir Edmund Clavering was determined to treat the matter lightly; he evidently attached no importance to it whatever, believing that Mr. Brightman had only changed its safety-place.

I drove home again, feeling as uncomfortable as I had ever felt in my life. An undefined idea, a doubt, had flashed across my mind whilst I had been talking to Leonard. Imagination is quick, quicker with me, I know, than with many people; and, the moment a thing puzzles me, I must dive into the why and the wherefore: my brain goes to work upon it in all its bearings and phases, probable and improbable, natural and unnatural. This doubt, which I had driven away at the time; had been driving it away during my gallop to Sir Edmund's; during the time I was conversing with him, grew into suspicion now.

What is it? asks the reader. Wait half an instant, while I explain how I arrived at it. When I found the will gone from the safe; when I searched and searched, and found it gone from every where, I could only come to the conclusion that it was taken—stolen. Then I began to reason. Why was it taken? from what motive? why should that one particular parchment be abstracted, and the others left untouched? Obviously, it could only have been from motives of interest. Now, who had an interest in getting possession of that will—so that it might not be proved and acted upon? But one person in the whole world—Lady Clavering. And Lady Clavering had been alone in the room, where the safe was, for nearly half an hour! Does the reader perceive now?

If she had possessed herself of it, there was farewell to our ever getting it again. I saw through her character at that first interview—that she was a woman without scruple.

But, how could she have got at it? debated reason again. Even supposing she knew the will was in the iron safe, she could not have opened it without the key; and how could she have got at that? Again—if Lady Clavering were the guilty party, what became of my very natural suspicions, that whoever took the will, had a hand in taking the gold?—and, with the gold, Lady Clavering could have had nothing to do. Look at it as I would, perplexities arose; and conflicting points,

difficult, if not impossible, to be reconciled.

Lennard met me in the passage on my return. "Is it all right? Has Sir Edmund got it, sir?"

"No, no; I told you it was a forlorn hope. Come up-stairs, Lennard. Sir Edmund has not got the will," I continued, as we entered the front room. "He says that when he was here last Thursday week, Mr. Brightman had occasion to refer to the will, and he took it from the safe and put it in again. Therefore it is since that period that the theft has taken place."

"Can you really look upon it as *stolen*?" Lennard uttered, with emphasis.

"How else can I look upon it? How do you look upon it?"

"But who would steal so valueless a thing as a will?"

"Not valueless to every body."

"No one in the house would do such a thing—You have a suspicion!" he added, in an abrupt tone, as he looked at me.

"Yes, I have, Lennard."

Instead of replying, he turned short round, and began to pace the room. Lennard was, in truth, strangely upset by this loss. "Of whom?" he presently jerked out.

"If you thought the subject attentively over, you might penetrate to the same conclusion that I have, Lennard."

He looked hard at me. "You surely don't suspect Leah, sir?"

"Leah! No."

"Oh! Because I was afraid you did suspect her in the matter of the gold. I feel sure Leah is innocent."

"So do I. Leah no more took the gold than you or I did, Lennard. And what should she want with the will? If I made her a present of all in the safe, she would only light her fires with them, as useless lumber. Try again."

But he only shook his head. "I can not find your drift, sir."

"To all persons, save two, the will would be as useless as to Leah. One of those two is Sir Edmund; and he has not got it; the other is Lady Clavering."

"And she has not got it either," dreamily returned Lennard.

"Can you answer for that?"

The significant tone in which the words were uttered, aroused Lennard. "Mr. Strange!" he ejaculated, "do you suspect Lady Clavering?"

"To say I suspect her would be too strong a word. If my doubts rest upon her at all, it is because she is the only person who could have an interest in getting the will into her possession; and she is the only stranger, so far as I can recollect, who has been alone in this room sufficiently long to take it from the safe."

Lennard was incredulous. "But she had not the key! she could not have got it open!"

"I know—I see the improbabilities that encompass my doubts; but they can find no vent elsewhere."

"The safe could not have been opened without the key. Where was the key?"

"In that back-room; in Mr. Brightman's deep drawer; the drawer from which the gold was taken," was my grave answer. "And she could not have got at it without—without passing him."

Lennard's face grew hot. He wiped his brow.

"And the key of that drawer was in my own pocket, here, on the bunch." I took it out—Mr. Brightman's bunch until within a few days—and shook it before him.

"What mystery is it that has come over the house, about keys, and locks, and things disappearing?" Lennard murmured, in bewilderment.

"Lennard, it is the question I am asking myself."

"She could never have gone in there and passed him; and stood there while she got the key! A young and beautiful woman like Lady Clavering! It would be unnatural."

"No more unnatural for beauty than for ugliness, Lennard. Unnatural for most women, though, whether pretty or plain."

"But how could she have divined that the key of the safe was in that drawer, or in that room?" urged Lennard. "Or—divining it—how could she have got the drawer open?"

There was the point that staggered me more than any other—her knowing where to get at the key: and the safe could not have been unlocked with any other.

"And, for the matter of that, how could she have known that the will was in the safe?" added Lennard.

Truly the affair presented grave perplexities. "One curious part of it is, that she should have called you up with her screams, Lennard. If she had but that

moment opened the door, and seen—what frightened her, she could not have been in the room previously hunting for the key. Were the screams put on? a piece of acting?”

“It would take a subtle actress to counterfeit the terror that shook her,” replied Lennard; “and the best actress breathing could not have assumed her ghastly looks. No, Mr. Strange, I believe what she said was the fact: that, weary with waiting for her carriage, she had walked about the room, and opened the door of the other, and passed into it, without a thought save that of distracting her ennui. She would not have waited to scream until she had taken the key.”

The drift of the last argument appeared conclusive. For, if she really had possessed herself of the key, used it, and then put it back again, she would have taken care not to arouse attention to the fact that she had been in the room; and she could not have crossed the threshold without at once seeing the—the principal object the room contained. “Lennard,” I said, “if she did move about that room, the clerks underneath may have heard her: go down, and see what you can get out of them. But take care how you put your questions: no hint of this matter, in any shape, must be suffered to get abroad.”

Lennard went down, but he got nothing. The clerks said they had heard no noise at all, until aroused by the alarm of Lady Clavering.

Reader, I can tell you that you have rarely, perhaps never, been placed in a more disagreeable predicament, and without any conscious fault of yours, than I felt to be in, then. It was of no use temporizing with the matter: I could only meet it boldly, and I sent that evening for Sir Edmund Clavering, and laid it in its nakedness before him. Certainly there was one gleam of comfort, so far as I was personally affected, and that was, that as I had not put the will up, nor had it been, strictly speaking, under my own custody, less amount of blame could be cast to me. I told Sir Edmund of Lady Clavering’s visit, and the doubts of her which had forced themselves on my mind. He jumped to the conclusion (and into a passion at the same time) that she was the culprit, and was for applying for a warrant at Bow street, to take her into custody. With extreme difficulty I got him to hear reason against any thing of the sort.

Lennard came up to me before he went home for the night: he had come round to my way of thinking, that it must inevitably have been Lady Clavering; for, failing her, there was no shade of suspicion that could attach to any one else—distort fancy as we would.

“But neither was there as to the gold,” was my rejoinder.

But after they were all gone, and I sat by the fire in the front room, and went over the details dispassionately to myself, and then lay awake the best part of the night, going over them still, my suspicions of Lady Clavering lessened, and I arrived at the conclusion that they were too improbable to be well founded.

Nevertheless, I decided upon my course, and that was, to call upon her; not to accuse her, but to see if I could not, indirectly, make something out. Sir Edmund mentioned, the previous night, the hotel at which she was staying, and I went up in the course of the morning. Lady Clavering was sitting alone, her widow’s cap on the sofa by her side: she scuffled it on to her head, when the waiter announced me.

“It is so hot and ugly,” she exclaimed, in a tone of excuse; “I sit without it whenever I am alone. So you have condescended to return my visit, Mr. Strange. I thought you gentlemen of the law took refuge in your plea of occupation to ignore the etiquette.”

“Indeed it is not out of deference to etiquette that I have called upon you to-day, Lady Clavering, but——”

“You have thought better of your refusal—you have come to say you will undertake my business!” she interrupted, with eyes and looks full of eagerness.

“Nor yet that,” I was forced to reply, though, in truth, I should have been glad to conciliate her: “I am sure you will find many an advocate quite as efficient as I could be. The day you were at my house, did you happen to see——”

“Mr. Strange, I must beg you, as a gentleman, not to allude to what I saw,” she interposed, in a tone of alarm. “I think it was inexcusable, on your part, not to have informed me what lay in the next room.”

“Pardon me, Lady Clavering, it would have been an unnecessary and unpleasant piece of information to volunteer: for how could I possibly foresee that you would be likely to enter that room?”

"I never saw a dead person in my life," she rejoined, "and I shall not get over the shock for years. I would have given any thing rather than have been exposed to it."

"And so would I, and I shall always regret it," was my warm apology.

"Then why do you introduce the subject?"

"I did not intend to allude to that; but to your having sat in the front-room I must allude: and I know you will excuse my asking you the question I am about to do. Did you happen to see a parchment lying in that front-room—on the table or on the desk? We have missed one: and if you should chance to have noticed it, it will be a great assistance to us, as a proof that we need not carry our researches further back than that day."

"I don't remember that I saw any parchment," she carelessly rejoined; "I saw some papers, tied round with pink tape, on the desk; I did not notice them particularly. I pray you not to make me think about that afternoon, or you will have me in hysterics again."

"It is not possible—your ladyship will pardon me—that it can have caught on to your dress in any way, so as to have been carried down stairs and out of the house, and—perhaps—lost in the street?" I persisted, in a slow tone, looking at her.

Looking at her: but I could detect no emotion on her face; no sinking of the eye, no rise or fall of color, as one, guilty, would have been likely to display. She appeared to take my question literally, and to see nothing beyond it.

"I can not tell any thing about it, Mr. Strange. Had my dress been covered in parchments, I was in too much terror to notice them: your clerks would be more able to answer you than I, for they had to assist me down to my carriage. But how should a parchment get attached to a lady's dress?" she added, shaking out the folds of her ample skirt. "The crape is quite soft, you perceive. Have you searched for my letters yet?"

"Partially. I do not think we hold any. There are none amongst the Clavering papers."

Her gaze sought mine for a moment, and then it faded to vacancy. "I wonder if he burnt them?" she dreamily uttered.

"What, Mr. Brightman?"

"No; my husband. But why have you only looked partially?"

"From want of time. In a day or two

I will institute a thorough search, and you shall hear the result from me."

"Very well. I am only waiting in town for those letters. You are going?"

"One more question ere I do go, Lady Clavering. Have you positively no recollection of seeing this lost parchment?"

She looked surprised at my pertinacity. "No: otherwise I should say so. But if I had seen it, the subsequent fright would have taken it clean out of my memory."

"It is not Lady Clavering," I exclaimed to Lennard, when I reached home.

"How have you found it out, sir?" he rejoined.

"I judge from her manner: it has convinced me that she is innocent. Whoever may have got at the safe, it was not Lady Clavering. In truth, I begin to think I was foolish to have suspected her." And yet, even while I spoke, the suspicion returned, so prone to inconsistency is the human heart.

I was interrupted by a visit from Miss Brightman. She had come up to town with a message from her mother. "Mamma will not be sufficiently well to see you this evening, as was agreed," she said, "and she wishes you would come down to-morrow morning instead."

That would be impossible. "I shall not be able to spare time in the day," was my reply. "I am quite overwhelmed with work. Perhaps to-morrow evening will do?"

"I should think it might," returned Miss Brightman. "At any rate you can come; and should mamma not be sufficiently well to enter upon business matters, another time can be appointed."

"Is Mrs. Brightman very ill?"

"I fear so. She appears to me to fluctuate so much. She is exceedingly low and weak, and she passes whole hours in her own room, in solitude. When I ask to go in, she says she is not equal to seeing even me. Are you well?" Miss Brightman continued, in a hesitating tone, as she rose to leave. "You look harassed."

"I am well, Annabel. But—you have just expressed the right word—harassed; and terribly so."

"Poor papa!" she sighed. "It has brought a load of work and care to you, as well as of grief to us."

"I should not heed work, or legitimate care. But—we have had another loss, Annabel," I said, dropping my voice: "a

loss as mysterious as that of the gold : and of far more importance."

"What is it ?" she questioned. "More money ?"

"No ; I wish it was. A will, which was deposited in the safe there," pointing to it, "has disappeared. I can not tell what will be the consequences : ruin probably to me, and to one of our best clients. Not only that—if things are to vanish from our most guarded safety-places, in this unaccountable manner, we must have a crafty enemy at work, and there is no foreseeing the ending."

"What was the will like ?" Miss Brightman rejoined ; "I mean, what did it look like ? I have a reason for asking."

"It was a folded parchment, about—that—size. You saw your father's will, Annabel : it looked like that. Why do you ask ?"

"Because I remember papa's bringing home a parchment, similar to what you describe. It was an evening or two before he died : the evening before I and mamma went to Hastings. Do you think it could be that ?"

"Oh ! no. I have known Mr. Brightman—though very rarely—take home deeds which required studying, but it was not likely he would take home Sir Ralph Clavering's will : he made it himself, and knew every word in it. Annabel, I did not intend to mention names, but it will be safe with you."

"Perfectly so : as safe as with yourself. I will never repeat it ; not even to mamma."

"And what I shall do, I can not tell," was my conclusion, as I attended her down-stairs to the carriage. "I would give every shilling I possess, of my own, to find it."

Leah—it was some hours later—was carrying down my dinner-tray, when a ring came to the outer door. "Well done that bell !" I heard her say to herself ; "that's the fourth time since the door was shut, and Watts out ! There goes the knocker ! It's a visitor for master, then."

She put the tray on the stand in the inner passage and opened the door. I listened, curious to know who was coming after office hours, unless it was Sir Edmund Clavering.

"Is Mr. Strange in, Leah ?"

"Yes, miss. Please go up."

A light foot on the stairs, and Annabel Brightman entered, holding out a parchment with its indorsement towards me. "Will of Sir Ralph Clavering."

"O Annabel ! you are my guardian angel."

I seized the deed and her hands together. She smiled and drew away the latter.

"I still thought the parchment I spoke of might be the missing one," she explained, "and when I got home I looked in papa's secretaire. There it was."

"And you have come back to bring it ?"

"Of course. It would have been cruel to let you pass another night of suspense. I came as soon as I had had my dinner."

"Who was with you ?"

"Nobody : I came in the omnibus. In two omnibuses, for the one only brought me to Charing-cross."

"In the omnibus ! And alone !"

"What was to hurt me ? or who was to know me ? I kept my veil down. I did not make a parade at home to order the carriage out again : it might have disturbed mamma, and she is in bed. And now I must make haste back again."

"Wait one moment, Annabel, whilst I lock up this doubly-precious will."

"Why ? You are not going to trouble yourself to accompany me, and you so busy ? There is no necessity for it : I shall go home just as safe as I came."

"You silly child ! That you have come here, at night and alone, I can not help ; but what would Mrs. Brightman say to me if I suffered you to proceed in the same unprotected manner back again ?"

"I suppose it was not quite right," she returned, "but I only thought of the pleasure of restoring the will."

I locked it up in the safe, and went down stairs with Miss Brightman, leaving a penciled word with Leah for Sir Edmund Clavering, if he should call. Why Mr. Brightman should have taken it home, puzzled me considerably : but the relief to my mind was such that I can not express, and I felt quite a gush of love to Lady Clavering, for having so unjustly suspected her.

"Genuine love ?" asks some body.

No. That was given to another. One nearer to me in the presence, just then, than was my Lady Clavering.

From the Eclectic Review.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND GOSSIP.*

NATIONS as well as individuals have their outer and their inner life; one of strife, commerce, and diplomacy, and one of intellectual and spiritual progress; but the former is so prominently set forth in history, as almost to shut out the other from all consideration; and it is with a feeling of surprise, of improbability, or incongruity, that we turn from the external life of a nation, to contemplate its quiet and peaceful internal workings. It is not without an effort to reconcile ourselves to a sensation of anachronism that we can picture to ourselves our own stormy seventeenth century as the age of Harvey, Sydenham, Boyle, and Ray; of Dugdale, of Fuller, Tillotson, and Jeremy Taylor; of Locke, and of that mightiest of human intellects, Newton. Perhaps not altogether free from impatience is our glance at Sir Thomas Browne writing quietly his treatise on "Popular Fallacies," with the clatter of Prince Rupert's Cavaliers and Cromwell's Ironsides ringing even into his study. For Milton the "many-sided," we can readily find a place, as in him the inner and outer life of the nation touch.

But if these considerations suggest the feelings alluded to, how much more is it the case when we have the fact impressed upon our notice, that France between 1790 and 1858 has a history of its own, which is not one of carnage and destruction, which has no connection with war or its rumors, with the tyranny of the one, or the greater tyranny of the many; but which peacefully takes its accustomed part, and its full share too, in the general advancement of knowledge and science, which is gradually elevating the intellectual condition of Europe. Yet so it is; in the three charming volumes before us, we have a record of much literature, much science, and much speculative philosophy—clearly little more than an infinitesimal part of what was going on—showing

plainly that the human intellect will not wait for its development till the angry passions of men have exhausted or consumed themselves. Whilst in the ordinary history of these times, we see nothing but blood-stained pictures, and nations convulsed with internal throes, or at rest from exhaustion or despair, we have here the records of men who were investigating abstract truth, who were surveying the earth, sounding the depths of the sea, and calculating the laws which preside over celestial motions, as peacefully as though the Augustan age had returned, and men were to know war no more.

Strange enough, too, it is to see the occasional approximation of these two worlds. Let us look back some sixty years, to a meeting of the National Institute in Paris. There is a scene which in many points of view is not unworthy of note. A young and unknown student of mathematics is about to make his *début* before this learned assembly; his is the confidence of genius, (with a little added from another source, to be seen by and by;) but it is an assembly that might well shake the nerve of even a more experienced man; for amid many great names, there are some that the world will always know. There is Monge, unrivaled in geometric analysis, and chief of the Ecole Polytechnique; there is the veteran Lagrange, whose criticism our young aspirant would have feared, but that there was also the author of the immortal "*Mécanique Celeste*," Laplace: for to him had the young man been the day before, and had shown him his calculations; he had seen on his face an expression of surprised satisfaction, and had been told by him that his was the right method; he had received from his matured experience a hint to stop short of some far-sighted but as yet too hasty inductions; he knew also that Laplace had spoken favorably of his work to some of those present. And there was another there, an under-sized, rather slouching, perhaps rather slovenly-

* *Mélanges Scientifiques et Littéraires*. Par J. B. BIOT, Membre de l'Académie des Sciences et de l'Académie Française. 3 vols. Paris.

looking man, who had just returned from Egypt, where he had made some noise ; he had made some in a certain street or two in Paris also, since his return, and would make more shortly. But in the interval he was here, *why*, it might be difficult to say : perhaps brought by his old friend M. Monge ; perhaps come of his own accord to keep up his character as a mathematician, of which he was proud ; perhaps sowing beside all waters, looking to the time when he might make ministers of marine, and councilors of state out of some of these men. From whatever motive, there sits citizen Bonaparte ; he draws around the table with the other geometers, and looks on whilst the young man, our friend M. Biot, lucidly explains his views, illustrated by chalk and a blackboard—looks on, no doubt, with much apparent attention, for when the séance is over, when all have congratulated M. Biot upon his most assured success, the commission appointed to report upon his researches, consisted of citizens Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix, all men of some mark. After this peep into the quiet world of thought, citizen Bonaparte doubtless returned to his artillery and other disturbances ; we lose sight of him at present, but we must follow M. Biot to dinner. He goes to dine with M. Laplace, and having saluted Madame, he is invited for a moment into the great man's study. There Laplace opens a closet, and extricates from a chaotic mass some papers, yellow with age, which, after pledging him to silence, he shows to M. Biot. These prove to be the same calculations which have been the subject of his young friend's paper of the day ; the same results which he had obtained years ago, which out of the fullness of his noble spirit he has kept back, that the young aspirant may enjoy undisturbed the merit of the discovery. He also had arrived at the above-mentioned conclusions, which he considered premature, and so had laid the whole away for years. M. Biot tries to describe his feelings on the occasion, as a mixture of gratification that he had in some degree "thought side by side with Laplace ; of some little regret that he had even silently been forestalled in his discovery ; but above all, of a most profound and unspeakable appreciation of the nobility of sentiment manifested by M. Laplace." How rare, indeed, are the instances of such scientific abnegation as

this ! And this was the opening of M. Biot's long and distinguished career in literature, and more particularly in the exact sciences—a career which might have been closed at its outset, and its valuable results lost to the world, by one selfish word on the part of the great mathematician.

The three volumes before us contain a record of some portion of the labors of more than half a century. It is pleasant to look back upon writings of this character, extending over a period of time almost unparalleled for its startling events in the history of the world. Between the first and the last of these essays, France passed from democratic anarchy and coarseness, to the elegancies of monarchy and empire, through almost countless political revolutions, overturning rank, fortune, and individual position. Yet during all this time, there was a steady intellectual progress, of which we have here testimony, apparently unaffected by the confusion around. The secrets of ancient Egypt were investigated ; the languages, religion, and doctrines of the by-gone oriental nations were studied, and erroneous opinions with regard to them rectified ; expeditions of discovery were made into unknown seas, and unexplored continents ; a more extended intercourse was instituted with man in all his varieties of condition and manners ; and the progress of the physical sciences was rapid beyond all previous experience.

When we speak of intellectual progress, we must not be understood as conniving at the hypothesis of some vaunted improvement of the human mind in itself. Perhaps it is not going too far to deny any such improvement altogether. Plato and Aristotle thought and observed as justly and as accurately as Bacon and Descartes ; what does really make progress is the grand mass of perpetually accumulating material for thought to exercise itself upon, and the continually refined and perfected means of observation. In such of these papers of M. Biot's as were written fifty years ago, we observe necessarily an ignorance of some of the scientific facts which have been so rapidly flowing in upon us during that half-century ; but in dealing with science and literature in their then condition, we remark a clearness of thought, a quick detection of logical error, an acute perception of scientific adaptation, an almost

prophetic intimation of what must be the next discovery, and an accuracy of inductive reasoning, which can be equaled by few, and excelled by none in the present day, when our actual amount of knowledge is so much greater.

If this stationary aspect of mind be considered by some as humiliating, there is another reflection, which the reader of these volumes will make for himself, that may be a little more consoling, though negatively so: that is, that we do not write more foolish books than they did fifty years back. The follies of men and of authors may in various ages assume various forms; but their intensity and amount seem to be tolerably constant. Of this we shall find a few illustrations shortly; but in the mean time we pass on to make our readers acquainted with a portion of the contents of these volumes. These consist of reviews of books, of literary and scientific essays, of voyages and travels, of accounts of geodesic operations, and of biographical sketches. All are interesting, but it is only a very small part of them to which we can even briefly allude; most of the purely scientific papers are incapable of condensation, and the most important of the biographies, as that of Newton, are too long, and likewise too familiar, to be suitable for extract.

In the year eleven of the Republic, M. Biot was requested by the Minister of the Interior to visit the department of the Orne, to investigate the circumstances attendant upon, and the phenomena connected with, a remarkable meteor which had appeared there, discharging quantities of stones with repeated violent explosions. The whole history of the journey is most instructive, as an example of the careful *weighing* as well as accumulation of phenomena and testimony—a point too frequently neglected in such inquiries. We must content ourselves with the summary of the facts as finally ascertained, connected with what M. Biot considers as “one of the most astonishing phenomena ever witnessed by man.”

On Tuesday, the sixth Floreal, year eleven, about one P.M., the weather being fine and clear, there was observed over a space of about thirty leagues, a fiery globe, very brilliant, moving with considerable rapidity in the atmosphere. Some minutes after, violent explosions, lasting five or six minutes, were heard; three or four were like cannon, followed by a

sound as of a *fusillade*, and then one like the rolling of drums. The air was still, and the sky serene, except a few small clouds.

This noise proceeded from a small cloud of rectangular form very high up in the air. It appeared immovable during most of the time, except that, at the time of the explosions, streams of vapor projected momentarily from the sides. Simultaneously with the explosions was heard a hissing sound, as of projectiles, and the people saw at the same time a multitude of solid masses fall, exactly similar to those known as meteoric stones. These fell over an extent of country about two and a half leagues in length by one in width, its form being elliptical. The largest stones fell first at the S. E. extremity of the long axis of the eclipse, and the smallest at the opposite point. The largest stone found weighed seventeen and a half pounds; the smallest seen by M. Biot about two and a half drams: the number he calculates between two and three thousand. Analyzed by M. Thénard, these stones were found identical in composition with other meteoric stones, consisting of silicon, oxide of iron, and magnesia, with two per cent of nickel, and five per cent of sulphur. These stones appear to have been very hot when first fallen, but no accurate observations were made on this point. M. Biot very modestly contented himself with reporting facts, leaving to others the deductions that might be drawn from them. It would have been more interesting to have seen an expression of his own theory of this very remarkable occurrence.

But M. Biot is a stern foe to speculation where it may lead to error—a pitiless demolisher of hasty inductions—an enemy even to poetic license where it dares to trespass upon his darling domain of exact science: the fact, the whole fact, and nothing but the fact, seems to be his watchword. St. Pierre receives a most sharp castigation for meddling with science in sentimental guise; and M. Chateaubriand's eloquence, when directed against experimental philosophy, is set off in absurd light enough. M. Chateaubriand objects to cabinets of anatomy and of natural history, calling them “Écoles où la mort, la faux à la main, est le démonstrateur; cimetières au milieu desquels on a placé des horloges pour compter des minutes à des squelettes, pour marquer des heures

a l'éternité." M. Biot recognizes that these are "fine words," but is very strongly of opinion, that had M. Chateaubriand the misfortune to break an arm or a leg, he would not call to his assistance some sentimental traveler, accustomed to wander in the deserts, and who had "brought only his heart to the study of nature," but would rather address himself to some skillful surgeon, who, having long frequented these doleful cabinets and schools, and having long and painfully practiced his profession and studied every detail of our organization, would have acquired the certainty, dexterity, and composure, which perilous operations require. Nor does he consider that, having received these useful attentions, it would be either just or civil to inform him *qu'à force de se promener dans l'atmosphère des sépulchres, son âme a gagné la mort*.

M. Biot is so purely a man of science, that he recognizes *only* scientific reasoning and data, and rejects all appeal to the higher spiritual part of our nature. It is said that the First Consul once asked Laplace why there was so little reference to a Deity in his works. The philosopher replied that he did not "require the hypothesis." Whether there be any truth or not in this relation; whether, if true, the answer may be considered a *mot*—an epigrammatic method of intimating that science did not deal with first causes, but with laws or collections of phenomena—a true atheistic sentiment—or finally a biting satire upon the wholesale rejection of a Creator from his works, which had marked some of the late revolutions in France, we have no means of ascertaining. But one thing appears certain, that M. Biot does not *need the hypothesis* of a God—in the place he seems to set up statics and dynamics. He is no fierce skeptic, constantly obtruding his views. He is even tolerant of those who (it may be weakly) fail to perceive the all-sufficiency of projectile and gravitating forces in ordering the universe; for the most part he quietly ignores all this, only in two or three places allowing his views to appear. And this is the great defect of his book, and one upon which we feel it necessary to pause for a moment, as the errors of deep-thinking men like our author, are of much more importance than the rabid out-pourings of the coarser infidel.

In the *Génie du Christianisme*, M. Chateaubriand offers an eloquent, though it must be confessed rather unscientific,

picture of the consequences to be apprehended were the universe to be left for a moment unaided by the "constant and immediate action of the Divine power." This M. Biot curtly sums up as a revival of ancient popular prejudices, the empire of which has been fortunately forever overthrown by the advancement of science. In fact, it is just because the universe is *left* to the reciprocal action of particles and masses of matter that any order whatever is maintained.

But the fullest exposition of our author's views on such matters as these, is found in his elaborate and brilliant analysis of the character and writings of Montaigne. It has been objected to Montaigne that he is a skeptic. "Truly! and what would you have him to be?" The strong and irrefragable reason why he must necessarily be so is, that he lived in times when the most profound night of ignorance obscured a knowledge of *nature*. Why, not only was man ignorant of the arrangement of the universe, but he knew not even the laws of motion, the properties of matter, or the relations of attractions; "in a word, all his positive knowledge was confined to a few geometric propositions!" How could man *believe* any thing when he *knew* so little? No word of revelation, or faith, or immortality—these do not belong to the exact sciences, nor can they well be scientifically analyzed.

Yet M. Biot is a believer in "moral faculties" in some sort, and defends their existence, even against Montaigne, in this wise: "Is not the power of the moral faculties of man most evidently attested by his very existence—he who is *thrown upon this earth, naked, without arms, without shelter, without any succor but his reason?* But what need has he of other help? By means of his reason he has possessed himself of the forces of nature, and turned them to his service; he has extricated the fire that was buried in the stones; he has therein melted metals and fashioned them to his purposes. He has made arms more terrible than those of the tiger or the elephant; he has felled the forests and built himself dwellings; he has cultivated the earth and utilized the waters; the seas themselves have become his servants, to bear upon their bosom his fleets. He has *created* powers greater than his own; and with them he has penetrated the immensities of space, and has discovered the motions of the stars and

their laws. Enlightened by his grand discoveries, he has recognized, without trembling, the smallness of the atom to which he is attached ; and this view, annihilating him, as it were, in his own estimation, has made him feel that all his power is in his thought. Such is the grandeur of man !”

And such, we would add, is the littleness and short-sightedness of man, who can feel conscious of these godlike attributes, and yet fail to perceive that the divine spark must have had a divine origin ; who can penetrate thus deeply into the laws of the universe, yet see no indication of a lawgiver ; who can watch the gorgeous mechanism of the heavens, and take refuge in an eternal attraction and repulsion ; who can feel his own insignificance before the wonders of creation, and stand helpless and abashed amid the confusion of elements, yet can only look for aid to his own reason, and will say with his lips, (for he can not in his heart,) “There is no God.”

We have given this view of M. Biot's religion in full, not in the intention of discussing it, or controverting it, but to show how bald, dreary, and soulless a thing is the picture of a godless world, drawn even by the most graphic and vigorous fancy. We willingly turn from this fatal flaw to notice further some of the contents of this work : in doing which we are troubled, in more than an ordinary degree, by the embarrassment of riches. We commence by a few ideas from his essay on “Charlatanism,” of which, in all its protean forms, M. Biot is a most ruthless enemy.

The true philosopher is much more occupied with the pleasure of making discoveries than with the care of publishing them. He seeks the suffrages of the minority, of instructed men in the same department ; he wants *judges*, not admirers. The charlatan, on the contrary, appeals to the uneducated multitude of loose observers and still looser reasoners ; and far from desiring scientific judgment, he ever refuses it, and taxes it with undeserved severity, if not with envy and injustice. The public press is his arena, where he boasts loudly of his discoveries, which can never be demonstrated. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds, he merely announced it, not as a great inspiration, but as an experiment to be submitted for investigation to the learned

men of Europe. When Volta made his discoveries, they were at once laid before the Royal Society of London and the Institute of France. Jenner gave his invention to the world as soon as he had tested its value. M. Biot contrasts these with the performances of the mesmerists, biologists, etc., but more especially alludes to the professors of *rabdomancy*, the users of the divining rod. This art is of ancient date, mentioned frequently in the writings of the alchemists. Paracelsus speaks of the divining rod as a thing well known ; and Melancthon, even in 1560, mentions it as a proof of the sympathy between vegetables and minerals ; for, in those times, it was only used for the discovery of metals : for detecting springs of water it appears only to have come into vogue in 1674. At first, the wonderful properties of this bifurcate stick were attributed to the stars ; but, in 1659, Gaspard Schott made the notable discovery that they must be attributed to the power of the devil. One of the most notorious diviners was one Jacques Aymar, a peasant of Dauphiny. He discovered, by means of his rod, murderers and robbers, clothes and stolen money. On one occasion he followed a murderer forty-five leagues by land and thirty leagues by sea, guided by this astonishing stick. One of the learned doctors of the Sorbonne rejoiced openly on this discovery, and upon the benefits that must accrue to religion and morals therefrom. Unfortunately, Aymar allowed himself to be brought by Prince Condé to the test, and turned out a very ridiculous impostor. Being discovered, he made a merit of confession—he was poor, and wanted money. After Aymar, appeared a famous hydroscope, by name Bléton, who performed wonders, but was unwise enough to let himself be brought to proof : his pretensions faded, and he himself disappeared. This one was succeeded by another named Pennet, greatly patronized by M. Thouvenel. He also did marvels before the Dauphin, but was not acute enough to save himself from detection. A metallic and aqueous test having been prepared for him in a large inclosure, he was observed, the night before the performance, getting over the wall with a ladder, which some misbeliever withdrew, and he was left there, not altogether with his previous credit. M. Thouvenel does not deny the relation, but naïvely asserts that Pennet's morality did

not affect his physical qualifications! We need not follow M. Biot further in his illustrations of quackery. His concluding observations have force enough to deserve quotation. They relate to the difference between harmless and hurtful quackery.

"Let a man," says he, "about ever so loudly that he has decomposed iron, sulphur, or phosphorus, he will do no harm to any one—they remain still to every one what they have been and will be. But if physicians begin to invent absurd systems, to spread, teach, and practice them, there will be no surety for any one. Let the world rave on chemistry, physics, or philosophy; but beware of raving on medicine; each error kills its man, and we may justly say,

'Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.'"

This was written in 1808. In 1858 M. Biot adds:

"The prodigies which I have recounted are no more in vogue; but as human imaginations require continual illusions, these are replaced by others yet more marvelous and more widely spread. Instead of mesmerism and rbdomancy, we have turning, dancing, and speaking-tables; and, as the latest miracle, rapping-spirits, which certain individuals suppose may be evoked from the night of the tomb to answer our idlest and most flippant questions. Timid spirits withal, that can only manifest their presence under tables covered by a long, hanging, thick cloth, and surrounded by a circle of believers: yet, thus sheltered, they present the singular anomaly of immaterial beings, who touch, press, pull, and knock, none being well able to say whether the agency by which all this is accomplished be good or evil. So are occupied, not the people only, but members of the highest society, to the great honor of philosophy and of those intellectual lights on which we pride ourselves so highly. To these follies of our times we shall see others succeed, which will be seized upon and embraced with the same ardor—a just chastisement to the incurable presumption of our nature, which, unable to endure doubt, or to submit to the ignorance of those things which are concealed from us, and unwilling to confine the operations of our reason to patient exploration, renders us always ready to hear lying voices which cry to us, as did the Tempter to our first parents, *Eritis acut Dii—Ye shall be as gods.*"

M. Biot's fiercest wrath is directed against those who invent and promulgate systems and theories, without having taken the trouble to make themselves acquainted with the phenomena to be accounted for. Seeing the complacency of the public for system-makers, we can not but wonder at the singular longing for every thing which appears like explana-

tion. Few care to inform themselves whether such explanations be exact or precise; whether they be founded upon well-observed facts, or confirmed by phenomena: let them but go far enough, and they must be well received. Yet what should we say of a man, who, without examining the interior of a watch, should promise from its external appearance to explain the principle of its movements, and the cause of their regularity? We have had lately at the Athenæum an assembly of above four hundred reasonable beings, met to hear a Professor explain, in five lessons, the whole system of the universe. This man has much ability, and expresses himself with imperturbable fluency—he doubts of nothing. The disposition of the heavenly bodies, their form and movements, the phenomena produced by their reciprocal attractions, the innate properties of bodies, the most profound mysteries of physics and chemistry—all these are plain to him—all are, or ought to be, in his system. He employs only two principles to account for every thing: an expansive force produced by rotation, and a compressive force from without, called *stellar radiation*. These are made to act as he pleases; and to produce such phenomena as he pleases; and truly objections fall pointless and harmless against such a theory. For a system to be attackable, it must offer some coherent unity: this presents only hypotheses, false observations, and inexact ideas, so closely packed together as to admit of no response. With a lively imagination, the author has dreamed out his system in solitude, without any knowledge of the phenomena. Having formed it, he forces nature to conform to it; but does not inquire whether it be according to nature or not. It is not wonderful in this case, that he himself should be penetrated with admiration of his method: the really astonishing part of the matter is, that he can find rational beings to listen to it.

To the writer of an extremely foolish book on chemistry, which is anonymous, M. Biot addresses some small consolation for his criticism.

"You are not the only one who invents absurd systems; for some time past all the world does it—from literary men to physicians. But all have not your wisdom: the most part of them take especial pains to indorse their books with their name, whilst you have the modesty to conceal yours."

We intimated above, that, notwithstanding the ceaseless flood of books which is hourly pouring from our press, a glance over those noticed by M. Biot, fifty years ago, will convince us that our ancestors were not behind us in the extent to which absurdity and ingeniously-solemn trifling, both in literature and science, might be carried. Of this we must give one instance, amusing in itself, and not without its own serious lesson in philology.

It has been a frequent observation amongst learned men, who have entered deeply into the physical and moral history of different nations, that even those which are most distant from each other, and separated by apparently impassable obstacles, present singular analogies in some details of their customs, the style of their monuments, or the elements of their languages. Struck with these resemblances, philosophers have sometimes supposed that all civilization, now spread over many different people, proceeded originally from one single, great, and powerful nation, eminent in sciences, virtues, and genius. Plato relates that according to an ancient tradition, there existed formerly an island called Atlantis, as large as Europe and Africa together, whose inhabitants presented a model of happiness, wisdom, and perfect civilization. This island was swallowed up by an earthquake, and nothing in it escaped. This, then, was the original center of knowledge and refinement. The existence, however, of this island, has not always appeared to be certain, notwithstanding Plato's history; much less has its precise locality been agreed upon. Some have located it in Tartary, Hindostan, China, Egypt, or Greece. Other writers, jealous for the honor of their own country, have placed it in Sweden, Prussia, Brittany, or Wales. M. Charles Joseph de Grave, a councilor of state of Flanders, has ultimately settled the question to his own perfect satisfaction; he places definitively the Atlantis in that part of Flanders which is situated between the mouths of the Meuse and the Rhine. It is difficult to compress his argument into a space small enough to correspond with the subject; but it is nearly as follows. The Druid priests of the Gauls were learned men, and they taught their pupils that the nation was descended from Pluto. But Pluto was king of the infernal regions, which must therefore be sought here, together with the Elysian

Fields. Now Homer, in the *Odyssey*, gives the characters of these neighborhoods, as being at the extremities of the earth, where reigns the red-haired Rhadamanthus, where men have an easy life, where the winter is short, and the ocean constantly sends refreshing breezes. The winter necessarily excludes all tropical localities, and all the other conditions are marvelously fulfilled by Flanders—for where can men have an easier life than there? and where is wind more plentiful? For the red-haired Rhadamanthus, it is well-known that most of the Flemings are fair, and Rhadamanthus is the same as the Raedmans, the name of the present magistracy. Again, Virgil alludes to the extremity of the earth being at the embouchure of the Rhine. This was once formed by two arms, of which one was called Hellium, according to Pliny, which, in the language of the Lower Rhine, became *Helisch* or *Helish*; hence most clearly the Helischen or Elysian Fields. But further, *Hel* in this language signifies the infernal regions, and thence is derived its present name of *Hel-land*, corrupted into Holland. In like manner *Hel-voet* is only the foot of the infernal regions; and that this part of the country corresponded to the Fortunate Isles is plain, for Zealand is not derived, as has been supposed, from *Zee* (the sea) and *Land*; but from the Saxon *Zel* or *Zalig*, happy or fortunate. Hence the isles of Zealand are the Fortunate Isles.

The travels of Ulysses are traced with similar philological accuracy; his adventure with Circe proves to be a visit to the primitive church (*Kirchen*, *Kirken*, *Kirkæ*, or *Circea*, all one) of Flanders, where he went to be initiated into the mysteries of the Atlantides. Tyre and Sidon are also clearly shown to be Gallic; but we must not linger further than to show that Homer himself was no Greek, but a Belgian. To be sure, he wrote so perfectly in Greek, as to deceive the Greeks themselves; but that he was not so, is shown by his using all the dialects indiscriminately, so that none could be his own; but most positively by there still being a town (*St. Omer*) which bears his name!

Amongst all the nations, there is none which bears a greater or more mysterious interest for the historian, the moralist, or the man of science, than China. Late events have given it to us, also, a political importance, which, until recently, did not

attach to it. Dating from a period when probably the greater part of Europe consisted of impervious forests and swamps, and its inhabitants of naked savages—from a time anterior even to our own most fabulous records—certainly far older than any now existing nation; probably far advanced in a civilization not very remote from its present state, when the Chaldean empire was in its infancy; having laws and customs and forms of government which seem even on the most moderate calculation to have continued almost unchanged for above three thousand years—from these and many other causes, any thing which tends to throw any light upon its chronology, or its internal economy, is of extreme interest. In the volumes under consideration, we find two papers relating to this subject, The first containing some calculations, with a view to settling some parts of the chronological questions; the second, an abstract of an ancient book, called Tcheou-li. With reference to the former, we would merely premise that M. Biot is one who receives no evidence that is not sifted and weighed to the very uttermost, so that what he accepts may well be considered worthy of much attention; and that his chief authority in some matters is Père Gaubil, who has spent thirty-six years in these investigations, and who is a sincere believer in revelation, having for his chief object the discovery of truth, and the reconciling profane with sacred history. The whole details can not be given; but we will attempt a sketch. One of the principal questions relative to the Chinese Empire relates to its antiquity, which M. Biot proposes to solve by a reference to the records of certain astronomical observations, supposed to have been made from the earliest periods. These are not so numerous as might be wished, owing to the following circumstance. In the year 213 B. C., the emperor Tsin-Chi-Hoang instituted a bitter persecution against learned men and books, excited by a minister who feared the growing influence of literature. It was ordered that in forty days all historical books, except those relating to the royal family, and those of astrology, medicine, agriculture, and divination, should be given up to mandarins appointed for the purpose, to be burned. The exceptions named proved the pretext for saving many books, particularly the Yking, commented upon by

Confucius; but the greater part were destroyed. At the same time the learned men were put to death in vast numbers. In one day four hundred and fifty perished in the imperial city alone. After the death of this prince, his successors attempted to repair the evil that had been done, and to some extent succeeded; the rescued documents were put in order, and a commission appointed to compile a history from them, which was done about one hundred years B.C. This history is that known as Tse-Ma-Tsiene; and since that time there has been an uninterrupted tribunal engaged in continuing it. This destruction naturally caused much confusion in the precise chronology, and many fabulous legends have accumulated around it. It does not appear, however, to be impossible to arrive at some kind of truth; for Père Gaubil has made wondrous research for records of such investigations as might have escaped this wholesale burning; and amongst others are some accounts of early astronomical observations. Now these, having been investigated by M. Laplace, furnish singular results; either they must have been made at the time at which they profess to have been, or they have been invented afterwards to lend probability to legends connected with the antiquity of the empire. In the former case they correspond accurately with the truth at that time, making some slight allowance for their imperfect admeasurement of time by means of the clepsydra. In the latter case, we are met by the almost impossible supposition, that their errors of observation at a later period, have always been of such a nature and amount, as to bring out the truth for these remote periods by chance. Thus in the reign of Tcheou-Koung, he himself puts on record the position of the solstices, and the inclination of the ecliptic about 1000 B.C. But the laws by which these change have only been recently discovered; and it is therefore incredible that an impostor, two thousand years after, should be able to state these accurately for that period; and M. Laplace finds that the data given by Tcheou-Koung correspond within a very few minutes of a degree with the real position as it would be eleven hundred years before our era. We are compelled to accept the more probable supposition, that these observations were actually made three thousand years

ago, four hundred years before the observation of the three eclipses noticed at Babylon, and reported in Ptolemy's *Almagest*; sufficiently refuting the idea that the doctrines of the Chinese were derived from the Chaldeans. Père Gaubil places the emperor Fohi about 2500 B.C., and does not consider any earlier accounts other than fabulous. He appears to favor the notion that the Chinese empire was founded immediately upon the original dispersion of men after the deluge. It seems agreed, according to him, that at the time of Yao, about 2155 B.C., (as defined by the records of a solar eclipse,) China was very populous, and that there were even inhabitants in the islands of the Eastern seas. They composed verses, they had colleges, and shortly afterwards they knew how to define the positions of the solstices and equinoxes. They were acquainted with the length of the year, as $365\frac{1}{4}$ days, and practiced the intercalation of days.

They observed the stars, they worked in copper and iron, they had silks, and they made vessels, in which they even visited the Eastern Islands. Père Gaubil adds:

"Whatever calculation we take, we must conclude that the founders of this empire were very near to Noah and his children. From the country where the dispersion occurred to China is a great distance, and the journey must have been long and difficult. To reconcile Chinese chronology with that of the Scriptures, it would be necessary to know what is the most true calculation that might result from a comparison of the various versions of the Bible. That is what I am not able to ascertain."

A considerable part of these volumes is occupied with biographical sketches of a highly interesting order, of which we can only notice briefly a few. About three fourths of the first volume consists of essays on the life and works of Newton, whom M. Biot designates "the most exalted intelligence of human beings." We have the familiar traits of our great countryman brought vividly before us; the workings of his genius traced; the enmities that were provoked; the quarrel with Flamstead; and an amusing picture of Hooke, ever lying in wait for some fresh discovery of Newton's, that he might claim priority of invention.

This account of Newton is almost entirely that of his intellectual life. M. Biot disapproves entirely of pursuing a man of

science into his familiar and daily life to satisfy prurient curiosity; and so it is that there is little domestic detail in any of these sketches. The life and opinions of Galileo are drawn at considerable length, as well as his trial and recantation. Our author throws entire discredit upon the anecdote related of Galileo, that he said immediately after his recantation, "And yet it *does* move." Besides that it is not mentioned by any cotemporary writer, M. Biot justly suspects that the old man would naturally feel himself too happy to have escaped safe and sound from the hands of the Inquisitors to be likely to arouse their wrath so soon again by a vain bravado.

Charles-Marie la Condamine was a man of whom it might truly be said, that his life consisted of curiosity, to which alone he seems to have been indebted for all his success in the sciences, in literature, and in the world. It was, however, a curiosity united to ardor, courage, and constancy. He was born in Paris in 1701. On leaving college he went voluntarily to the siege of Roses, where his dominant passion had nearly proved fatal to him. He was examining a battery most leisurely with a telescope, from an elevation, a scarlet cloak which he wore making him a conspicuous object for the balls, which fell around him altogether unheeded; he was with difficulty compelled to withdraw. Leaving the military career, and having been elected a member of the Academy, chiefly because of the active curiosity which had led him to peep into the arcana of all the sciences, he was associated with Bouguer and Godin, as a commission to travel to the equator, to determine the figure of the earth. Though not equal in science to his colleagues, he was of immense practical utility to them as regards conciliating the inhabitants, treating with authorities, surmounting endless obstacles, and in so many other ways that, had it not been for him, in all probability the expedition would have been useless. On his return, he published his observations, which Bouguer attacked intemperately. La Condamine answered pleasantly; and the public, not being able to judge of the scientific merits, sided with the one who amused them. Some most amusing instances are related of the exercise of his ruling passion. In one of the royal collections, he was shown a vase made, as it

was said, of a single emerald, whereupon he immediately attempted to scratch it to test its hardness. On another occasion, visiting a small village by the seashore, he saw a taper constantly kept alight, and was assured by the priest that if it was extinguished, the village would be inundated by the waters. "Are you sure of that?" he said; and at once blew it out. Fortunately he was able to escape from the fury of the people by a prompt retreat. One day passing by the apartment of Madame de Choiseul whilst she was writing a letter, he could not resist the temptation to come behind her and look what she was writing. The lady perceiving him, continued to write—"I would tell you more, but M. de la Condamine is behind me, reading what I write." "Ah! Madame," said he, "nothing can be more unjust; I assure you I was not reading." Another time he was caught by M. Choiseul looking over his papers; the Minister could not help smiling, but begged him very seriously not to revisit his cabinet. The end of his life was characteristic. Attacked with a complication of diseases, he could not go to the Academy, but still kept himself acquainted with all the proceedings. There he saw that a young surgeon had proposed a new and bold operation for the cure of one of his maladies; he sent for him, and requested him to try it upon him. "But if I have the misfortune not to succeed?"—"Well, that will not affect you; I am old and ill; people will only say that nature has not seconded your skill. But if I recover, I will myself read an account of your proceedings at the Academy, and your fame will be made." The young man consented, and began to operate; but the patient would persist in seeing every step. "Gently, I beg—I must see; if I do not see your method of operating, how can I describe it at the Academy?" He died after this operation, in 1774—his gayety, courage, and philosophy unaffected to the last.

Clouet, the inventor of steel in France, seems to have been a strange, eccentric character. He left school rather than submit to what he called the minute details of the toilet; and this was the first act of a life-long opposition to all the usages of civilized life. When he was appointed to direct a large establishment for forged iron to supply the arsenal of Douai, he constantly supervised the works by day,

and wrote his correspondence by night. He required but one hour of sleep, and that without lying down, some say without shutting his eyes. When this establishment was fully formed he quitted it. His accounts were found very exact, with one omission—he had forgotten to make any director's charge. His garden had furnished him with food, and his journeys were taken on foot. When about to visit Paris, he took in his pocket bread and brandy, and set off; he never stopped to sleep or rest, but only to renew his provisions when exhausted. Arrived in Paris, he took a small, unfurnished chamber, threw upon the floor some straw for his bed, and he was at home. He made his own garments and cooked his own food. He died in 1801, of a colonial fever, alone, leading almost the life of a savage. Commenting on his character, M. Biot says:

"Was he happy in having so rejected all the resources of civilization? It is a question to which it is impossible to give an answer. But his life shows us a hard and painful existence, terminated by a miserable death. It is scarcely worth while separating one's self from humankind to attain that."

Having given a short biographic notice of Coulomb, the distinguished inventor of the *balance of torsion*, M. Biot makes the following additional remarks:

"These two remarkable men, Coulomb and Clouet, offer to us the most complete contrast of character and existence that can be imagined. Clouet, filled with fierce pride, held himself aloof from human society, like a savage. Coulomb, lived with patience amongst men, only separating himself from their passions and errors, keeping himself always just, calm, firm, and dignified, *in se totus, tres, atque rotundus*. Which of the two has the best employed the gifts of nature? Which of the two has been the most honorable and the most happy?"

Our readers have had a long journey with us—let us hope not a tedious one. We will take leave with a formula from the Tcheou-li, before referred to, prescribed three thousand years ago, and used ever since. When the emperor receives an ambassador, he says, "You have had much to suffer in so long a journey—HOW ARE YOU?" This is the "*Rite of Consolation*." At the audience of dismissal, the emperor presents a cup of wine, saying, "Drink all, if you can; if not, use it to your satisfaction." So we to our readers, and leave with regret these pleasant volumes.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE JOSEPHIE JEANNE DE LORRAINE, Archduchess of Austria, daughter of Francis I. Emperor of Germany, and of Maria Theresa Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, was born on the second of November, 1755. Her mother appears to have destined her for France from her earliest years. Every thing was done to insure "an air of Versailles;" from the books of Paris to its fashions, from a French tutor, the Abbé de Vermond, to a French hairdresser, she was surrounded by nothing but French associations. When, in 1766, Madame Geoffrin was at Vienna caressing the charming little archduchess, she could not resist declaring that she was beautiful as an angel, and ought to be in France. "Take her with you! take her with you!" was the response of Maria Theresa.

The policy of France came at the same time to serve the designs of the Empress. The position of that country, as depicted to us by MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, was at that epoch any thing but flattering:

"In the midst of the eighteenth century, France had lost the heritage of glory left to her by Louis XIV., the best of her blood, half her money, even the audacity and the fortune of despair. Her armies retiring from disaster to disaster, her flags flying, her marine swept away or secreted in her ports and not daring to show itself in the Mediterranean, its commerce annihilated, its coast trade ruined, France, exhausted and abashed, saw England take from her one day Louisburg, the next Senegal, another Gorea, and then Pondicherry, Coromandel, and Malabar; yesterday Guadaloupe, to-day Saint Domingo, to-morrow Cayenne. If France turned her eyes from her empire to beyond the seas, she would hear the march of the Prusso-Anglian troops on her frontiers. Her youth had remained on the fields of battle of Dettingen and of Rosbach; her twenty-seven vessels of the line were captured, six thousand of her sailors

were prisoners, and England, mistress of Belle-Isle, could carry fire and swore along the coasts from Cherbourg to Toulon with impunity."

To remedy such a state of things, it was essential to enter into new alliances:

"England is the enemy, the danger of France, at once for the maintenance of her rank among powers, for the House of Bourbon, and for the honor of the monarchy. Before this nation arrived at the domination of the sea by her commerce, by her marine, by the new springs of prosperity opened by modern empires; before that pride which claimed to rule the navy of all the oceans in the world, and which assumed in parliament assembled 'that not a gun should be fired in Europe without the permission of England;' before that old hatred of France, that jealousy without mercy or conscience, which after having used surprises and treachery against France, abused its misfortunes; before that English policy which declared, through the mouth of Milord Rochefort, 'that any arrangement or event whatsoever that would militate against French policy would be agreeable to his Britannic Majesty;' which declared, through the mouth of Pitt, 'never to esteem the humiliation of the House of Bourbon sufficiently great;' before that enormous growth, that insolent pretension, that implacable enmity, the terrors of which are further kept alive by the impotence and disasters of France, France owed to itself before all things to forget every thing in order to defend itself against so many threats."

Strange it is, but too true, that almost every French work treating on historical subjects opens with a grandiloquent exordium at the expense of England. It is manifest that the theme is popular, and this is much to be regretted, for whatever national jealousies and hatreds may have existed in olden times, they are only kept alive by such empty declamation. To judge by the historico-literary denunciations of MM. de Goncourt, one would suppose that the eighteenth century had seen no acts of aggression on the part of the French under the Grand Monarque and his successor Louis XV. of amorous memory, leading to vindictive reprisals on

* *Histoire de Marie Antoinette.* Par EDMOND et JULES DE GONCOURT.

the part of the assailed. No, it is all assault, battery, fire and sword, treachery and implacable hatred, on the part of England! This is not the way to write history in the present day. People know better. The spread of education and humanitarian principles has also taught nations that there are no wars without national enmities, and that the best way to avoid such is to keep alive and entertain amicable and honorable relations, not to distort history in order to embitter and envenom the dying embers of ancient feuds. As to "implacable hatreds and jealousies," there are none such entertained by the English towards France. They glory in every thing that conduces to the real honor and prosperity of their neighbor and ally; and they rejoice in every addition to her moral and intellectual strength. They only regret when her natural advantages are perverted to mere purposes of material aggrandizement, and power and prosperity are supposed to be represented by unproductive strongholds and wealth-consuming armies.

Marie Antoinette left Austria for France on the seventh of May, 1770. A pavilion had been erected at the frontiers of the latter country on an island of the Rhine near Strasbourg. It is related in the "*Mémoires de Madame de Campan*," that when the archduchess attained this point she had to change her dress even to her chemise and stockings, so that nothing should remain to her of a country no longer her own. Etiquette surely became alike barbarous and tyrannical when it thus exacted the utter rejection of the country of nativity for that of adoption. It was, to say the least of it, a humiliating concession made by an Austrian Archduchess to the vain glory of France. Well might Marie Antoinette, received by the Comte de Noailles, be described as going "au-devant de la France, émue, tremblante, les yeux humides et brillants de larmes." The ceremony of reception, or of "remise," as our authors have it, as if a bale of goods was concerned, being over, the future Dauphine made her public entry into Strasbourg in the king's carriages. Prince Louis de Rohan received her at the cathedral in pontifical robes. "It is the soul of Maria Theresa," exclaimed the courtly monk—miserable descendant of Henry and Anne of the same name—"which is going to unite itself to the soul of the Bourbons!"

The interval between Strasbourg and Paris is now traversed by express in nine hours and a half. It took Marie Antoinette seven days to reach Compiègne by Nancy, Châlons, and Reims. The journey was one long and fatiguing ovation. But she was indemnified, her historians tell us, by hearing on all sides, "from rustics in their Sunday vests, from old curés, and from young women, 'Qu'elle est jolie, notre dauphine!'" The first greeting of the royal family of France occurred at the bridge of Berne, in the forest of Compiègne. Marie Antoinette had to step down from her carriage, the Counts de Saulx, Tavannes, and De Tessé conducting her by the hand to the King, who raised her from her knees, and, embracing her with royal and paternal kindness, presented her to the Dauphin, who received his *future* after the same fashion.

On the 15th of May the court left Compiègne for the Château de la Muette. At supper, we are told, "Madame du Barry obtient du lâche amour de Louis XV. de s'asseoir à la table de Marie Antoinette. Marie Antoinette sait ne pas manquer au roi; et, après le souper, comme des indiscrets lui demandent comment elle a trouvé Madame du Barry, '*Charmante*,' fait-elle simplement." This from the "*Mémoires de Weber*!"

The next day the marriage ceremony was performed at Versailles. The King and the Dauphin had left for the château after the supper at two in the morning: Marie Antoinette followed, "coiffée et habillée en trèsgrand négligé," having to complete her toilette at Versailles. At the nuptials, the Archbishop of Reims, who presided, blessed thirteen gold pieces, as well as the ring, and presented them to the Dauphin. When night came, he had further to bless the nuptial bed, the King himself "donnait la chemise au Dauphin, la Duchesse de Chartres à la Dauphine."

Strange omens attended upon this royal solemnity. A heavy storm broke over Versailles, accompanied by loud thunder and vivid lightning. Superstitious people can *now* see a warning in the fact. The very château, it is said, trembled. A more serious catastrophe also came to cast a gloom over the marriage festivities. The day that these were to terminate, on the thirtieth of May, Ruggieri had the management of a display of fireworks on the place of Louis XV. By some strange mischance the crowd was seized with a

panic, and the most fearful results ensued. Hundreds of persons were more or less injured, and less than one hundred and thirty two were killed. "Ces mors," say our historians, "des fêtes du mariage du Dauphin et de la Dauphine étaient jetés au cimetière de la Madeleine. Qui eût dit alors les voisins qu'ils y attendaient?"

The career of the Dauphine was, notwithstanding these evils omens, smiling at the onset. The marriage of the Comte de Provence and the Comte d'Artois with two daughters of the King of Sardinia had brought two other strange young ladies to the palace, and a close intimacy soon attached the three to one another. They participated in each other's pleasures, walks, rides, and even repasts, when these were not public. They even got up amateur theatrical performances, forbidden by Louis XV., at Versailles, and had the Dauphin for an audience.

Louis XV. himself took Marie Antoinette in great affection. He seemed to breathe a fresher air in her joyous, innocent company, and he sought after it so much as to arouse the jealousies of Madame du Barry, who feared that *la petite rousse*, as she called the Dauphine, might reclaim the monarch to better sentiments. So she spared no exertions to hurt her in his opinion, and she experienced all the pleasure of an ignoble triumph when she heard the King relieve himself by sighing forth deeply, "Ah! I know well that Madame the Dauphine does not like me." The Dauphine was equally unfortunate in her relations with the "Mesdames Tantes," as they were called. Madame Adelaide was as jealous as Madame du Barry of the ascendancy of the ingenuous young princess over the King. Madame Victoire made an attempt to be kind, but she was overruled by the imperious will of her elder sister and the intrigues of Madame de Noailles. Mesdames Elizabeth and Clotilde, still young, were kept back by their preceptor, Madame de Marsan. Soon, also, jealousies crept in where friendship of the warmest hue had existed at first. The Comte de Provence gradually founded his own social circle—his "salon," as our continental neighbors have it—afterwards known as "le salon de Monsieur," a "salon de bouderie, de pédanterie, et de doctrine;" and as the Countess herself grew envious of the lady who had anticipated her as the Dauphine of France, so the salon de Monsieur and the court of

Marie Antoinette became daily more and more antagonistic.

And did her husband's love and affection indemnify the young princess for all these animosities and ill-concealed jealousies? Upon this delicate subject we must let the authors speak themselves:

"We sometimes meet, as a royal dynasty and race is at the point of exhaustion, heartless beings, impotent temperaments in whom Nature appears to embody its own lassitudes. The Dauphin was one of those men to whom the torments of passion and the solicitations of temperament are refused for a long time, and who, having the conscience of these failings as a shame, tear themselves rudely and abruptly from love by humiliating their wives. There might perchance also have been as much derived from the influence of education as from the injustice of Nature in this misfortune of the Dauphin.

"This coldness, this want of passions of youth and sex, this failure of imagination, these weaknesses and deficiencies in a Bourbon eighteen years of age, this husband, this man, were they not in reality the work, the crime of a tutor selected by the improvident piety of the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI.?"

Although it is difficult to associate physical debility with a perverted education, Marie Antoinette seems to have entered so far into the views somewhat incoherently developed by our authors as above, as to have made a point of getting rid of the said tutor—one Antoine Paul Jacques de Quelen—who had as many titles as if he had been the sole remaining representative of the middle ages. "Monsieur le Duc," said Marie Antoinette one day to this precious remnant of courtly piety and hypocrisy, "Monsieur le Dauphin is old enough to no longer require a tutor, and I do not want a spy, so I beg of you not to reappear before me."

As opposed to this phlegmatic disposition and passionless nature of the Dauphin, there was the Dauphine herself—a young girl advancing open-armed to her husband, anxious to love and be loved. Though of a somewhat thoughtful, dreamy disposition, Marie Antoinette was also at once gay and lively. Her light joyous laugh filled all Versailles, and her pranks caused no end of scandal. But she revenged herself by calling Madame de Noailles "Madame l'Etiquette"—a sobriquet she did not forget when she was Queen, for, having one day fallen from a donkey's back, she said, "Go and fetch Madame de Noailles, she will tell us what is ordered by etiquette when the Queen

of France can not keep her seat on a donkey." Madame de Marsan, the governess to the Dauphin's sisters, was still more offended with the levity of the Dauphine, which she condemned as only fit for a courtesan; nor did her censures and calumnies even stop at that point.

"Mariée et sans mari," as our biographers express it, and distrusted or disliked by the members of the family she had married into, Marie Antoinette sought for comfort in her sad position in the friendship of a few sympathetic spirits. Among these were Madame de Picquigny, a laughter-loving, sarcastic lady, from whom the Dauphine first learnt to designate ladies at court of a certain age as "*les Siècles*;" prudes, with great pretensions to devoutness, "*les collets montés*;" and the bearers of scandal and calumnies, "*les paquets*." Another was Madame de Cossé, of whom a cotemporary ("*Portefeuille d'un Talon Rouge*") wrote that she possessed "*un esprit anglais logé avec une imagination française dans une tête de femme*." But foremost in the Dauphine's affections stood Madame de Lamballe, for whom she entertained a lasting friendship. Although only twenty years of age, Madame de Lamballe had known misfortunes, for she had lost her husband, the Prince de Lamballe, "*mort de débauches*," and yet was she of such engaging, agreeable manners that she won the regards of all, and even a marriage between Louis XV. and the princess was once talked of; and hence the fears aroused by her mere presence in the bosom of the Bu Barry were of themselves a bond of amity between Marie Antoinette and Marie Thérèse Lamballe.

Three years had elapsed since Marie Antoinette had been in France, when a public entry into the good city of Paris was decided upon. This took place on the eighth of June, 1773, and the young princess was naturally delighted beyond conception with the reception given to her youth and beauty. She walked forth amidst the crowd in the gardens of the Tuileries, and received personally the homage of all. Old courtiers did their best to encourage her. The aged Duc de Brissac, pointing to the sea of people from the windows of the Tuileries, said: "*Madame, you have there, before your eyes, two hundred thousand lovers!*" (*Deux cent mille amoureux de vous.*)

The delights of the day were so intoxi-

cating, that the Princess wished to experience them again. She went to the Opera and to the Théâtre Français. But even this did not satisfy her; she wished to be nearer to, and more familiar with, the people, and she organized pedestrian walks in the park of Saint-Cloud. The people gave her back affection for kindness, and nothing at that time could exceed the popularity of Marie Antoinette. There were naught but praises and good words in every one's mouth for that "*Dauphine chérie, qui faisait le miracle de rattacher ainsi Versailles à la France!*"

But at that very same time the work of hatred and destruction, which had commenced the very day when Marie Antoinette had left Vienna, was being carried on incessantly, although noiselessly and in the dark. Marie Antoinette had against her an abstract, blind, pitiless enmity, that of a principle—the policy of France of old. This was the religion of French diplomacy, and its followers declared themselves as preëminently "*le parti français*." In the eyes of this party the alliance effected with Marie Antoinette was a disgrace—the fulfillment of the new policy inaugurated during the reign of Madame de Pompadour. M. d'Aiguillon and Madame du Barry were at the head of the party, and they had with them the Jesuits and the clergy, because Maria Theresa had protected the Jansenists. The mere claim urged by Mademoiselle de Lorraine, a relative of Maria Theresa, to take her place in a minuet after princes of the blood, had sufficed to arouse all the passions of the old courtiers against the new-comers, and had thrown them into the arms of "*parti français*." M. de Choiseul, the champion of Madame de Pompadour's policy, was in exile. D'Aiguillon and Du Barry ruled the King, narrow and bigoted prejudices swayed the court, and Marie Antoinette was delivered over, without a friend, to the hostile party. Hence was the credit of this "*princesse si française*" undermined at the very onset of her career, and that fatal epithet, "*l'Autrichienne*," which was to accompany her to the scaffold, circulated from the first in a court so personally inimical to her.

On the evening of the tenth of May, 1774, officers, messengers, and domestics were grouped in the court-yard of Versailles watching the glimmering light of a taper in a window. The light went out.

Louis XV. was no more, and the crowd hastened to pay its homages to a new King and Queen. Among those who did so most successfully, as far as the King was concerned, was Madame Adelaïde, his aunt, who early obtained an influence over the monarch to the prejudice of his queen and wife. Had Marie Antoinette had any influence, M. de Choiseul would have been at the head of the cabinet. Madame Adelaïde succeeded in obtaining the nomination of M. de Maurepas, cousin to M. d'Aiguillon, the great mainstay of the Jesuit party, inveterate against Austria, and as inimical to Marie Antoinette as he had once been to Madame de Pompadour. But it is true, also, that the Dauphin, father of Louis XVI., had left a political testament, in which he had strongly recommended M. de Maurepas as an old minister who had preserved his attachment to the true principles of policy which Madame de Pompadour did not comprehend or had betrayed!

Marie Antoinette succeeded in procuring an interview between M. de Choiseul and Louis XVI., but the results were only productive of ridicule. "M. de Choiseul," the Queen hastened to say, "I am delighted to see you here. You have procured my happiness, it is but right that you should be here to witness it." The King, puzzled, could only say: "M. de Choiseul, you have got very fat, you have lost your hair, you are becoming bald!" M. de Maurepas could after this afford to smile at the opposition of Marie Antoinette. He was seconded by violent, unscrupulous colleagues, all systematic upholders of the old and ever-reviving French policy of a dominating exclusive influence in Europe.

The enmity borne to Marie Antoinette, and which had limited itself at first to re-priminations and fault-findings, attained an acme when Madame Adelaïde presented a solemn accusation of the Queen to the King. Luckily M. de Maurepas felt that the vindictive, scandalizing old aunts were going too far, and he interfered in favor of the persecuted Queen. His policy in so doing was manifest; whatever might be Marie Antoinette's faults, she was, at that time, far more beloved by the people than the bigoted, evil-tongued old ladies who unfortunately swayed the weak and vacillating mind of the monarch. The policy of the Queen was also that of the public. Hence, although M. de Maurepas thus defended the Queen against the calumnies

of her aunts, he did not the less distrust her, and he continued to insist upon Marie Antoinette being placed without the pale of public affairs, and being kept at a distance from the throne and state.

Unfortunately, the enmity of the aunts and the policy of the minister were seconded by the domestic relations of the King and Queen. There was at that epoch little or no sympathy, assuredly no love, between them. Poor Marie Antoinette, when reproached for riding on horseback, would reply: "Au nom de Dieu! laissez-moi en paix, et sachez que je ne compromets aucun héritier!"

One day, in the year 1774, the King being in a very unusually kind mood, he said to the queen: "You love flowers? Well, I have a bouquet to give you: it is le Petit Trianon." No present could have been more agreeable to the Queen—a queen without business, without children, without a husband. She could work there, amuse herself, improve, create, make a little Vienna. Above all, she resolved that nature should be studied in laying out the grounds, and not art, as had hitherto been the case in most French gardens; and if we are to believe her biographers, she was indebted to an Englishman, to Sir Thomas Wathely, for these ideas, which were at that time unknown in France, where all that was not formal was designated as Chinese.

Above all things, Marie Antoinette was delighted at the idea of being liberated at Trianon from the formalities of Versailles. It is difficult to form an idea of the exceeding annoyances to which, as a queen, etiquette subjected that naturally lively and amiable young Austrian princess at the French court. She had actually to receive her first physician, first surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, secretary, king's valets, and king's physicians and surgeons, besides other officers of the king's household, one after another, before she was allowed to get up. She had then to go through what was designated as *les grandes entrées* whilst she was dressing, which act was hence called "La toilette de présentation." Brothers of the King, princes of the blood, captains of the guard, officers of the court, had all to pay their respects to the Queen whilst she was actually putting on her daily garments. Once dressed, she had to receive the ladies—the order of things one would have thought ought to have been reversed.

Then she had to attend mass, and then to dine, or, as it would now be called, to *déjeuner*. To judge of the prodigious annoyance of such an extreme punctiliousness, one anecdote will suffice, and we are told that such events happened daily. The lady in waiting was about to *passer la chemise à la reine*, when she was obliged to hand it over to a lady of honor who had just come in, and who had to take off her gloves before she could accept of it; by that time the Duchess of Orleans had come in after scratching at the door, and the chemise had to be handed to her, and she again had to pass it over to the Comtesse de Provence, who followed close upon her footsteps. All this while the Queen, trembling with cold and holding her hands folded across her naked bosom, sighed forth, "C'est odieux! quelle importunité!" No wonder that Marie Antoinette should have felt an intense delight at the idea of escaping, even partially, from all these torments and tyrannies of court etiquette.

Madame de Lamballe was her chief companion at Trianon. She had succeeded by force of entreaties in getting her friend appointed to the previously obsolete charge of superintendent of the Queen's house—a charge which got rid of many incumbrances, partly by superseding them, partly by inducing the titled ladies who fulfilled disagreeable duties to relinquish them in disgust. Madame de Noailles and Madame de Cossé, for example, gave up their vocations. Unfortunately, the angers and jealousies occasioned by this resuscitation of an old charge went from Versailles to Paris, and people, forgetting the extravagances of Du Barry, began to grumble at the prodigality of Marie Antoinette.

It seemed as if every thing was destined to go against the Queen, her tastes and habits, her pleasures and friendships, her sex and age, her very dress. French ladies had at that epoch a passion for extravagance in the matter of hair-dressing. Marie Antoinette was unfortunately carried away by the folly of the day, and although the so-called "world" followed the fashion she gave, the public ridiculed and caricatured it. Louis XVI. ordered Carlin to satirize it, and Maria Theresa and her brother Joseph—"cet empereur du Danube," as our authors contemptuously designate him—condemned it.

If the Queen danced, the exercitation

was objected to; if the Queen went on a sledge on the waters of Trianon, the practice was still more loudly censured; every single act of her life was found fault with. And why? because in a court and at an epoch of universal licentiousness she had set her face against illegitimate and adulterous *liaisons*. She had even gone so far as to refuse to receive wives who were separated from their husbands, and hence the inveterate and incessant hostility of the Chatillons, the Valentinois, the Roncés, "queen of the nights of Chantilly;" the gambling Roncherolles, the Rozens, protected by the Bishop of Noyon; the Duchess of Mazarin, the Marquise de Fleury, a lady with whom were associated strange stories of numerous amours; and even the Montmorencys—all the most illustrious names of France dragged in the mud by the profligacy of the age. And this army of titled shameless calumniators was strengthened by another group—the Genlis, the Marignys, the Sparres, the Gouys, the Lamberts, the Pugets, and many others, whom the Queen was destined afterwards to see in the first ranks of the Revolution.

These scandalous persecutions of a corrupt court were for a time scattered to the winds by the newly-aroused affections of the King. Marie Antoinette rejoiced in the love of her husband, and for once stood forward before the world as the queen of his affections as well as by right. It is strange to read of a husband falling in love with his wife! but that such was the case in the instance of Louis XVI. our authors give lengthened evidence. The Queen, with her characteristic vivacity—a Germanic rudeness that shocked the refinement of the French court—had the pleasure of informing the King, "*qu'elle venait se plaindre à lui d'un de ses sujets assez audacieux pour lui donner des coups de pied dans le ventre.*" The King was so delighted that he found a kind word for every one, even for the old Duke de Richelieu. If the announcement of the forthcoming event was couched in rather strange language by the Austrian Princess, the conduct of the French at the accouchement was, however, far worse. Etiquette demanded that at such a supreme moment none should be refused admission.

"The populace rushed in, and that so tumultuously, that the bed-hangings which surrounded the Queen's bed would have been tumbled down

upon the Queen, if they had not been supported by cords. The lowest of the public were in the room. Chimney-sweeps clambered on the furniture in order to see better. No one could move. The Queen was stifling. At thirty-five minutes past eleven the child was born. The heat, the noise, the crowd, the gesture agreed to beforehand with Madame de Lamballe, and which intimated to the Queen that it was only a daughter, all combined to bring about a bad crisis. There was a determination of blood to the head: her mouth was awry. 'Some air!' exclaimed the accoucher, 'some warm water! A vein must be opened at the feet!' The Princess de Lamballe fainted and was carried away. The King threw himself at the windows, and opened them with the energy of a madman. The ushers and valets endeavored to push back the crowd. The warm water not being forthcoming, the first surgeon *piqua à sec* the queen's foot: blood came forth. At the expiration of three quarters of an hour, according to the King's own narrative,* the Queen opened her eyes. She was saved."

Two hours afterwards the daughter of Louis XVI. and of Marie Antoinette was christened in the chapel of Versailles by the name of Maria Theresa Charlotte, and entitled Madame, daughter of the King. Two hundred girls had dowries given them, and were married at Notre-Dame, and Marie Antoinette soon buried the ambition of the Queen in the feelings of the mother. "Pauvre petite," she said, as her baby was presented to her, "vous n'étiez pas désirée, mais vous ne m'en serez pas moins chère."

The ministry and the court, however, did not cease their hostility to the Queen; Maurepas never omitted to impress upon the King that it was politically advantageous that the Queen should have "un caractère de légèreté" with the public. Necker, Turgot, Terray, Maupeou, La Vaillière, and others, also conspired against her. The practices of the Queen were, unfortunately, totally opposed to their ideas of economical retrenchment. Even changes in the ministry brought no relief to the hostility born to Marie Antoinette. M. de Montbarry detested her for favors shown to the family of the Duc de Choiseul. M. de Sartine was not a bit better disposed towards her. The Queen, however, happily only laughed at all these enmities, and so abundant were her spirits that she made every one about her join in the laugh at their expense. A

mother now, as to politics and business matters she neither wished nor cared to take a part in them. It was only when the "parti français" carried their hostility so far as to openly advocate "une retraite de la reine au Val-de-Grâce," that she cast off her indifference, and resolved to have a tussle with her enemies. The result was a victory on her part, in the appointment of M. de Castries to the ministry of marine, and of M. de Ségur to the war department.

These struggles for power and influence were once more interrupted by a birth. On the twenty-second of October, 1781, the Queen was again seized with the pains of labor. A little more decency seems to have been observed on this than on the first occasion.

"The King had counter-ordered the shooting excursion he was about to make at Saclé at noon. He was near the Queen, anxious and agitated, but with characteristic singularity he had taken out his watch, and was counting the minutes with the apparent coolness of a physician. As his watch marked exactly a quarter past one the Queen was delivered. So deep a silence pervaded the room at this solemn moment that the King thought that it was another girl. But the keeper of the seals declared the sex of the new-born. The King, distracted with joy and weeping for very happiness, shook hands with every one about him. 'France has a Dauphin, the queen a son!' The King ordered the Prince de Tingry, captain of the Gardes du Corps, to leave his service on his own person, in order that he might accompany the Dauphin into his apartment, where were already a lieutenant and a sub-lieutenant of the Gardes du Corps, to attend upon him; and then the child was taken to the Queen, and received an embrace in which the mother concentrated all her heart, all her strength, and all her joy.

"The gladness of the mother was that of the nation. The good news ran through Paris from mouth to mouth. 'A dauphin! a dauphin!' The enthusiasm manifested itself in the streets, at the theater, at the fireworks, at the Te Deums. At Versailles, the crowd filling the court-yard had only one shout, 'Vive le roi, la reine, et monseigneur le dauphin!' There was one continued procession and embassy of the six bodies of arts and trades, of the juges-consuls, of the companies of arquebusiers, and of the 'halles.' 'Tout est rire, amour d'un peuple, chansons, violons!'"

Alas! little did people anticipate the future destined for the baby ushered into the world with so many pomps and vanities. Madame de Polignac was appointed "gouvernante des enfants de France," and the Queen spent her days between the

* Journal de Louis XVI. and other mss. of the King found in the iron chest.

house of the governess and Trianon. Marly had been, up to that epoch, the summer residence of the court of France. But Marly was another Versailles—the same grandeur, the same etiquette, and, consequently, the same inevitable ennui reigned there. The buildings were formal, the walks were regal, nature itself was trimmed and pruned into solemnity. Trianon was precisely the opposite. There were no forms, no ceremonies, and no ennui there. The garden and its noble tenants were alike allowed to follow the dictates of nature.

“There was nothing but rural employments and rural amusements. The Queen, in a white dress and straw hat, ran about the garden from her farm to her dairy, conducted her guests to eat her fresh eggs or drink her milk, dragged the King from the arbor in which he might be reading to a lunch on the grass; sometimes she would fish in the lake; at others, seated on the green sward, she would exchange the tediousness of embroidery for the distaff of the villager. Such a life constituted the happiness of Marie Antoinette. To her there was nothing but delight in this character of shepherdess, and in this life of the fields. It was the pretty kingdom of that Queen who could weep over ‘Nina,’ and wished for nothing ‘but flowers, landscapes, and Watteaus.’ Trianon was the lovely abode of her soul and of her tastes—that Trianon where her shade wanders in the present day—where, apart from the ingratitude of things, the silence of the echoes, the forgetfulness of nature, every thing speaks like a deserted stage, reminding one of the happy days of Marie Antoinette, as the step of the visitor hesitates and trembles, walking, perchance, in the very footsteps of the Queen!”

With the exception of the red-trowsered belligerents, the inevitable accompaniments to all French scenery, and who here play at sentinel to what was once the dairy, and once the farm-house, and once the billiard-room, in the silence and shadow of the tall trees and dense shrubbery which frame in the lake and rockery, all at Trianon seems to remain in the present day as it was in those too brief happy moments. The illusion is, indeed, at once charming and complete. The very fish look up, as if awaiting for a young Queen and a lively court to ply them with tempting baits. The French, who are so fond of theatrical effects, alone seem scarcely to appreciate the poetry of the place. The thoughtful stranger may wander alone and undisturbed through its glades, by the rockery, in the deserted rooms of the

little rustic buildings that dot the green sward at distances of some fifty to a hundred yards from one another; the lonely sentinel who paces to and fro below will not disturb him; his thoughts are of some buxom village girl, not of the shadow of poor Marie Antoinette!

Yet all the little embellishments that enhanced this sweet spot in the time of Marie Antoinette are not to be found in the present day. In vain would the stranger seek near the grotto, “*parfaite et bien placée*,” for a fall of water and a trembling bridge, on the island in the lake for a temple of love, in the depths of the shrubbery for the roundabout, with ostriches and chimeras for seats, or by the flowing stream for the little mill; but, on the other hand, the *hameau*, where Marie Antoinette used to disguise the King as a miller and Monsieur as a school-master, the Tour de Marlborough, so baptized from the song sung to the Dauphin by his nurse, and the *chaumière* of the Queen, all remain. There is still what there ever was, a “*joli village d’opera comique*,” and the illusionary fissures in the stones, and the ruptures in the plaster, are still to be seen, as if Time could not put an end sufficiently quickly to these amusements of a Queen.

The pleasures of private life may be familiar to a constitutional monarchy, but they were impossible to one constituted as that of the Bourbons was. Besides that the royal family could not separate themselves from the public without loss of influence, the very friendships that surrounded them in their retreat were most injurious to them. The most favored and the most agreeable men at Trianon were the most selfish. M. de Besenval wanted to make and unmake ministers, M. d’Adhémar, “*le joli chanteur*,” aspired to the embassy at London, and M. de Vaudreuil intrigued for the situation of governor to the Dauphin. Diana de Polignac, sister-in-law to Madame de Polignac, instigated and impelled these three men. Marie Antoinette soon found that the “*vie particulière*” which she ambitioned at Trianon was a dream—the disinterestedness of her friends an illusion. There was nothing but importunities on all sides, and, when these failed, the consequences were disappointment and ill-temper. It is said that one day the Queen showed to Madame Campan her pretty “*queue*,” tipped with the tooth of a rhinoceros mounted in

gold, broken in two by M. de Vaudreuil in a moment's impatience at a game of billiards! It was this very M. de Vaudreuil who succeeded in obtaining the King's sanction, long withheld, for the public performance of Beaumarchais's plays, more especially *Figaro*, and which revealed to the world the dangers of a society where patronage was abused in the privacy of life—a terrible step in the grand incline towards a revolution. The Queen was reduced at last, by the importunities of those around her, to cultivate the society of strangers only, and when, as usual, she was censured for this, she replied with a sigh: "You are right, but they ask nothing of me!" Marie Antoinette had, indeed, after the death of M. de Choiseul, Madame de Lamballe excepted, scarcely a friend—all who had ever been so were either discontented or ungrateful. She had at the same time also sacrificed her popularity in Paris by her seclusion at Trianon. A visit which she accidentally paid to the capital made her aware of this unpleasant fact. She returned to Versailles in tears, asking of every one, "Mais que leur ai-je donc fait?" Alas! she had spent moneys on the Petit Trianon which were reproached to her at her condemnation! Unfortunately, she then thought of remedying for past neglects by the purchase of Saint-Cloud. Saint-Cloud was in her eyes a point of reconciliation between her and the people. She could once more mingle with them on the Sunday evenings as she did when she was first married. She could show to them her children, and hold out the Dauphin to receive their applause, and she could bring back the associations of 1772 and 1773. Alas! it was too late. Times and opinions had changed. The very fact of the purchase of Saint-Cloud only added to the previously existing charges of inexcusable extravagance. It was proclaimed aloud that it was immoral and impolitic that a queen should have palaces. And along the road the people, picking up the word that had been first dropped in the salons of the "parti français," said, "Nous allons à Saint-Cloud pour voir les eaux et l'Autrichienne!" Already that was beginning to stir in the hearts of the people with gloomy violence which portended, in the eyes of Bossuet, the revolution of empires.

On the 15th of August, 1785, Prince Louis de Rohan, grand-aumônier de

France, was arrested at Versailles by order of the King. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette had long before this been the victim of an infinity of calumnious reports. Songs and pamphlets, libels and paragraphs, had vied with one another in misrepresenting the character of the Queen.

Among the most notorious of these productions were the "Portefeuille d'un Talon Rouge;" the "Mémoires de Tilly;" those of the Baron de Besenval, and those of the fatuous and presumptuous Duc de Lauzun. The latter is the most contemptible of all her enemies, for had he really enjoyed the favors of Marie Antoinette to the extent to which he pretends, his conduct in publishing the act becomes only the more reprehensible. Even the "Foreign Reminiscences" of Lord Holland contain a scandalous report in connection with a certain M. de Fersen, upon the authority, it is said, of M. de Talleyrand. Nay, there was actually published a "Liste Civile: liste de toutes les personnes avec lesquelles la reine a eu des relations de débauches!" In this precious list we find the names of several Englishmen, the Duke of Dorset and Lords Seymour and Strathaven. But as the noble-minded Prince de Ligne has summed up in his "Mélanges Littéraires," "the pretended gallantry of the Queen was never more than a deep feeling of friendship for one or two persons, and a 'coquetterie de femme, de reine' who wishes to please every one." "Marie Antoinette," say her biographers the Messieurs de Goncourt, "needs no excuses; calumny against her was not detraction; Marie Antoinette remained pure."

The disgraceful and fatal affair known as "l'affaire du collier," brought, however, all these libels and calumnies floating about from mouth to mouth, and from hand to hand, amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest, to an acme. The real grounds of the affair, and of the trial that it led to, are very simple; either the Queen was innocent, or she sold herself for a jewel! And to whom? To the man in France whom she disliked most! And who were the witnesses? Two of the greatest vagabonds, adventurers, and most unprincipled persons in the country!

The jeweler Böhmer had sold to the queen a pair of ear pendants for 360,000 fr., as also to the King for the Queen a complete set of rubies and white diamonds,

as also a pair of bracelets, which cost 800,000 fr. The Queen then declared herself satisfied to Bœhmer, and said she would have no more, notwithstanding which Bœhmer busied himself with collecting the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in order to make a necklace which he destined for the Queen. The necklace completed, he got it shown to the King, who made the offer to present it to the Queen, but the Queen refused to accept it. The offer was renewed a year afterwards, and met with a similar refusal. Then Bœhmer went to the Queen himself, and throwing himself at her feet, declared that unless she took the bracelet he was a ruined man, and would drown himself. Marie Antoinette, aware, however, of how much had been said concerning her extravagance, persisted in her refusal: she told the jeweler that she had warned him she would have no more jewels, and since he had disregarded her warnings he had better break up the necklace, and sell the diamonds one by one, rather than drown himself. The astonishment of the Queen may then be well imagined when, on the third of August, 1785, Bœhmer presented his bill for the diamond necklace, purported to have been bought by the Cardinal de Rohan for the Queen—the agreement to that effect being signed by Marie Antoinette herself!

Cardinal de Rohan, it is to be remarked, had always been the inveterate enemy of Marie Antoinette. He had exposed her to the ridicule of the Du Barrys; he had calumniated her with her mother, and he had shamefully scandalized her at the court of France.

"On the fifteenth of August, day of the Assumption, at twelve, the court was assembled in the gallery, Cardinal de Rohan, in lawn sleeves and cloak, was expecting their majesties to pass on their way to mass, when he was called to the King's study, where he found the Queen.

"'Who gave you the orders, sir,' said the King to him, 'to purchase a necklace for the Queen of France?'

"'Ah! sir,' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'I see too late that I have been deceived!'

"The King continued: 'What have you done with the necklace?'

"'I thought that it had been given to the Queen.'

"'Who intrusted you with this commission?'

"'A lady called Madame la Comtesse de la Motte-Valois, who presented to me a letter from the Queen, and I thought that I was pay-

ing my court to majesty in carrying out her orders.'

"'I, sir!' interrupted the Queen, who was agitating her fan—'I! who, since my arrival at the court, have never addressed a word to you! Whom, I pray, will you persuade that I gave charge of my attire to a bishop, to a grand-almoner of France?'

"'I see quite well,' replied the Cardinal, 'that I have been cruelly deceived. I will pay for the necklace. The desire that I had to please, fascinated my eyes. I have nothing to hide, and I am grieved at what has occurred.'

And so saying, the Cardinal drew from a pocket book an agreement signed 'Marie Antoinette de France.' The King took it.

"'This is neither the writing nor the signature of the Queen: how could a prince of the House of Rohan and a grand-almoner of France fancy that the Queen signed Marie Antoinette de France? Every body knows that queens only sign their baptismal names.' The King, presenting then a copy of his letter to Bœhmer to the Cardinal, said: 'Did you write such a letter as this?'

"'I do not remember having done so.'

"'And if the original was shown to you, signed by yourself?'

"'If the letters is signed by me, it is a true letter.'

"'Explain to me, then, this enigma,' continued the King; 'I do not wish to prove you guilty, I wish to justify you.'

"The Cardinal turned pale, and supported himself by a table. 'Sire, I am too much confused to reply to your majesty in a manner—'

"'Well, recover yourself, Monsieur le Cardinal,' said the King, 'and go into my study, so that the presence of the Queen or of myself shall not interfere with the quiet that is necessary to you. You will find there paper, pens, and ink; put your statement in writing.' The Cardinal obeyed. In less than a quarter of an hour he returned, and presented a paper to the King. The King took it, saying, at the same time: 'I warn you that you are about to be arrested.'

"'Ah! sire,' exclaimed the Cardinal, 'I shall always obey your majesty's orders, but may I be spared the grief of being arrested in my pontifical robes, and in the presence of the whole court!'

"'It must be so!'

"And so saying, the King left the Cardinal abruptly, not to hear any more."

Cardinal de Rohan was, accordingly, arrested, and led to the Bastille; and on the fifth of September, 1785, his trial was removed from the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities to that of the Grand Chambers, by the King's letters. It is needless to enter here into the details of this scandalous affair, which has afforded matter upon which to exercise the ingenuity and far-sightedness of romancers as well as historians, of scandal-

mongers as well as of chroniclers. Suffice it that the results of the trial established in the eyes of all persons not influenced by the passions of the day, the guilt of Madame de la Motte, the complicity to a certain extent of the Cardinal, and the innocence of the Queen. The jury, however, by a majority of twenty-six against twenty-three, while it condemned Madame de la Motte to castigation, branding, and perpetual imprisonment, acquitted the Cardinal, as the dupe of a woman, with whom his relations only added to the deeply scandalous hue of the whole affair.

Two years before the Revolution the unpopularity of M. de Calonne falling upon the Queen, attained such a point of exasperation that her portrait, surrounded by her children, was not exposed at the exhibition for fear of outrage. Domestic and public afflictions had at that time wrought a wondrous change in the character of Marie Antoinette. She had lost a beloved daughter—Beatrix de France—and the dauphin himself, sickly and rickety, was in a condition that gave little hopes of his living to enjoy a throne. Worldly pleasures had no longer any charms for the Queen, and she only sought for the solitudes and tranquillity of Trianon. Her last-born child—the Duke of Normandy—had come into the world without a single acclamation, and had been cradled in calumny. Under such moral and political reverses Marie Antoinette called the Abbé de Vermond to her counsels. The Abbé was one of those men who wished to rule over all. He dismissed M. de Calonne and nominated M. de Brienne to his place. His object and that of his satellites was to save the kingdom by the Church! This was precisely the means to hasten a catastrophe in the then temper of France, goaded on by the encyclopedists. Such a system, indeed, only begat new enemies to the Queen, who was even denounced by parliament itself to Louis XVI. The Queen was obliged to give way, and M. Necker was restored to the ministry.

With the return of M. Necker to power we may date the commencement of the Revolution. The anger of the populace, the hatred of France, the interests of Europe, and more especially of England, which, according even to her biographers, “*elle n’avait cessé d’avilir par ses agens,*” were all united against the mistaken policy of Marie Antoinette, rendered more

disastrous by the King’s incapacity, by family dissensions and hostilities, and by the intrigues of favorites. When the Bastille fell before the fury of the populace, the first cries of “death” were given to the Polignacs. The Queen was obliged to part with her friends, for whom no sacrifices of money or titles had been too great. But still the Revolution feared Marie Antoinette. From the weakness and incapacity of Louis XVI. it had nothing to apprehend, but it saw an enemy difficult to conquer in the intelligence and firmness—the head and heart—of the Queen. Hence was the whole ire of the revolutionary press concentrated against her person. The King was spoken of as honest and virtuous, but weak! but calumnies and insults were heaped on the head of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. At length it was intimated that “*la grande dame devait s’en aller, si elle ne préférerait pis,*” and this failing, and the Queen remaining steadfast to her King and family, the Revolution resolved to disembarass itself of her by tumultuous manifestations.

On the evening of the fifth of October, the Queen was in her grotto of Trianon alone with her griefs, when M. de Saint-Priest came to announce that the populace were marching against Versailles. The Queen resolved then to confront the storm, and she left Trianon: it was for the last time. At Versailles she found every one in a panic—ministers deliberating, a King incapable of a decision. The sound of musketry was heard in the streets, and soon the mob appeared at the gates of the palace carrying La Fayette in triumph, and shouting for “*les boyaux de la reine!*”

In the midst of the anarchy and confusion that prevailed, there was only one man, and that was the Queen. “I know,” said the daughter of Maria Theresa, “that they have come from Paris to seek my life, but I have learnt from my mother not to fear death, and I shall await it with firmness.” La Fayette had answered for his army during the night, and the Queen had retired to rest, when she was awoken by the report that the mob had assaulted the palace. Miomandre de Sainte-Marie and Du Repaire fell at the door of the Queen’s apartments, whilst, after many perplexities, the latter joined the King and her children. The mob, as it assailed the palace, vociferated: “A Paris! à Paris!” The King yielded to the pressure, and promised to start for the capital at mid-

day. This did not satisfy the insurgents ; they insisted upon the Queen appearing upon the balcony. She presented herself before the infuriated mob with her children. "No children!" they shouted out. They wanted the Queen, not the mother. Marie Antoinette dismissed the children, and crossing her arms upon her breast awaited their will. The mob were taken aback with this exhibition of courage, and responded to it by shouts of "Bravo ! vive la reine !"

The next day, the heads of the two Gardes du Corps who had perished in defending the Queen were carried on pikes in the front of the tumultuous procession which conducted the royal family to Paris. The comedian Beaulieu sat on the box, amusing the crowd and insulting the King, Queen, and Dauphin, by songs, in which they were designated as the "boulanger," the "boulangère," and the "petit mitron !"

After a moment's appearance at the Hôtel de Ville, where the unfortunate monarch could not even utter a brief sentence to humor the people without being prompted by the Queen, the royal family took up their quarters at the Tuileries, which had not been inhabited for three reigns, and was almost void of furniture. The ladies had to pass the first night on chairs, and the Queen and the Dauphin on mattresses. The next day Marie Antoinette excused herself to visitors for the poverty of her resources, by saying : "Vous savez que je ne m'attendais pas à venir ici !"

The courage which had so long sustained the Queen gave way for a moment before the humiliation of the monarchy. At her first reception of the diplomatic body, she sobbed audibly. If she trembled, however, it was less for herself than for her children. She never let them go out of her sight. If she left the Tuileries on some errand of charity, the Prince and Princess accompanied her. Every day she is said to have performed some kind act or other. Nor had she given up the interest which she had always taken in political matters. She consulted at this crisis with the ministers, and it was mainly left with her to bring the King to a decision, either to act himself, or to retire to some strong place and let others act. But the King was incapable of a decision. All she could get from him was his consent to withdraw to Saint-Cloud, and where he awaited the republic as he had the month of October,

when the Genius of Revolution asked audience of the Queen.

It is now some time since we have told the story of M. de la Marck's relations with Mirabeau from the published correspondence of the former. When the fact was made known to Marie Antoinette that the great democratic orator was approachable by bribery, her reply was : "We shall never be so unfortunate, I think, as to be reduced to the painful necessity of having recourse to Mirabeau." But a few days elapsed, however, before she was obliged to enter into those negotiations with the man whom she designated as "a monster," and in whose presence, at their first interview on the third of July, 1790, she betrayed such evident signs of terror as to fill the turbulent demagogue's bosom with pity and pride, till in his characteristic boastful manner he promised a throne to the son of the Queen of France ! He, who could no longer control the revolutionary flames he had so long helped to fan into a blaze. Still the royal family had confidence in him, and with his death, which followed the very same year that he sold himself to the Bourbons, they lost all hopes.

The attempted flight of the royal family to Varennes, cursorily passed over in the Memoirs before us, only served to render their position worse. After that, both King and Queen were subjected to a most harassing surveillance. Marie Antoinette, however, by a peculiarity not a little characteristic, had, on the occasion of the capture at Varennes, won the affections of a young commissary of the Assembly called Barnave. This noble young man abandoned the cause he had thoughtlessly thrown himself into, and thenceforth devoted himself to that of the Queen. Unfortunately it was too late ; it was not in the power of any individual, however eloquent or influential, to stay the Revolution. At the same time that Marie Antoinette was obliged to send her friend Madame de Lamballe to that England, "qu'elle n'avait jamais cessé d'avilir," in order to induce Pitt not to let the French monarchy perish, a scandalous outrage was being perpetrated in Paris. Madame de la Motte had been summoned before the Assembly, where she had protested her innocence on the subject of the diamond necklace, whilst a member had denounced the Queen as the actual criminal, and demanded that the trial should be gone over again !

Amidst all these difficulties and dangers, which had blanched her hair as if she had been seventy years of age, Marie Antoinette still devoted herself incessantly to business. She wrote all day long, and her foreign letters were indited by means of a cipher, the key to which was to be found in *Paul and Virginia*. Her secret correspondence with Leopold II., with Burke, and others, has been preserved in the archives of the empire. The Queen, in her incessant efforts to combat the revolution, to preserve the monarchy and the inheritance of her son, had various difficulties to encounter besides such as naturally arose from the circumstances themselves; such were the counsels of the King's sister, ever advocating emigration, and the more dignified exhortations of Madame Elizabeth to fight for the crown; but after all none were more perplexing and more fatal than the King's incapability of forming a resolution.

In the mean time the twentieth of June arrived. Half the day had passed over like other days—in waiting for what next would turn up—when a loud noise proclaimed the advent of the people. It was another October! The palace was invaded and sacked. The Queen, with a red cap which had been placed on her head to save her life, said to the woman who were insulting her even to spitting in her face; “Did you ever see me before? Have I ever done you an injury? You have been deceived. I am French. I was happy when you loved me.” And the furies hesitated before that sweet and sorrowful voice. Even the fat Santerre said: “Take off that red cap from that child's head, (the dauphin's;) don't you see how hot he is?” Poor child! who the next day, when there was a struggle in the courtyard of the chateau, said: “Maman, est-ce qu'hier n'est pas fini.”

The clever and courageous Marie Antoinette committed an error at this epoch. General La Fayette, who never aimed at any greater change than that of constitutional monarchy, was greatly annoyed at the excesses of the twentieth of June. He declared before the Assembly that the constitution had been violated, and he demanded that the authors of such a crime should be punished. He at the same time professed his allegiance to the royal family, but the Queen, who had transacted with Mirabeau and intrigued with Barnave, had the imprudence to reject the

overtures made by La Fayette. “It was better,” she said, “to perish than to be indebted for their safety to the man who had done them the greatest mischief.”

Matters then began to precipitate themselves. There was no longer any restraint to insults, and threats grew more loud and vociferous. This state of things lasted for seven long months. On the ninth of August, between eleven and twelve at night, the Queen heard the alarm-bell of the Hôtel de Ville. Soon a shot was heard in the court-yard of the Tuileries. “There is the first,” she said; “unfortunately it will not be the last.” The crisis had arrived; the Queen was prepared for it. She made Pétion, the mayor of Paris, sign an order for the National Guard to repel force by force. She did the last thing she could do to save the King's honor—she preserved to him the power of dying with the law in one hand and a sword in the other. But alas! Louis XVI. was no hero. He was on the contrary, among the weakest of men. In spite of the opposition of Marie Antoinette, he the very next morning permitted Pétion and Mandat, the Commander-in-chief of the National Guard, to join the revolutionary party under the most flimsy pretenses. The Queen left the King's room, saying “there was no longer any thing to be hoped for.” Nor did she return there till a deputation was announced from the Directory. Rœderer came to inform the King that there was no longer any safety for him but with the National Assembly. It was in vain that the Queen combated against the King's weakness. He yielded without an effort. All that Marie Antoinette could say in her anger was: “Vous ordonnerez avant tout, monsieur, que je sois clouée aux murs de ce palais!”

All the way from the Tuileries to the Feuillants the unfortunate Queen and mother did nothing but weep. The crowd hustled her so, that both her purse and her watch were stolen. Arrived at the Assembly, the royal party were immured in a closet, secured with iron bars, in the rear of the president's chair, and called “la loge du logographe.” At two in the morning, after that long sitting in which Vergniaud had proclaimed the chief of the executive power to be deposed, and had called upon the people to form a National Convention, the Queen was removed to a cell in the old Couvent des

Feuillants. For three days were the royal family thus made to listen to the discussions that ensued, and to hear their lives clamored for. At length, on the thirteenth of August, they were removed to the Temple. The Queen had a shoe on from which her foot issued forth. "Vous ne croyiez pas," she said, smilingly, "que la reine de France manquerait de souliers."

Marie Antoinette was lodged in the second story of the little tower. There were with her Madame Royale and Madame de Lamballe. The Dauphin was in a room close by with Madame de Tourzel and la Dame de Saint-Brice. Five days passed thus, when, on the eighteenth of August, two municipal officers brought the order for the separation of the royal family from their followers. It was a sad and cruel scene, that melted the heart even of Manuel, who had said to the King: "Sire, je n'aime par les rois." "Après l'enlèvement nous restâmes tous quatre sans dormir," simply records Madame. ("Récit des Evénements arrivés au Temple," par Madame Royale, fille du roi, à la suite du "Journal de Cléry.") But this was not all; not only was the Queen deprived of the assistance and consolation of her faithful friends and followers, but their place was filled by spies. The Queen and mother, for her children were now in the same room with herself, knew no liberty save in the hours stolen from the darkness of night.

Still the Queen did not wholly despair. "She still believed in France and in Providence." M. de Malesherbes offering himself as the King's defender, also awakened some hopes. But she had severe trials to encounter, and these momentary hopes were at times dashed to the ground, and changed to the deepest despair. Such was the day (September third) when the crowd shouted for the Queen to appear at the window of the Temple, and she was only prevented going by the municipal Mennessier. When the King inquired wherefore this opposition to her will, "Well," said one of the men, "if you wish to know, it is the head of Madame de Lamballe that they wish to show you."

Such were the scenes that relieved the monotony of life in the Temple. On ordinary days the Dauphin went each morning to the King, who tutored him in Latin and geography, whilst the Queen was similarly occupied in the education of her daughter. At two o'clock all dined to-

gether, and sometimes after dinner the King and Queen would play a game of backgammon, or have a hand of cards. The rest of the day was relieved by needlework, reading, or music. At night, the King would step to the bedside of the sleeping Dauphin, after a few moments would press the hand of the Queen and of Madame Elizabeth, his sister, kiss his daughter, and then retire.

On the third of September there was once more a clamor in the streets. The Republic had been declared. On the twenty-ninth the Commune issued its decree to separate Louis Capet from Marie Antoinette. The ex-King was removed to the great tower of the Temple. The Queen's tears and supplications obtained for her, however, permission to dine with her husband, on the condition however, that no word should be spoken so low as to escape the ears of the commissaries. On the twenty-sixth of October the Queen herself was removed to the great tower, and, to cumulate her affliction, her son was taken away from her. About the middle of November the King and the Dauphin, deprived of all exercise, fell ill; the unfortunate Queen was not allowed to attend upon them.

On the seventh of December, the King furtively informed the Queen that he was to be tried forthwith by the Convention. The trial was soon followed by that solemn scene, the parting. The weak but pious old monarch blessed the Dauphin, and made him swear that he would pardon those who had put his father to death. The blood of Marie Theresa once more broke forth at this scene, and, turning to the municipals, the Queen exclaimed, with a terrible voice: "Vous êtes tous des scélérats." Three women passed that night trembling and weeping, whilst a poor child, escaping from their arms, said to the commissaries, "Let me pass. I will go and ask the people not to kill my papa the King." A few hours more, and the booming of great guns announced to Marie Antoinette that that child had no longer a father.

Marie Antoinette was indebted to the Republic for mourning for herself and children. Greatly changed, too, was the Queen now. It was no longer the laughter-loving, playful, sarcastic Austrian Princess, it was the widow of a murdered monarch, pale and haggard, yet serene, without a hope, except it might be a sigh for her children, calmly awaiting and pre-

paring herself for death. Hopes, for some time extinct, were for a moment revived by the numerous and oft-repeated attempts made by friends to procure her escape from prison, but the failure of these only increased the sufferings and torments of the prisoner. The son was definitively removed from the mother, and on the second of August, 1793, Marie Antoinette was removed to the Conciergerie.

The days and the months that elapsed between the separation of the Queen from her children, her incarceration at the Conciergerie, and her trial, seemed very long to a woman awaiting the death that would not come. The ardor of the revolutionists, who desired nothing so much as to see "*la louve autrichienne raccourcie*," was damped by the difficulty of finding proofs. Marie Antoinette had had the precaution to destroy all her letters before the revolt of the tenth of August. At a conciergerie there are naturally concierges, and, happily, these were true types of their race, genuine Pipelets, rough in the husk, but humane in the kernel. Marie Antoinette's condition was much improved to what it had been at the Temple, but, unfortunately, rash attempts to effect her evasion—more especially the mad proceedings of the Chevalier de Rougeville, "*un de ces fous dévouement qui ne manqueront jamais en France*"—frustrated all the benefits that would otherwise have accrued to her from change of guardians.

All at once Marie Antoinette was led forth to the Palais de Justice and cross examined. But, taken thus unawares, and without the aid of counsel, she said nothing to commit either herself or others. The next day her public trial was proceeded with, and she was allowed for counsel citizens Chauveau-Lagarde and Troucon Ducoudray. The farce (for such, if its results had not been so tragical, and its proceedings so brutally disgraceful to human nature, it could alone be termed) lasted for days, from morning to night, till even the moral and physical energies of the daughter of Maria Theresa became exhausted. In the absence of any criminal proofs against the doomed Queen, accusations were concocted, more especially by one Hébert—may his name be forever desecrated—of so foul a nature, that our biographers dare not do more than allude to them. But of what

avail false accusations or a simulated defense? Of what avail the indignant denials of a persecuted queen, woman, and mother? Her fate was sealed before the farce of a trial was commenced. "*C'est tout le peuple français qui accuse Marie Antoinette!*" the President Herman declared; and he might have added, the Republic fears her, and wills her death to get rid of their apprehensions and to stifle their consciences. Marie Antoinette was condemned to death. She received the decree without a movement, and, descending from the dock, her forehead uplifted, she opened the gate herself, and was led away to her prison-home.

We have now come to the last act of this sad and mournful tragedy. Our authors have not contented themselves with a compilation from the pages of Madame Campan, the Père Duchêne, Montjoie, Bault, Hûe, Cléry, and other well-known authorities, they have ransacked bulletins, archives, secret memoirs, and the papers of the day, in the earnest endeavor to render their account of this terrible catastrophe more complete than any that have preceded it. Still, it is essentially the same well-known picture, a pale-faced resigned queen, slowly driven to the scaffold in a cart, her back to the horse, her elbows held back by a cord in the hands of the executioner, her long neck, "*col de grue*," as Père Duchêne had it, supporting with difficulty a head wasted by suffering and emotion, its blanched hairs buried beneath a cap that the lowest bourgeois would have repudiated; a priest with whom Marie Antoinette—"*qui s'est confessée à Dieu seul*"—would have little or nothing to do: a vast crowd on the tiptoe of expectation from day-break to noon, heaping their ribald insults on a defenseless victim; one little child sending a kiss with its hand to the broken-hearted mother—it was the only time she wept on the long, long way to the scaffold—"La veuve de Louis XVI. descendit pour mourir où était mort son mari. La mère de Louis XVII. tourna un moment les yeux du côté des Tuileries, et devint plus pâle qu'elle n'avoit été jusqu'alors. Puis la reine de France monta à l'échafaud, et se précipita à la mort."

The people shouted out "*Vive la république!*" when Sanson held forth the head of Marie Antoinette to their ferocious gaze, whilst beneath the guillotine the gendarme Mingault was dipping his handkerchief in the blood of the martyr. The

same evening, his day's work being over, a man made the following entry in books which history can only contemplate with a shudder :

"Mémoire des fraits et inhumations faits par Joly, fossoyeur de la Madeleine de la Ville l'Evêque, pous les personnes mis à mort par jugement dudit tribunal :

Scavoir : Du 1er Mois. Le 25 idem.

La veuve Capet. Pour la bierre . 6 livres.
Pour la fosse et les fossoyeurs . . 25 livres."

Well may our biographers conclude :
"La mort de Marie Antoinette a calomnié la France. La mort de Marie Antoinette a déshonoré la Révolution."

From Chambers's Journal.

O U R C O U S I N A L I C E .

I HAD certainly not recovered from the effects of the severe wounds received in the battles fought between Cawnpore and Lucknow, when I met again, after four years of separation, my cousin Alice. My brain must have been less steady than usual ; and it was perhaps a little turned by my being regarded as the hero of the little world, formed by the county families and early friends, who met to congratulate me on my return to England from the seat of war in the East. I ought to have had a mother to nurse me, but I had none. I was an orphan. Yet it was to the house which, in my father's lifetime, had been my home, that I came back.

There was the great down, wooded nearly to the summit, which I remembered so well, where the coursing meetings used to be held. I could scarcely believe, as I entered the drawing-room before dinner, that the same party which had so often assembled for the great gatherings on Marley Down, were not drawn to the place now for the same purpose. But other customs prevailed. My young cousin, Sir Reginald Moore, was no sportsman. The sleek greyhounds had all disappeared ; I missed them sorely. The old squire—my grandfather—had been dead more than a twelvemonth. His youngest and favorite son—my own parent—had gone before him to the grave. Our present host, the representative of the family, was a fair,

pensive-looking youth of five-and-twenty, fond of poetry, accomplished, handsome, but with scarcely nerve enough to fire off a gun.

Our fair cousin, Alice Verschoyle, had always been a subject for contention between us. We had been jealous of her smiles in boyhood ; as men, we were still more covetous of her favor. Through all the Crimean battles, and 'neath the burning Indian sun, in the perilous march with Havelock, and while I lay prostrated by illness after that fierce time of conflict was past, I had worn her picture next my heart. The case had turned away a ball that would else have pierced it.

There had been no avowed betrothal between us when we parted, but her fair form was pressed unresistingly in my arms, and she wept her long farewell on my shoulder. It was true that she called herself my sister in the letters she wrote to me, but I never acknowledged the relationship. Nothing but poverty stood between us then ; and now, I had risen in my profession. If I found her still in the same humor, and willing to share the vicissitudes of a soldier's lot, I meant to make her my bride. As I looked at her across the table—for we were not seated near each other—and saw a deep blush mount to her face beneath my ardent gaze, I believed that she would not refuse my petition.

Perhaps she thought me vain, for every one was calling upon me to tell the tale of our Indian battles. She did not look at me; her eyes were quite averted; but other women were weeping as I spoke of the noble patience of those heroic ladies, whose names will live in history for their gallant endurance of suffering at Lucknow. I had seen those pale victims, some widowed, some orphans, all most deeply tried by the privations and anxieties of those long months of waiting, before the heavy boom of the guns told them that our brave English soldiery were advancing to their rescue.

Can I ever forget that midnight evacuation! The dread silence, the long lines of troops, the awful intervals, where all our care could not prevent danger, through which those half-fainting women and their brave but exhausted defenders had to pass. Thank Heaven! all went well—that no accident, no untimely panic marred the plans of our gallant chief. Our triumph would have been scant if one of that heroic band had perished on their way to freedom!

Reginald had written some verses on the subject, which Alice had set to music. I had not seen a tear in her bright eyes previously, but they coursed each other down her cheeks as she sang my young cousin's words. I do not remember what they were, but I thought them scarcely worthy of the subject, and certainly undeserving of the precious drops they called forth.

A window was open near me, and I was out upon the terrace before the song was ended. It was dark; and a couple of persons who were seated on one of the benches set against the wall, were talking earnestly, and did not perceive me. I heard a lady's voice say:

"When her mourning for her grandfather is laid aside, Miss Verschoyle will marry her cousin. Sir Reginald has one of the finest estates in this county. It will be an excellent match for her, and has been long contemplated by the family."

It was, nevertheless, the first time such a thought had entered my mind, and I was one of Alice's nearest relatives—too near, some persons might consider, for us to think of marrying; but, if it were so, the same objection applied to Reginald: we were all first-cousins to each other.

At that moment, there was a stir in the drawing-room: a lady had fainted. I saw her borne out, and the fair head with its

long sweeping curls of golden brown, which had once rested so confidently on my shoulder, was now supported by another arm. It was Alice and Reginald. I did not stay to look at them; one word from his lips reached me. I saw the look of intense agony on his fair face, so like her own, as he bent over the insensible girl. In one moment, I knew that he loved her. I could not wait to see her eyes open. I had stood fire many times, but I had not courage to face the conviction that first glance of reviving consciousness might bring to me, that the passion I read in the dreaming boy's eyes and voice was returned.

I believe I was half-mad when I rushed away. I had traveled night and day to meet her; as I have said, I had not recovered from the effects of the injury I had sustained during the street-fighting at Lucknow; when, in addition to severe wounds, the beam of a falling house had descended on my head, completely stunning me; and but for the gallantry of my comrades, I should have been left for dead, at the mercy of our savage foes—and now I had seen her in the arms of another. I had heard her lips repeat his musical words; nay, I had seen her very senses forsake her under the spell of emotions raised by what appeared to me to be paltry commonplace lines. As I stood in the large hall where we had all three played as children, to which, as a man, I had so often pictured my return, the bitterest mortification took possession of my soul. For the first time, I remembered how inferior was my social position to that of my cousin. I, a mere soldier of fortune, who must return to a burning climate, and a country on which henceforward women will look with dread and aversion; while all around me bathed in moonlight, from the high windows of that noble hall hung with trophies of the chase and the banners of our ancestors, I saw the wide domain which belonged to the young Baronet. Those were his deer trooping under the trees. The magnificent cedars grouped in the midst of the dewy lawn, the spreading elms and beeches, the majestic oaks—all belonged to that beardless boy. What were a few years of manhood, a few daring deeds which had won for me the rewards which a soldier covets—the medals and crosses at which she had scarcely glanced—compared to his advantages; As I went up the stairs, each step awoke

painful recollections. We had come down them together on the morning when I left home to rejoin my regiment, then just ordered on active service. Here, at the landing, we paused long, while she gave me her picture, and, after some hesitation, the chain of golden hair that still supported it. Had it been woven for me? Alice would not confess, but she did not deny the fact. I always believed that it was so.

As I stood looking down into the lighted hall, two persons came into it together. Alice seemed well, and scarcely to need the support of Reginald's arm, on which she was leaning. I heard him say :

"Is it so, Alice? Have you quite decided? Will you never repent, and wish to draw back from the words you have spoken to-night?"

He took her hand and looked in her fair face with mournful tenderness. I did not wait to hear her answer. I could not control myself sufficiently to move away quietly. As I looked down upon them for the last time, I saw that Alice had started from her companion, and was gazing upward; I even fancied that she called me, but I did not return or answer her. Better for all of us would it have been if I had heeded that sweet warning-voice.

I rushed to my room at once, and for hours I walked up and down, passion swelling within me like the surging sea. Then for a short time my mood changed, my suspicions seemed unfounded. I recalled Alice's joy at seeing me again; the soft broken words of delight she had uttered when I came upon her by surprise in the park; our long pleasant walk together, so full of old recollections and present confidences. If no plighted vows had been exchanged, it was because we both had long known that we were pledged to each other. The words I had heard on the terrace now seemed to me idle gossip, mere nonsense. The morning would bring her again before me, bright, beautiful, and truthful as ever. For an instant, the demon of jealousy stood rebuked; but again and again he returned, maddening my already fevered brain and over-worked frame till every nerve quivered with excitement.

The same images haunted me when, at last, I lay down, exhausted by fatigue, but deeming it impossible to sleep, just as a dull gray haze spread over the landscape, obscuring the moonlight which was soon to give place to the dawn. The last thing that I remember was the swaying

of the fir-tops, as the old trees opposite to my open window rocked to the blast.

When I woke, it was broad daylight. The sun was shining in, tempered by silken hangings, that waved in the fresh breeze. A part of each of the shutters was closed, and the room, considering that the morning was so brilliantly fine out of doors, was somehow shaded and darkened. I very faintly recollected the train of ideas which had so tortured me ere I lay down, but an impatient feeling, such as might visit a sufferer from long sickness or a prisoner, assailed me. I tried to start up from my couch, but a strange feeling of weakness, like what I had experienced when I was first wounded, came over me, and I fell back again.

As I moved, a woman-servant stepped forward quickly, and in gentle measured tones, spoke to me. I did not understand a word of what she said; a mist came before my eyes, her voice rang indistinctly in my ears, a horrible, sickening dread came over me—images of horror seemed to fill the room, and I fainted. When I revived, my mind was clear; the spectral forms which had flashed across my vision became distinct, and I recognized them as shapes in a dream. I felt that I was ill and weak, and as I, the once strong man, lay prostrate, incapable of moving. I thanked my God for the helplessness which it might be had saved me from such guilt as in the visions of the night had been mine.

I do not know whether at that moment any one was watching by me. The person or persons in the room, if it were so, must have been very quiet, for not a sound disturbed me as I recalled the images which had been present with me in that fevered dream. The room I was in was one that I knew well, and outside the window ran a narrow ledge of ornamental stone-work, which went along the entire front of that old house. It was barely wide enough to step upon, yet I fancied that I had walked the whole length of it in safety, till in my dream I came to my cousin Reginald's room. He was now the master of the house, and slept in what had once been my grandfather's apartment. When I was a boy, the kind old man had had an illness, during which my mother nursed him; and the severest reprimand I ever received from her was when one of the servants told her that Master Hubert had got upon the stone

ledge outside his window, and tried to walk round to one that opened into the chamber where she was sitting up with the invalid. My father said then that it was a thing impossible to be done, but in my dream I fancied that I had achieved it.

My cousin was a painter as well as a poet, and the room in which I imagined him lying was full of indications of his tastes, which were all gentle and refined. A half-finished picture stood on an easel, at which he must have been gazing before he fell asleep. It was Alice reading a letter, with a bright flush of happiness and warm love in her face. A small but beautiful statue, modeled after some old classic ideal of loveliness, but with her features, stood on a table at his elbow. He was stretched on a couch, still dressed as I had seen him, calm, but with the melancholy expression which was habitual to him. His delicate, aristocratic features and pale complexion, which looked yet whiter in the lamp light, were almost feminine in their regular beauty. I do not know what disturbed his slumbers, for all passed dreamlike in silence; but he woke, and, rising up, appeared to come forward to close the window at which I was standing. The ledge was so narrow, that it seemed to me a touch would throw me off my balance, and precipitate me many fathoms to the paved court below. The instinct of self-preservation, mingled with a strong antagonistic feeling, arose within me as my rival approached. I grasped the stanchion of the window, and sprang into the room.

Some kind of misty indistinct recollections came next of a conflict between us, in which passes were made, the statnette was thrown down, and the canvas of the picture pierced through with the sharp point of the blade inclosed in a sword-stick, which I had snatched up before leaving my room, and with which I had steadied my footsteps on the giddy ledge. I felt the excitement of battle once more, the fierce rising of blood-thirsty passion. Though no words were exchanged, we seemed to know that we were rivals, and that a death-struggle was passing between us.

How it ended, I knew not. At this point my sleep must have been interrupted, for I remembered no more of my dream, which chilled me as I recalled it. I did not mention it to any human being

during my slow recovery, and few words were spoken in my presence. I had been dangerously ill for many weeks, which had passed in the delirium caused by brain fever. My wounds had reopened, and the greatest caution was necessary; above all things, the mention of any agitating topic had been prohibited.

I began to think that my jealous surmises were unfounded, when I woke up night after night, and found Alice watching over me. The attendant slumbered in her chair unhidden, while my true-love waited upon me. Sometimes her kind gentle mother would call her away, and say that she overtaxed her strength, but Alice would come back again at the same hour the next night.

The horrid dream which had followed my access of jealous fury returned again and again. I rejoiced that Alice's sweet face was beside my pillow when I woke from it. Nothing evil could remain near her, and the bad spirit was rebuked; but he took possession of my senses in her absence, bringing forever before me that accursed vision.

I thought that the house seemed singularly quiet, and that my nurses were all grave, even sad, in their demeanor; but this was probably occasioned by the precariousness of my situation. Alice, in her white flowing robes, looked almost spectral; but I trusted that, with returning health, I should see her under happier auspices, and, if she grieved for me, her pale dejected face did not appear less lovely than when she smiled upon me on my return.

No rival came between us now. My sick-chamber was visited only by the physicians, and by those whose especial task it was to wait upon me. Not a breath of what was passing without reached me. I felt surprised that my cousin Reginald, for whom I was once more beginning to entertain affection, never came to see me; but pride restrained the inquiry which often rose to my lips.

Once, when I casually mentioned his name, Alice looked troubled; a deep shade crossed her fair brow; her bright eyes filled with tears.

"Do not let us speak of any one but ourselves," she said softly. "This is my world. It may be selfishness, but I can not interest myself in any thing that goes forward outside of these closed doors, till you are well enough to leave this cham-

ber of sickness, and share the pains and pleasures of this changeable world with me. Think how bright every thing looked when you returned from abroad, and how little we thought what a day, even an hour, might bring forth!"

I could not quarrel with her answer, though I strove to chase away the tears that followed it, and lead her thoughts to brighter prospects. When I spoke of returning with her to the east, she looked at me sadly. I thought that she doubted whether I should ever recover sufficiently to resume the duties of my profession, though I assured her that I already felt much stronger and better.

"It is not that," she said hesitatingly; "perhaps, Hubert, you will never need to go to India. Do not question me. I ought not to have said even this much; but there have been changes among us since you have been ill. It is so hard to dissemble with you!"

Her mother's entrance prevented the revelation that was quivering on her lips; but my curiosity was roused. The next day I rose, to try my strength, and walked to the window. Of late, the vision had not come so strongly, and I started at seeing the narrow stone ledge exactly as I had imagined it to be. I fancied myself still dreaming; and tired by this slight exertion, I crept back to my couch.

It was mid-winter; the park was deep in snow; the stream that traversed the lower part of the grounds was frozen, and long icicles hung from the eaves, before my strength was sufficiently restored for me to leave my room. Even then, my first appearance was a surprise to the family. I had not mentioned my intention; and the lights were shining warmly and cheerily as I entered the drawing-room, where the large Christmas fire was blazing, kindled with the yule-log from the last year's burning; but my feelings were chilled by seeing Alice and her mother sitting beside it dressed in deep mourning. They had never visited my sick-chamber in black, or said a word of any cause for assuming it.

Alice started up with a cry of surprise, and ran to meet me.

"What is this?" I said, laying my hand on her *crêpe* sleeve. "Why are you in mourning?"

She threw herself into my arms and wept. My aunt, who had risen hurriedly, came towards us and drew me nearer to the sofa.

"Sit down, poor fellow! you are not strong enough to support her. Ah! Hubert, we have all had much cause for sorrow. The shock will find you unprepared; but since you are once more among us, it can not be kept from you. My nephew, Sir Reginald Moore, your cousin, is dead! We are in mourning for him."

I was deeply grieved; and my aunt, seeing that for the moment I could not speak, said, with a glance at Alice, whose countenance was hidden on my arm:

"Do not ask me to tell you the particulars at present. I doubt whether we could, any of us, bear to speak of them, or you to hear what has filled this house with grief. Never was there a kinder heart, a better master—so young, too—so beloved."

Alice's sobs shook her slight frame.

Her mother paused abruptly. "We must not speak of it," she said decisively; "Mr. Verschoyle will tell you this sad tale to-morrow."

I was silent at her bidding, but my mind was full of surprise and sorrow. The wild dream in which I had seemed to myself to enter Reginald's chamber recurred to my thoughts. It appeared to have been a presentiment of the coming woe; and I remembered with deep regret the unkind thoughts towards my cousin which I had entertained when I saw him—how little either of us supposed that it was for the last time.

It was quite impossible that we should, any of us, turn our thoughts from this painful subject. I did not remain in the room long; and when my uncle, seeing how greatly fatigued and depressed I appeared to be, offered me his arm, I accepted it, and went at once back to the sick-chamber, which I had quitted with such different feelings.

The old butler handed us a light as we passed through the hall, saying gravely: "I am glad to see you able to get about, Sir Hubert."

I staggered as he spoke. The words seemed to pierce through and through me. Strange as it may seem, it had not, in the surprise of hearing of my cousin's death, occurred to me that I was his heir. He was so much younger than myself; I had always considered that he was certain to marry, and would in all probability survive me; never had my thoughts rested on the possibility of my inheriting his rights!

My uncle saw how much I was distressed. "Servants never miss an opportunity of addressing a person by his title," he said bitterly. "Even that old fellow who knew poor Reginald in his cradle! But surely, my dear Hubert, you must know that you are now the head of our family."

"I had not thought of it," I said, moving on with difficulty. "I do not think that my brain has been quite steady for some time—every thing seems to reel before my eyes. Come to my room; I can not sleep till you have told me how my poor young cousin died."

I believe that my uncle exercised great caution in what he imparted to me, but I scarcely remember what words he used. He tried very hard to dissuade me from listening, but I insisted on hearing all that was known respecting an event which was wrapped in mystery. My cousin had been found dead, with marks of violence on his person, when his valet entered his room one morning during my illness. He had suffered very much for some time from low spirits, arising from Alice's having rejected the offer of his hand which he had repeatedly made to her. She was so dreadfully affected by the idea that despair on this account had led him to put an end to his existence, that the subject was most carefully avoided in her presence. At first, it had been imagined that robbers had entered the house, which was known to contain much valuable plate and jewelry. There were some indications of this having been the case; but neither Sir Reginald's purse nor his watch, which were on the table, had been taken, and the most strenuous search and sedulous inquiries had failed in eliciting the fact of any burglars having been in the neighborhood. Nothing had been left undone or untried, and the conclusion at which the family had arrived was a most painful one. It was thought best to let the matter drop.

I listened as though I were in a dream, but not the slightest idea that I was in any way connected with this sad and strange event occurred to me. My uncle staid with me for some time, but I scarcely spoke to him. When he was gone, I lay down, quite exhausted with fatigue, and slept.

The agitation which I had undergone brought on a relapse, and I was confined to my room for weeks. When I recover-

ed my senses—for during the whole time my brain was confused and weak—cheerful images surrounded me. My relatives had been advised by the physicians to lay aside their mourning, and all mention of melancholy topics was forbidden. I took my place among them once more, gradually resuming my former habits, and at length growing accustomed to the change produced in them by my being treated as the master of the house.

My engagement to Alice was now universally known and acknowledged. Her parents acquiesced in it, and no objection was made to my wish that our marriage should be speedily solemnized. Her health was shaken, and it was considered that it would be better for both of us if the tie was cemented without unnecessary delay. There was no great preparation. All passed quietly. We walked across the park to the little church in the village, which was gayly hung with flowers that the early breeze had brought into existence. Alice's coronal of white roses had been woven for her that morning with the dew upon their petals.

We were to leave home for a short time; and while my bride was bidding farewell to her mother, I went to my room to fetch down a traveling-cloak which had been my companion in many an arduous campaign. As I drew it off the hook, something fell clattering down. I stooped and picked up the sword-stick which had done me good service in the dark streets of Constantinople among the drunken Bashi-Bazouks and thieving Greeks. The sight of the weapon recalled the dream which I had had when I was first taken ill—I had forgotten it lately. Reginald's dimly-lighted room, the poor, graceful youth reclining among works of art, with the pale gleam of the night-lamp shining on his handsome face. I shuddered, and was about to put aside the sword-stick, when some involuntary impulse made me try to unsheathe it. The blade was rusted in the scabbard, and would not come forth. My hands trembled; I was forced to lean against the wall; when at last, with a more vigorous effort, I succeeded, and saw a dull red stain upon the blue sheen of the polished steel.

At that moment, my name was called. I threw the weapon back into the closet from which I had taken it, and hurried down. The carriage was at the door; Alice was shedding her parting tears on

her mother's shoulder. The postillions were restraining with difficulty their impatient horses. Every one was crowding round us with congratulations and good wishes. I paused one moment on the threshold. Should I reveal the dark thoughts passing through my mind? After all, what were they? Mere vague surmises, based upon the airy fabric of a dream, while before me was life—real, palpable happiness. I drew Alice away from her parents, impatiently, but with tenderness, lifted her into the carriage; and the next moment, the ancestral oaks and beeches, the peaked roofs of the old hall, were fast fading from our view.

A month passed quickly with us. I think, I believe, that Alice was happy. For myself, I can not tell; I seemed to live in a dream, less real than the accursed vision which day and night, was present to my eyes. If I slept, I started up, imagining myself walking along that giddy ledge, steadying myself by the aid of a weapon down which blood was slowly dropping. My wife imagined that the nervous starts and tremors which often shook my frame were the remains of my long illness. All that was soothing and gentle lay in her voice and manner, yet their very sweetness tortured me when the thought was roused that I had done a deed for which my life might be the forfeit. Must I lose her?

Never was this sensation stronger than when we drove up the long avenue leading to our home. There were her parents, whom I regarded as my own now; the old servants, who had known us from infancy. Must I stand before them as a culprit—a murderer? Would any one believe that I had done this most vile deed in my sleep—unconsciously—I, who had profited so largely by my cousin's death; and yet, could the tortures of the prisoner in his condemned cell be greater than I must endure if I lived among them, bearing the weight of such a burden on my heart? Could I hide it from Alice?—from those who sat at the same table with me, and were so near me in blood?

As I crossed the threshold, even while Alice was blushing receiving her parents' kisses and congratulations, my resolve was made, and before night-fall, put in practice. Nothing could exceed the surprise of my relatives when, after hurriedly opening the letters that awaited my return, I said that in one of them my immediate

presence in London was required. There was but just time to catch the train at the next station. I took nothing with me but a change of clothes, and the sword-stick, which had lain unnoticed in the dark corner to which I had consigned it; and, declining Alice's offer to accompany me, I left her with her parents, and was soon traveling through the soft darkness of the summer night, alone—perhaps, it might be, exercising for the last time the privileges of freedom.

I did not follow the route I had marked out, but, after the first mile, I directed the coachman to turn his horses' heads, and drive me to the house of the nearest county magistrate. He was an old friend of our family, and nothing could exceed his distress when I made known my errand. In vain he argued with me that the impression on which I was acting had been formed under the influence of delirium. I showed him the weapon with the stain of blood upon the blade, and surrendered my person into his hands, desiring that the fullest and most complete investigation might take place.

I now heard for the first time the exact particulars of the state in which Sir Reginald Moore was found when his servant entered the room the morning after his death. There could be no doubt that it had been brought about by violent means, but whether his own hand or that of a murderer had put an end to his life, had never been ascertained. Every circumstance corresponded with the images in the dream, as I had for some time imagined it to be, which had shewn me his last moments. The absence of the weapon which had caused his death fearfully corroborated the idea I had lately entertained. There had been marks, my old friend was forced to confess, of some person or persons having entered the room by the window, which was standing open, but this was contradicted by there being no foot-prints on the border beneath: and the impression was that Sir Reginald had himself thrown away the weapon which had inflicted that fatal wound. Search had been made for it, however, in vain.

Though my version of the story was almost incredible—in spite of the many circumstances which told against me—my countrymen believed it. My having voluntarily surrendered to take my trial, at the moment which should have been one of

the happiest of my life, was regarded as a strong proof that my guilt was not premeditated. No waking man, it was decided, could have passed to and fro in safety along that dizzy ledge. I certainly could not have done it again. Then the long illness, during which my brain was affected, beginning that very night; the wounds, still unhealed, received in my country's battles, made that English jury regard it as impossible that the officer before them, with the Victoria Cross and Crimean clasps and medals on his breast, could be a cold-blooded murderer. Those twelve honest men judged me by the dictates of their own noble hearts, and, after a short consultation, unanimously acquitted me.

But I had been arraigned before a severer tribunal, which was still unsatisfied. The revengeful, passionate impulses which maddened me on that night—which turned my brain, and made me pass in sleep that fearful Rubicon which divides guilt from innocence—were still remembered, and filled me with remorse; for me, the gifts of wealth and happiness seemed too rich a boon. How could I enjoy life under the shadow of the woods that once were *his*, or revisit the scene of that dreadful deed—the property of the fine young fellow whom I had deprived of life? Better, as it seemed to me, to be separated from all I loved, and perish—as the men of my old regiment were perishing day by day—a victim to sun-stroke and disease, on the burning soil of India—than profit by the untimely death of Reginald Moore!

My preparations were made silently. I did not mention even to my wife the resolution I had formed when, after the trial was over, she pressed me to return to our home. The command of my regiment had been kept open for me till the last moment. I took my passage in the Indus, resolved to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded for wiping off the stigma which, in spite of the acquittal of my countrymen, still weighed me down. It was only after I had received notice that the vessel would sail in a few days, that I told Alice I was about to leave her.

“No, Hubert,” she said, gently; “I am a better dissembler than yourself. I have guessed your intention; a word spoken in sleep revealed it to me. I have been

as busy as yourself the last few weeks, only you have not had time to notice it. I mean to accompany you to India.”

Alice was not less firm than myself, and her cause was a better one. Her parents, too, much as it grieved them to part with her, supported her arguments. How it might have been if I had been separated from her, I know not, for my mind was disturbed, my health much shattered; but her care of me during that long voyage restored me to vigor and tranquillity. When we landed at Calcutta, I was in all respects equal to the fulfillment of the duties of my profession.

We have been parted for many months now, but fortune favors me, and I look forward, at the end of the campaign, to our reunion. The morbid agonies of remorse, from which I suffered so much, no longer distract me. I feel that I am not responsible for an action committed when my senses were not under the control of reason. The stirring scenes in which I have played a not inglorious part have restrung my nerves, and invigorated my constitution. In the heat of battle, I have been unscathed; in the burning jungles and aguish swamps, I have watched and slept unharmed. This new year, it is said, will see the termination of active warfare; and, when peace is proclaimed, I shall lay down my sword, and return, with my sweet, heroic, patient wife, to England, satisfied that manly, arduous exertion, and the remembrance of that providential care which guarded the soldier in the battle, will enable me to struggle with the phantoms which at one time threatened to haunt our pleasant home.

As I look across the devastated fields, black and bare as if swarms of locusts had passed over them—as the smoke mounts to the lurid sky of burning villages, set on fire by accident or design, in the wake of the army, despite the stern edicts of our gallant commander-in-chief, and the vigilance of the provost-marshal—England, with its smiling, peaceful homes, rises before me. I see the old house under Marley Down smiling a welcome to me; and I hear, instead of the shrill réveille and the dropping shots, the cheerful cawing of the rooks in the elm-trees, and the bark of the old squire's harriers, as the pack bursts from the kennel.

THE HEADSMAN OF STRASBURGH.

BY MISS JULIA PARDOE.*

LONG previous to the period at which Napoleon I. became Emperor of the French, the château of la Malmaison—despite all the additions which had been made to it since its acquisition by Madame Bonaparte during the Egyptian campaign—had, like the dwelling of Socrates, become too narrow to accommodate the crowd of courtiers by whom it was thronged; and accordingly the official country residence of the First Consul was established at St. Cloud; while la Malmaison was devoted to the reception of his relatives, and those personal friends who were peculiarly honored with his confidence.

Under the Empire this arrangement was continued; and Napoleon was accustomed, then and there, to forget for a while the monarch in the man, and to dispense with the cumbrous trammels of an etiquette which the earlier habits of his life necessarily tended to render more than commonly irksome.

It was especially in the evening, when the cares and duties of the day were at an end, that the Emperor, surrounded by a chosen circle, either conversed without restraint, or related anecdotes connected with his own wonderful career, in a brief, emphatic, and even dramatic manner, which riveted the attention of his listeners. It is well known that Napoleon prided himself on his talent as a *conteur*; and that he seldom required much entreaty to fall back upon his stirring and varied memories, and to afford to his hearers partial and mysterious glimpses of men and events which must otherwise have remained unguessed at.

On one occasion, when the party comprised only certain members of the imperial family, and the more confidential individuals of their respective households, the Duke of Wurtemberg chanced to be mentioned; upon which the Emperor

uttered a warm eulogium on that Prince, which he concluded by inquiring if it were correct that the Elector of Wurtemberg really did, as he assumed to do, trace his descent from a Mayor of the Palace of Clovis, named Eymerich?

"No, sire," replied M. d'Aubesson, one of his chamberlains, celebrated for his antiquarian researches; "such a pretension is altogether unfounded, as all is mere fable regarding the Electoral House of Wurtemberg, beyond the eleventh century. Its recognized founder, Conrad II., was the ancestor of a line of princes who were equally distinguished as rulers and as warriors; but it was only towards the close of the fifteenth century that the Countship of Wurtemberg was erected into a duchy by the Emperor Maximilian; when Count Eberhard, having subjected to his authority a part of Suabia, solicited the title, for which he moreover paid three hundred thousand florins."

"No bad bargain for Maximilian;" said Napoleon, inhaling a huge pinch of snuff. "Proceed, *M. le Généalogiste*."

"The newly-made Duke remained the vassal of Austria, as his father had been before him," continued the Chamberlain; "although thenceforward he became Duke of Wurtemberg and Leck, and Grand Standard-bearer of the Empire. It was not until the reign of the Emperor Rodolphe II. that his descendants shook off the Austrian yoke, and that the Duchy of Wurtemberg became a fief of Rome; with the sole reservation that, in the event of the ducal house becoming extinct, it was to revert to its original master. Consequently, it is only from that period that the princes of Wurtemberg have exercised an independent sovereignty."

"I have since added a jewel to their crown," remarked the Emperor thoughtfully, as he rose, and began to pace the floor slowly; with his hands behind him, according to his usual habit; "I have caused it to be admitted into the Elec-

* See her portrait in September ECLECTIC, 1857.

toral College. Perhaps—how old is the present King, M. d'Aubesson?"

"He is far from being a young man, sire; in fact, he is now seventy years of age. Frederick William was born in 1734; and in 1780 he married the Princess Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, who died on the twenty-seventh of September, 1788."

"Ay," said Napoleon, suddenly pausing in his walk and confronting the speaker; "Frederick William, King of Wurtemberg, is a widower."

Nothing could be more simple than these words; but there was something so peculiar in the tone in which they were uttered, that for a moment no one spoke; at length, however, Josephine, whose curiosity was aroused by the mysterious manner of her husband, roused herself from her recumbent position on the sofa, where she had been reclining in all the graceful indolence of her creole nature, and asked in her low, sweet voice:

"What have you to tell us, Bonaparte?"

The Emperor smiled, took another long pinch of snuff, and then, resuming his former position, with his back to the fireplace, and his eyes fixed on the beautiful questioner, he said emphatically:

"Listen. On the fourth of October, 1788, and at precisely eight o'clock in the morning, a man made his appearance at the residence of M. Diedrich, the principal magistrate of the city of Strasbourg. The servant who announced him was as pale as a corpse, and trembled in every limb. 'What is the matter with you, Franck?' asked his master.

"'Sir,' stammered the valet.

"'Answer me instantly!'

"'Sir, it is the public executioner.'

"'Desire him to come in, and then leave us,' was the calm reply.

"The headsman of Strasbourg," pursued Napoleon, "was, despite his horrible profession, a man of exemplary character; mild in temper, of good morals, pious, and charitable. He was, moreover, a clever surgeon, and very expert in reducing fractures and setting broken limbs; services which he never refused to render to those who applied to him for assistance; a circumstance which, as you will readily understand, had acquired for him a species of popularity among the lower classes, who pitied without despising him; and, by a singular anomaly,

respected him even while his presence never failed to inspire a terror which they could not overcome."

Josephine shuddered, and drew her shawl more closely about her. She was, as is well known, exceedingly superstitious; and her attention was thoroughly aroused.

"When Franck had closed the door behind him," continued Napoleon, "this man moved a pace or two forward; and then, as was customary, knelt down. The expression of his face was serious, but calm and decided.

"'What want you with me, my master?' inquired M. Diedrich.

"'I obey the promptings of my conscience, *monseigneur*,' was the reply; 'I seek to fulfill a duty. Condescend, therefore, I entreat of you, to receive my declaration, and to take it down in writing. The circumstance which I am about to reveal is important; do not then omit a detail, for I feel that it is only by a complete and clear understanding of the facts that my agency in the unhappy event can be justified.'

"This preface naturally excited the curiosity of the magistrate; who, having seated himself at his desk, desired the executioner to tell his tale.

"'About a week since,' commenced the man, still kneeling, 'that is, *monseigneur*, at one o'clock in the morning of the twenty-seventh September last, I was in bed in the lone house given to me by the city, when I heard a loud knocking at the outer door. My old housekeeper, who had been awakened by the noise, had already gone to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, and had ultimately opened it, believing that my services were required, as is frequently the case, by some one who was suffering from an accident; while, acting under the same impression, I hastened to put on my clothes. Soon, however, I became aware that the poor helpless old woman was struggling with some persons who were threatening to shoot her. 'Kill me if you will,' I heard her say; 'but do not harm my master.' 'We shall do him no injury,' was the reply, 'we mean him none. On the contrary, he will be paid if he consents to do what we require; but if he values his life he must do so, or take the consequences upon himself.' By this time, *monseigneur*, I was dressed; and I was about to go down stairs to ascertain what was required of

me, when two men in masks rushed into my room, which chanced at that moment to be flooded with moonlight. In an instant I procured a lamp, and demanded to know their business; nor do I seek to deny that I was considerably agitated when I saw a brace of pistols pointed at my head and breast, as I began to apprehend that I was about to become the victim of their violence. From the isolated situation of my dwelling I was aware that I could hope for no help from without—and even had it been otherwise, he added mournfully, ‘who would have risked his life, or even his reputation, to rescue the city-headsman? As a last resource, therefore, I entreated my mysterious visitors to spare my life; alleging, and with truth, that I had never injured a human being save in the fulfillment of my onerous office. “Your life is in no danger,” was the assurance which I received in reply to my supplication, “on condition that you implicitly obey our orders; but, should you hesitate, even for an instant, you will not see another dawn. Select the best and sharpest of your weapons; allow us quietly to blindfold you; remain silent, and follow us.” As the pistols were still pointed towards me, resistance was useless; and I was compelled to submit. When a thick handkerchief had been carefully and skillfully bound over my eyes, I was lifted into a carriage, and seated between the two strangers; who had no sooner warned my terrified housekeeper that should she mention to any one, be it whom it might, the event which had just taken place, my life would be the forfeit of her indiscretion, than the horses were urged into a gallop; and, powerless as a child, I could only offer up a silent prayer for protection and support. I could not form the faintest idea of the direction in which we were traveling; I could only calculate that the journey occupied eighteen or twenty hours. At its close I was lifted out of the carriage with the same precaution as I had been placed in it; and then, each of my companions grasping one of my arms, I was hurried forward. After walking on a level surface for several minutes, we ascended a flight of stairs, which, from the echoing of footsteps, I am convinced must have been both wide and lofty; and, finally, we reached a spacious saloon where the bandage was removed from my eyes. It was still daylight, but the sun was

about to set, which satisfied me that my calculation of time had been a correct one. An abundant and luxurious meal was placed before me, but I remarked the almost total absence of wine from the table, as my long and rapid journey, and the pressure of the handkerchief across my forehead, had produced upon me an almost agonizing thirst.

When the darkness closed in, I was desired to arm myself with the weapon which I had previously been directed to select, and to hold myself ready to decapitate the person whom I had been conveyed thither to execute; but, even unhappily accustomed as I had been for years to fulfill my dreary duties under the sanction of the law; and, aware as I could not fail to be from the first, of the purpose for which my presence was required, now that the moment of trial had actually arrived, my whole soul revolted at what I at once felt to be a murder; and, consequently, with as much energy as I could command, I refused to obey. “Decide promptly,” said a voice, which I then heard for the first time; and there was a cruel calmness in its every accent which chilled my very blood. “Your refusal will not save the culprit, and you will instantly share her fate.”

“It was then a woman whom I was about to launch into eternity! O *mon-sieur*! you would have pitied even *me* at that moment—a woman who, for aught I could tell, might be guiltless of all crime, and the mere victim of another’s hate. Vainly, however, did I protest and entreat; I was compelled to yield to a force which I was unable to resist—the sin was heavy on my soul, but I had no alternative. My sword was placed in my hand; a black veil was thrown over my head; and I was forced onward through several apartments, evidently of great size. At length my guide stopped in an immense hall; the veil was removed, and I saw before me, in the center of the vast and chilling space, a scaffold about three feet in height, upon which rested a block covered with black velvet, while a thick layer of red saw-dust was strewn on the uncarpeted floor. I trembled in every limb. Never throughout my whole career had I been so utterly unmanned. Whose life was I about to take? What fearful and irremediable crime was I about to commit? I had but little time to ask myself these questions, for a few seconds

only had elapsed since my own entrance into that fatal hall when the victim was borne towards the scaffold in the arms of several men. It was a woman of unusual height, and of the most dazzling fairness; her luxuriant hair, of pale auburn, was confined by a scarf of black crape; she was uncovered to the waist, and the rest of her body was thrust into a black velvet sack which was tied under her feet, thus leaving only her bust exposed. Her hands were bound together with a cord of purple silk, and she was closely masked. The wretched woman uttered no shriek, no supplication, which added to the horror of the spectacle; this mute despair, as I then considered it, being strange, and unnatural; but she had scarcely been lifted on to the scaffold, when I discovered that she was closely gagged! The men who held her, eight or ten in number, had no sooner laid her down upon the scaffold than they withdrew a few paces—their wretched victim bent her head unresistingly upon the block—and in another instant all was over.

“‘Pity me, *monseigneur*, for assuredly a grievous crime was consummated by my hand; and ere long I look to learn that the courts of Europe will be thrown into mourning.’

“‘What ensued?’ demanded M. Diedrich.

“‘My frightful office done,’ pursued the headsman; ‘I was not even allowed time to wipe the blood from my sword; another performed that duty for me; while I was hastily conducted back to the saloon where food had been provided for me; and where I now found the table crowded with the rarest wines. I seated myself for an instant in order to regain composure, but I was too sick at heart to avail myself of the proffered refreshments; and in a short time my masked companions and myself were once more in the carriage. We traveled on without halting, save to change horses at the several stages where relays had evidently been awaiting us, and where we were never detained beyond a few minutes, throughout that night and part of the following day; and in about twenty hours, as before, we stopped in front of my own house, where I was assisted to alight, and a canvas bag containing two hundred louis was placed in my hands. I have brought them with me, *monseigneur*, that you may make whatever use of them you think best. I

was then warned never to reveal any circumstance connected with the event in which I had been so unwillingly and fatally an actor, on peril of my life; and assured that if I obeyed this injunction, my silence should be richly compensated; “while if, on the contrary, you seek to penetrate a mystery in which you can not have an interest, and to which you can never obtain a clue,” added one of my companions, “the very attempt will prove your own destruction, as well as that of those to whom you have been rash enough to confide your secret.” With this assurance the strangers drove off, leaving me standing in the road. I waited a short time, listening to the sound of the receding wheels; and then, as it died away in the distance, I withdrew the handkerchief, and joyfully crossed the threshold of my own home.”

“‘I have now told you all, *monseigneur*. You know every detail of the mysterious and tragical history with which my conscience was so overburdened that I could no longer sustain its weight alone. If I have offended against the law, I must submit to pay the penalty of my crime; but, should you feel that I only yielded to an insurmountable necessity, suffer me to hope that I may not forfeit the protection and favor which I have for so many years struggled to merit by counterbalancing the hateful duties of my office, by deeds of charity towards my fellow-creatures.’”

“And what said M. Diedrich?” gasped out Josephine, upon whom the dramatic effect given to the narrative by the manner of the Emperor had produced so strong an impression that she could not conceal her emotions. “Surely he could not condemn the unhappy man?”

“M. Diedrich,” replied Napoleon, “had listened with an interest equal to your own to the revelations of the headsman; but when the latter drew the money from his bosom and held it towards him, he became alarmed. It had at once been evident to him that the suspicion of the man was a correct one; and that the individual who had been put to death was no common victim. Instigated, therefore, by this conviction, and by no means indifferent to the threat that any recipient of the formidable secret would share the fate of him who revealed it, he refused to risk the responsibility of accepting such a charge; and desired that not only the

money should be retained by its present owner, but also that he should not divulge to any one the fact of his having mentioned its existence to himself.

“Be it as you will, *monseigneur*,” said his visitor; “I shall, in that case, expend it in masses for the victim who fell by my hand, and in alms to the poor. It is only by doing so that I can regain peace of mind and conscience.” He then signed the deposition that he had made, and withdrew.

“M. Diedrich was no sooner alone than he placed this extraordinary document under cover, and dispatched it by a courier to the Baron de Breteuil, who was at that period Prime Minister. A fortnight elapsed ere he received any reply; but at the end of that time a packet was delivered to him by the Governor of Strasbourg, which contained these words: ‘Sir, I have submitted to His Majesty the communication which you addressed to me, and I have been honored by the command of the King, to express his desire that the person in question shall retain the amount which was bestowed on him; and to inform you that he will receive a second sum of the same value, provided he maintain perfect silence on all that has occurred.’”

“But”—commenced the Empress.

Napoleon smiled.

“Well?” he said, interrogatively.

“But”—repeated Josephine; “we are not surely to infer that the King——”

“Madame,” interposed Napoleon, impressively, “I am about to conclude my tale, and perhaps to give you the key to it. Such events as that which I have just related are more common in the history of courts than the uninitiated would apprehend; and, unfortunately, the fact is never known until the evil is beyond remedy.”

“Good heavens, Bonaparte! Why do you tell us such horrid stories, and compel us to believe them?” exclaimed the agitated Josephine. “Are you endeavoring to frighten us to death?”

“Are *you* frightened, Pauline?” asked the Emperor, turning towards the fairest and frailest of his sisters, the Princess Borghese; “I am, as you hear, relating the history—or rather the ultimate fate—of a beautiful, a very beautiful woman.”

“Why do you appeal to me, Napoleon?” was the rejoinder. “Your vanity as a *conteur* is really insatiable. You

have beheaded your heroine, so there is an end of the affair; for no one can take the slightest interest in a parcel of barbarians who could murder a beautiful woman in cold blood.”

“Nevertheless, and with due deference to your opinion, I will finish my story,” said the Emperor with one of his most sarcastic smiles. “The Duke of Wurtemberg married a second wife nine years after the death of his first, and during my campaign in Italy. The successor of Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, was Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England, and daughter of George II. He was at that period only Prince Royal, but succeeded his father on the nineteenth of December, 1797.

“Wurtemberg had hither made common cause with the Germanic Empire against France. The new sovereign was, however, no sooner in possession of the throne than he hastened to conclude a peace; and opened a correspondence for that purpose with me, which was carried on until my departure for Egypt. I am not about to digress into politics, so do not look alarmed, Josephine—*Je reviens à mes moutons*.

“The first wife of the Duke of Wurtemberg had been both beautiful and intellectual, but she was, nevertheless, not perfect; and whispers soon became rife at court that she had looked with marked favor upon a certain handsome young page; who, presuming upon her protection, took the liberty of attempting to leave the country without the sanction of his sovereign. The motive of his thus seeking to absent himself at a time when his vanity and his ambition may be supposed to have been alike gratified, was never known; though it was afterwards surmised that his courage did not altogether equal his personal advantages; and he was apprehensive of the results of an affair so delicate and dangerous as that in which he found himself involved. Be this as it might, thus much at least is certain, that he had already reached the frontier, and had nearly completed his supper, when a peach was placed before him on a plate of curious old china, beneath which he found a small scroll of paper, whereon were written the words: ‘Return, or tremble!’

“He returned.

“Scarcely, however, had he regained the capitol, when he saw upon his dress-

ing table a magnificent vase of cut and colored glass; and while in the act of examining this new bauble, and wondering whence it could have come, a second scroll, similar to the first, dropped at his feet, which being unrolled, he found to contain a new warning. On this occasion it bore the injunction, 'Depart, or tremble!'

"Vacillating between these two opposite commands, the young man resolved to explain the mysterious circumstance to his royal mistress; to explain to her the peril in which he stood, and to solicit her advice. Its nature may be surmised by the fact that the youth made no further attempt to leave the court.

"Rumor asserts that, about this time, a prince—we will not guess at his identity—paid a visit to the father of the audacious page, and laid before him sundry letters, papers, and love-tokens, tending to implicate the wife of the one, and the son of the other; and that when the miserable parent had read them from end to end, his visitor said sternly: 'Pronounce the sentence of the culprit.' The lips of the wretched father quivered spasmodically, but he could not articulate a syllable; and meanwhile, the clear cold eye of the outraged husband remained fixed upon him.

"They was standing beside the wide hearth, upon which blazed a huge fire of pine-wood; and at length the modern Brutus grasped with trembling fingers one of the hand-irons which chanced to be within his reach, and traced in the ashes several letters. The word thus written commenced with a D, and was terminated by an h. The sentence was tacitly pronounced. The Prince bent for a few seconds over the ill-formed characters—for the muscles of the writer had proved less firm than his purpose—and then, with a cold bend of the head, he strode from the room and left the house.

"A council was convened, at which were assembled all the principal personages of the state, and several relatives of the Princess. The condemnatory documents were produced and read; and as they were conclusive of the guilt of both parties, each individual present was invited to pronounce sentence upon the accused. The first who replied to the appeal declared for divorce; but a near kinsman of the erring wife vehemently opposed what he affirmed to be an ill-

judged and dangerous act of lenity. 'Her death alone,' he exclaimed, 'can save the honor of the Prince. There is no other alternative.' His opinion was adopted; and the council had no sooner broken up than the same individual who had endeavored to save the life of the guilty woman, hastened to apprise her of the fate with which she was menaced, and to entreat that she would save herself by flight; offering at the same time to assist her evasion that very night, if she would solemnly pledge herself never again to see the rash young man by whose imprudence she had been compromised, and to remain during the remainder of her life a self-constituted prisoner in a castle in Scotland, where he could insure her a refuge.

"As she rejected both these conditions with haughty displeasure, the interview was abruptly terminated by her chivalrous visitor; who, although, he had been willing to risk his own life in order to save that of his fair but frail mistress, could not contemplate without disgust her steady perseverance in vice, even under circumstances so threatening as those by which she was surrounded. 'Pardon me, madame,' he said coldly, as he prepared to leave the room; 'I intruded myself in the hope of rendering service to a repentant woman; but I have no help to offer to one who glories in her sin.' Unhappily for herself, she did not recall him.

"The room occupied by the page was situated on the higher story of the palace, at the termination of a long gallery, which was repeated on every floor to the foundation of the building. It was necessary that he should traverse this gallery in order to gain a back-staircase by which he was accustomed to reach the private apartments of the Princess; and his destruction was consequently easy. On each floor, and precisely on the same spot, four boards were removed, thus forming a wide opening, which terminated only above the chamber of his royal mistress. The upper gallery, into which his own room opened, was never lighted; an arrangement which had hitherto been subject of congratulation to both parties, as it rendered his movements less likely to excite observation; and one upon which they had frequently congratulated themselves. He had, therefore, been long accustomed to grope his way in the darkness; and—thus much premised—you may readily anticipate the sequel.

The wretched page, unsuspecting of the fate which impended over him, and so familiar with his path that he needed no lamp to guide his footsteps, sprang across the threshold of his chamber without one misgiving as the last sounds of life died away in the corridors of the palace, and the deep silence of midnight settled over its dim halls and passages—three bounds, and his foot met no resistance—down, down, headlong, from floor to floor, fell the bold and ambitious boy who had dared to raise his eyes to the wife of his sovereign—down, down, until he met with one slight obstacle in his descent, so slight that it failed beneath his weight, and only served to render his suffering more acute. The planks which formed the ceiling of the princess's apartment had not been removed, lest the circumstance might attract her notice and thus excite her suspicions, but they were so skillfully sawn through, that they hung merely by a few fibres; and he had therefore no sooner struck upon them than they yielded beneath the sudden pressure; and the blooming page, with his blue eyes, his cloud of sunny hair, his ruby lips, and his graceful limbs, fell a shapeless and ensanguined mass at the feet of the royal lady who was awaiting him."

A cry of horror burst from all the auditors of the Emperor; and his self-gratulation at the effect which his narrative had produced was visible.

Not a voice was raised to urge him to proceed with his tale, but each of the party looked earnestly towards him. Napoleon perfectly understood the silent and agitated appeal. He slowly buried his finger and thumb in his snuff-box, inhaled "the fragrant weed" with epicurean deliberation, and then, resuming his habitual attitude, he pursued his narration.

"The scene must have been a frightful one when Mary Stuart vainly sought to screen Rizzio from the daggers of his assassins, and saw the skirts of her robe dabbled in his blood; but that was mere melodrama to the spectacle of Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel gazing down upon the mummified mass of what had so lately been the peerless person of her lover. No doubt that her first impulse must have been to fling herself upon his body; to clasp him, crushed and disfigured as he was, to the heart which had enshrined him as its idol; but even passion is not omnipotent, for we are all more or

less human and self-centered. Well is it for us that we are so perpetually satisfied with the surface of things; that we do not seek to look deeper; let us retain our illusions whilst we can.

"In this case the illusion lasted no longer; what Caroline had loved was the brilliant beauty and the faultless proportions of the unhappy boy whom she had lured to his destruction—and what remained of these? A shapeless and gory heap, at which her woman-courage shrank appalled. That thus it must have been is certain; for the gorgeous apartment whose echoes had long been awakened only by murmured words of tenderness and sighs of passion, now resounded with wild shrieks, and burst of unearthly laughter; while her women, attracted by the cries of their mistress, rushed to her assistance, ignorant of the catastrophe which awaited them.

"The Princess was borne to her bed insensible. The screams of her attendants aroused the other inmates of the palace, and the greatest consternation prevailed. The accident appeared so inexplicable that even horror was partially swallowed up in astonishment; although there were a few among the spectators who looked gloomily upon each other, like men disposed to seek a deeper and darker solution of the mystery than they cared to acknowledge. There was, however, one individual of more nerve and presence of mind than those about him, who undertook to explain the cause of the frightful tragedy by asserting that, beyond all doubt, the dry rot had destroyed the timbers of the palace; and, in accordance with this opinion, all the galleries on that side of the building were closed, on the pretext that they were too dangerous for use until the flooring had been relaid.

"The public were satisfied with this explanation—let us not quarrel with their credulity.

"The Princess was no sooner restored to conscience than she thoroughly appreciated the peril of her position. She regretted, beyond all doubt, her refusal of an asylum in Scotland which had been offered her. She was alone with her guilt and her terrors; friendless; and, as she was too well aware, not only suspected, but condemned. She felt that the fate of the page foreshadowed her own; and that she had no resource save in flight. But whither?—What mattered it? The

world was wide; and turn on which side she might, she must be equally a wanderer and a stranger. The duchy of which she had been one of the brightest ornaments, was a mere speck on the map of Europe. She must escape! Once beyond the frontier and she would be safe. But to whom could she apply for help? Whom dare she trust? Doubts like these are one of the most bitter curses of greatness. The very 'divinity which doth hedge a king,' as the English poet expresses it, flings back the warmer and kindlier feelings of our fellow-men. Crowned heads and sovereign princes may boast of devoted followers and faithful servants, but it is rare, indeed, that they can secure a friend.

"Precisely in this position was Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel at this critical moment of her life. To whom could she apply for help? In whom dare she confide? These were questions which she asked herself until her heart heaved almost to bursting, and her brain reeled; but the minutes were growing into hours, and something must be done. After mature reflection she at length resolved to confide in her first waiting-woman, to whom she had been an indulgent and munificent mistress; Gemonde was bound to her by a thousand obligations; alike in sorrow and in joy she had shown her a ready sympathy; she had never wounded her feelings by a harsh word or a disdainful gesture; and the more she dwelt on this idea, the more she assured herself that on this woman depended her safety. From her she could not apprehend lukewarmness, and scorned to dream of treachery.

"Amplly, as it appeared, was her trust rewarded; the favorite attendant, throwing herself at the feet of her august mistress, thanked her with tears and sobs for so marked and honorable a proof of her confidence; and one which, as she declared, was rendered doubly valuable from the circumstance of her having a brother whose best ambition it would be to serve so illustrious a lady; and who, being attached to the city, and in constant correspondence with its numerous agents, could easily secure her escape.

"The princess had no sooner received this assurance, than she decided on leaving the palace at an hour past midnight, by a subterraneous passage with which her attendant was familiar; and which, traversing alike the ancient vaults and the modern cellars, terminated beneath the

foundation of a house outside the city walls, where a carriage was to be in readiness to facilitate her flight. Confident of the practicability of this scheme; and, in consequence, no longer apprehensive of personal violence, Caroline of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel, having secured in a small casket her gold and diamonds, (the proceeds of which would enable her to live in comfort, if not actually in affluence, in another land,) sat down with the chosen companion of her projected evasion to weep over the frightful death of the ill-fated youth whom she had by her own frailty consigned to an early and dishonored grave; and she was still thus occupied when her husband sent to inquire if she could receive him in her apartments.

"Had she consented to do so, who can say what might have been the result of the interview? The page was dead; the Princess was young, fascinating, and beautiful; and even princes are mortal. The concession might at least have saved her life; and it is probable that it would have done so; for wherefore, save to afford her a last chance of pleading her own cause, could the injured husband be supposed to volunteer so bitter a meeting? It did not take place, however; for, consulting only her passion, and the pride which she had allowed to slumber when it might have shielded her from disgrace, she refused the interview; and, drawing her desk towards her, she addressed to him perhaps the most ill-judged and dangerous note which a woman, circumstanced as she was at that moment, ever ventured to write to the husband whom she had dishonored. That note was communicated to me, and I was so much impressed by its contents that I can repeat them to you. Thus it ran:

"'You have shed the blood of an unfortunate young man, when I alone was guilty; and you will have to answer for his death before God, as you will also have to answer for mine. Had you any sense of justice, I might accept you as my judge, but I know too well that you only desire to become my executioner. We had better not meet, as I have only my curse to bequeath to you.'

"Convinced that her safety was secured, the Princess dispatched this letter as recklessly as she had written it; and I think you will all concede that it was not calculated to appease the irritated feelings

of an offended husband," continued the Emperor after a pause; "and thus the day wore on. Twilight deepened, and the miserable Caroline, her heart bursting with grief, and her nerves shaken by anxiety, received the ladies of her household as she was accustomed to do before retiring for the night; but they had no sooner withdrawn than, trembling with impatience, she wrapped herself closely in one of the wide and coarse cloaks worn by the female peasants of Germany during the winter months, (in which disguise she trusted that she should be secure in the event of her encountering any of the servants of the palace,) and drew the heavy hood over her face.

"On emerging from the ducal apartments, accompanied by her zealous attendant, she descended a back-staircase; and then proceeded along a stone passage, which running parallel with the offices, received its only light from the apertures perforated in its walls at certain and infrequent intervals, that enabled her to distinguish the voices of the cooks and scullions who were, even at that hour, preparing for the repast of the following day. So clearly, indeed, did they meet her ear, that she might even have overheard their conversation had she not been absorbed by the engrossing nature of her own situation.

"This first passage traversed, several others presented themselves, which it was necessary either to cross or to pursue; but the careful waiting-woman had possessed herself by some stratagem of a handful of keys, of which she made rapid and effective use; until, in fitting one of them into the lock of an inner door that opposed their progress, the whole of those which she still carried escaped her grasp, and were scattered upon the ground. Great was the terror of the fugitives, as, with beating pulses, and straining eyes, they listened for several seconds to assure themselves that the noise of the fall had not excited any attention in the offices, when convinced that it had not been heard, they passed their hands over the sanded floor in every direction in search of their lost treasures—treasures indeed to them at that moment—and having at length succeeded in recovering them, they once more hurried on. Ere long, they had left the more modern portion of the subterraneans behind them; and found themselves in a large and lofty stone hall,

which, as Gemonde informed her royal mistress, terminated the original vaults of the palace. Vainly, however, did they successively apply every key they possessed to the lock of the low-arched door which opened at the further extremity of this vast and gloomy dungeon; not one would open it; and they ultimately became satisfied that it must still be lying near the spot where the others had fallen.

"The Princess, who was by this time overcome with apprehension and fatigue, declared herself utterly unable to retrace her steps; and her devoted attendant was consequently compelled to entreat that Her Highness would sit down and rest, while she returned alone to renew the search. The alternative was a terrible one to the delicate and carefully-nurtured victim of her own vices; but there was no escape. She must submit, or prepare to die of famine where she stood; unseen, unpitied, and unshrived. 'Go,' she gasped out at last; 'Go; but do not leave me long, Gemonde, or I shall become mad.' All was dark, and so profoundly still about her, that she could hear the beating of her own heart as she bent forward to listen for the return of her guide. A weary interval succeeded; the Princess could not even guess at its duration; but to her it appeared as though hours had elapsed since she was left alone in that dim and dreary solitude, without an arm to sustain, or a voice to comfort her.

"For a while the pang at her heart occupied her thoughts; and she lived over again the last hours of horror which she had passed in her princely home—visibly, plainly, she once more saw before her the dabbled corpse of her heart's idol; and she shuddered as the mangled mass appeared again to fall at her feet, and to share her lonely vigil. Fortunately for her reason, the spectral illusion vanished after a time; and then came visions of the future, when exiled alike from her adopted country and dignities which were her birthright, she must be content to live in seclusion, unhonored, and unknown.

"Gradually, however, the past and the future alike failed to withdraw her attention from the terrors of the present. She could no longer deceive herself; hours must indeed have elapsed since she was abandoned in that living tomb. Her failing limbs were becoming unequal to support her drooping form; strange noises

were in her ears; the damps of the vault were clinging to her hair, and chilling her blood. Had her attendant been discovered? Would she, to save herself from an almost certain death, leave her to her horrible, her hopeless fate? Or worse, far worse than all, had she betrayed her?

"Maddened by the thought, the wretched woman became unconscious alike of fatigue and fear; her only desire was to escape from the terrors by which she was surrounded. She felt as though the roof of the vault, spacious and lofty as it was, became every moment more heavy and more near, and that the walls were closing in upon her on every side. Human nature could passively endure no more. She started, shrieked, and fled. On! on! she must find the narrow passage by which she had entered the subterranean where she had so long watched and waited; the doors had been left unclosed behind her, for her flight had been too eager and too hurried for what her attendant had declared to be an unnecessary precaution at so late an hour, as that of her evasion. On! on! that passage must be found—But how? There was only one hope of success; and her small ungloved hand was passed along the rough and humid surface of the masonry as she followed up the boundary-wall of the vault; while from time to time she stumbled against a loose stone, and was compelled to pause, writhing with pain, ere she could pursue her dark and dangerous way.

"Suddenly she heard the trampling of feet above her; and a gleam of light penetrating through a ventilator caused her to stand motionless. She had indeed found her way back to the inhabited portion of the palace; she could again distinguish, not only voices, but even words. Thankful to know herself once more within human reach, she instinctively listened—ay, princess as she was—after enduring whole hours of a living death where neither sight nor sound of her fellow-beings had been able to reach her, she listened—"

"But who could know all this, Bonaparte?" asked the Empress, pale with emotion. "To whom did she tell all this?"

"My good Josephine," replied Napoleon, with a slight frown at the interruption, "endeavor to place yourself in her position; imagine what your own feelings would have been; how you would have struggled to escape the fate which await-

ed you; and be satisfied that all passed as I have narrated it."

"Perhaps so; but still—"

"Bonaparte will never be able to finish his story if you do not allow him to tell it in his own way," said Madame Mère. "He hates to be questioned."

The Princess Pauline curled her beautiful lip as she asked languidly: "Well, Napoléon, what followed?"

"It followed, as a natural consequence," pursued the Emperor, only half appeased, "that she overheard a conversation, which at once riveted her attention, and overwhelmed her with terror. 'Only to think how soon all may be over,' said a man's voice which, rude as it was, still betrayed deep regret, and sank to her heart as she leant her throbbing temples against the stone-work of the vault; 'poor Princess! She was in her usual health, to all appearance, at dinner-time this very day; and now they say that she is dying.'

"'We must all die, princes as well as paupers,' was the rejoinder of one of his companions; 'not one of us can buy off his last creditor.' 'True enough,' remarked a third; 'but, nevertheless, this illness is wonderfully sudden. To think that she should have dined at table to-day, and that she should die to-night, is something more than one can understand.'

"Horrible!" murmured Josephine, covering her eyes with her hand to conceal the tears which she could not suppress.

"It is needless to say," continued the Emperor, "with what rightful earnestness the Princess hung upon their words. Still it might not be of her that they spoke—she was not the only princess in the palace—there was yet hope! That hope did not long endure, however; she heard rapid footsteps hurrying along the passages, and then a voice which she recognized as that of one of her ushers, exclaiming breathlessly: 'I bring you sorrowful news—in a few days we shall be in mourning for the Hereditary Princess.' 'Who told you that all was so nearly over?' eagerly inquired his listeners. 'Gemonde, Her Highness's favorite woman, who has scarcely left the bed-side of her ill-fated mistress. I met her not ten minutes ago, half-mad with grief. You all know how she loved the Princess; and the sight of her sufferings had been more than she could bear. They are, she says, so violent and so acute, that nothing short of a miracle can enable her to endure them for

another hour. Every one is up in the palace, and the citizens are already astir in the town. The Duke has locked himself into his apartment, and refuses to be seen by any one. I only trust that he may not sink under the blow.'

"And she still stood there and listened—she whose last chance of life had been the good faith of the treacherous follower by whom she was thus betrayed—listened until the voices hissed in her ears, and strange lights danced before her dilated eyes. Once she strove to shriek out an appeal for help, but her parched tongue refused its office, and she only emitted a gurgling sob, which died away in her throat. Paralyzed by terror, she was unconscious of a muffled sound which gradually approached. There were heavy but cautious footfalls in the deep sand which formed the flooring of the vault, but she heard them not. Her whole being was absorbed in the conversation which was still going on beside her, although she was no longer able to comprehend its nature; suddenly she felt herself seized by two robust arms, and dragged violently away from the iron-barred window that connected the vault with the kitchens. Vainly did she struggle in the grasp of her captors; her cry for assistance awoke no response as it died away in the depths of the subterraneans, along which she was hurried, in dull and mocking echoes. Without respect either for her sex or for her rank, she was flung rudely to the ground, and her hands and feet secured with cords. Wildly she prayed for mercy; and called upon her family, and even upon her husband to save her; she was far removed from human aid. Vainly she sought to bribe her tormentors.

"Take all—all—" she moaned in her agony: 'here are gold and jewels—spare my life—I am too young to die!'

The brutal beings who were now the

masters of her fate vouchsafed no reply, save by so tightening her bonds that she could not move a limb, and finally forcing a gag into her mouth. This outrage accomplished, the lower part of her body was thrust into a sack of black velvet, which was fastened around her waist and secured under her feet; and from that moment her Maker alone could hear her supplications for assistance."

"What!" exclaimed the Empress in an accent of mingled horror and dismay; "was that really the fate of the first wife of the Elector of Wurtemberg? Was it she whom the Headsman of Strasbourg was compelled to murder?"

"Madame," replied Napoleon, "I am not aware that the name of the Elector of Wurtemberg has once escaped my lips throughout the tale to which you have just listened. It is true that rumor *did* connect it with the death of the Princess; but the great are always calumniated by the envious. I therefore offer no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of Frederic William; nor shall I even permit myself to express my sense of the extent to which such an act of retribution would have been justifiable or unjustifiable on his part. I have merely been relating to you a story which was not, as I conceived, without a certain amount of interest. I have given it to you as it was told to me; and I need not point out its moral. But I have unwittingly permitted my tale to intrude too far into the night, and I should regret to cause you unpleasant dreams."

So saying, the Emperor returned his snuff-box to his pocket; kissed the forehead of his mother, according to his invariable custom; and before his auditors had recovered from the painful impression produced by the dark page of history which he had spread before them, he had left the room.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

T O R O B E R T B U R N S .

Of all the streams, from shore to shore,
That sparkle on fair Scotland's breast,
With wealth and commerce running o'er,
Is "bonny Doon" the first and best?

No: Doon, a hundred years ago,
Might glide unmarked at eve or morn,
Till in a hut, 'midst winter's snow,
Beside its banks, a child was born:

The hut that near its margin stands,
As humble as its simple tide,
Was built by hardy, willing hands—
Raised by a lover for his bride.

And Agnes to that dwelling came,
Full of youth's hopes, and love, and glee;
There nursed the germ of Scotland's fame
To blossom soon, a stately tree.

Now summer wreathes her cot with flowers,
Then dark storms dash its walls to earth,
But still it stands, in gleams and showers,
A temple for a Poet's birth.

Little to art or schools he owed,
Of rules and forms he took no heed,
From nature's fount his learning flowed,
From God his genius—and his creed.

Wild as the torrent, sudden, rash,
Alive to joy, to sport, to whim—
Mark but his bright eye's lightning flash,
Mark but the tears those eyes that dim!

Hear how in thunder wake his tones,
Injustice and deceit to ban,
Hear how in dove-like strains he moans
O'er erring and o'er suffering man.

Stormy or gentle, fierce or hushed,
Repentant, daring, firm, or faint,
All feelings through his being rushed,
And all he felt his hand could paint.

To insolence and pride of place,
To specious words and empty show,
To acts ignoble, false, and base,
A crushing—an unblenching foe.

Of judgment quick, his glance of fire
At once the traitor's guile could see;

His was the patriot's noble ire,
His was the glory to be free.

To virtue, manliness, and truth
A steady friend, a mentor sage;
Pity he had for trembling youth,
And tender care for faltering age.

The slave of Beauty—to excess—
Warming and glowing in her praise;
Not seeking even to love her less
Though scorched by passion's burning rays.

Yet in his warnings to be wise,
And in his wail for misspent years,
So much of virtuous fervor lies—
Are not his faults effaced with tears?

He sang as carol birds at will,
When they to summer boughs reveal,
In melody that asks no skill,
The wild delights that minstrels feel.

He sang as others breathe—confined,
His struggling thoughts escaped, unbound,
Till the sweet music in his mind
Filled the bright air with rapt'rous sound.

No marvel at the hearts he drew,
No marvel souls his call obeyed,
He felt the charm his magic threw,
And trembled to the power he swayed.

He loved the spell that lent him words
His deep, desponding mood to tell;
He loved the lute whose plaintive chords
Answered his spirit's cry so well.

And thus, when grief his bosom wrings,
Our heart-throbs echo to his sigh,
And when his jocund laughter rings
To the wild note our smiles reply.

His phrases, keen with wit and sense,
Teach us hypocrisy to brand;
He gives us hymns, all eloquence
To hail and laud our native land.

Ask we a bard of matchless worth
To fire, to cheer, to melt by turns—
Does not at once a name burst forth,
And every voice cry—ROBERT BURNS!

Louisa Stuart Costello.

From Chambers's Journal.

U P I N T H E C L O U D S .

WAS it not so great a man as Dr. Franklin who once compared balloons to babies ; as being of no use at present, but likely to become of use in all due time ? At all events, such has been my own feeling upon the matter, and what I feel is (to myself, at least) of equal consequence with what Dr. Franklin felt.

This opinion concerning the practicability of traversing the "viewless fields of air," is not, I confess, founded on any deep scientific knowledge, and far less upon practical experiment. I never myself constructed any dove, as Archytas did, to fly with artificial pinions, although I have often seen it done in the theaters since his time. I never cast myself from any precipitous height in the faith of elaborate wings, as the Abbot of Tunland was enthusiastic enough to do at Stirling Castle, to please King James IV. I leave such famous feats—and wings—to more soaring spirits ; and if, on rare occasions, I have made "a beast of myself," I may conscientiously observe that I have never made a bird. Nevertheless, the history of the "perilous ascents" of aëronauts has been always deeply interesting to me. Consider how infinitely more audacious must that man have been who first rose high enough in the air to risk the breaking of his neck, than he who first intrusted himself to a locomotive, or dived beneath the sea ! Since, if any thing does go wrong, there is absolutely no escape—none ; as no mortal can hope for life, even in a couple of thousand feet fall, (the minimum,) no matter upon what end, or limb, he may chance to come down.

The Montgolfier brothers, although doubtless the fathers of aëronautics, never won my admiration ; they had science, indeed, but they did not believe in it to the extent of trusting their own personal safety to its protection. They sent, instead, a sheep, a cock, and a duck fifteen hundred feet into the air, in one of their balloons, and the poor cock got his wing broken—"through the too great rarefac-

tion of the air," averred the more skeptical ; "through a kick from the sheep," retorted the Montgolfiers.

M. Pilatre de Rozier was the first mortal to intrust himself, in 1783, to a balloon, "of a spheroidal shape, forty-five feet wide and seventy-five high ;" but he did not take any very ambitious flight, "ninety times high as the moon," by any means. He preferred to rise but three hundred feet, and remain at that inconsiderable altitude, "the balloon being held by long cords until it gradually descended." One would have thought that this gentleman belonged to that large community of persons who never go into the water before they can swim, but this was not the case. Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, a major of infantry, were the first who ever tempted Providence in an unfettered balloon. In this "they soared to an elevation of three thousand feet, and traversed by a circuitous and irregular course, the whole extent of Paris," filling, as may well be imagined, its impressionable inhabitants with the idea that the French nation had conquered space, and were about to be the monarchs of Air, as they had been so many centuries, of Earth. "A curious circumstance occurred during the passage of the floating mass ; to the gazers planted on the towers of Notre Dame, it chanced to intercept the body of the sun, and thus gave them, for a few seconds, the spectacle of a total eclipse." It is my belief that poor M. Rozier never recovered from the idea of having effected this phenomenon ; intoxicated with success, he went on ballooning until he dropped, as in those early days was certain to happen sooner or later ; and even in these times, it is not an amusement which, indulged in to excess, is looked upon with favor by the insurance-offices. "It has been alleged," says the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with some humor, 'that when the balloon had reached so high that the objects on earth were no longer distinguishable, the Marquis d'Ar-

landes began to think that his curiosity and ambition were sufficiently gratified." The *sarant*, on the other hand, could never get high enough, and was always setting light to more straw. At last, when some cracks were heard near the top of the balloon, and some holes observed to be burning in the sides, the Major (and small blame to him) became outrageously terrified, and compelled his companion to take a more unscientific view of things. We can fancy the Marquis exclaiming with poor *Panurge*: "Oh! twice and thrice happy those that plant cabbages; they have always one foot on the ground, and the other not far from it."

Oh! that I were but safe upon dry land, with some body kicking me behind;" and we entirely sympathize with his feelings of relief upon touching *terra firma*. The two travelers had described a track of six miles, and been in the air twenty-five minutes, some of which must have been very long ones. The machine in which this voyage was made was a smoke-balloon—the Montgolfier plan—and its success goaded M. Charles, the inventor of the hydrogen-gas method, to new experiments.

In a balloon of tiffany, therefore, thus inflated, MM. Charles and Robert started from the Tuileries on the first of December, and, in the language of an impassioned spectator, "soared like demigods to the abode of the immortals, to receive the reward of intellectual progress. The demigods descended at Nesle, about twenty-five miles from Paris, in perfect safety. The balloon, although become rather flaccid, still retained a great buoyant force when relieved of the weight of the travelers; and although the sun had set and the night was beginning to close, M. Charles determined to take another trip without a companion. His courage was well rewarded. Having shot up two miles high in ten minutes, the sun rose again to him in full orb, while the vapors collected below, and covered the earth from his sight. Then the moon began to shine, and shed her beams over these accumulated masses. The whole scene and situation were of such a solemn grandeur, that this audacious mortal, alone in the air, and separated from the world of his fellows, could not restrain his tears.

On the twenty-eighth of June, 1784, an ascent was made at Lyon before the King of Sweden, then traveling as Count Haga

—in which character, it will be remembered, M. Dumas introduces him to us—by two *aéronauts*, one of whom was a young lady—Madame Thiblé. She was the first female who ever made an attempt to rejoin that angelic throng from which, as we all know, divine woman has been temporarily separated for our delectation; or, in other words, the first lady who was ever up in the clouds. She attained an elevation of 13,500 feet; from whence, dropping a flag with staff weighing fourteen pounds, it took no less than seven minutes to reach the earth.

On the nineteenth of September, in the same year, royalty took its first *aërial* voyage, in the somewhat disreputable person of the Duke de Chartres, afterwards *Égalité* Orleans. When they were six thousand feet high, the Duke began to be alarmed at a proximity to heaven which he had never calculated upon reaching, and absolutely "pierced the lower part of the silk bag with his sword," in order to get down the quicker. This expedition was up in the clouds—and thunder-clouds too—for five hours, and traveled one hundred and thirty-five miles.

There is generally grandeur and always peril in a balloon ascent, but very little of humor; even Mr Albert Smith had a great deal of his natural comicality taken out of him, as he confesses, when he tempted the Spirit of the Air some years ago. The following expedition of M. Testu is therefore remarkable, both for his ludicrous persistency in going up in the clouds, and staying there, without any object, and for the absurd obstacles which he encountered in attaining his various elevations. He went up alone in a balloon of glazed tiffany, constructed by himself, and furnished with auxiliary wings, and deferred his departure till four o'clock in the afternoon, when it threatened rain. When three thousand feet high, he found he wanted ballast—which I can easily imagine was the case; and in order to avoid waste of gas, he endeavored to descend by the reaction of his wings; although these were shattered in the attempt, he managed to alight upon a corn-field, and there he collected stones without leaving the car. Being soon surrounded by curious peasants, the proprietor of the land and his vassals demanded compensation for the damage done to their corn, and on its being re-

fused them, seized hold of the stay of the balloon, which still floated at some height, and so dragged the prisoner through the air, in a sort of triumph, towards the police-office. The whole affair reads like some humorous improbability of Mr. Edgar Poe's, transferred by some strange mistake to the Encyclopædias. M. Testu, by pointing to his broken wings, had luckily convinced these people that he could not possibly escape, and finding that their loss and that of his cloak and other articles had considerably lightened the machine, he suddenly cut the stay, or cord, and took an abrupt leave of his astonished captors. He soon arrived at a height from whence he heard thunder rolling beneath him; but as the "small frozen particles floating in the atmosphere" began to diminish the buoyancy of the balloon, he had to come down again to part with some of the stones, which he was too conscientious to throw overboard at hazard, although, whatever mischief they did would have been probably put down to aërolites. A third time he descended, in order to obtain a good view of a fox-chase between Etouen and Varville, but determined finally to pass the night in the sky. He was involved in thickest darkness, and then in an awful thunder-storm; the thermometer, read by the lightning flashes, pointed to twenty-one, and snow and sleet fell around him. The balloon, too, was affected with a sort of undulating motion. "A calm at last succeeding, he had the pleasure of seeing the stars, and embraced that opportunity to take some necessary refreshment." Fancy that lonely breakfast of his up in the clouds! How high the game must have been, and what an extravagant rise in the bread! At half-past two, the day broke; but he waited to see the sun rise, ere he quietly descended at Campremi, about sixty-eight miles from Paris.

The first English aëronaut appears to have been one Mr. Blanchard, who crossed the British Channel in January, 1785, in company with Dr. Jeffries, an American; but General Money who ascended from Norwich, with the like intention, had the misfortune to drop into the water, and was not rescued for six hours. Another gentleman, in crossing the Irish Channel, encountered the like mishap, and was carried along in his unusual maritime conveyance at something like twenty miles an hour; a ship *going the other way*,

however, very benevolently ran her bowsprit into his balloon, and so cut short an excursion which might otherwise have been terminated by the North Pole. It was in attempting to return Mr. Blanchard's visit that poor Pilatre de Rozier lost his life in so horrible a manner. The whole apparatus, with himself and M. Romain on board of it, took fire at the height of three thousand feet, and the unfortunate voyagers were of course precipitated to the ground, a mangled chaos. Carlo Brioschi, astronomer-royal at Naples, in company with a celebrated aëronaut, in attempting to rise higher than any other mortal had done before him, got into an atmosphere so rarefied as to burst the balloon; nevertheless, its remnants checked their descent, and saved both their lives for the time; although Brioschi contracted a complaint from the fall which carried him to his grave. A Venetian nobleman and his wife were the next victims, and after them several others.

The parachute (guard for falling) was invented to diminish these risks, and as a means by which the endangered traveler of the upper air might descend at will. Mr. Blanchard, during his journey of 300 miles from Lisle, had dropped a dog in a parachute without the animal sustaining any injury; but M. Garnerin was the first human being who ever left his comparatively safe vessel, the balloon, in the upper air, and intrusted himself to that miserable cock-boat, the parachute. It was doubtless with very terrible feelings that the intrepid fellow severed the cord that united him with the larger machine, and made up his mind to drop from an elevation higher than that of the combined height of the ten highest precipices in Great Britain. For a few seconds, we are told, the parachute, instantly expanding, descended sheer with an astonishing velocity, till it became tossed exceedingly, and took such wide oscillations that the basket, or car, in which the voyager was standing became at times almost horizontal. This oscillation is, it seems, very satisfactorily explained by men of science, and is somehow intimately connected with the square root of 8; but M. Garnerin was not in a condition to be comforted by any such reflection. "Borne along by the influence of the wind, he passed over Marylebone and Somers Town, and almost grazed the houses of St. Pancras. So violent was his fall, at

last, that although, according to Cocker, (but not that unhappy Cocker who fell from a parachute upon Blackheath,) he ought to have only received such a shock as a person would get who drops freely from 3½ feet, "he was cast on his face, and a good deal cut with stones." One of the stays of the machine had given way, it seems, and placed him in the most imminent peril throughout the descent; and "he was much agitated, and trembled excessively on being released from the car."

Of all the narratives of balloon ascents, however, there is none so satisfactory, because none undertaken with a more calm resolve, or a more noble motive, than that of M. Gay-Lussac, the (then) young French philosopher. He had been up in the clouds, in company with his friend M. Biot, once before, but had not reached an elevation sufficient to satisfy himself. Upon that occasion, they had taken up some birds and insects, and let them loose in the upper regions of the atmosphere, with some remarkable results. A violet bee "flew away very swiftly, making a humming noise;" but at the altitude of 11,000 feet, (I again quote from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), a green linnet, "feeling itself abandoned in the midst of an unknown ocean, returned, and settled on the stays of the balloon." A pigeon, placed on the edge of the car, "rested a while, measuring as it were the breadth of that unexplored sea which it designed to traverse; now launching into the abyss, it fluttered irregularly, and seemed to try its wings in the thin element; till, after a few strokes, it gained more confidence, and whirling in large spirals, like the birds of prey, it precipitated itself towards the mass of extended clouds, where it was lost from sight."

Great precautions to secure accuracy had been taken in the preparation of the scientific instruments of the two philosophers; but even still more care was exercised in respect to those which M. Gay-Lussac took up with him in his solitary flight. As it had been found impossible to count the vibrations of the magnetic needle, except during the very short intervals between the contrary rotations of the balloon, a needle of only six inches long was prepared, which should oscillate more quickly. The dipping-needle—about which, however, he was unable to detect any thing certain—was magnetized, and adjusted by the famous M. Coulomb.

To protect the thermometer from the direct rays of the sun, it was inclosed within cylinders of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper. The hygrometers were sheltered nearly in the same way. The glass flasks, intended to bring down specimens of air from the highest regions of the atmosphere, had been so accurately exhausted, and their stop-cocks so carefully fitted, that after a lapse of eight days, they still preserved the vacuum.

"At the altitude of 14,480 feet, M. Gay-Lussac found that a key held in the magnetic direction, repelled with its lower, and attracted with its upper end the north pole of the needle of a small compass . . . and it did the same at the vast height of 20,150 feet—a clear proof that the magnetism of the earth exerts its influence at the remotest distances. . . The thermometer which stood at 82° by Fahrenheit when he left the earth, subsided to 32.9, on the verge of congelation, at the height of 18,636 feet, and to 14.9 at the utmost limit of the ascent, which was 23,040 feet above the level of the sea. . . . The air was here more than twice as thin as usual, (the barometer having sunk to 12.95 inches,) and rushed through the narrow opening of his exhausted flask with a whistling noise; but upon a subsequent analysis of it, below, it was found to be made up of the ordinary proportions. The philosopher, though warmly clad, suffered here from excessive cold. He also felt a difficulty in breathing, and his pulse and respiration were much quickened. His throat, also, became so parched from inhaling the dry attenuated air that he could hardly swallow a morsel of food; but beyond these, he experienced no inconveniences."

Thus ends the tale of such balloon-excursions as may be called historical. In more recent times, the thing has become a common exhibition, with money taken at the doors of the place of ascent, and a regular scale of charges—according to the size of the machine and the fame of the aeronaut—been set up, from ten guineas downwards for each passenger; at the contemplation of which vulgarities the Muse of History grows dumb. Nevertheless, the little party that traveled from London to Nassau performed perhaps the most striking journey in the annals of locomotion; while the late Mr. Green was, doubtless, one before whom, as a daring adventurer, Mungo Park must pale. Mar-

velous, indeed, it was, that he who counted his aerial excursions by the hundred, should die in his bed at the usual number of feet above the level of the sea. I myself had once the distinguished honor of sitting in the same car with him, under the great balloon that had been to Germany; and the following are the particulars of my own ascent:

The great Nassau had been advertised for some days to start for the clouds, and myself and a college friend, determined to tempt the dangers of the air, had secured two places in it. I can not say that the knowledge that I was booked for the expedition, and could not possibly be balked in my expectation, gave me total and unalloyed satisfaction. I could not divorce my mind from the idea of the elevation which awaited me; I regarded the sun in the light of a luminous body with which I was about to be brought into personal contact; and I also found myself making curious calculations as to how long it would take a person—of twelve stone six—to fall, upon a calm day, from twice the height of St. Paul's. I passed several miserable nights in shooting downwards through bottomless space, and all of a sudden coming to earth with a smash and—waking. The great Nassau, in fact, fully inflated, and presenting a very threatening appearance, sat upon my chest whenever I suffered myself to slumber for a moment. Nevertheless, terrible as that tremendous machine was, as a nightmare, it was nothing to the horror with which I was inspired upon first beholding it in reality and open day. My sensations in childhood, upon reading of the awful increasing helmet in the *Castle of Otranto*, can alone be compared to those with which I contemplated the swelling swaying mass which was perhaps about to bear me—by an exceedingly round-about method—to my grave. I would have given the ten pounds already paid, twice over, to any fool out of that gaping crowd who would have taken my place in the car, without the exchange being discovered. That the same reflection was also permanent in the breast of my friend Jones was evident to me; but we had both far too much native delicacy to hint at the real state of affairs within us.

"We shall have a beautiful ascent," observed he, tremulously, as we stepped into the car.

"Beautiful," echoed I, with my teeth

chattering; "but don't you think the wind is getting up?"

"Yes," replied he in a sort of frantic whisper, "I do think so. It's going to be a tempest; one of the most frightful tempests within the memory of man."

Our fellow-passengers, with the exception of Mr. Green, wore the most miserable countenances of any three persons I ever beheld. It was easy to see that the laughter and cheering of the crowd beneath was grating upon their feelings precisely as it may be supposed to do upon those unfortunate persons who are about to be "turned off"—to be *sus. per coll.*, as the Latins have it—in front of the Old Bailey.

"Come, gentlemen," exclaimed the aeronaut, with untimely cheerfulness, "if you have any messages for the world below, you had better leave them; we shall be off in a few minutes."

How the huge billowy mass above did undulate, and what a terrible strain there began to be upon the ropes beneath!

"How long shall it be, *exactly*, sir, before we start?" inquired I.

"Not one minute," replied he, looking msteadily in the face—"not half a minute sir. If you have any fears for yourself, any doubts in my experience——"

"I *have*," exclaimed I, with unaffected earnestness: "the greatest, the very greatest, I do assure you."

"Then down the rope, like a shot."

I *was* down the rope like a shot. I felt the ground once more—the beautiful firm ground—under my feet. I was thankful to Providence, to the aeronaut, to myself, to every body; I did not heed the mocking jeers of that thoughtless throng in the very slightest. The bands began to play, the flags to wave, the mighty dome to shoot up from the cast-off ropes, with poor Jones on board of it. I felt the tears in the neighborhood of my eyes as I thought upon his miserable condition. I watched him "as far as human eye could see" into the empyrean, and then I went to the refreshment-room for a glass of brandy. Picture my horror, then, upon my arrival there, when I saw Jones's very counterpart standing at the bar of it already, and in the act of drinking brandy himself! I really thought that it was my poor friend dropped from the clouds.

"Smith!" cried he, turning round upon a sudden. "Goodness gracious! can this be you?"

His gaze was directed to the blue abyss above us, as though he would say, "Why, I thought you were up there, my unhappy friend;" but his tongue refused its office. He had not known of my escape any more than I of his; he had not waited to hear what I replied to Mr. Green, but he had heard what Mr. Green had inquired of me, and slipped down the rope that was nearest to him, even before I had done the same.

It will thus be seen that, although I have been in a balloon, I can not exactly profess to be an aeronaut; and yet how infinitely more judicious was my conduct than that of the intrepid citizen of the United States who is even now roaming about the fields of air, unable to get down again into his own beloved country, or indeed in any other. He was ignorant of every thing connected with *aërostation*, and had merely paid his money, as we did, to go up with a professional. They went up, and came down again in safety; but, upon touching earth, the *aéronaut* incautiously stepped first out of the car, let go of it, and the balloon, relieved of his weight, reascended with its astonished occupant. This, I think, was in the September of last year; and, according to the latest American advices, this *voyager* in spite of himself *has not been heard of yet*. When Jones and I read of this occurrence in the newspapers, we felt ourselves steeled against all ridicule, for the remainder of our lives, upon the subject of our attempted ascent in the great *Nassau*.



THE PRINCESS LAMBALLE.

HISTORIC tragedies have their lessons of instruction to after-generations; they tell their sad tales of sorrow and anguish, which make ears tingle and hearts weep in sympathy. They form graphic chapters in the history of our common humanity, however much we may reluctant to own the relationship. The mind almost refuses to believe that the dreadful scenes and tragedies of the French Revolution, so forcibly styled "the Reign of Terror," occurred in Imperial Paris, the gorgeous capital of France, and the most fashionable emporium of the present modern world, and within the recollection of many persons now living, even among our friends and neighbors. The localities where these tragedies were enacted are familiar to many of our readers, as they have long been to us. Struck with admiration at the artistic beauty of the print which presents the unfortunate Marie Antoinette to the view of the reader in the last sad drama of her eventful life; we placed it in the hands of Mr. Sartain to conform its dimensions to the *ECLECTIC*

size, for the adornment of our present number. The warm personal friendship which existed between the Queen and the Princess Lamballe, whose fate was so similar and dreadful, excites in us a strong desire to present both to our readers as companion-prints. We trust our friends and patrons will kindly appreciate our desires to gratify their artistic taste, and thus add historic interest to our present number. With this explanatory preface it is fitting to give a brief biographical sketch of the beautiful but unfortunate Princess Lamballe.

Marie Therese Louise Lamballe, of Savoy, Princess of Carignan, was born at Turin, Sept. 8th, 1749. She was married to the Duke of Bourbon Penthièvre, by whom she was left a widow, young, beautiful, and amiable. When appointed *intendant* of the royal household of Marie Antoinette, she gained and deserved, by her good conduct, the confidence and friendship of her mistress. On the flight to Varennes, Madame Lamballe, by another road, quitted France, and from

Dieppe came to England, where she might have lived happy; but she no sooner heard of the imprisonment of her royal friend, than she hastened back to Paris to share her sorrows and sooth her miseries in the Temple. This attachment was too noble to escape the notice of her tyrants. She was dragged to the prison of la Force, and on the fatal third of Sept. 1792, she was summoned to appear before a self-erected and bloody tribunal. When questioned about the Queen by these ferocious murderers, she answered with firmness and dignity; but when some seemed to express pity for her misfortunes, and to applaud her innocence, the others stabbed her with their sabers, and

after cutting off the head and the breasts, they tore out her still palpitating heart. Not satisfied with this, the diabolical monsters went in procession with the bleeding head and the heart, at the top of a pike, to expose them to the view of the unfortunate Queen and her wretched family; while the mangled body, with fresh insults, was dragged triumphantly through the streets. This illustrious female was one of the most innocent victims of the Revolution; her name was never attacked with revolutionary or libelous invectives; and though her tyrants cut her off by a horrid assassination, they never dared to asperse her character.

DR. TAYLOR'S LECTURES ON MORAL GOVERNMENT.*

WE greet the publication of these Lectures. The numerous pupils and friends of their author, we feel sure, will welcome their appearance also. They make their entrance into the great family of Books under kindly auspices. They come, introduced by Prof. Porter, who, from his mature mind and his intimate fellowship with their venerable author, (now gone up to his heavenly rest,) and with his modes of thought and the workings of his great intellect, was well fitted for the enviable service which he has so well performed. These Lectures were no strangers in the moral and theological world, even though they had not before been formally presented at the scrutinizing and haughty court of King Intellect.

Their fame had gone out before, and their lines of influence to the end of the world. It was not permitted their author to see them in any other garb, than the tracery of his own pen. He labored and longed for their completion before his last sun would go down behind the mountains. His earnest prayer was answered, we doubt not, that he might live to finish the great work of his life; but as to seeing them in a printed form, "he died without the sight." It is well. And we seem to hear his voice whispering back from the spirit-land, "It is well."

Most truly has Professor Porter said in his very able introduction: "The Moral Government of God was the great thought of Dr. Taylor's intellect, and the favorite theme of his instructions in theology. It occupied his mind more than any and every other subject." The theme, and the intellectual strength and labor which Dr. Taylor expended upon it, was worthy the powers of an angel's mind. He concentrated all his mental powers and prowess upon the achievement and completion of this great work. These lectures form

* LECTURES ON THE MORAL GOVERNMENT OF GOD. By NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR, D.D., Late Dwight Professor of Didactic Theology in Yale College. Motto: "Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is in the bosom of God—her voice the harmony of the world." In two volumes. Pages 417 and 423. New York: Published by CLARK, AUSTIN & SMITH, 3 Park Row. 1859.

a monument of moral and intellectual grandeur and magnificence viewed in their true light from some celestial eminence more enduring than marble or granite. Forty and six years were occupied in building the Temple at Jerusalem; but the massive walls of that memorable edifice have fallen, and crumbled into ruins, ages ago. Thirty and six years was Dr. Taylor at work, with intense labor, in constructing this great work of his lifetime. It is finished—an imperishable monument of his prayerful and intellectual toils, which no revolutions of time can essentially impair or throw down. He has ceased from his labors; but their enduring results remain. Their deep foundations rest upon the moral attributes of God. Like a wise master-builder, he determined to build for God—for eternity. He conceived and laid his plan. He took the measurement and dimensions of the great temple of truth which he proposed to erect for the honor of God, and for the glory of his name. He went out into the marble quarries of truth. He hewed out and polished block after block with the skill of a workman that need not be ashamed of what he was about. He was not satisfied till he had found, and formed, and fitted each block to the place of symmetry and beauty to which it belonged. He went on, year after year, quarrying, and hewing, and polishing the materials of this great temple, with all his heart and mind and strength, for thirty-six years. The Master whom he served with intense ardor and devoted affection spared his life till he had finished the work which he had longed to complete. The desire of his heart was gratified; though he could not remain, like Solomon, to be present at its dedication. He went up beforehand to the great temple of truth in the heavens. Like good old Nehemiah, he met with some opposition from some who did not exactly see what he intended to do. But this only excited him to greater activity and perseverance, under the full conviction and belief that, ere long, both he and they would see eye to eye, and be abundantly satisfied amid the splendors and glories of the heavenly world.

We must beg permission to depart a little from our usual custom, to indulge in a more extended notice of these most important volumes than we are accustomed to do; though nothing which we can say will begin to do them justice. In moral im-

portance and magnitude of thought, these Lectures seem to peer up like the Pyramid of Cheops, head and shoulders above all other human productions on the subject. Their foundation principles underlie all law—all government, and hold in their mighty grasp all the moral conduct of human beings. If men could scale the walls of the universe, they would not escape beyond the reach of the obligations which these laws of their moral being throw around them. We do not think the transcendent practical importance of these Lectures can be over-magnified. They do not need our humble commendations. It would be very presumption in us to attempt it. But we wish to aid a little in calling attention to the fact of their publication. Read with ordinary candor, they will commend themselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and force conviction of their truth upon every mind whose doors of entrance are not double-locked and barred.

Many of our readers will call to mind the portrait of the author of these Lectures which embellished the last December Number. If they turn and gaze at those portrait features, they will see the strong lineaments of a good man whose great heart throbbed with pulsations of kindness, and love to God and all mankind. And in the view of truth which he has recorded in these volumes, as the result of his life-long labors, one object, if not the leading object, was, to furnish burnished weapons to the ministry at large, by which, under God, they might preach the Gospel with more effect and bring the truth of God to bear with greater weight and pungency upon the hearts and consciences of men in the work of winning souls to Christ. We venture to commend these volumes, with emphatic earnestness, to the attention and perusal of the ministry. We are sure they will find much in them worthy of careful and prayerful consideration and reflection. We have extended this notice much beyond our ordinary limits; but the importance of the subject, and the practical value of the book, seems to justify far more than we can find room to say.

In order that our readers may gain some just impression of Dr. Taylor's views of truth, and the vigorous and impressive language in which he was wont to express them, we have made an extend-

ed quotation. "It may be interesting," says Professor Porter, "to some of Dr. Taylor's friends and pupils to know, that the first Lecture in the second volume was written only a few months before his death. It is almost the last word concerning the importance of a correct and vigorous theology which he was permitted to write, and may be believed as his dying testimony on this most important theme." We quote, therefore, a few pages of the closing portions of this Lecture, as expressive of his views, and all we need to present to show how deeply and earnestly that great mind felt the truths which he uttered.

"In this view, then, of *the nature* of the change in regeneration; in view of God's authoritative requirement of the change on the part of man, and especially in view of the work of the Spirit of God in the production of the change; a more decisive manifestation of God, as the perfect moral governor of men, can not well be imagined, than that furnished by the Scriptural doctrine of regeneration. The change of the mind is no other than the change by a sinful moral being, of his own moral character. It is, thus viewed, the change which takes place, by changing as his own act that *governing principle*—that controlling disposition*—which is no other than an elective preference of God to Mammon, and which alone constitutes a good or holy heart—the good treasure of the heart—the good tree which bringeth forth good fruit—the pure fountain which sends forth the sweet waters. Hence the authoritative requirement, "Make the tree good;" and again, "Purify your hearts." It is that change in which man, in the use of his own moral powers, ACTS ALL—and God, by his Spirit, causes him thus to ACT ALL; a change in which man, through the supernatural influence of the Spirit of God, uses his own complete powers of a moral agent in acting morally right, when he had before used them only in acting morally wrong. Now, when this is the only conceivable morally right change in man; when God, by the whole weight of his authority as an all-perfect

Being, requires, and justly requires, and can justly require no other change in man; when this change, as an act of obedience to God, can not be demanded, or even conceived to exist, except as an act of submission to God's authority as the rightful moral governor of man—what can be said or thought, but that God according to the Scriptures, sustains this high relation to man? But this is not all. When man, thus a complete moral agent, and as much so as were he to become perfectly obedient to God; when thus able to obey God perfectly without the least influence of the Holy Spirit; and when, therefore, he ought thus to obey him without such influence, he yet willfully, that is, with *willfulness*, disobeys him,* and will, in fact, thus continue, without the interposing influence of the Holy Spirit, to disobey forever—God, in his compassion to man in this self-ruined condition, is moved to send his Holy Spirit into the world. And now, what is, what can be the design, the END aimed at by the mission of this Divine Agent into this world of redeemed sinners? Is it to transform the trees of the forest, or 'the stones of the street,' into moral agents; or to change the physical properties or physical laws of things created—things including man himself, pronounced by their Creator to be 'very good'? The thought were irreverent, for it were contemptuous of the work of God. Is it to impart to sinners, in any sense or degree, the powers of complete moral agents? This thought were still more irreverent—not to say, were blasphemous. For shall a perfect God count, or consider, or treat any of his creatures as sinners, who have not sinned in the use, and therefore in the full possession, of the powers of moral agents? Who has heard of this sort or species of sinners, except under the orthodox patent of Saint Augustine? Who has ever supposed, except some early converted heathen philosophers, (converted long after the death of the Apostles,) and their more modern disciples, that the grand errand on which the Holy Spirit is sent into this world, is either to create powers in the soul of man, which, if men are sinners, are already created in

* The ambiguity of these important terms renders it necessary to say, that there can be no *morally right principle*, or *holy disposition*, or *godly disposition*, which does not involve the *supreme* love of God, or which is not an act of the will and heart, *electively* preferring God to every other object as an object of choice.

* I do not say, as some do, *refuses to obey him*; for this, in my view, would be saying *he chooses to disobey*, which, in this connection, would be choosing a *wrong moral choice*; that is, choosing a choice, which is absurd.

it; or so to finish God's work in the creation of the soul, that what at first is a moral automaton shall become a moral agent, and so capable of moral action? Surely, the mission of the Holy Ghost into this world of redeemed sinners, planned and purposed in the eternal councils of the Godhead, must have an object worthy of such an embassy. Was it then, under the moral exigencies of a lost race, to make other beings, either animate or inanimate, than *moral* beings partakers of God's holiness? Or was it, by a mysterious influence which he knew how to employ for the godlike purpose—a purpose not less godlike because so obvious—that of leading moral and immortal beings to use their high powers morally right, which hitherto they had used morally wrong? The true answer to this question shows at once how intent God is to accomplish, so far as may be, his great design as the moral governor of men. It must thus appear, that when God saw that law and authority; all the love and mercy of redemption; all the awards of eternal retribution; all argument, persuasion, entreaty, motive; even all that truth could utter—would be in vain to save; then, rather than abandon to hopeless sin, and so lose these alienated, sinful men forever from his friendship and favor, he determined to send his Holy Spirit to reform, and thus to save some of an otherwise hopeless race. By what higher proof, can we well imagine, could God evince the august and eternal reality of his moral dominion over men? I add but one more of these proofs—

“The doctrine of final judgment.

“This is not the place to unfold the Scriptural account of this transaction, nor is it my present purpose to attempt it. The principal *fact* with which I am now concerned is, that God will then ‘**RENDER TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS DEEDS;**’ that ‘we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, *according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.*’ Such is the object, and such will be the issues, of the last day of man's history in this world—that day for which all other days are made. The scenes, the events, all the transactions of this day—according to the Scriptural representation—in their grandeur and glory, their terrors and their triumphs, befit the catastrophe of earth and of time, and not

less the Being who sitteth on the throne, for the consummation of his moral dominion over a world of moral and immortal beings. How the results of this day will dissipate all human doubt, respecting the most prominent truth—the greatest **FACT** concerning God, made known by God's revelation—God on the throne; God, in his own right, by virtue of his eternal power and Godhead; God, in his intrinsic majesty and glory; God, with that investiture of authority which his infinite perfection gives; God, on the throne of perfect moral dominion!

“REMARKS.

“In this view of the moral government of God, I am constrained to ask: Have the orthodox part of the Christian ministry, in one important respect, rightly divided the word of truth?

“I do not ask whether they have denied, nor whether they have not recognized by distinct implication in many forms, nor whether they have not assumed in some general form, God's moral government over men. But I ask whether, according to the Scriptural standard of exhibition, they have not given an inferior prominence to God's moral government compared with that which they have given to his providential government? Have they not, in their sermons and other writings, placed God's moral government in the background, and his providential government, as including what have been esteemed and called the great doctrines of the Scriptures, in the foreground? Have they even attempted to unfold the former in its nature, in its elementary and fundamental principles, and its momentous relations, as fully and thoroughly as they have the latter? . . . Have they ever and always held man, as the Bible does, up to his high and ceaseless relation to God, as subject to his authority in all his doings and bound to act in all, under the influence of this authority, so that without acting under it, he can not act morally right in obedience to God in a single instance; as that influence, under which he is able to act and bound to act without any other; as that influence under which, whatever other influence may coincide with, and be concomitant with this, he must act, or he violates his ceaseless moral obligation, and sins against God? He must work out his own salva-

tion, under God's authority requiring him so to act and to do, though God works in him to will and to do; and is as truly bound to perform the work under God's authority without the coöperation of God as with it. Have the orthodox ministry, then, thus pressed men to act morally right under God's authority, grace or no grace? Have they not taught them to depend on the Holy Spirit to give them power to act morally right, rather than with some hope, more or less, for God's undeserved, unpromised sovereign influence, to put themselves at once to the use of their own perfect moral powers to act morally right in so acting? Have they not, to a great extent, taught *a mode of dependence* on the Holy Spirit which, instead of enhancing, as it does, man's obligation to act morally right in immediate obedience to God's authority, absolutely subverts man's obligation so to act, and God's authority to require him so to act? How momentous the difference between teaching the one, instead of the other of these *modes of dependence* on the Spirit of God! If the latter is error, how great is that error! And yet how common! On this question of fact, I appeal to the ablest theologians, from Augustine to President Edwards, and to the more eminent of those who have followed of the same general class of divines; and I ask, who has placed the human conscience under the weight and pressure of God's authority to immediate duty as the Bible does? Who has presented man's dependence on the Holy Spirit, and man's obligations as a moral agent, *in such a manner* as to make the precise impression in respect to right moral action which the authoritative commands of God are designed to make, and should make, that such action is man's duty, and only duty; the act which under every summons of God to duty, even in the thought of it, is to be done, or God will be disobeyed? And more than this, where in the whole range of theological literature can be found any thing which, even in pretense, can be esteemed a thorough treatise on the high relation of God to which his every other relation is subservient—that of the supreme and rightful moral governor of his moral creation? I deny not that this subject has been taken up and considered in parts, and in parts applied, as the exigency may have required, to some particular questions in theological

controversy, though with very defective and false views of the very parts of the subject thus considered. And how should it be otherwise than that erroneous and false views should result from the partial mode of treating a subject so comprehensive? But when, or by whom, either in Natural or Revealed Theology, has any satisfactory or even plausible attempt been made to unfold the moral government of God, in its comprehensiveness, in its fundamental principles, its essential and immutable relations, and its diverse forms of administration? No such attempt is known, or suspected by the writer. If this be so, is it as it should be? If this be so, to what purpose is what is called systematic or scientific theology, except to incur, as it has often incurred, the censures of many eminent men, both theologians and others? If this be so, to what purpose can it be claimed, that hitherto there has been any consistent, truthful interpretation of the sacred oracles, any which exempts them in some most important respects—I do not say from groundless, but from unanswerable objections? And if this be so, how can the honest mind believe without doubts, and difficulties, and perplexities, the teachings of Revelation, beyond certain general forms of truth, or truth combined with diluting error, which may suffice for moral responsibility and the conversion of a few sinners—oh! how few!—but scarcely for the perfecting of the saints, or the edifying of the body of Christ? And if these things be so, and the greater part of Christendom, even the greater part of the visible Church of God, are not the better but rather the worse for Divine revelation, having only that knowledge of God which will not save, but rather destroy—then to what purpose does the meridian sun of Christianity shine on the world? Comparatively, how ineffectual are its beams on the hardened soil! God intended that its light should be—and so it would have been, but for the sloth and perverseness of men—as the light of seven days, with its benign and rejoicing efficacy. But in this respect, how impaired and lost are its splendors! How dark and dreary the moral desolation of the earth! God intrusted his revelation to his Church, to men no longer taught by his inspiration, to be defended and explained, to be unfolded to the intellect, and impressed on the conscience of a world, in all its riches

of truth and grace, as the power of God to salvation. But how soon, and for long ages, did its combination with error, and its consequent obscurity and weakness, betray the human instrumentality which so imperfectly, and even faithlessly, discharged the sacred trust! Sad waste of the treasure committed to earthen vessels! Fearful catastrophe of this gift of a benignant God, not yet alleviated, still less retrieved! It is the fault of man—it is the fault of the Christian Church; it is more—it is the fault of the Christian ministry.

“How obvious and imperious is the demand on the Christian ministry for the thorough investigation of the nature and principles of God’s moral government over men!

“There was a time when what was called *doctrinal* preaching usurped a preëminence in our pulpits over what was called *practical* preaching. The occasion of this prevalence of doctrinal preaching was the doctrinal errors, or false doctrines, which it was designed and required to expose and overthrow. The calamity was, that it combined the severity of gospel truth with much error respecting man’s inability and dependence, opposed to common sense and the Scriptures—a combination peculiarly fitted to render it offensive to a large portion of the people. And yet the truths which it so prominently inculcated, being often blended with exhortations to immediate repentance, and softened by the appeals of Divine mercy, and pressed on the conscience, had more real gospel in them—more of the worth, and light, and power, and efficacy of truth—than any and all other contemporary preaching; the latter being little more than the denial of all wholesome truth, and the inculcation of a soulless morality. But not to go further in historic details, useful as they might be, I wish to say, that according to the Scriptural standard, all doctrinal preaching should be practical, and all practical preaching should be doctrinal. The truth of the gospel—God’s truth—is both. Distinguish its elements as you will by words, every Divine precept involves doctrine, and every divine doctrine involves precept. Doctrine has a causative relation to precept, and precept a dependent relation to doctrine. Take away these relations between them, and you destroy both, by depriving each of one essential element of its relative nature. The doc-

trine *furnishes* the obligation, the reason, the motive, the nature and direction of the precept; and the precept, of course, derives all these reciprocal relations from the doctrine. Doctrine is the teaching which instructs the mind of the people in that truth which is authoritative, and designed to influence and control the whole man as a moral being; which enlightens, guides, determines, consecrates the whole moral activity of a self-active nature to its true end, and so fashions immortal energies into perpetual and perfect moral character. It is truth then, as practical or productive of *action*—truth as binding, fixing the whole inner and outer man to action and doing—truth, controlling, reigning, authoritative—truth, manifested by revealing God’s moral government in its nature, its principles, relations, power, results, which is the gospel of God. And who, if not they whose high calling is emphatically to be workers together with God in the harvest of God’s husbandry; who, if not they who are to be honored as wise master-builders of God’s spiritual temple; who, if not they who are called to promote, and, as far as may be accomplished, secure the end for which God created and governs this world; who, if not the ministers of Christ, ought to arouse this dead world to life and action? What mighty energies are here perverted *in sin*, and devoted to its work! How ought they to be summoned by the cry of the watchman, as in thunder tones, to that new, and highest, and holiest productive exercise and activity which shall constitute coöperation and companionship with God! I speak not merely of overt external acts or doings. I speak of the energies of the moral man—the energies of the intellect, of the heart, of the will, of affections, emotions, as these are the life and soul of all overt doings. Who, in preaching the gospel, shall not aim at the same end at which God aims in revealing the gospel; that end to which creation, providence, laws, precepts, ordinances, grace, reason, conscience, revelation, every thing else, is subservient—*right moral action* in principle and practice? Who shall not use the same means for this end which God uses—that truth or system of truth which is embodied in his perfect moral government; which ever places man in the attitude of an agent, teaching his dependence on God only as a reason for acting and doing? Who shall not aim to make the same im-

pression on the human mind which God aims to make by his commands to act, his exhortations to act, his invitations, his entreaties to act, thus throwing every iota of responsibility for the issues of eternity on man, as an agent—*for what he does*—for the deeds done in the body? What shall hinder? Not one doctrine or truth, except perverted and distorted into falsehood—and then hated and fit to be hated; not one, in its just, real nature and aspect as truth, or as the truth which it is, does not carry with it all its light and beauty and loveliness to the human mind; not one which is not the voice of mercy to those who need mercy, which is not attractive and winning like the music of heaven. Oh! how little do they who hate, oppose, and reject the great and peculiar truths of Christianity, know of these truths! Even cold indifference can not be maintained and cherished in any mind, without a cherished, willful ignorance of their nature—their divine fitness to bless man. But how shall the people understand without hearing! And how shall they hear without the Christian ministry? Ay, and how with a Christian

ministry, who do not understand that system of Divine truth, which is nothing more and nothing less than a revelation of God's perfect moral government; and how shall they understand it so as to give, I do not say, a tolerable degree of perfection to their teaching, but so as to give it that increased power on the human mind, which may be given it, and which one day awaits it; how, without a more, a far more laborious investigation of its nature, its relations, its harmonies, and its divine adaptations, than has yet been furnished by the incoherent and clashing systems of even Protestant Theology; how, at least in such degree that, if they assert some of its momentous truths, they shall not as often contradict them; how, so as to show that God's revealed moral government, the glorious gospel of the blessed God, is by him designed and fitted, not to hold a world of moral beings like this in the slumbers of spiritual death, but to rouse and move and stir them to the instant, the ceaseless, the joyous activities of that spiritual life which is the only and absolute perfection of a spiritual being.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE—TUNIS, Feb. 26.—The excavations now carried on on the site of ancient Carthage have naturally attracted the attention of the literary as well as of the fashionable tourists of the civilized world. A few years ago the European traveler but seldom approached this coast; but during the period that some of the remains of the once mighty metropolis of Africa are being exhumed, every steamer brings fresh visitors to this scene. The spade and the pickaxe daily demonstrate the fallacy of the hitherto universally entertained opinion, that the very ruins of Carthage had perished. Objects of art have been discovered, which amply exhibit the taste, as well as the opulence, of the people who once swayed the scepter over Africa, and whose laws were acknowledged and respected over a vast portion of the ancient world. From the monuments already brought to light we obtain likewise an insight into their social and moral character.

MURAT'S COURAGE.—He was reviewing several battalions in the Campo di Marte, when in the midst of the fire one of the officers of the staff, who stood near the King, was wounded by a bullet. The wounded man had stood so immediately behind the King, that all present supposed that the ball had been directed against the King himself, and what made the case more serious was, that the shot had come from a battalion of the royal guard, amongst which were many Carbonari. The officers in attendance upon the King entreated him to order the fire to cease; but he smiled as he replied: "I see that you suspect the bullet was purposely fired at me; but you are in error, for children never desire the death of their father." As he uttered these words, he presented himself successively in front of each battalion and ordered them to fire. This intrepidity of the King entirely destroyed any latent feelings against him which might have existed in the minds of the Carbonari soldiers.—*Pépé's Memoirs.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN PARIS IN 1831.—In April, 1831, a few weeks after the accession of M. Casimir Perrier to power, and while insurrection still creaked and growled in the public thoroughfares, like the thunder of a lingering storm, Queen Hortense suddenly arrived in Paris with her son, Louis Bonaparte. She was escaping from Italy, where she had lost the eldest of her children, and whence, with great difficulty, she had brought the second, still an invalid. Upon her arrival she addressed herself to Count d'Houdetot, a royal aid-de-camp, whom she had long known, and whom she begged to acquaint the King with her position, and the circumstances which had brought her to Paris. The King received her privately, at the Palais-Royal, in the apartments occupied by the Count d'Houdetot, whither the Queen and Madame Adelaide, summoned one after another by command of his Majesty, came to meet her; the interview was protracted, although not very comfortable; the room contained only a bed, a table, and two chairs. The Queen and Queen Hortense sat on the bed, the King and Madame Adelaide on the two chairs; the Count d'Houdetot waited at the door to prevent any person from entering uninvited. The King and Queen exhibited the most lively interest in all that concerned Queen Hortense. She asked for authorization to return to France, at least to the waters of Vichy—"Vichy! yes," said the King, "for the benefit of your health. It will be thought very natural; you can prolong your sojourn, or you can go and return; you will soon accustom yourself to all that is going on here; in this country, one very soon forgets." She then solicited from the Government certain pecuniary aids. The King promised to do all that lay in his power. "But," he added, "I am a constitutional king. I must inform my ministers of your arrival, and your requests."

Accordingly he held an interview with M. Casimir Perrier, consulting none of the other ministers, and sent him to Queen Hortense, who could not meet him without anxiety. "I know, Sir," she said upon seeing him enter, "that I have violated the law. You have a right to arrest me; it would be simple justice." "Legal it would be Madame, but not just;" replied M. Perrier; and after a brief interview, he offered her the assistance of which she stood in need, but which she refused. In the mean time, the street-risings were going forward and approaching the Rue de la Paix, where the fugitive Queen resided. On the fifth of May a multitude encircled the column in the Place Vendôme, and shouted *Long live the Emperor!* a rumor was circulated that Prince Louis had been seen in the square! M. Casimir Perrier then went to inform the Queen Hortense that her stay must not be prolonged. She quitted Paris, with her son, for England, unknown to the public, under the protection of that King whom her friends were seeking to overthrow. In due course she received, through the medium of M. de Talleyrand, passports enabling her to traverse France, and make her way into Switzerland, where it was her wish to settle. Some days after the incident I have mentioned, April eighth, 1831, the King, upon the suggestion of M. Casimir Perrier, ordered the statue of the Emperor Napoleon to be replaced on the column in the Place Vendôme; and, a few months later—on the thirteenth of September—the Chamber of Deputies sent up to the Minister those petitions which demanded that the Emperor's ashes should

be reclaimed from England, and interred beneath the column.—*Guizot's Memoirs.*

BEN JONSON IN SCOTLAND.—Some new facts about Ben Jonson have been discovered. Ben's journey to Scotland in 1618 is an event well known. Its incidents are described by Taylor, the Water-Poet, and by Drummond of Hawthornden, in his *Notes of Conversations*. The writer of *The Alchemist* trudged on foot; and in spite of Taylor's assertion that he found him a guest at great men's feasts, and received from him civil words and a guinea at parting, it has been doubted whether Jonson was well received in Auld Reekie. Notes turned up by Mr. D. Laing prove the accuracy of the Water-Poet, and establish on a sure foundation the very hospitable character of Ben's reception in Edinburgh. They occur in the City Treasurer's accounts, and relate to a banquet given by the Magistrates of Edinburgh to the English dramatist, and to the circumstance of his admission as a burges. On the twenty-fifth of September, 1618, the Dean of Guild is ordered "to mak Benjamin Jonson Inglisman, burges and gildbrother *in communi forma*." On the twenty-sixth October, 1618, the Treasurer is ordered to pay to James Ainslie, "late Baillie, twa hundredth twentie and pund sex shillingis four pennyis, debursit be him upone the dener maid to Benjamin Jonstoune, conforme to Act maid thairanent," and in the ensuing November the Treasurer enters the above sum for "ane banquet made to Benjamin Johnstoune." From the Dean of Guild's account, it appears that Jonson's burges ticket was ornamented with unusual care; £33 6s. 8d. is charged for "wrytting and gilding of Benamine Johnstoune's burges ticket, been thryes written." Considering that Ben had waged poetical war against the Scots, this is creditable to Scotch magnanimity. London had clapped him in jail, with his friends and fellow-offenders, Chapman and Marston; Edinburgh feasted him like a king, and gave him the freedom of the city.—*Athenæum.*

ALUMINIUM.—At the Society of Arts, on the 2d ult., a paper was read "On Aluminium," by Mr. P. Le Neve Foster, Secretary of the Society. The author gave a history of the first discovery of this metal, drawing particular attention to the circumstances which led to the idea of its being ultimately found useful as an article of commerce. He reviewed the researches of Davy, Oersted, Wöhler, Dr. Percy, and Rose, as well as those lately carried on by M. Deville, in France, aided by funds from the Emperor; and spoke of the labors of Mr. Gerhard, an Englishman, who had for some time past been endeavoring to introduce the manufacture into England. The applicability of some of the alloys of this metal were then pointed out, as well as some of the difficulties which were for a time likely to retard its more general use, the most important being that hitherto no effectual solder had been discovered suitable for it. The valuable qualities it possessed, namely, extreme lightness, capability of resisting atmospheric action, malleability and ductility superior to those of silver, with a power of conducting electricity, and other important advantages, tended to show that though possibly its susceptibility to the action of moisture might render it unfit for some of the purposes to which in the early stages of its discovery it had been hoped to apply it, yet that if produced at a moderate price it would be found a most valuable addition to our list of practically useful metals.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION AND RELIGION.—The directors of the statistical bureau of Berlin furnishes the following curious statement: "The population of the whole earth is estimated to be 1,388,000,000, namely: Europe, 272,000,000; Asia, 765,000,000; Africa, 200,000,000; America, 89,000,000, and Australia, 2,000,000. The population of Europe is thus sub-divided: Russia contains 62,000,000, the Austrian States, 36,398,620; France, 36,039,964; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,488,853; Prussia, 17,089,407; Turkey, 18,740,000; Spain, 15,518,000; the Two Sicilies, 8,616,922; Sweden and Norway, 5,072,820; Sardinia, 4,976,034; Belgium, 4,607,066; Bavaria, 4,547,339; the Netherlands, 3,487,617; Portugal, 3,471,199; the Papal States, 3,100,000; Switzerland, 2,494,500; Denmark, 2,468,848. In Asia, the Chinese Empire contains 400,000,000; the East Indies, 171,000,000, the Indian Archipelago, 80,000,000; Japan, 35,000,000; Hindostan and Asiatic Turkey, each 15,000,000. In America the United States are computed to contain 23,191,876; Brazil, 7,577,800; Mexico, 7,661,520. In the several nations of the earth there are 335,000,000 of Christians, (of whom 170,000,000 are Papists, 89,000,000 Protestants, and 76,000,000 followers of the Greek Church.) The number of Jews amounts to 5,000,000; of these 2,890,750 are in Europe, namely, 1,250,000 in European Russia 853,304 in Austria, 224,248 in Prussia; 122,176 in other parts of Germany. 62,470 in the Netherlands, 83,953 in Italy, 78,995 in France, 86,000 in Great Britain, and 70,000 in Turkey. The followers of various Asiatic religions are estimated at 600,000,000, Mahomedans at 160,000,000, and "heathens" (the Gentiles proper) at 20,000,000.—*Bulletin.*

EXTRAORDINARY ACTION AGAINST A CHEMIST.—At Newcastle an action has been brought by a farmer against a chemist at Berwick, to recover the value of a flock of seven hundred sheep, which were poisoned in the early part of last summer. The sheep, after being clipped, were dipped in a chemical solution bought of the defendant, and afterwards turned out into a large field. Immediately after they were put out to grass, the neighborhood of North Northumberland was visited by a fearful flood of rain, which did a great deal of damage, and also washed the solution from the fleeces of the sheep. The poison was washed into the grass, of which the sheep ate, and they nearly all died. A considerable amount of scientific evidence was adduced on both sides. Ultimately the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £1400.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—The site of the passion-ate scene was the sea-shore, on which they were walking in autumn. Gentleman: Well, miss, the long, and the short of it is this; here I am; you can take me or leave me. Lady (scratching a gutter on the sand with her parasol): Of course I know that's all nonsense. Gentleman: Nonsense! By Jove, it isn't nonsense at all. Come, Jane, here I am, come, at any rate you can say something. Lady: Yes, I suppose I can say something. Gentleman: Well, which is it to be; take me or leave me? Lady, (very slowly, and with a voice perhaps hardly articulate, carrying on, at the same time, her engineering works on a wider scale.) Well, I don't exactly want to leave you.—*Dr. Thorne, by Anthony Trollope.*

MARTIN, THE MARTIN WHO STREYD YORK MINSTER.—I have just been reading my brief, one of the most curious I ever had. The way in which the deed was done was this. He staid behind after the afternoon service, and after the bells had been rung as is usual, being then left alone, he went up into the belfry, and with a razor cut off about eighty or ninety feet in length of the *prayer bell rope*, which being usually rung from below, had been drawn up and coiled up to that length there. With this rope he knotted himself a sort of rope-ladder, and throwing it over the iron gate of the choir, he climbed over by means of the knots. Being in the choir, he struck a light with his flint and his razor, lighted a candle which he had brought, collected the prayer-books, and set fire to the paper close to the carved work at the Archbishop's throne, in two piles. He then cut away a silk curtain, gold fringe, etc., which he stole, and getting back by his rope-ladder into the body of the Cathedral, escaped through a window on the north side, (the most unfrequented part.) He had provided himself with a pair of pincers, by which he forced the window, and let himself out by his rope-ladder to the ground. My impression is, that he is too mad to be convicted, having been already twice confined in an asylum; but there was much method, nevertheless, in all this.—*BARON ALDENSON.*

A POINTED RETALIATION.—An amusing story is told in the article on Alphonse Karr. It will be found, we should add, in greater detail in that author's famous *recueil* of the *Ga'pes*—a stinging periodical, commenced in 1839, continued at irregular intervals, and now, we observe, in course of reprinting in Michel Levy's *Bibliothèque d'un franc*. The biting sarcasm of this periodical led to the adventure to which we refer. Karr found a lady waiting for him one day as he returned to his lodgings. He begged her to walk up stairs, saying, *Agreez vous, Madame.* Madame insisted on his going first, and Karr presently felt himself stabbed in the back. He took the thing in good part, and hung the dagger up in his room with the following inscription:

Donné par Mme. Louise C. dans le dos.

The initials, it is superfluous to observe, scarcely cover the name of Madame Louise Colet, who thus pointedly retaliated on Karr for his waspish criticism of a novel she had written, called *La Jeunesse de Ménéandre*.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITIES.—Mr. Amadio, of Throgmorton street, whose portrait of Charles Dickens, no larger than a pin's point, was lately noticed, has produced by photography a view of Westminster Bridge, with the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, within a space not larger than the eye of a worsted needle. The same gentleman has published a portrait of a youth, which is only just larger than a needle's point, but when magnified is as perfect as any conceivable likeness.

ALREADY for the Spring exhibition of art in the vast hall of the Palais d'Industrie, in the Champs Elysées, 4300 pictures have been sent in; and the calculation is that 7000 performances will have to be submitted to the Committee of Taste. There is abundant room for them all.

EXCAVATIONS AT ATHENS.—The Archæological Society of Athens is actively proceeding with excavations in the vicinity of the temple of Theseus, and fragments of architecture and sculpture are continually being discovered. Among other objects recently found was an ancient inscription, in which the form of the characters warrants the conjecture that they were written from right to left. In the course of diggings on the Acropolis there were recently found in the cistern in front of the Parthenon some remnants of the best period of ancient Greek sculpture, consisting of small male and female figures. Fragments of inscriptions were likewise found, and it is hoped that further search will bring to light the portions requisite to admit of their being fully deciphered. Among the fragments recently dug up, one of the most remarkable is a horse's foot, which is supposed to belong to the sculptures of the Parthenon. There is also a colossal hand, which it is conjectured may have belonged to the statue of Neptune, and if so it is the hand that held the trident. In front of the Parthenon, and extending along the whole breadth of the edifice eight steps were cut in the rock of the Acropolis. These steps are now uncovered. Many of the objects which are continually being dug up, are fragments of antiquities already known, and preserved in museums in a mutilated state.—*Bulletin.*

THE SHOWER OF FISH IN THE VALLEY OF ABERDARE.—The Rev. John Griffiths supplies the following additional facts connected with this phenomenon. They will be better understood, he says, in the words of the principal witness, as taken down by him on the spot where it happened. This man's name is John Lewis, a sawyer in Messrs. Nixon & Co.'s yard. His evidence is as follows: "On Wednesday, February ninth, I was getting out a piece of timber for the purpose of setting for the saw, when I was startled by something falling over me—down my neck, on my head, and on my back. On putting my hand down my neck I was surprised to find they were little fish. By this time I saw the whole ground covered with them. I took off my hat, the brim of which was full of them. They were jumping all about. They covered the ground in a long strip of about eighty yards by twelve, as we measured afterwards. My mates and I might have gathered bucketfuls of them, scraping with our hands. We did gather a great many, about a bucketful, and threw them into the rain pool, where some of them now are. It was not blowing very hard, but uncommon wet. They came down with the rain in 'a body like.' Such is the evidence. It has been taken for the purpose of being laid before Professor Owen, to whom, also, will be sent eighteen or twenty of the fish.

The carnival masked ball at the Tuileries on the seventh was extremely gay. Dancing was kept up till six in the morning. The Emperor appeared in the costume of a field officer of the time of Louis XV.; the Empress wore a court dress of the same period, and was covered with diamonds and jewels. In the course of the evening two cars, bearing ladies in historical costumes, were drawn through the saloons. There were two suppers, one at two o'clock and the other at five. Each table was presided over by a member of the imperial family. About six hundred people were invited to this fête.

HOW TO OBTAIN PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON AND THE INHABITANTS THEREOF.—An article has appeared in a very serious foreign contemporary to the following effect: "Suppose that a successful attempt were made to obtain a surface for the photographic picture perfectly free from irregularities capable of distorting the most imperceptible lines of a photograph. Suppose, also, that on this surface a photograph of the moon were taken with every precaution. If this picture were examined under a very powerful microscope, the most minute details would become visible; and if the instrument possessed sufficiently high magnifying power you would be able to see living beings, if there are any residing in that luminary. This is one of the applications of photography to astronomy; and it has been said that an Italian *savant*, after trying for six years to obtain this result, has succeeded, and has recently been able to obtain pictures of the moon on which figures of naked animals are depicted, one species of which bore a great resemblance to human beings. . . . It is certain that important discoveries may be arrived at by this means, the great difficulty being to find a substance on which to take the picture, the surface of which shall be so perfectly even as to receive the luminous image without in the slightest degree distorting its most minute details."—*The Photographic News.*

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT BETHLEHEM.—A letter from Jerusalem, in the *Gazette du Midi*, says: "A very important discovery has been made in the neighborhood of Bethlehem, near the spot which is generally admitted to be where the angel appeared to the shepherds. To the eastward of Bethlehem, and midway between the town and the spot above mentioned, some workmen, while employed in making an excavation, found the ruins of an immense convent of the period of St. Jerome and St. Paul, with evident marks of its having been afterwards repaired by St. Helen and the Crusaders. The cisterns are very large, regular, and in a perfect state of preservation. The mosaic pavements of several rooms have been already laid bare, and the workmen are on the trace of the marble pavement of the church. The satisfaction occasioned by this discovery is so great that the inhabitants of the village of Beth-Sakour (village of shepherds) hasten to the spot, and offer their services on the works gratuitously. The site of these ruins is known to the Arabs by the name of Siar-el-Ganem, (resort of the sheep.) It is surrounded by a considerable number of deep grottoes, where the shepherds have been in the habit of taking shelter with their flocks."

M. GARDIN has presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris a very interesting paper on the results of experiments which he has carried on for several years, for the purpose of producing artificial precious stones. The inventor expects to be able to produce rubies and sapphires of sufficient size to be employed in the construction of chronometers, etc. He also hopes to produce rubies which would be preferred on account of their rich color to those heretofore used, and of a paler hue.

The commission charged with the erection of a magnificent church in Madrid in honor of the Immaculate Conception, has decided on inviting the architects of all Europe to send in designs.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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CONTENTS OF THE JUNE NUMBER.

EMBELLISHMENT—Portrait of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT.

1. EARLY CHRISTIAN MONACHISM,	London Review,	145
2. PICTURES OF RHINE LAND AND ITS ROMANCE,	Titan,	160
3. THE TRUE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION,	National Review,	166
4. MODERN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION,	Titan,	175
5. A TRIAD OF POETESSES,	University Magazine,	180
6. BEYOND MORTAL VISION,	New Monthly,	188
7. MAGIC AND MYSTERY,	Bentley's Miscellany,	193
8. ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE,	North British Review,	200
9. ORIGIN OF THE COMMONS HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT,		214
10. BREAKING THE ICE,	Bentley's Miscellany,	215
11. CONCERNING TWO BLISTERS OF HUMANITY,	Fraser's Magazine,	216
12. BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH,	Titan,	231
13. WASHINGTON THE BEACON LIGHT,		244
14. SIBERIAN GEMS,	Leisure Hour,	245
15. THE CRADLE OF HISTORY,	London Review,	248
16. LIFE BY THE BLUE HAIRED SEA,	University Magazine,	259
17. ASSIZE SUNDAY,	New Monthly,	260
18. UNEARTHING A BURIED CITY IN SHROPSHIRE,		271
19. THE ABBEY CRAIG AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS,	Titan,	272
20. ARABS OF OLD TIME,	Dublin University Magazine,	274
21. DRAWBACKS TO SOCIAL DISTINCTION,	Titan,	275
22. THE GREAT AUSTRIAN WAR,		277
23. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT,		279
24. BEAUTIFUL WORD PAINTING,		281
25. DEMISE OF PROF. OLMSTED,		282
26. THE LATE LADY MORGAN,		283
27. LITERARY MISCELLANIES,		284

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE full-length portrait of the eloquent man which adorns our present number can hardly fail of carrying a particular gratification to the eyes and minds of our numerous readers and patrons. There is no guess-work about it; but it is as accurate as the laws of light and perspective can well make it, and corrected from life by Mr. Sartain, after the plate was, in other respects, finished. On behalf of our readers, we have to thank Mr. Everett for his kindness.

The letter-press is varied. The first article will be found both interesting and instructive—taking the mind of the reader far back, along the track of history, and introducing him to many eminent men. Next, a pleasant excursion up or down the Rhine. “The True Difficulties of the Italian Question” present the clearest view of the case which we have seen. It will be read with interest, now that the first booming thunders of battle are heard from afar. This is followed by other interesting articles, till the reader finds himself “Electrified in Theory and Practice.” We hope the “Blisters of Humanity” will not blister any of our readers so as to cause pain. “Washington as the Beacon Light” will add interest to the portrait. “The Cradle of History” is full of interest and instruction, and opens a rare chapter.

We renew our cordial and hearty thanks to the gentlemen of the press far and near, for their kind commendations of our journal, and to our many readers who have commended it to their friends, by which, and our untiring efforts, our list has been greatly extended.

A splendid portrait of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, in royal and military costume, girded for battle, will embellish our July number.

We are glad to say that many of our friends are adorning their parlors with the beautiful “*companion prints*” in the easy mode offered on the fourth page of the May cover. The prints are beautiful, and well worth the easy effort to beautify any parlor.

sense of interest in the more profound emotions felt by those of other climates or former days. And when men find themselves called to pay habitual deference to prevailing usage, ever to consult utility, to follow expedients, to cultivate mere sagacity, and to train even their passions to artificial modes of expression, they soon lose the power of looking into the more spiritual transactions of the soul; and, accustomed at length to nothing but the common surface of life, they can no longer sympathize with the upward movements of the more hallowed few. Hence, unhappily, they are ill prepared to understand the language of pure faith, by which the New Testament expresses that realizing impression of unseen things, which so remarkably distinguished many of the first Christians. And feeling themselves unequal to the celestial neighborhood to which apostolic example invites them, they seek so to interpret the Holy Spirit's revelations, as to make them agree with their more earthly or, as they think, more practical standard and level. It is not surprising, therefore, that what was solemn fact to Anthony, should now, to some, appear to be fiction. But if the genuine Christian view of fellowship with the Divine Persons, and of communion with the surrounding "cloud of witnesses," took an extravagant form in the mind of the Saint during his earlier career; or if the scriptural disclosures of infernal agency occupied his impassioned soul on its first awakening, until he became bewildered amidst the exaggerated notions and morbid feelings which he had called up from within; he has at least a claim on our charity, though we fail to realize his religious state. It must be admitted that at first he lacked the right conception of the Christian renunciation of property; and, for a time, he missed the clue to the object of his search—the "perfect love" of God; and sought that object by dint of ascetic exercise rather than by faith in Christ; while he consequently mistook many of his own natural sympathies and affections for the temptations of the wicked one. But sincerity like his is only found in such as are not far from the kingdom of heaven. In his maturer state, we hear him saying to his monks: "Let not our imaginations be busy with specters of evil spirits, or be troubled as if we were to perish. Let us rather trust and be glad that salvation is to follow. And let us consider that the

Lord who is with us has routed and crushed our foes. Let us ever remember that if the Lord is with us, the enemy can do us no harm. When the spirits of evil come, they will be just what they find us; and will accommodate their images to our thoughts. If they find us fearful and timid, they are furies, and invade the soul so as to augment its terrors; but if they find us rejoicing in God and in hope of future good, conversing with the Lord, consigning every thing into his hand, and believing that no demon can ever injure the Christian, they turn away in confusion, having no power over the soul."*

Anthony learned to seize the opportunity which his name and character secured, to give lessons of goodness, which, if not always acted upon by his pupils, left an undying impression; and many of his sayings have been borne down to our own times by the voices of those who affectionately cherished his memory. The fame of his religious character had passed to the very seat of imperial life; and the Emperor Constantine and his sons had acknowledged his authority as a spiritual father, by asking for a communication from him. "Do not wonder," said he to his monks, "that the Emperor writes to us, for he is a man; but rather wonder that God has written his laws for men, and spoken to them by his own Son." In meeting the wishes of his distinguished correspondents, he congratulated them that they were Christians; plainly told them what he thought would be most conducive to their welfare; exhorted them not to dwell with complacency on their earthly power and greatness, but ever to think of a future judgment, and always to confess Christ as the only true and eternal King. A philosopher once visited him, and showed an inclination to treat him with contempt because he did not read. "How can you bear to live without books?" said he. Anthony inquired, in return: "What is first, spirit or letter?" The pagan decided that spirit is first. "Well, then," continued the saint, "the healthy spirit is not dependent upon letters. The whole creation is my book; the volume is ever open before me, and I can read when I please; it is God's word to me."†

A century had nearly passed over him when he paid his second visit to Alexan-

* *Vita Anton.* sect. xlii.

† *Vita Anton.* sect. lxxvii.

dria, to bear his testimony against the spreading heresy of Arius. Even then, amidst the decay of his outer man, his great soul was erect; and intelligent and learned pagans felt that the flashes of his spirit made way for Christian truth. Many conversions were the fruit of his few days' toil. Nothing, however, would be more touching than his interview with the celebrated Didymus, who was then at the head of the Alexandrian school of divinity. Though blind from his youth, this remarkable man had risen to the chair from which Jerome, and Ruffinus, and Palladius, and other illustrious students had received their theological lessons. He was naturally disposed to mysticism; but as if he had become more happily familiar with the Divine Spirit, while his outer sight was dim, he gave to the Christian world that treatise, which seems to have suggested the arguments by which all following generations have sustained the doctrine of the Holy Ghost.* The founder of Christian Monachism, and the blind professor of spiritual theology, now met: who would not like to have seen the greeting? The venerable recluse, looking with intense affection on the sightless but speaking face of his brother said: "Be not troubled at your want of eyes such as small insects use; but rejoice that you have eyes like those with which angels see, by which too you see God and receive his light."

Anthony lived to see gathered around him the nucleus of that system, which, above all others, was for a long period to sway the movements of the Christian Church. He was not the first recluse of the Egyptian desert. Paul the Eremite made an earlier choice of hermit life, but had failed to form a community of disciples; so that, though his enthusiastic biographer, Jerome, does his best to immortalize his example, he admits that to Anthony belongs the glory of originating the Christian convent. Anthony may be called the first Christian abbot. He had now reached his hundred and fifth year; and feeling that his end drew near, he called two monks who had for some years been his close companions and ministers, and said: "I am indeed going the way of the fathers. The Lord hath called me. Be watchful; and lose not the fruit of your heavenly exercises. As you have begun,

keep up your diligence. Our spiritual foes, it is true, are ever seeking to devour; their strength, however, is limited; fear them not, but ever breathe after Christ. Have faith in him. And as you are dying daily, attend to his precepts which you have heard from me. Mind the same things; so that, joined to the Lord and to his saints, ye may be received as his friends into everlasting habitations. Let not my body be taken into Egypt, nor be placed in any house. Bury it, and cover it with earth. Keep the secret in your own minds; and let no man know the place of my burial; for I shall be received by the Saviour himself incorruptible at the resurrection of the dead. Divide my garments. Give one to Athanasius the Bishop; and the *pallium*, now worn out, which when new I received from him. Give another garment to Serapion the Bishop. My hair-cloth vesture is left to you. Farewell, my sons! Anthony is departing hence; nor will he be with you any more!"* The old man remained standing while they gave him the parting kiss; and then, reclining himself with a cheerful countenance, he breathed his last.

The example of this remarkable man had awakened the enthusiasm of many sincere hearts; and, in his cherished memory, a pattern was still preserved, which continued to excite the emulation of both Egyptians and Greeks; until the face of the desert, even to the borders of Libya, was dotted with monastic communities and cells. Here, then, the distinctive form of Christian Monachism began. It will at once be seen, that, whatever comparative degrees of good or evil belonged to the system in its infancy, it sprang up and extended for a time entirely irrespective of the Church of Rome. It was a thing of an earlier age. Its character had been shaped, and its influence acknowledged, long before the Western Church set up her exclusive claims. Rome, however, at length felt the congenial nature of the system, and, with characteristic ingenuity, worked up the ready material into her own fabric, and used it for her own ecclesiastical purposes. These purposes made it desirable, by and by, to adopt the views which were held by some as early even as the days of Jerome, and to claim for monastic orders a more primitive and sacred origin. They were traced

† See DIDYMUS *De Spiritu Sancto*, in Jerome.

* *Vita Anton.* sect. xci. xcii.

to the first Christians and apostles; or to John the Baptist; and indeed even to Elijah the Tishbite. But those who quote John the Baptist and Elijah as authorities on behalf of Christian Monachism, only show that they lack the power to understand the "high calling" of the Christian. A divine voice once said: "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater than John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he." The genuine Christian who enjoys the least privileges of his dispensation, is called to a purity and freedom, and really attains a harmony of character, beyond him who, of all the prophets, was nearest to Christ. From the severe shape which the Baptist's piety assumed, it would be very natural for those of his followers who passed into discipleship under the Redeemer, to look for their divine Master's authorization of the ascetic style; especially if they knew that he had gone from the place of his baptism into desert life for a time: but how graciously did he open the first lesson in that series which was intended to disabuse their minds on this subject! Why was a marriage-feast one of the first scenes into which he led them? and what was the great moral of his first miracle? Did he not intend to show, at starting, that his religion was too free and too happy to take an austere form? Did he not teach that the grace and power which his first miracle manifested, would not be confined to desert or cell, but be freely given to hallow nature in all its social and family relations? Much of the rigid severity which marks the piety of John and Elijah, was peculiar to their dispensation, and was necessary to the accomplishment of their peculiar mission. To rest the monastic system on such authorities is, as even a Romish authority says, to build on "mere conjecture;" as there can be nothing but "an imaginary connection" between Christian Monachism and the ancient prophets or apostles.* It is true, as the same writer judiciously remarks, that, "in the primitive Christians, the apostles, and even before them, in the prophets, we have those models of admirable virtue which monks have in some instances really copied. But such virtues are not peculiar to monks; they are common to all saints in all ages. Monks are

distinguished by rules, discipline, community, particular costume, regulated and uniform exercises, colonies and schools. Such characteristics were not known before the days of Paul and Anthony in Egypt."

But Rome clings to the notion of antiquity; and lest the position should be lost, it has been asserted, that the Jewish sect of the Essenes were Christians, and Christian monks. This assertion is so clearly at variance with historical fact, that it would deserve no attention, had not some Protestants exercised their ingenuity in calling up something like a shadowy argument to sustain it. It is said, first, that "no such philosophical sect as the Essenes ever existed among the Jews;" then, that "Josephus, the Jewish historian, does not mention the new-born brotherhood of Christians;" and taking the latter statement for granted, the silence of Josephus is thought to be so remarkable, that we must be driven to conclude that, in describing the Essenes, he really describes the primitive Christians. To avoid the difficulty springing out of the fact that the historian speaks of the Essenes as divided into four classes, an attempt is made to show, that the first Christian society was composed of "four concentric circles around one mysterious center;" the outermost made up of those who were still mostly Judaic, the next of those members who were more familiar with the Messianic prophecies, the third of all those whose attention was more fully fixed upon the personal manifestation of Christ, while the inner circle was formed of entire Christians.* All this is ingenious, but not true. Though some variety marked the Christian churches during the apostles' days—variety arising from the several shades of Jewish prejudice, or from the different degrees of Christian knowledge and spiritual life—in no case can distinct lines of classification be traced, dividing the community into such castes as answer to the four orders of Essenes. The whole theory dissolves before the light of one fact. The Essenes, as a Jewish sect, existed nearly two centuries before Christ. They sprang up, just as Christian Monachism did; and formed one of the three leading parties, whose birth was nearly cotemporary in the Maccabean age, and in whom were embodied the three prin-

* Thomassin, *Disc. de l'Eglise*, chap. xii. 10.

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xlvii.

ciples or tendencies—Pharisaic formality, Sadducean unbelief, and Essenic mysticism. These Jewish monks first appeared in the quiet scenes which border the western shore of the Dead sea. "On the western border of that lake," says the elder Pliny, "dwell the Essenes, at a sufficient distance from the shore to avoid its pestilential effluvia—a race entirely by themselves, and beyond every other in the world deserving of wonder, men living in communion with nature, without wives, without money. Every day their number is replenished by a new troop of settlers, since they are much visited by those whom the reverses of fortune have driven, tired of the world, to their modes of living. Thus happens what might seem incredible, that a community in which no one is born, yet continues to subsist through the lapse of centuries. So fruitful for them is disgust of life in others."* Many of this sect are said to have assisted Mattathias the Asmonean, who rose against Antigonus Epiphanes; and are spoken of in the Book of Maccabees, under the name of Assideans. (1 Mac. 2: 42.) Josephus, however, who speaks of them as well known before the appearance of Christ, gives the deepest insight into their character and manners. Their cultivation of *caste* feeling, and some of the laws which regulated their four divisions, might remind us of the laws of caste in the Institutes of Menu, and indicate a copy, if not a common origin. Marriage was allowed in one only of the four orders. Some colonized in cities and towns. Civil office might in some cases be filled. Secresy, as a rule, marked their mutual intercourse; and their communications admitted no more than simple "yea" and "nay;" except in the case of initiation, when an oath was administered to the new member. They held their goods in common; were strict observers of the Sabbath; and sent gifts to the temple, though they were never seen in it. Indeed, whether they settled in the wilderness, or amidst a gathered population, they were studiously quiet and secluded. Their occupations were peaceful; and they were honored as industrious and hospitable, benevolent and honest; though they purposely shrank from contact with the uncircumcised, and would rather die than partake of food not pre-

pared by their own or their brethren's hands. Their peculiar characteristics are noticed also by Philo, who has introduced us to the kindred but more contemplative Jewish sect of the Therapeutæ. These, composed of both men and women, were found quietly inclosed in their separate cells on the borders of Lake Mœris, near Alexandria; illustrating the vain pretensions of ascetic discipline long before Christianity appeared in Egypt.

The Essenes had perhaps the distinction not only of an earlier origin, but of being more practical and more pure. It has been thought remarkable that our Lord never named this sect, nor formally condemned them, as he did the Pharisees and Sadducees. A sufficient reason, however, may be found in the fact, that their recluse life, for the most part, kept them from crossing his path; and as they never appeared in the temple, they would not, like their ostentatious and skeptical cotemporaries, who affected such publicity, call forth a distinct and open reproof. It may be, too, that their general sincerity shielded them; and that the long-suffering "Son of Man" might exercise forbearance toward the frailties which, in their case, were associated with so much acknowledged virtue. But though Jesus never named them, he did not leave their errors uncondemned. St. Matthew describes him as alluding to their ascetic practice, (19: 11, 12;) and records the lesson which he gave, that any violation of human nature is inconsistent with the Christian religion; that the rule of his kingdom does not follow Judaism in pronouncing celibacy to be in itself dishonorable; nor does it, on the other hand, enforce the rule of ascetic life, or recommend the celibate as a superior condition of existence; but that it rather requires the heart to be so devoted to piety, that every relation of life into which Providence leads the man may be hallowed, and its proper duties performed to the glory of God. Nor can any thing be more beautiful than the manner in which he reproves Essenic severity, in that action which follows his lesson on the conjugal relation. A family scene opened around them, where the women brought little children that he might touch them. Some of the disciples, who still retained much that was austere, rudely tried to prevent the mothers from invading their Master's sanctity; but he

* *Natural History*, book v. chap. 15, Neander's Translation.

said : "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the kingdom of heaven : and he laid his hands on them, and departed thence." He meant, among other things, to say, that family ties and filial affections are to be honored and sustained in his kingdom ; and that the spirit of Christian simplicity and tenderness which is so congenial with domestic life, and a pattern of which is winningly set forth in the little child, will best prepare us for discerning our proper place, and for fulfilling our own duty. Other actions of our Lord are equally significant, as indicating the difference between the members of his spiritual family, and the Jewish brotherhood of monks. He seeks every opportunity of leading his disciples to the sanctuary at Jerusalem, as his Father's house, his own temple, which he was come to cleanse and glorify, but not immediately to subvert ; and thus he impressively shows, that those who studiously avoided the appointed sacrifices, or renounced the temple service, and substituted feasts of bread and salt, nightly illuminations, and hymns, with mystic talk and dances, for the established ritual of their fathers, were prematurely throwing off their share in the symbolic worship, and making changes on inadequate authority. And while the Redeemer thus expressed his will, his apostles have not left the errors of the Jewish sect untouched. Under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, they have pointed out the difference between Essenic peculiarities and Christian doctrine ; leaving it impossible for those who have caught their spirit, and understood their arguments, to view Essenes and primitive Christians as one and the same. Those who were obedient to the teaching of Paul, could not be confounded with the ascetics who superstitiously observed human forms of worship, venerated secret traditions on mystic medicine, believed themselves called to hold the secrets of nature, were sworn against all food from unconsecrated hands, bound never to reveal the mysteries of angelic names, and used ascetical preparations to qualify them for a search into the future. The spiritual children of John the beloved disciple must have been distinct from the exclusive spiritualists who denied the doctrine of the resurrection, rejected the idea of an incarnation, though they entertained a shadowy conception of the Trinity, and, when

Christianity published its claims, proved to be as blind to the humanity of the manifested Saviour, as were the Pharisees to the divine nature of Christ. Indeed, all who are acquainted with their distinguishing views and customs must see, that these can not be harmonized with genuine Christianity, and can scarcely fail to understand and acknowledge the peculiar force of those warning voices which once cried : "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God ; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God : Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God : and every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God." (1 John 4 : 1-3. See also Col. 2 : 8, 16-23 ; 1 Tim. 4 : 4-8.

How truly has Dean Prideaux remarked, that "almost all that is peculiar to the sect of the Essenes is condemned by Christ and his apostles !" Many truths were held in common by Pharisees and Christians ; and, in some of its aspects, Essenic life came very near to that of the primitive Church ; but the society which had been created by the power of the Holy Ghost was essentially as distinct from the community of Jewish mystics, as it was from the sect who "made the commandment of God of none effect by their tradition." The sequestered class of Jews probably retained most of a traditional sympathy with the spirit of those institutions which have been called "the schools of the prophets ;" and was gradually formed by the association of those who cherished a desire to realize again the heavenly warmth of the prophetic days. There was nothing in the later temple service, in the synagogue system, or the public festivals, which met their inward longings ; and when once the example of religious retreat had opened a refuge in the desert, they soon formed a distinct embodiment of Jewish spirituality. In their chosen exclusion they wearied themselves in trying to harmonize contemplation and activity. They had started on a wrong principle ; and, failing to see that their first necessity was purity of heart, they sought for perfection in mere abstract thought, or in the exercises of the outer man. Their inward evil was overlooked, or misunderstood ; and they aggravated it by following a course in which

their pride was fostered, while their conscience remained impure. It is easily conceived, that such a class would soon be attracted by that Christian Community which, for a time, "had all things common." There would at first appear much that was congenial with their own spirit, and a great deal that promised an improvement on their own system; and though some, whose pretensions were high, might be staggered by the promised union of happiness and spiritual poverty, many would be found among the swelling number of Christian converts. In such cases, even perfect sincerity would not prevent them from retaining much of that ascetic spirit and formal externalism which could scarcely fail to infuse into the Church a leaven that probably originated many of the troublesome errors which apostles had to condemn, and whose lingering influence prepared the way for a subsequent recognition and establishment of conventual life. Merely in this way can we detect any relation between early Christianity and the sect of the Essenes. That sect, claiming the honor of antiquity, remained distinctly Jewish; until, in the second century, like the society of Therapeutæ, it melted into the indefinable forms of Elkesaite or Gnostic Ebionitism. Both Essenes and Therapeutæ had disappeared before Christian Monachism prevailed.

It is not surprising that those who attach undue importance to mere antiquity, should be betrayed into error when seeking for the most remote ground on which monastic claims may be fixed. Many pre-Christian systems had so much in common with the more modern forms of recluse life, that whoever contends for the monastic institute as a legitimate form of Christianity, or claims for the Church exclusively the honor of that institution, may easily be seduced into dreamy notions of piety, and soon learn to ignore all that distinguishes the Christian religion. In tracing the history of the monastic principle, we are by and by brought to the conviction, that it did not properly belong either to the Greek or the Latin Church. It was adopted by both; originated by neither. Nor is it Christian; nor exclusively Jewish; though worked out for nearly three centuries by Judean and Alexandrian mystics. No; it is rather a thing peculiar to fallen human nature. Hence, we find it exemplified, perhaps most perfectly, in the great cen-

ters of heathendom. The systems of Paganism are but the ruling propensities of the human mind embodied; and all these are distinguished by their mysteries, reserved for the privileged and meritorious few. There is a disposition in human nature, under a sense of its guilt and misery, to trust in any vicarious worship and obedience; as well as a desire and hope of transferring from one man to another the merit of good works, and the benefit of devotional exercises; so as to enable the mass of the people to serve God, as it were, by proxy. The course of Hindooism, even in its earlier history, strikingly illustrates this; while Buddhism still exhibits a gigantic embodiment of the same principles, after more than twenty-four centuries of intense action and nearly unrivaled influence. The natural disposition of the human mind, as manifested in these systems, is not favorable to pure Christianity; and for a time after the rise of the Christian religion, the hostility of that disposition was clearly seen: but as the doctrines of Christ widened their sway; as they became less and less unpopular, and the number of disciples continued to multiply; there appeared an increasing class of persons who, though professedly members of Christian churches, had not yet fully understood the character of the Gospel, nor fairly imbibed its spirit; and by these the very principles and errors which had at first arrayed themselves in opposition to Christ, were gradually introduced into the Church. Among the first promoters of this wrong tendency in Christian life, were those who have been already noticed, as drawn towards Christianity from among the Jewish ascetics; and although, as Judaism dissolved, the main streams of error would be diverted by the mixed parties who sprang up to a peculiar position between Jews and Christians, yet the elements of evil, in some cases, were "brought in unawares," and effected changes in the Christian community such as became so evident in the Church at Colosse. Distinctions were fixed between those who kept the ceremonial or ascetic rule, and those who did not; the former were marked as a superior and privileged class; and thus the unity of the Christian religion was broken. Notwithstanding apostolic letters and enforced discipline, the evil grew, aided by other unhealthy influences from Oriental and Grecian sources, until such was the

state of the Church, that the introduction of a well-regulated monastic system might be viewed, perhaps, as a blessing to it ; at least, as a thing most suitable to its existing circumstances and character. When the Christian world was thus prepared, the leaders of the new movement appeared. Three names stood at the head. This place may be awarded to them on the authority of an historian of the Romish Church,* whose fair and accurate statements are sometimes, as in this case, curiously associated with an overflow of his ecclesiastical feeling. "Paul, Anthony, and Hilarion," says he, "gave birth to the holy institution in Egypt and Palestine ; and from thence it expanded itself over the earth like a torrent of benediction !"

The ascetic zeal of Anthony's biographer is not wrought up to that intensity which glows in Jerome's memoirs of Hilarion and Paul ; nor is the monastic state in the one case invested with so much of that kind of unearthliness, which in the other checks the approaches of ordinary life. Indeed, Jerome's heroes never seem to come very near to our hearts ; while Athanasius rather helps us to love Anthony, and to respect the sincerity of his monks. But even the more amiable brotherhood of Mount Kolzim is so strangely unlike that first Christian community described by St. Luke, that when we place the later picture and the earlier and inspired sketch side by side, as representing the Christian piety of two periods, we can not resist the conviction, that great changes must have taken place during the intervening time. Here, we detect much that is artificial and constrained ; there, we see manifest Divinity in union with naturalness and ease. In the Egyptian scene, violence is done to some of the distinctive feelings of our species ; at Jerusalem, human sympathies and affections have full but hallowed play. So that, while we readily admit the peculiar interest which attaches to the men who put themselves aside from the world, and obliged the seekers of truth to go "out into the wilderness to see" models of devotion, we can never turn towards those Judean homes, which day by day were successively thronged by the affectionate family groups of primitive Christians, without feeling some curiosity, at

least, as to how the Christian profession, so simple, pure, and genial in its character, came to be esteemed as most perfect when most abstruse, rigid, and severe. The process is not obscure. Christianity was designed to be the ruling principle of the world. It was to take to itself, and command for its holy purposes, all that belongs to man. It was necessary, therefore, that it should come into contact with the masses, and enter into conflict with the leading principles and practices of heathen society. This must be done in the persons and character of its converts, who were not to be taken out of the world, but, like the first model Christians, were to continue in the same domestic and civil relations as before their conversion. They were to remain among their neighbors as "the salt of the earth," the "leaven" of the population, the "lights of the world," whose open transparent sincerity, cheerfulness, and benevolence should diffuse grace and truth through even the worst scenes of persecution and vice. True Christians, however, could scarcely have entered on their mission before they realized the fact, that it is the nature of genuine piety to shrink from the manifestations of carnal restlessness. When the Holy Ghost touches the sympathies of human nature, they are so refined and Christianized that they all turn in favor of meekness, humility, and retiring devotion. Christian piety, therefore, will necessarily feel that the proud tumult of a carnal world is repulsive. By a kind of spiritual instinct it draws back from the scene. And so entirely do kindness and modesty, quietness and peace, engage the disposition of a truly Christian mind, that it shrinks from noise, controversy, and strife. This aversion of sympathy and disposition is founded on hostility of principle. The principles of genuine religion are hostile to the manifestations of worldliness. Even though these manifestations assume an elegant form, and appear under attractive circumstances, as when they are seen associated with refined philosophy, polite literature, and venerable art ; still, spiritual piety, true to its principles, maintains its essential aversion to the manifested evil. This is beautifully exemplified in the case of St. Paul, when, for the first time, he stood on Mars' Hill in Athens. No scene could be more exciting to a philosophical and accomplished scholar. No objects would be

* Thomassin.

more likely to master a powerful and cultivated intellect. And if strength of understanding, warmth of temperament, and correct taste would incline a man to yield to the spirit of the place, Paul might be borne away by what surrounded him. But grace had turned his mind into another current. Neither the elegant associations of the scene, nor the charm of philosophical company, swayed his sympathies so far, as to prevent his firm expression of Christian principle. He saw nothing but God dishonored by the idolatrous mass, and souls perishing amidst their carnal excitements. Holy antipathy to evil, and pity for the victims of error, precluded every other feeling; and he stood forth, at once the champion and the example of a piety which shrinks from the carnal restlessness of the world, while it loves and tries to save the restless souls of men. Genuine Christian feeling sometimes makes a new approach to the ascetic spirit; and the early history of the Church affords evidence that the most sincere minds may allow their lawful distaste for worldly things to degenerate into an unchristian dislike to active charity, or a morbid desire to escape from contact with the multitude. It has always been difficult to preserve the balance between the contemplative and the practical. The contemplative power is at the foundation of every consistent Christian character. The doctrines which the Christian receives are so holy and deep, the relations into which he is led by receiving them are so sacred, and his privileges and calling are so high, that it becomes him to be sedentary in a spiritual sense and in a proper degree. His soul should be seated in holy quietness, that it may entertain the thoughts which claim its attention. He is called to a quiet habit. The depths of his soul must be still enough to realize the abiding presence of God. When, therefore, in his spiritual course, he finds his path beset by a hostile and noisy world, which would never allow him to take a fixed and transforming look at the truth which he loves, or silently to listen to his Master's voice, he is in danger of seeking relief in mere local retreat, and of passing out of the sphere of duty into the scene of morbid stillness. The line is soon crossed. It was over-stepped by many Christians at an early period. And to this false movement we may ascribe the final establishment of systems, in

which the once floating elements of evil are now embodied in such wondrous harmony and power. The leaders in this pilgrimage to the desert were saved, in most cases, from the extremes to which their plausible error tended, by that feeling of sympathy, forbearance, and love towards other men, which a genuine conviction of their own sinfulness inspired; but many of their followers rushed from the scenes of ordinary life under a blind infatuation, and wrapped themselves in the ascetic garb, in entire ignorance of their own hearts; so that, in the indulgence of self-gratulation, they soon learned to look at themselves as the exclusive inheritors of distinguishing grace, and to treat all who retained their common social position as incapable of pure godliness. Thus the gulf was formed, and gradually widened, between the religious and the secular. Thus, Christian Monachism, like most of the gigantic evils which have afflicted the world, may be traced to an origin in which there was much good, both of principle and practice; and it owes a great deal of the depth and perpetuity of its influence to this original leaven of sincere though erring piety.

An apologist of the second century shows that the earlier Christians had no idea of the later monastic system: "We are not Brahmins," says he, "nor naked Indian fanatics, dwelling in the woods, and cut off from human life. We remember our debt of gratitude to God, our Lord and Creator. We do not refuse to enjoy his works; but we use them temperately, avoiding what would appear rash and extreme. Our existence is not apart from the public resort, the market, the bath, the tavern, the office, the fair, or any thing else that is necessary to social life. We, as well as yourselves, have our shipping interests, our part both in army and navy; we mix in agricultural and commercial transactions, and contribute our share towards the public labor and profit. We live, indeed, without using the rites which some observe; we are never found mingling at the public *saturnalia*; nor do we degrade ourselves by following examples of indecent freedom. In the proper use of all social comforts, however, we prove ourselves to be men."* But though these early Christ-

* Tertullian, *Apolog. ad Gentes*, cap. 42.

ians did not withdraw altogether from the scenes of active life, a practice grew up among them which nearly answered to the authorized "retreat" of later times. Certain days were exclusively devoted to the work of self-examination, private prayer, and formal acts of renewed consecration to God. The stated observance of this was thought to prepare them for a more consistent application to their usual calling. The holy days were fixed by each individual for his own benefit, and as best suited his own convenience. They were by and by marked as fast-days, during which the outer man was allowed but limited indulgence, or subjected to total abstinence, that the soul might be more free in its spiritual pursuits. What was saved by self-denial was spent in relieving the poor. Many, too, in the warmth of their first love, interpreted their baptismal vows in the largest sense, and threw a great part, or even the whole, of their worldly goods into the treasury of the Church, to express their strong decision, or their contempt for the things which once enslaved their hearts. The "pearl" of "great price" was to be secured at the greatest cost. Without entire renunciation of outward things they could not be perfect. Nor did they think themselves at liberty to look for treasure in heaven, till they had brought themselves to poverty on earth. Their home was the Church; and, content to be unknown to the world, they quietly sustained themselves by the labor of their hands. In most cases they thought it best literally to follow St. Paul's example and advice by remaining unmarried; so that, undisturbed by the cares of a growing family, they might give themselves more fully to the divine service. Such Christians came to be called "*ascetics*," the more strict observers of self-discipline, who "exercised" themselves "to godliness," and most zealously strove for Christian perfection. In some instances, even young persons conceived so strong an attachment to religious occupations, that with ill-regulated zeal they once for all closed against themselves every prospect but that of virgin life. "There are those," says Justin Martyr, "who, though now sixty and even seventy years of age, were discipled to Christ in their youth, and still remain in purity." * These were of both sexes.

The females were distinctively called "virgins."

At the same time, it was not uncommon among the heathen for men to consecrate themselves to a meditative life; and in such cases they would be distinguished as "*ascetics*," or "*philosophers*," terms often synonymously used. It sometimes happened that, in their eager pursuit of moral beauty, men of this class were brought within the range of Christian influence, and adopted the new religion without giving up their philosophic habits, which seemed rather congenial than repugnant to it. Others would have their first serious reflections awakened by an exhibition of Christian doctrine or example; and finding a profession of philosophy favorable to their new turn of mind, they made the first approach towards the use of a monastic garb, by appearing in the well known cloak which distinguished the abstinent devotee. This always secured for them the reverence of the multitude; and was an introduction to those with whom they wished to converse on their chosen theme. Respect or curiosity brought many a circle around them, as they sauntered through the public walks; and while opportunities were thus afforded for dispensing the fruit of their spiritual thinkings, the notion would be originated and fixed, that the higher principles of Christianity belonged to a distinct religious order. "Good morrow, philosopher," said a loungeur to Justin Martyr, as early one morning he entered the promenade; while another in the closing group added: "My master taught me never to slight the philosopher's cloak, but courteously to welcome all who wore it, and reap if possible the advantage of their conversation." Nor was Justin disinclined to meet their advances, by familiarly talking on the evidences of genuine piety. A little later, and in another scene, the Christian mantle found an apologist, who closes his eulogium with a shout: "Rejoice and exult, O Pallium! A better philosophy has thought thee worthy, since thou hast begun to clothe the Christian!" *

No one can fairly doubt the sincerity of these first ascetics. Some of them were examples of humility and love. But we discover in their case the first indulgence of that mere human tendency to extremes which had been so remarkably developed

* *Apolog. ii.*

* *Tertullian, De Pallio.*

in the false religions and philosophy of the East; while we mark the process by which that disposition to an over-done renunciation of the world, which had been freely cherished by the heathen, insinuated itself into the Christian Church. This propensity was not peculiar to any one form of philosophy or false religion, but to human nature itself; and being fashionable in the East, unwatchful Christians, who felt that the nature of true piety shrank from the corruptions of public life, mistook the whisper of an enemy for the voice of the Holy Ghost, and suffered their scriptural aversion to carnality to pass into an extreme and morbid longing for life in the desert. So that those principles of earthly philosophy which men at first opposed to the pure and simple religion which was to renovate society, were at last adopted by Christians, and soon became embodied with the first principles of the Church. The evil grew, for a time unconsciously, perhaps, even to the most sincere; until, as Eusebius says: "There were instituted two modes of living: the one, raised above our common nature and ordinary life, has no marriage, no family, no substance or estate; and, being altogether separate and removed from the usual associations of men, is given up entirely to a divine service, from an unmeasurable love for celestial things. Those who embrace this mode, are as if cut off from this mortal life; their bodies merely are on earth; in thought and soul they move in heaven; and, as saints above, they look down on the life of other men. They are truly consecrated to the Supreme God for the whole race, not for the sacrifice of beasts, with scent, or smoke, or fire; but with a proper sense of true piety, with purified hearts, and such words and works as spring from virtue: these are the divine propitiatory offerings which as priests they offer for themselves and others. This is the perfect manner of Christian life. The other is a lower and more human form. This admits chaste wedlock, offspring, family care, military occupations. Nor is agriculture, or merchandise, or any part of civil duty, neglected in connection with religion. Those who have taken this way of life, have their set times for devotion, and particular days for hearing and learning God's word. These are viewed as being of the second order of piety." * This language would

be plausible to those who lived at the time; but we can not fail to discover, that the principle here admitted broke up the original unity of the Christian religion; and, by allowing two kinds or orders of Christianity, it laid the foundation of that system which promotes the self-deception of the ascetic by ascribing merit to his abstinence; while it indulges the corruption of the masses, by pandering to their natural dependence on the merit of the few. An undue estimation of celibacy and of the ascetic contemplative life gradually prevailed. Men were taught to expect a more exalted state of blessedness as the reward of their solitary consecration; while the praises lavished on such a course led those who were still occupied in the world to lower the standard of piety for themselves, until they had quite lost sight of the "high calling" of the Christian. So that as early as the times of Clement of Alexandria, it was not uncommon for the people, when reminded of the seriousness which becomes Christians, and of the inconsistency of mingling with Pagans at the public shows, to reply: "We can not all be philosophers and ascetics; we are ignorant, we can not read, nor do we understand the Scriptures; and why should such severe demands be made on us?" * In all this we see the preparation of the Christian world for that system which was now more formally to be introduced and acknowledged as a part of Christ's kingdom. It only needed such men as Anthony and Paul to give consistency and form to the elements which, by this time, were so prevalent as to make the Christian world decidedly ascetic in its tendency.

Many circumstances of place and time, however, helped to intensify the monkish bent of the age. These circumstances may be viewed as partial excuses for those sincere Christians who were the instruments of establishing Monachism as a necessary part of the Church. It has been said truly: "All the principal or most characteristic forms of fanaticism have had birth beneath sultry skies, and have thence spread into temperate climates by transportation or infection." Monachism had its birth in the East, and the scenes of its youth are still reflected in its character. Vehement feeling in man answers to extremes in the outer world. A continuous companionship with vast solitudes, and

* *Dem. Evang.* lib. i. cap. 8.

* *Pædagog.* lib. iii. f. 255.

burning deserts, and silent mountain passes, or familiar intercourse with an oriental sky, with earthquakes, hurricanes, and burning winds, promotes the wilder and more enormous development of human nature. Nor must it be forgotten, that during the times which saw the rise of Christian convents, the universal corruption of pagan manners would naturally shock and repel the pure and spiritual minds of the first Christians; who, while they were daily grieved at the sensuous irregularities of the multitude, would, in many cases, fall into the natural error of condemning the use as well as the abuse of created things; and, rather than risk their purity, would run to the extreme of entire abstinence, and become ascetics, in order, as they supposed, to preserve their religion. The working of this plausible principle may be marked in the history of the several sections of total abstainers which sprang up towards the end of the second century; and for two hundred years illustrated the curious relation between a false government of the senses with lax opinions on the one side, and severity of ecclesiastical rule on the other. Tatian stands out among those who were the leading advocates and models of this misshapen virtue; his course may be received as an example of the class. While he remained under the living influence of his spiritual father, Justin Martyr, he was held back from extremes; but when freed from the check of healthy example and teaching, he yielded to his ascetic bias, and, misunderstanding or perverting the language of St. Paul, (1 Cor. 7: 5,) he taught that marriage must be renounced in order to chastity; and that temperance was inconsistent with the use of wine. And the zealous propagation of these doctrines, though they were associated with a loose assemblage of Gnostic errors, would naturally sway many sincere souls who were disgusted or vexed with the extravagance and luxury of the age. At the same time, when multitudes adopted the profession of Christianity, and, resting in the mere name, introduced into the Church the indulgences of pagan life; the more earnest and decided Christians were constrained to shrink away from the disagreeable manners of their fellow-professors, and to fly into the desert, that they might escape the swelling tide of dissipation and ungodliness. It is true, that during the short period of the Church's

"first love," her members, with few exceptions, were necessarily distinguished by simplicity of aim; but at an early period the discerning few could detect a diversity among the candidates for Christian membership, and, like Origen, deplored the fact, that "all did not seek Jesus in the genuine way, but from various wrong motives." And even that longing after reconciliation with God which moved the more earnest seekers was found at length to assume a "rude and carnal shape." "Such persons," remarks Neander, "sought in Christ not a Saviour from sin, but the bestower of an outward and magical annihilation of sin. Transferring their pagan notions to Christianity, they sought in baptism a magical lustration, which should render them at once wholly pure. Without doubt a mere outward view of the Church and the sacraments presented a support to this erroneous notion. Hence it was that many who meant to embrace Christianity, delayed their baptism for a long time, that they might meanwhile surrender themselves without disturbance to their pleasures, hoping to be made quite pure at last by the rite of baptism."* Several of the leading spirits of the day bore their testimony against this evil; but it quietly grew and bore its own fruit. For a time the early apologists could defend themselves from heathen slander, by calling on their foes to judge every man by his life, to award blame wherever it was due, but not to condemn the entire Church for the inconsistencies of a faithless minority. At length, however, the outlines of character on the part of the Church were so far melting into the shades of the world, that in spite of the warning and teaching of such men as Cyprian, Christians were openly framing excuses for mingling with pagan crowds at public exhibitions, and lulling their own consciences, while they promoted the corruption of their brethren, by pleading that nothing but God's gifts were employed in the amusements which they countenanced; that these gifts were bestowed that they might enjoy them; that the Scriptures did not expressly forbid such pleasures; that Elijah's chariot course to heaven was a warrant for chariot-races upon earth; that music and dancing in the theater were as innocent, if not as laudable, as David's movement before the ark;

* *Church Hist.* vol. i. p. 350.

of the clotted noise of cymbals and trumpets, and shew him the temple service. Jerusalem may be heard as a representative of those who tried to call back the wandering eyes and hearts of the sitting Church. "I am," he cries, "tired, my people have no other desire than that which was the desire of the Apostles, to depart from the world and to be with the Lord. Wherever thy wishes are, there are thy pleasures. But why art thou so unsatisfied? For thou art not satisfied with the Lord who has made thee happy and great pleasures which even now are bestowed on thee by the Lord? For what art thou more joyful than communion with God, thy Father and thy Lord, than the revelation of truth, the knowledge of error, the forgiveness of so many past sins? What greater pleasure than the contempt of such pleasures and of the whole world, than true freedom, a pure conscience, a blameless life, and fearlessness of death, than to be able to tread under foot the gods of the heathen world, and to cast out evil spirits, to heal diseases, and to pray for revelations? These are the pleasures, these the entertainments, of the Christian: holy, everlasting, which can not be bought with money.*"

Whatever was the effect of such appeals on the faithful, the sophistries of those who quoted the Scriptures in support of their folly were more popular than the rebukes of severer minds. The spirit of the world worked its way, favored by longer intervals of rest from persecution, and the gradual accumulation of wealth among the converts of the new religion. It may be that the mode of resistance on the part of those who tried to check the swelling tide, would have proved more effective had it been less stern. It is evident, however, that the spirit which failed to prevent the corruption of the multitude retained its power over a few, until the evil which had defied it became so flagrant as to afford reason and opportunity for a reaction. The reaction was towards an ascetic course. Broader distinctions between classes of character were becoming apparent. Licentiousness was preparing to unvail itself, and openly to offer its plen even within the Church; while the feeling in favor of severe self-discipline was venturing on a note of triumph. This may be marked in the sublime passage

with which Jerome closes his *Life of Paul the Hermit*:—"Perhaps," says he, "those who adorn their houses with marble and cover their estates with elegant villas may ask, Why was this poor old man deficient in all these? You drink out of a cup of gems, he is satisfied with hewing the hollow of his hands. You clothe yourselves with embroidered raiment, his garb was such as your slaves would not wear. But on the contrary, perdition is opened for this poor man, while for you rich ones hell is prepared. He, content to be naked, had the vesture of his Redeemer: you, clothed with silk, will lose the robe of Christ. Paul, thrown into the vilest dust, is chosen to a glorious resurrection: you, covered with elaborate ornaments of stone, shall be burned up with all your works. Spare yourselves, I beseech you: spare at least the riches which you love! Why should not vain ostentation cease from mourning and tears? Will not the corpses of the rich decay unless they are wrapt in silk? I entreat all who read these things, to remember Jerome, a sinner, who, if the Lord would allow him to choose, would prefer Paul's poor tunic with his merits, to the royal purple of kings with their punishment.*" In addition to the corruptions of the age, the successive storms of persecution drove many into the deserts, where an ascetic life seemed to be forced upon them. When the palsied arm of Judaism was unable to wield the weapons which her malice would have employed, they were taken up by iron-handed Rome, and used against the hated Christians with dreadful energy and effect. From the days of Nero, who lighted up the scenes of his horrid revelry with the flaming bodies of agonizing saints, until the reign of Valens, who let loose his military furies even upon the wretched asylums of the Egyptian wilderness, the blood of martyrs had scarcely ceased to cry to heaven from the ground.

If, for a time, the tempest of tribulation seemed to abate, and the promise of quietness inspired some hope that Christ's witnesses might still hold their municipal privileges and their domestic blessings; the accession of a new emperor, or some fresh political expediency, or the sudden claim of some personal prejudice or feeling, would again awake the fury of the

* *De Spectaculis*, cap. 20.

* *Vita Pauli*.

desolating storm. Not even under Trajan and the Antonines were Christians free from the pressure which afforded a lawful reason to many for their final abandonment of a persecuting world. Nor, perhaps, was the forced emigration of the harassed wanderers any other than an assertion of the liberty which the Saviour granted to his followers, when he said: "If they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another." And the record of the Redecmer's early flight into Egypt, as well as the fact, that when the persecutors sought to take him to put him to death, he "walked no more openly," but "went away again beyond Jordan," may have been understood by the persecuted Church as intended to teach that the Christian's life is not to be thrown away in mistaken zeal, or lost for want of prudence, or in consequence of needless haste; and that a readiness for martyrdom is neither allied to a rash and forward spirit, nor inconsistent with any lawful effort to escape the trial. Many, therefore, who had caught the spirit of their Master, and could say with St. Paul that they counted not their lives dear unto themselves, would, at the same time, use all lawful means of preserving that life, which they now viewed as no longer their own, but Christ's, so that it might be spent for the good of the world, the edification of the Church, and the glory of God. The solitude to which they were driven would shortly have the charms of a beloved retreat. What they were forced to take as a refuge, became, ere long, their dearest home; and, under their circumstances, the transition from the fugitive confessor to the consecrated monk was soon complete. The disciples, who were "scattered abroad" by Jewish powers, "went every where preaching the word;" but the Churches which were broken by the fury of Paganism, sought to recover their strength in retirement and silence. Nothing could warrant the latter course but the assurance that all the more public scenes of Christian activity were shut against them; and those only who were thus assured, would gather spiritual power amidst the temptations of the wilderness. But, in many cases, the flight from persecution was in a wrong direction; and then a natural but mistaken longing after rest gathered strength from the mutual sympathy of the associated exiles, and

found expression at length in the different forms of monastic life.

Nor were the distractions of the Roman Empire without their influence in promoting this result. The world was too uneasy for those whose native taste for repose had been intensified by Christian feeling; or whose peaceable disposition was unequal to the repeated alarms which fell upon the scenes of public life; or whose oppressed fortunes were worn out by the intolerable demands of the state. Indeed, the last and fatal storms were gathered up around the tottering Empire; and the wretched feelings which foretold their stealthy advance, were now creeping over both Christian and Pagan. That which was called the Roman Empire was now a species of irregular republic, over which the military power held a perpetual rod. It was an iron despotism, under which the people were doomed to hopeless uneasiness. The barbarian hordes, so long unknown, and too frequently despised, even where they pressed inconveniently on the frontiers, were now becoming formidable. Among the rest, the German race was dimly opening up its majesty, sending before it the mysterious shadows of its advancing power, paralyzing the aged and trembling faculties of Rome, mocking her ill-timed efforts to define the danger, and giving her a token that her time was passed. She had once conceived the annihilation of all but herself; but when the work seemed to be near its completion, a new world sprang up around her, and trampled her in the dust. The frightful disorders of the Imperial succession came to a crisis under the Thirty Tyrants, the bloody scourges of their generation. While Valerian was humbled by the Persian, and his son was giving loose reins to disorder at home, the invading swarms were pressing upon the fated population at every point. And though a few of the succeeding emperors maintained the state for a while, it was only at the deeper expense of public strength and patience. The tribute in the provinces became intolerable. Exaction was the order of the day; and the impoverished citizens, followed by hungry assessors, had no resource but to throw themselves upon the very barbarians, or, as many of the Christians did, to bury themselves amidst the solitudes of the desert, where the horrors of military con-

scription could scarcely follow them, and where they might hope for a chance of escaping from the merciless grasp of the civil power. The idolatrous masses, who felt that the whole system was breaking up, reproached those whose pure and spiritual worship dishonored the gods of Rome; but the Christians retorted by pointing out the secret of the general distress. Diocletian, they said, had lost the Empire by sharing it with his colleagues. For each of these sought to keep up as great a state and as large an army as if he was sole Emperor; so that those who were to be sustained at the public expense, were so disproportioned to the number on whom the levies were made, that the charge could not be borne; the lands were forsaken by the laborers, and the scenes of cultivation soon became desolate and waste. The population was fugitive; and on the tide of outward emigration, many from among the harassed churches would pass to the perpetual quiet of monasticism. Among these there were probably some cases of flight from justice. Under the pressure of the inexorable times, the patience of some was perhaps

overborne; and irritation may have prompted to deeds of resistance, the legal results of which could be avoided only by retirement to some distant retreat; where, under ascetic discipline, the conscience might seek relief.

At the same time, a few persons here and there, sick of ordinary life in so disturbed an age, turned fondly towards the example of some favorite philosophers; and, like them, went aside to await a happy future, and solace themselves in Christian retirement; a course the more easy and agreeable in a climate which induces a natural love of quietude and repose. Thus, under the guidance of one or another of various influences peculiar to the times, a few at first from every class fled from public life. The number increased, and a passion for solitude seized the multitude, so that mixed crowds, falling into the popular current, accumulated around the centers which a few leading spirits had fixed in the wilderness of the East, until Egypt and Palestine furnished the world with patterns of solitary discipline, and models of monastic rule.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

From Titan.

PICTURES OF RHINE-LAND AND ITS ROMANCE.*

THE Rhine, from Rotterdam to Cologne, has never been inhabited by spirits. The favorite locality of the latter lies between Cologne and Mayence. All beyond is commonplace shore and wave. But within these limits, every reach in the stream echoes a story of an elf or an imp, and

every meadow on its shores is danced upon by gossamer fairies, or galloped over at the witching hour of night by ghastly ritters and skeleton steeds. Every mill has its kobbold, and every building its household spirit. From the cathedral at Köln to the most wretched Rhine-washed hut, beings supernatural rule and possess. From the devil, "first in bad eminence," down to the ghost of some erring deacon, every nook acknowledges the deep mysterious sway. Churchman

* *New Pictures and Old Panels.* By Dr. DORAN, Author of *Table Traits and Something on Them*, *Monarchs Retired from Business*, *History of Court Fools*, etc. London: Richard Bentley. 1859.

and knight, trembling nuns and ladies fair, truculent bishops and stiff-necked burghers, lord and peasant, emperor and beggar, in short, whole visionary multitudes of deceased generations elbow one another on the land, or swim in unsubstantial vessels, with transparent sails, upon the water. A majesty of gloom hangs over the spots where these spirits of the past most do congregate. Cologne itself lives upon a crowd of traditions more numerous than its steeples, of which there are said to have once been as many as there are days in the year. Not the least of them is, that Judas Maccabeus and his brother lie therein entombed. Stone figures of saints in Cologne have been known to accept half-munched apples from pious little boys, who afterwards studied hard, read much, and, as the old joke says, "nobody the wiser." Here lived Albertus Magnus the monk, who possessed the power of turning winter into summer, and of being pleasantly independent of the coal-market and its tariffs. Here, too, existed merchants who built churches by calculation, that the weight of the stones would exceed the ponderosity of their sins, and that the recording angel would strike a balance in their favor accordingly. Finally, here dwelt the famous Maternus, who was elected bishop after his death, and who walked from his grave rather than render the election void by non-appearance, and kept possession of the episcopal chair for more than a quarter of a century. To do the honest man justice, he always averred, after his attainment to the miter, that he had never yet died—as far as *he* could recollect. But they who wanted a miracle had more convenient memories, and they ever asserted that Bishop Maternus was, in good truth, the most ghostly of prelates.

Legend has paid the greatest possible compliment to Satan, by attributing to him the honor of being the original designer of the plan for that still unfinished cathedral at Cologne, of which Hood says so finely, that it looks like a broken promise made to God. There are only two other places on the Rhine where the Father of Lies still retains occupation. One is at Fahr, where he has a "Devil's House," in which he may be seen at night, drinking horribly hot-spiced wine with a long since deceased Prince of Neuwied. The exemplary pair often issue forth at

night, after their carouse is over, and in the disguise of monks make convent cloisters hideous with the howling of their *gaillard* songs, or play such tricks with the ferrymen and their boats upon the river, that when morning dawns there is no man at his right station, and every boat is drifting towards the sea. But the Devil of the Rhine is sometimes of a better quality than is here implied. The perpendicular staircase in the rock at Loch was cut by him in a night, expressly to enable a knight to rescue his daughter from the lord of a castle in his eyrie above. Cavalier and steed trotted up at right angles to the surface; and in proof of the fact the people show you the saddle!

The legendary ritters are as restless as the traditionary Satan. At Rheid, if you only go where they are to be seen, you may discern a host of them in the tournament-field there, engaged in passages of arms, charging fiercely at each other, and galloping about "like mad," but all so silently and lightly that no sound reaches the ear, not a harebell bends beneath the chargers' hoofs, and indeed, if nothing be heard or felt, the legend can only be perfected by adding that there is quite as little to be seen. But do not attempt to say so to the people of Loch!

The Drachenfels—rock of the dragon—introduces us to the chivalrous Siegfried, who found it an easier task to overcome the dragon that carried off maidens by night, and breakfasted off young ladies in the morning, than to subdue the truculent Queen of the Burgundians to the reasonable will of that melancholy man, her husband. Altogether Siegfried, the horned knight, was more creditable to chivalry than his brother ritter, Graf Hurman. *He* used to take delight in riding through his tenants' corn, and, if any of these complained, he took the funniest imaginable way of intimating that he felt hurt at the little liberty they took with him. In fact, he had the offender tied to the antlers of a wild stag, and hunted to death by hungry dogs. But there is a Nemesis—and Graf Hurman is now nightly chased out of his grave by the vengeful spirits of his tenants, in the form of hounds, and these lead him such a life of it that it is a pity his descendants do not lay out a few kreutzers in masses, to insure his repose.

A knight of another class and reputation is he who has given fame to the hight at Roland's Eck. There still stands the

window whence he used to watch the nun he loved, in the island below ; from which he beheld her borne to the grave, and at which he gently died—the spectacle being too much for the nerves of a man who had scattered legions of Paynim Saracens by the might of his single arm.

At Daltenberg we meet with another love-stricken knight, who, *after* dinner, made a promise of marriage to a dead lady in a deserted castle. He subsequently found himself, he knew not how, in a ruined chapel ; and when he beheld his cold bride with him at the altar, the ghost of her father rising complaisantly from the grave to give her away, and a bronze bishop beginning to read the marriage service aloud, he became so alarmed that he had but just sufficient strength to call for help upon the saints above, and barely sufficient power of vision to see the whole party disappear in snap-dragon flames, and a very suspicious smell of sulphur. At other points we fall in with ritters who are tossing their fathers' bones out of their graves in search of treasure, and expressing great sorrow at finding nothing. Others, in times of famine, play at nine-pins, with loaves for balls, and baked pastry pins to bowl at. Above Lahneck we enter the ground where the two brothers slew each other for the sake of a worthless woman who cared for neither of them. At Sonneck, a company of ghostly ritters meet twice a month, at hours known to the initiated ; their purpose is convivial, and their place of meeting a cavern, wherein, seated at an unearthly banquet, they eat fire, like conjurors, and drink boiling wine out of red-hot goblets. At Falkenberg, there is a ghostly knight of more solitary habits. When he was alive he used to spend his nights with a dead lady, much after the fashion of Goethe's young heathen with the Christian bride of Corinth. The knight, however, unlike the impetuous young pagan of the ballad, ultimately espoused a lady—alive, pretty, and as substantial as graceful brides of upper earth *should* be. The newly married couple speedily died of affright ; and I am not surprised at it, for every night the cold form of the *other*, the dead but betrothed lady, lay between them, by way of mutely annoying reproach upon the infidelity of the bridegroom. The penalty of the latter beyond the grave is to wander forever in search of both

wives, and fall in with neither. One would think that Belphegor had had compassion upon him.

The well-known legend of the Mouse Tower may be classed with the ritters' traditions, for Hatto was as much knight as bishop. He was a monopolizer and a forestaller of corn, but an army of rats devoured the greedy cavalier-priest. Truth will have it that it was the corn and not the owner that was devoured, but that would not have been half so interesting a circumstance to register. I prefer the legend, and invoke the fate of its hero upon the monopolizers of corn, who make bread dear for the people of England.

The ladies are especially lively in the legends of the Rhine. England alone furnishes eleven thousand for the single story of Ursula and her companions, who crossed the seas to marry as many German princes, and who were massacred at Cologne by a host of ferocious Huns, whose rough wooing had been deeply declined by these resolute ladies. The shy Kordula alone remained, and half a hundred Huns offered her their very dirty hands ; but Kordula happened to look up, and as she saw all her headless sisters gayly scaling the heights of heaven, she selected to be of the company, and was qualified accordingly. The Huns, nothing daunted by their ill success, broke into the nunnery at Nideswerth, where they found the entire establishment of noble ladies locked in each other's arms, fast asleep. The intruders were proceeding to rude measures, when a discriminating wind blew the Huns into the river, and the nuns into swift-sailing boats upon it, in which they descended the stream and found safety at Bonn. The unquietness of the nuns of Grau Rheindorf is, perhaps, in allusion to their particular peccadillo. They were excessively given to gluttony, especially in the article of fish : and fearfully did they suffer in consequence, from sleepless nights and indigestion. They rest as ill in their graves, but have not the same motive for leaving it as the phantom-mother of Fürstenberg, who issues nightly from the tomb in order to "nurse" an imaginary baby which she fancies is incradled in the neighboring castle. Well ! the poor mother is impelled by better motives than that terrible dead lady-in-waiting to a deceased duchess of Nassau, who *will* enter the young

officers' rooms, where she says such dreadfully unexpected things that it turns gray the fair or sable locks of all who hear them. And this I readily believe.

There is a very lively company of ghostly ladies at Aberwerth. It comprises a troop of unmarried damsels who are doomed to dance forever until they find lovers willing to marry them. Poor things! It is something too hard upon them that they should be condemned, when defunct, to endure the same round of toil for the same foolish purpose that moved them when living. But, the penalty is retribution. It implies that had the maidens waited to be wooed at their fathers' hearths, rather than bound about a ball-room to entice the wooers that would not come, their mission would have been better fulfilled. And there is something in that.

Of the other ladies who linger perforce by the Rhine, and there visit the pale glimpses of the moon, I can only allude to the lovely legion *en masse*. Their separate tales are too many to tell, and what requires to be told is not always "tellable." Some of these spirits lead awfully immoral lives, and very few are exemplary characters. I suppose that originally their legends, like that of Hatto and the rat-tower, had some significance; but it were as profitable to try and weave ropes out of sand, or squeeze moisture from dust, as to extract edification from myths which deal in ladies and gentlemen who are employed in disreputable proceedings, which, had they indulged in them upon earth, would have made society shun them. Ghosts, at least German ghosts, do not appear to be half so particular; and grave No. 3, inhabited by the most serious of spirits, does *not* shake to its foundation at the character of its neighbors, Nos. 2 and 4. On the contrary, the spirits in all three roam abroad in company, and No. 3 sings hymns, and looks calmly on, while 2 and 4 are comporting themselves with any thing but the strictest propriety.

The best of the ladies is one who partakes both of light legend and true history. I allude to the prophetess Hildegard, who was one of the nine wives of Karloman, and who went triumphantly through the process of being unjustly suspected by her husband. She traversed Europe, preaching the crusades, and uttering prophecies which will be fulfilled

whenever they come to pass. She was famous for her healing powers, and invented "Spermaceti ointment for an inward bruise," (an invention which was patronized as "the sovereign'st thing on earth," by Hotspur's carpet cavalier;) she further spread plasters, invented pills, and may be altogether considered as the patron saint presiding over patent medicines.

The legendary monks do not make so conspicuous a figure in the Rhine romances as the legendary ladies. Their spirits rather linger among the distant and inland castles and convents which, in the olden time, were renowned for their freedom from danger, and their abundance of good cheer. But, however, the river legends are not entirely silent with regard to the sons of the Church. At Heisterbach, the last abbot of the community still wanders about the ruins of the abbey, looking in vain for the grave which is denied to his canonized bones, until every vestige of the edifice shall have disappeared. The dead monks at Kreuzburg, who lie in the vault there uncoffined, garmented as when they lived, and who look so very dry and dusty, are accused of being rather given to jollity and illicit sports about midnight. No one who has seen them would, for a moment, suspect them of levity. Even the old dead gardener, with his withered wreath about his skull, the last of the brotherhood there laid out to rest, has as severe a look in his silent solemnity as any of his more reverend brethren; and yet it is said of him that he sits upright on his stone seat at nights, and trolls such catches and tells such stories, and is so comic in manner as well as matter, that the dead monks regularly die of laughing—until the descent of the night-dew awakens them again to their nightly revel.

What a far more respectable deceased churchman is the defunct and gigantic monk of Rheinbreitbach! His name is Hammerling, and his office is to nurse and feed poor miners who happen to get imprisoned by accident in the course of their perilous vocation. He is somewhat capricious and hasty, but compassionate withal—and he keeps a good larder, too, or how could he have maintained alive, and even made fat, those seven miners who, by the falling-in of their cavernous workshop, were confined seven years, and were found much better than could be expected,

at last? At Stronberg, a monk and nun are said to "walk," waiting to be married; the walking and waiting being their punishment for expressing a desire to be married when they were in the flesh. In the castle of Rheinfels, there is a more ghastly sight than that of two youthful novices wandering in cold affection. The sight I allude to is that of the old chaplain of the Countess of Katzenellenbogen, who poisoned his mistress by putting arsenic into the sacramental cup. The penalty of the old murderer is always to be mixing the draught and drinking it himself. There are numberless spectral abbots, too, about this district, who bore no very good reputation when living, and who are a perfect nuisance now they are dead; active in mischief, and terribly seductive; and there is not a poor peasant girl who leans solitarily against a gate, with her apron to her eyes, and something at her heart to keep it aching, who does not lay the blame upon these terribly Juanic ghosts, who go about in cowls, and are as licentious as when they were living! At St. Goar, we meet, however, with the name, if not the spirit, of a respectable saint; it is said of him that he could hang his cloak on a sunbeam and pass a whole year without food. The unseen spirit is active though invisible, and once, when Karloman passed the saint's grave without stopping to hear a mass, St. Goar was so irritated that, with a breath which *seemed* to descend, like a hurricane, from the hills, he overturned the boat in which the emperor and his courtiers were seated, and nearly drowned the illustrious passengers in return for their alleged impiety. Pepin, the son of Karloman, did not forget the insult, and when, at a subsequent period, his queen, Bertruda, visited the shrine of the saint, and was left without refreshment till she almost fainted, Pepin was so indignant thereat, that he went down and horse-whipped the prior! Karloman had shown less resentment than his son, and returned good for evil. He made a present to the monastery of that wonderful butt of wine, the liquor of which never grew less, although it was forever running at the spigot.

Karloman shines among the legendary emperors, of whose doings, however, less is said than we might have expected. Even the Königstuhl, or coronation-seat at Rhens, has disappeared, solid ma-

sonry as it was; it could not withstand the hammering of the French republicans. Marksburg has its true stories more terrible than romance. It was there that Lewis the Severe murdered his wife, in a fit of jealousy as ungovernable as it was unfounded. He beheaded the poor lady in her own bedroom, and then flung all her servants from the highest turret of the castle, as accomplices in a crime which existed only in his imagination. With the exception of this trifling weakness, Lewis was an exceedingly proper knight; stern, and apt to kill upon contradiction: but such little foibles tarnished not the lustre of his cuirass, though they have rather dulled the glory of his name. Heymon of Dordogne was worthy of bearing arms under such a master. This mirror of chivalry, according to the legend, once struck his wife to the ground with his gauntleted hand, and strode across her body to greet his newly-discovered son Reynold, whom he embraced with such a paternal hug that he laid the cartilage of the young fellow's nose flat upon his face! Turning from him, he addressed himself to the Countess, whom he had stretched upon the ground, and, with the appellation of "heart's love," politely requested her to arise. Reynold, in the mean time, smarting under his smashed nose, affectionately returned the excess of his father's warmth by protesting, "so help him, Heaven, he was well-minded to lay his sire dead at his feet."

But it is, after all, the tricky spirits that lend life and loveliness to the Rhine and its legends. Who would not have liked to have belonged to the monastery at Gundsorf, that used to be visited every night by fairies of the most exquisite beauty and the lightest of garments, and who used to keep the reluctant old gentleman up and feasting till cock-crow? Another fairy took the form and name of the Wondrous Harp of Luladorf, in the vicinity of which she was to be heard discussing such music as might melt the soul. There were other fays whose homes were beneath the waters, and who were very much given to entice young knights into the stream, and set up unblessed households with them in bowers below the crystal waves. The Lurley Berg is a light, the home-place of a million echoes. In the vicinity once dwelt a maid who was so exquisitely beautiful that she turned mad all who looked upon her, and de-

spairing husbands of the gravest cast committed suicide after beholding her. The fatal siren was thereupon tried for manifold murder and witchcraft, but the archiepiscopal judge, the lawyers, the witnesses, and the spectators, fell so deeply in love with her, that, like the tribunal that absolved Phryne, when the nymph was unveiled before it, the court acquitted the accused by acclamation. Lurley still survives, in legend at least; and no pilot who steers his bark round the headland called by her name is safe from being swept overboard, if he raises his eyes as his ears recognize the sound of her harp, and beholds her sitting in seductive beauty, singing him invitations to land.

Werlau is the residence of the gnome-king of shadows. In the valley is his dwelling-place, and it is said that when two young persons of the locality become attached to each other, there spring up in the valley two flowers, called "soul-flowers." These flowers may be made an unerring test of the affection that inspires the enamored pair, by applying them to the heart. If the love be true and steadfast, the flower is instantly reduced to ashes!

"Steadfast heart o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power!"

With us, in the olden time of England, our romantic youth employed the *Ranunculus bulbosus* as a test of strength of affection. In those days, a swain was wont to stuff his pockets full of "bachelor's buttons," and, as they flourished or withered, so did he judge of his lady's love. Thus mine host, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of Fenton's love for sweet Anne Page: "He writes verses; he speaks holyday; he smells April and May; he will carry't! he will carry't! 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't!"

The Rhine has more legends than those I have told; but such as I have cited of each class will enable my readers to conjecture (if they care to do so) the quality of the rest. I will therefore conclude with an incident that belongs rather to history than romance. Bacharach is the scene where passed the bloody feuds maintained by the Palatine Herman and the Archbishop Arnold of Mainz: the Diet interfered, and condemned each to

carry a dog on his shoulders a certain distance. The Palatine performed his share of the penalty, with many a wry face; but the Archbishop, being by far too venerable a person to be punished in any way but by deputy, a certain number of his vassals were compelled, to their great edification, to do this good service for their lord. This species of punishment was not uncommonly inflicted upon those who broke the peace of the empire, or who were notoriously tyrannical as vicerents of the emperor. The nobles were compelled to carry a cur-dog, vassals a stool, and peasants a plough-wheel on their shoulders, to the bounds of the adjacent lordship, and to endure patiently every insult offered them by the way. As we have seen, high churchmen could pay the penalty by representatives, twenty vassals being accounted equivalent to one archbishop.

"And now, Mee Aughton," said Smith, at the close of our session, "paint us a picture in words that shall represent our occupation here."

Thereupon Mee Aughton, with something of a satirical smile on his face, dashed off the following metrical sermon, to the great edification of his audience:

LOST TIME.

One evening, as old Wisdom lay
Before his cool and mossy cell;
While round him softest airs did play,
And on him eve's last bright rays fell;
Then as the Sage lay musing there
On things above or 'neath the sky,
A sound arose upon the air,
A mingled, loud, and mournful cry.

More grief's sharp tone than joyous song,
Or lay subdued of Wisdom's clime,
From a mixed crowd who passed along,
Exclaiming, "Time! we have lost Time!
Old Time, intrusted to our guard,

Hath, while we played, broke from his ward,
Slipped off his bonds and fled away.

"O Wisdom! tell us where to find
The truant who has thus escaped,
Who flies with wings more swift than wind,
And, of the way that he has shaped,
Leaves scarce a mark to trace him by?
We hardly *thought* he could have flown,
When o'er our heads we *saw* him fly,
And now we weep that Time is gone."

And then again the crowd began
 To shriek still louder than before ;
 From hill to hill the echo ran,
 And died in murmurs on the shore.
 Then some would sigh and some would scoff;
 And some (*most* foolish) take to rhyme.
 Then, swift as thought, the whole were off,
 In search once more of missing Time.

Old Wisdom smiled, Old Wisdom frowned,
 Old Wisdom pondered long and deep,
 And, as at night he turned him round
 Upon his healthy couch to sleep,
 "Fly on! fly on!" the sage he said,
 "Pursue! pursue! but all in all vain,
 For Time, who from his bonds hath strayed,
 Can never be enchained again."

From the National Review.

THE TRUE DIFFICULTIES OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION.*

THE language of Signor Farini's letter, and the tone of the recent debates in the Sardinian Chambers, indicate so curious an inability, or so unhappy an indisposition, on the part of Italian liberals to understand the feelings and conduct of Englishmen at this critical conjuncture, and it seems to us so important to clear away these misconceptions, that we can not better employ the short space allotted to us than in an attempt to lay plainly and unreservedly before our readers the true position of the various powers and peoples concerned in the discussion on which the eyes of all Europe are now turned, and which appears to be fast verging to an open rupture and a sanguinary conflict.

It is hard to have to choose between two great evils, and to steer our course amid circumstances so peculiar and so involved that it is impossible to pronounce any course at all to be either clearly right or obviously wise. Still harder, perhaps, is it to have to say to patriots whose cause is good, and whose sufferings are great: "Forego a tempting opportunity for the sake of an important principle; and refuse the aid which would probably enable you to cast off the yoke of old oppressors and hereditary enemies, because

the hands that offer that aid are not clean, because the offer itself is not disinterested, and because the price which will be demanded in case of success will be such as no patriot ought to pay, or could in his cooler moments contemplate without a shudder." But the false step made or menaced by the Italians, and by the Piedmontese in particular, in conjunction with and under the influence of Louis Napoleon, have forced this language upon us; and it is important they should be assured that the apparently cold and unfriendly attitude of England at the present conjuncture indicates no diminution of our sympathy with Italy, but is a somewhat reluctant concession to the claims of prudence, justice, and public right.

We see the difficulties of Italians clearly: let them in turn endeavor to see ours likewise. If they had done so, Count Cavour would scarcely have made his speech, and Signor Farini would not have written his letter. It is clear to us, and has always been so, that situated as Austria is in the north of Italy, and allied with her as all the Italian sovereigns save one are, either by interest or by affection, Italian independence can never be achieved without foreign aid.* Austria is more

* *Farini's History of Rome from 1815 to 1850.* 4 vols. London, 1851-1854.

L'Empereur Napoleon III. et l'Italie. Paris, 1859.

Farini's Letter to Lord John Russell. Tunis, 1859.

Mazzini's Letter to the Italian Liberals. London, 1859.

* This is clearly demonstrated in the Imperial pamphlet placed at the head of this article, where the work to be done, and the means necessary for doing it, are estimated with an experienced military eye. "We lay it down as an axiom not to be disputed by any competent man, that even

than a match for the Italian patriots and the Sardinian army combined; and no war of emancipation in Naples, Romagna, Tuscany, and the Duchies, assisted by Sardinia, could be conceived which would not inevitably involve Austria as a principal—nay, more, which would not legitimately and of right involve her; since the Lombard and Venetian people would assuredly join the insurgents, and Lombardy and Venice belong to Austria—and no one could say that Austria would not be justified in putting forth her whole strength to suppress rebellion, and defeat and crush the confederates and allies of rebels. On this account, we have always condemned the conduct of Mazzini in fomenting insurrections at moments when no European crisis or quarrel among the great powers opened an opportunity for striking a blow while Austria had her hands full elsewhere, or offered the Italians an ally capable of helping them to the consummation of their righteous hopes. It seems, therefore, at first sight, cruel and inconsistent to turn round upon them now when such an opportunity and such an ally are both come, and urge them to forego the promising occasion, and to decline the proffered aid. Yet a few moments' calm reflection might satisfy them that even this unpalatable advice is not only sound but friendly. For once Mazzini is right: the manifesto just issued to his partisans—in part dictated

were all Italy revolutionized from the Gulf of Tarento to the Alps, the Austrian army might no doubt encounter partial checks and defeats, but that in the long-run it would always be able without difficulty to recover its hold on the Peninsula. Revolutions produce enthusiastic men; but they can not create in a day either trained soldiers, a solid military organization, or the immense material of war necessary to strive with a first-class power like Austria. Italy could not, unaided, maintain her independence unless she were able to bring into the field 200,000 disciplined troops, of whom 20,000 must be cavalry, 500 pieces of field artillery, and 200 pieces of siege artillery, which would require 50,000 draught horses. And ten years of a strong and energetic government would be needed to collect a military force like this."—*Napoleon III.* p. 42.

We can not here avoid calling the attention of our readers to this remarkable production. It is one of the most statesmanlike manifestoes we have ever seen—calm, closely reasoned, singularly comprehensive in its views, and, with scarcely an exception, accurate in its statements of facts. If the title and the source from which it emanated had not aroused suspicion, we incline to think that it would have been received throughout Europe as a most masterly and unanswerable document.

by prejudice and passion as it may be—is full of instinctive sagacity and common-sense. No crusade of which Louis Napoleon is the instigator, and in which he would be the main actor, *can* be designed for, or is likely to result in, the establishment of Italian freedom. The French Emperor is not a man to give something for nothing: he sells, he does not bestow; and he has, as we are all aware, his own plans of dynastic aggrandizement and foreign domination. If the Sardinian minister and the Peninsular patriots fancy they can use French arms and Corsican craft for their own ends, and then overpower the one and outwit the other, so as to evade the expected and inevitable price of the assistance rendered, they must be vainer and shallower than we suppose. If they have bargained for that assistance, and intend to pay the price contracted for, their patriotism is less pure, and their passions are more short-sighted, than we had hoped. The temptation no doubt was great; but they ought to have had virtue enough, and above all, sense enough, to resist it. It is just possible, no doubt, that the yoke of France might be somewhat less galling and less heavy than that of Austria, because it would assuredly be more intelligent, and because also there is less intrinsic difference and less instinctive antipathy between Gauls and Italians than between Teutons and Italians; but for so small and so questionable an object as a change of foreign rulers, it is surely not worth while to bring the desolating scourge of war upon their beautiful cities and their fertile fields. The opportunity for which they might have waited, and which sooner or later would probably have occurred, was that of an attack by Austria upon Sardinian territory or Sardinian institutions; when the assailed party might have securely counted upon French aid, in conjunction with, and purified and kept in order by, that of England also. Austria, in the wrong, and opposed by France and England as well as by Sardinian and all Italian patriots in a mass, must have succumbed at once, and submitted to any terms the conquerors might have dictated; and as England would have desired nothing for herself, and could not have sanctioned the transfer of any portion of the spoil to France, there would have in all likelihood resulted such a permanent and righteous settlement of the Italian

question as the war now menaced can never bring about, but will probably postpone for generations. In taking the attitude and holding the language we have done, therefore, we are not deserting the cause of Italian liberation, but only frowning on a false step meditated in its defense.

And now let us look for a moment at the position of Austria in this matter, which is as difficult and unhappy as the attitude she has assumed in defense of it is sensible and gallant. We are no partisans of Austria, as is well known; and her conduct both in Italy and Hungary, as well as her selfish and noxious behavior during the Crimean war, has often called forth our severest animadversions. Nevertheless, in the matter we are now considering, her case is one of difficulty and almost of hardship; and it is fit that we should endeavor to do justice to it; if we do not, we shall neither fully understand the crisis nor be qualified to deal with it. Her proceedings in Italy now and heretofore, oppressive, cruel, and fatal to the best interests of that unhappy land as they have uniformly been, are the logical and unavoidable consequences of her position there—a position originally and inherently false. Her situation as ruler of Lombardy and Venice entails all the other sins laid to her charge; and yet her possession of those provinces is in point of legal right unassailable, and is guaranteed by the treaties of 1815, and by the recognized international law of Europe. *Herein lies the difficulty of the question and the danger of the crisis.* Lombardy fell to her partly by conquest, partly by inheritance and agreement, and has been hers for centuries; and Venice was guaranteed to her by the European Congress of Vienna. You can not ask her or expect her to resign these rich possessions; yet unless she does this, she can do nothing permanently to pacify Italy, to satisfy Sardinia, or to silence France. Do not let us shirk this fact. Whatever patriots who love their native land, and lovers of abstract justice who think only of nationalities and individual claims, may urge, no statesman will be found to deny that the right of Austria to her Italian provinces is as valid and as good as the right of Sardinia to Genoa or Savoy. Since, then, Lombardy is hers, she is entitled to defend it against all assailants, and to govern it as she pleases. Her government—every where,

and by its inherent genius—is despotic; a paternal despotism; and, like all paternal despotisms, mild and beneficent where loved and yielded to without recalcitration, as in Austria Proper and the Tyrol; crushing and relentless where hated and rebelled against, as in Italy and Hungary. No statesman will deny, therefore, her right to govern Lombardy autocratically. It is her will, her nature, her conscientious and unchangeable resolve to do so. Indeed, it is notorious that she could govern it in no other way; she can hold it no otherwise than by the sword. The people hate the Austrian government at Milan; not because it is a bad government, but because it is the government of foreigners. Were it the mildest and gentlest rule in the world—and we all know that to govern gently or mildly hostile and irreconcilable subjects is a pure impossibility—the Milanese and Venetians would be scarcely more content under its sway than they now are. They do not detest it because it is harsh; it is (and must be) harsh, because they detest it. Let us never lose sight of this most material fact; and let us cease the idle mockery, so favorite a platitude among our statesmen, of telling Austria “to govern well, and that then she will be in no danger.” It is not true, and we know it is not true.

It being admitted, then, that Austria has a legitimate right—as right is constituted and defined by European diplomacy and law—to retain Lombardy, by force if necessary, and to govern it autocratically, since that is her creed and practice of government, she naturally infers that she has a right also to do whatever (*within the limits of international law and usage*) is indispensable to effect these objects. And it is not easy to affirm that treaties and agreements with contiguous states to aid her in these legitimate objects exceed those limits. It is as clear as the sun at noonday that Austria could not rule despotically in Lombardy—it is clear that she could not continue to rule there at all—if she were surrounded on all sides by states governed on popular principles and rejoicing in free institutions. It is natural, therefore, that she should desire the adjacent countries to be ruled by princes whose system of government is analogous to her own, and not in flagrant and disturbing contrast to it. Finding them well enough disposed to maintain such analogy—finding them, indeed, in a relation to their

subjects so similar to her own, that autocratic government is as indispensable to them as to herself—it is natural that she should ask their aid and promise them her own in upholding such a system of administration in their respective dominions. Nor is it very easy to say, that in carrying this natural desire into action she is violating any clear principle of international law or usage. If, indeed, the Areopagus of European states had ever adopted the maxim or established the practice which this Review has always preached—namely, that all interference between sovereigns and their subjects, whether in the cause of despotism or in the cause of freedom should be denounced, prohibited, and put down—the case would be very different. But England has never formally laid down or consistently enforced this principle; and it is abundantly obvious that neither France nor Austria has ever respected or embraced it; neither, therefore, is righteously entitled to appeal to it for the first time now. France interfered in Rome; and Austria interfered in Tuscany, Modena, and Naples. Moreover, the right of entering into treaties of amity and alliance, offensive and defensive, with neighboring states, has ever been held one of the indefeasible rights of every independent power, questionable by others only when no distinct and genuine personal interest of the contracting parties can be alleged as a reason, and when, therefore, hostile designs against others may fairly be inferred. Now these treaties between Austria and the minor Italian princes are obviously for the common interests of all, and indicate necessarily no sinister or aggressive intentions on the part of any against foreign powers. On what recognized principle of European law, then, can Europe, or France, or Sardinia, demand their abrogation, or insist that the court of Vienna shall forego and renounce a privilege conceded as indisputable to every other state? And how can we expect her tamely to resign such native right when menaced at the point of the bayonet?

Again; it is plain that Austria could neither hold nor govern Lombardy without incessant rebellion, bloodily inaugurated and bloodily put down, if insurrections were to be constantly breaking out in Romagna, in Modena, or in Tuscany. A revolution in Rome would inevitably

be followed in a few days by a successful or unsuccessful catastrophe at Milan. Would Austria, then, be so culpable in aiding the Pope to put down his insurrection before it led to hers? And, since useless bloodshed is always to be deprecated, is she so very culpable if she interposes beforehand to *prevent* what she might lawfully interpose to crush? If not, her occupation of the Legations is not without excuse, and is assuredly more warrantable than the French occupation of Rome. No one doubts that the *bond-fide* and permanent withdrawal of foreign troops would be the signal for an outbreak against the hated government of Rome—certainly for the coercion or dismissal of the Pope, probably for much retributive bloodshed, well merited but still deplorable. Are we prepared to say that there shall *then* be no intervention? Must Austria wait till the flames reach her own dwelling?

“Tua res agitur paries cum proximus ardet.”

If, in the case supposed, (*and certain,*) there is to be intervention again, then surely it would be better to have no withdrawal. It is, moreover, notorious that the papal government is so wretchedly incapable that it can neither keep the peace, secure property, put down brigandage, nor control its own agents; and it is not very probable that the provisional government which would succeed it, in case of the retirement of the foreign troops, would, in the first instance at least, be much more competent. It would be almost certain that these disturbances would constitute so great a nuisance that neighbors would have an equitable right to interpose and crush such perilous and contagious disorders. But whatever line we take, either in argument or in action, do not let us lose sight of the point, (which it is the especial object of this paper to urge,) that to call upon Austria to abstain from all active interest in the affairs of extra-Lombard Italy is virtually to call upon her to abandon her Italian dominions altogether, or to hold them only by the tenure of a perpetual state of siege and bloody internecine strife. Those who talk of “settling the Italian question” by inducing France and Austria to withdraw from the Roman States, *and to remain withdrawn*, are speaking ignorantly, thoughtlessly, or insincerely. Either the

withdrawal would be a sham—in which case it would have effected nothing; or it would be genuine and final—in which case it would be followed by certain revolution, by the flight or dethronement of the Pope, and by the various political complications which such a catastrophe would entail.

We have dwelt upon the difficulties of Austria at this great length, because we think they have had the scantiest justice done them; but Rome, France, and Sardinia have their difficulties too, and difficulties of no trifling character. It is common cant to say: "The Pope may avert the menaced convulsion by granting free institutions to his people, and honestly engaging to govern well and in conformity with popular demands." The Pope can do nothing of the kind. Those who hold such language forget what the Pope is. He is the infallible head of the Catholic Church; he is *ex vi termini* an autocrat; his government is *ex hypothesi* a theocracy. Without abjuring his character and his functions, he could no more be the constitutional monarch of a parliamentary government than Mohammed or Moses; for a constitutional monarch must govern according to the will of his people, and not in obedience to the dictates of his own conscience or the decisions of his own judgment. Yet less than this would not meet the necessities of the case. Less than this would be an insult and a mockery. Less than this would afford the miserable Romans no relief and no security from the fearful, stupid, brutal misgovernment inseparable from ecclesiastical administration. The admission of laymen into high place would be nothing; for it might be made, and would be made, mere moonshine, since laymen may be found in scores as bad, as incapable, as ecclesiastical, as any priest. We have had proof enough how powerless are constitutional forms, what a delusion are even good laws, where there is no genuine *bonâ-fide* popular power to enforce the one and infuse life and truth into the other. Now this real popular power is precisely what the Pope *could* not concede without ceasing to be Pope, and becoming a mere spiritual pontiff without temporal authority or temporal dominion.* And we have

reason to know, moreover, that his mind is irrevocably made up on this subject, and that no considerations will induce him to give way. To call upon the Pope, then, to prevent revolution by granting free institutions, is as futile and as irrational as to call upon Austria to make herself loved in Lombardy by governing well.

The position of France, too, in this complicated matter is full of difficulties; and her case, were she candid in her statements and honest in her aims, would not be without its hardship likewise. Suppose for a moment the Emperor's intentions were as honorable and benevolent as his professions: and we must, for the sake of argument and of clear vision, accept this supposition as a possibility, because the Emperor may find it prudent and necessary to contract his designs and proceedings within the limit of his professions, and then we should have a somewhat modified problem to deal with. Suppose, then, that the Emperor seriously desired, without any ulterior or sinister designs, to escape from a position which began in crime, which continued in degradation, which was always false, and which has now become intolerable. The nineteenth century has scarcely witnessed a blacker political iniquity than was committed by the French Republic when she crushed the Roman one—when, having

indicate two or three points, to bring the impossibility into full day-light. (1) The whole course of ecclesiastical sovereignty is based upon the canon law; the necessities of civil government, if justice is to be administered or liberty preserved, demand common law—the Code Napoléon, or some equivalent system. (2) The Inquisition must be abolished if the civil rights or the personal safety of Romans are to be secured. *Could* the Pope consent to the extinction of this ancient ecclesiastical jurisdiction? and if not, he must have instruments to work it—judges, officers, and jailers. Then what Roman would be safe for an hour against arbitrary punishment, nominally for ecclesiastical, really for political, offenses? (3) What could a *constitutional* Pope do when placed in the dilemma which nearly killed Pio Nono in 1848, of being compelled as sovereign of the Roman state to declare war against his best friend and ally as supreme spiritual pontiff—Francis Joseph of Austria, the hero of the Concordat? Or when called upon as *prince* to aid and befriend the King of Sardinia, whom as *priest* he has excommunicated? (4) One of the earliest and most inevitable steps taken by a popular government to restore the finances must involve the taxation or sequestration of much Church-property. *Could* the Pope sanction bills of this character?

* We can not enter at any length into the proof of this position, nor is it necessary. We will only

just discarded her own sovereign for comparatively slight offenses, she forced back the pontiff upon his unwilling subjects, without any plea of special concern in the matter, and without any security against the tyranny and misgovernment so inevitable in the case of princes restored by foreign arms. This act, we must do Louis Napoleon the justice to remember, was Cavaignac's, and not his. Being there, however, he could neither withdraw with honor nor remain with credit or with usefulness. If he had withdrawn his troops without conditions, Austrian troops would instantly have filled their places, and that Austrian influence in Italy, which it was the especial purpose of the French expedition to countervail, would have been immeasurably strengthened and extended. If he had exacted as a condition of withdrawal that Austria should abstain from intervention, the work of the expedition would have been undone, and the Pope would have been again dethroned and driven into exile. The Emperor was thus in a dilemma which left him utterly powerless to enforce upon the papal administration that decent and rational government which we believe he really wished to see established. The Pope saw his perplexity, and laughed at his remonstrances. For ten years he has borne the painful and disreputable position of being the supporter and enforcer of misgovernment and oppression; he wishes to escape from it now, but without ludicrous failure or damaging humiliation. How is he to effect this object? We confess we do not see any way out of the difficulty without giving Austria a signal triumph; for, as we have already shown, it is idle to fancy either that the Pope has asked, or will ask, for the *bona-fide* withdrawal of both his protectors, or that Austria would honestly comply with such a request even if it were honestly made. Austria, we repeat, *can not*, without suicidal weakness, concede the ostensible demands any more than the real pretensions of France; and she does not show the slightest intention of yielding a single point.

Finally, Sardinia, too, is in a difficult position; the difficulties of which, as in the case of France, are mainly, but not wholly, of her own causing. Her antecedents and her actual situation, her known wants and her avowed principles,

have made her the leader and the hope of Italian liberation. Her statesmen have found it as difficult to contend against the patriotic impatience of the extreme radicals as against the papal and reactionary party in her own dominions. She must show sympathy with, and can scarcely refuse aid to, the hopes and movements of the patriots of the Peninsula, on pain of being denounced by them as a selfish alien or a secret enemy. She has long seen that Austria was strengthening herself on all sides of her, and watching with keen malignity for a plausible opportunity to strike. Under such circumstances, we can not wonder that she should have been slow to discountenance or to break with the extreme Italian liberals, and somewhat foolishly and weakly eager to secure French assistance. We have no doubt that she has made a false step; but we can not say that she was not under strong inducements to commit the error.

Moreover, according both to common-sense and to diplomatic usage, she is as fully warranted in the demands she has made upon Austria, and appealed to Europe to enforce, as Austria is warranted, in the interest of her own system of government and of the security of her dominions, in declining to comply with those demands. Considering her Italian possessions only, and leaving out of view her German and Transalpine provinces, which, in the eye of Italy, are *foreign*, and therefore irrelevant to the matter in dispute—regarded as an *Italian* power only, Austria is neither so extensive, so important, nor so strong as Sardinia. Sardinia is therefore at least as much entitled to concern herself with the minor states of Italy, and to extend her influence over them, as Austria. The manner in which Austria has spread her diplomatic network over them all, occupied their territories, garrisoned their fortresses, overawed their councils, dictated their policy, acted in their name, is a legitimate ground of firm and spirited remonstrance, if not of active antagonism and hostility. Nay more, Sardinia may fairly allege that her free institutions are just as much endangered and impaired in their smooth working by the multiplication or maintenance of despotisms all around *her* as the arbitrary system of Lombardy would be by the establishment of popular governments around *it*; and that, in common justice and as a measure of obvious self-

defense—whether the right has been distinctly recognized at any European congress or not—she is as well entitled to form alliances with Italian patriots for the prevention of the one danger as her rival is to form alliances with Italian princes in order to avert the other, or to demand from Austria that she, as well as Piedmont, shall abstain from such engagements.

Let us now sum up in one comprehensive view the whole of the “Italian question,” with its proposed or possible solutions.

The continuance of the *status quo* is impossible, because it is unjust. It is incompatible with the peace of Europe, with commercial confidence, with diplomatic comfort; because intelligent and civilized races will never submit to injustice without reclamation and resistance incessantly renewed. The entire history of Italy since 1815 shows this: we had rebellions there in 1821, rebellions in 1831, universal revolution in 1848, and countless *émeutes* and insurrections in intervening years before and since. With the single exception of Sardinia, in every state in the Peninsula the people and their rulers are unceasingly and irreconcilably at variance. Every where the sovereigns are maintained on their thrones, and the people are debarred from their civil rights and liberties, only by the bayonets of mercenary guards or by foreign troops actually resident or ready at a moment’s notice. No one can deny that this is the state of things; no one can maintain that such a situation is endurable, or can be stable. How, then, is it to be rectified? By what means, and to what extent, shall the needful modifications be introduced?

The primal and indisputable causes of this impossible and immoral *status quo* are the position of Austria as foreign and detested possessor of Northern Italy, and the peculiar position of the Pope as temporal and yet theocratic sovereign. Short of the removal of these two causes—short of the desecularization of the Roman Pontiff and the retirement of Austria from Lombardy and Venice (issues not yet faced by European statesman, however ardently desired by sincere Catholics and earnest patriots)—can there be any real or permanent solution of the difficulty? We think we have shown in the foregoing pages that that there can not.

Is there any *mezzo-termine*? Obvious-

ly none—none that would not be a sham, a blind, a hollow and dishonest compromise. Some politicians, indeed—and among them we must reckon the men who sent Lord Cowley to Vienna—with fortitude enough to endure any old evil, but without courage to embrace any new remedy, ever more disposed to fail by half-measures than to succeed by whole ones—have suggested that Austria should retire within the treaties of 1815, and retrace the forward steps she has taken since. But such a proceeding, while it would weaken her present commanding position in the Peninsula, would not meet the emergency nor satisfy her foes. It might for the moment silence the diplomatic demands of France and Sardinia, but only by placing Austria in a less favorable position to resist other demands which would speedily be made. It might baffle her rivals; it would not pacify her subjects, or her subjects’ backers and allies. The same advisers suggest a sort of joint protectorate of Rome by all the great Powers of Europe; who should with one hand coerce the Pope into justice and good administration, and with the other keep down his people from enforcing their own rights. Do those who counsel England to sanction or participate in such a step remember the precedent of 1831? In that year, as now, the French and Austrian troops occupied Romagna. A rebellion, caused by the wretched maladministration of the government, had broken out, and had been suppressed by foreign force. The Five Powers interposed, and jointly presented a “memorandum” to his Holiness, setting forth the concessions and securities for decent government and civil liberties which they considered it absolutely necessary he should grant to his subjects. Nothing could be more moderate—we might almost say, more futilely feeble. *Not one of them was carried out*: the Pope bamboozled four of his protecting counselors and disgusted the fifth; and our minister, Sir Hamilton Seymour, on retiring, sick and defeated, from the Conferences in September 1832, thus addressed his colleagues, setting forth:

“That the efforts made during more than a year and a half by the Five Powers to reestablish tranquillity in the Roman States have been useless; that, further, no one of the recommendations made in the memorandum of 1831, to

remedy the principal faults, had been accepted; that the papal government, far from exerting itself to soothe the existing discontent, had aggravated it even since the negotiations; and that accordingly no body of Swiss would suffice to maintain tranquillity, which must sooner or later be disturbed." *

Are we going to play this miserable farce over again?

The opinion of English statesmen as to the existence of any possible middle course for Austria was put on record in 1848. On the 29th of October in that year Lord Palmerston addressed to our ambassador at the court of Vienna a dispatch, in which he declares:

"That Austria has no chance of being able to retain Northern Italy in any useful or permanent manner, the inhabitants of that country being so profoundly imbued with an invincible hatred of the Austrian army; that it would be wise on the part of the Austrian government, in the interest of its own real strength, to liberate the Lombard and Venetian people from its dominion, which they must always consider as a yoke; . . . and that however well-disposed her allies might be to aid her in case her righteous and legitimate existence in Germany were menaced, there prevailed on the subject of her pretensions to impose her yoke on Italy so universal a sentiment of injustice as would probably leave her almost without assistance in case of a war involving those pretensions."

It appears, then, to us clear and undeniable that neither England, France, Sardinia, nor the Italian patriots, can rationally be satisfied with any thing short of the two great conditions which we have specified above. We do not say that England has any title to propose such concessions to Austria or to the Pope; we think it a thousand pities that she has meddled in the matter at all; but we do say that, after what she has said, and seen, and done, she can not with sincerity and dignity propose any less. For France and Sardinia to accept any thing short of these concessions, would be to admit discomfiture—for any thing short that might be offered would be a notorious and insulting mockery; but we are far from saying that, diplomatically, either of these powers has a right to ask these concessions. The Italian people, too, throughout the Peninsula, moderates as well as radicals, know well, and have all along

proclaimed, the absurdity and duplicity of any middle course. But is there the slightest probability that Austria will agree to these concessions without a struggle? Has she shown the faintest indications of any disposition to yield? Do we expect, or can we ask, her to give way to this unprecedented extent till she has been decidedly worsted in actual strife?

It is not necessary to assume that any of the parties involved are really anxious for war—bent upon it *à tout prix*. Granting even the contrary, it is impossible that any of them can draw back without obvious and damaging discomfiture. In plain truth, France and Italy are warranted in demanding what Austria is warranted in refusing. They can not decently recede from a demand which, yet, Austria can not dream of conceding without a departure from all her traditional policy, and a descent from her haughty and resolute position. What first-class power ever yet surrendered or liberated an extensive and valuable portion of her dominions—especially on the summons of other powers—without a desperate and dogged conflict? Finally, what probability is there that hot-blooded and sanguine Italians, with the hopes that have been sedulously roused and the provocations that are daily given, will long abstain from outbreak, even though emperors and ministers should implore them to be quiet? We fear the decision of the matter will be taken out of the hands of potentates: insurrections will occur; Sardinia *must* then give the aid which will be claimed, and which has been as good as promised; and France, on pain of recreancy and dishonor, must come to the rescue. Therefore, notwithstanding the hollow assurances and the feeble efforts of diplomatists, our expectations of a peaceful settlement of the crisis, so long preparing and so deliberately exasperated, are very faint, and are daily growing fainter. The matter may drag wearily on for some time longer; but postponement is not solution.

If, or when, the war breaks out, what should be the course of England? Obviously, and of necessity, *entire neutrality*. She is not a contiguous state; she has no individual interest in the dispute. Sardinia is not attacked, so can not claim her aid. She has no quarrel with Austria, so can not take part with her adversaries. She can not aid Austria, both because Sardinia is more especially her ally, be-

* *History of Rome*, by Farini, vol. i. p. 121.

cause her sympathies are all on the side of Italy and Italian freedom, and because, in the dispatch we have already quoted, she has placed her honest sentiments on record. She must stand aside till the exhausted combatants are anxious for pacification, and ask her to suggest the terms for a final and complete solution of the question.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the above pages were in type, hopes of a pacific solution have been again excited in some minds by the tidings that Russia and England have proposed a European congress for the settlement of the Italian question, and that France and Austria have accepted the proposal. Even if the news be confirmed in its full extent, (which at the moment we write is still uncertain,) we should be wholly unable to share the sanguine anticipations to which it has given rise. The consent to such a congress indicates nothing more to our minds than that both parties are willing to postpone the conflict, and anxious to seek occasion, by mutual apparent concessions, to place each other in the wrong, and to throw upon each other the reproach of disturbing the peace of Europe. Our reasons for this opinion may be briefly stated.

In the first place, there is not the slightest ground for supposing that such congress will be instructed or allowed to enter into the real, deep-seated, permanent causes of the Italian difficulty. The *Times*, in its first announcement, declared that Austria was willing to abrogate the special and secret treaties she may have with the minor Italian states, and to evacuate the Papal States conjointly with France—nay, even to allow the French to return thither if disturbances should break out in consequence of the evacuation, and if the Pope should request their succor. This would of course go far, not, indeed, to satisfy Sardinia, but to *silence* France; for it concedes all France demands. But a day or two after, the *Mémoires Diplomatiques*, an Austrian journal published in Paris, greatly modifies this statement, and declares that the court of Vienna has only consented to the congress on the specific understanding that it shall not question either the treaties of 1815 or the right of Austria to make whatever additional treaties she may please with surrounding states. It is evident that

both these bases for congressional discussion would leave the real causes of the mischief wholly untouched. According to the first, the occupation of Romagna by foreign troops would continue, or be immediately renewed; and no provision whatever is made for terminating it; for if it is to be prolonged till the Pope adopts popular government, or is strong enough to maintain unpopular government without extraneous aid, it becomes indefinite, if not eternal. According to the second, the military occupation of Northern Italy by the Austrians, against the will of their subjects, is not even to be brought in question; yet while this continues, as we have shown, not only will Italy be in a ceaseless state of disturbance, but Austria will have to maintain there such overwhelming forces as will afford just ground for fear and umbrage to Sardinia. In short, a congress that is not prepared to discuss *ab initio* the two vital questions—of the Austrian possession of Lombardy, and the secular dominion of the Pope—can only meet for the idle and unworthy purpose of wasting a little more time, of prolonging the present wretched state of suspense, and of throwing a little more dust in the eyes of the public.

In the second place, a congress to discuss the complaints of Sardinia against Austria, in which Austria is to be represented and Sardinia is not, is at once futile and insulting. And a congress to settle the internal and international affairs of Central Italy, in which no Italian state is to have a voice, is not decent, and can never be satisfactory.

And, in the third place, the affair has grown out of diplomatic dimensions. As soon as it is made clear to the Italians that the great powers are endeavoring to evade war *and likely to succeed*, a revolution will break out—probably in Tuscany; in which Sardinia inevitably and at once, and France secondarily, will be dragged in as principals.

Therefore we anticipate no good from the suggested congress, and we earnestly hope that England will be no party to it. And above all, we trust that such a timely expression of English opinion may take place as to prevent our ministers from committing themselves, *as we have reason to know they contemplate doing*, to the Austrian side of the dispute.

From Titan.

MODERN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.*

THE commencement of the sixteenth century is one of the most singular and critical conjunctures in the history of Europe and the world. An immense addition of intellectual material had just been made to the stores of the West. The revival of letters in the middle of the fifteenth century had brought back the culture of antiquity into the general schoolroom of Europe. Printing, with all it even then implied, had lately been invented. America and the East-Indies had been opened up. The immediate result was a vastly increased intellectual and artistic activity. But the direction taken by modern history could have been predicted from none of these things, and remains to all time one of those sublime providential lessons which have been so often given by God, and which man will not learn.

There is no fact in history more certain than that the revival of letters had no tendency whatever to renovate the Papacy, to reawaken moral life in Rome and in Europe. The learned refinement of the Popes brought with it the moral apathy of that pagan lore on which it fed. "Debauchees," "poisoners," "atheists," are the words used by a writer of so temperate Protestantism as Maucaulay, to describe the Popes who wore the tiara immediately before the Reformation. In a true and literal sense, the very Papacy was saved by Protestantism. It was actually falling back into Paganism; it was rotting away; and that at the very time when the treasures of knowledge, which so many more or less explicitly believe and avow to be the one means of moral life for nations, were poured, with unprecedented exuberance, into the lap of Christendom.

In the beginning of the sixteenth cen-

tury, two spectacles were presented on the stage of Europe. The proud Church of St. Peter's at Rome, was slowly rising, in pillared magnificence, towards heaven, as if making *its* appeal for divine countenance: and an unknown Augustine monk, in the convent of Erfurth, his face pallid through fasting and watching, was on his knees, sending *his* earnest prayer to God for light. The fame of St. Peter's went over Christendom. Tetzels came selling indulgences to raise money for its completion. Yes; the somewhat puzzling progress of humanity had brought it to this: Christianity in the first century had been preached by Paul; Christianity in the sixteenth was preached by Tetzels! The supreme enlightenment of the Revival of Letters had produced this last remarkable version of the Gospel, proclaimed with the warrant of the Father of Christendom, that if you paid so much money, your sins were forgiven you! But, as I said, Luther was on his knees. Over all the grandeur of St. Peter's, through all the noise which the furtherance of that grandeur made over Europe, above all the false enlightenment of resuscitated paganism, that still small voice went up—even to the throne of God. And from it came the shaping of modern civilization! The Revival of Letters had not got near the heart of nations: on the thirty-first of October, 1517, Luther posted his thesis on the church-door at Wittenberg; and in six weeks Europe was awake. The philosophy, the arts, the poetry of antiquity, had once more risen before the eyes of men; and once more God brought life to the world out of a despised Galilee, out of the convent of Erfurth, out of the New Testament of Martin Luther. That enlightenment, which had been mere dead fuel, choking the life out of Christendom, now kindled by faith, burst forth into a true and dazzling illumination; and that Reformation epoch, which dating from 1517 to 1688, is, I think, take it all in all, the *greatest* in

* *Essays, Biographical, Critical, and Miscellaneous.* By PETER BAYNE, A.M., author of *The Christian Life Social and Individual*, etc. James Hogg & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1859.

another surge. Let us glance along the intervening space.

Popery, startled by the shock of the Reformation, roused itself in the sixteenth century to a new activity. It shook off the paganism of the Leos and Bembos. Protestantism thus, as I suppose even Roman Catholics would in a sense admit, was the means of saving Romanism from sheer putrescence and destruction. But the history of the Papacy since the Reformation has proved that the resuscitation of its life was no sound and complete resuscitation, but rather a specious, an outwardly imposing, but an indubitable lapse into a deeper disease. By associating itself with Jesuitism, it brought the abomination of desolation into the temple of God; and by allying itself universally, even in these days, with European despotism, it has denied the unity of truth—truth social and truth religious—and visibly abdicated its right to lead the human intellect.

Turning to Protestantism, the view is partly cheering, and partly discouraging. That intensity of faith which marked the period of the Reformation, and which has manifested itself at all the great epochs of Christianity, can hardly, even by the most ardent admirer of the present time, be said to be now equally general. And if faith has failed, the shortcoming is important: for it is in faith that all the mighty deeds of nations are performed. But within the last fifty years there has been a general and unmistakable improvement in this respect.

There is another defect in modern Protestantism, which is to me very evident, and which is of a serious character. Protestantism has shown a strong tendency to recede from the completeness of what I may call the Reformation idea of truth; to break up that association of political and social with religious truth which with the Reformers was indissoluble. The men who were in the van of Protestantism in the seventeenth century were the men to whom, under God, the world owes Anglo-Saxon freedom. The full development of the idea of intellectual liberty, of toleration, came somewhat later. But there has recently been displayed a tendency to lose, more or less partially, more or less perfectly, both the one and the other. This has been occasioned by certain remarkable circumstances in the general history of the last hundred

years. Error and falsehood have, during that time, in two conspicuous cases assumed the name of excellence and truth; and well-intentioned men have been startled from the real good by alarm at the counterfeit. Milton tells us that Satan, desirous to deceive Uriel, the regent of the sun, assumed the shape of a stripling cherub, an angel of light. No doubt the subtle fiend would have adopted the semblance of one of Uriel's well-known and trusted friends. Now, supposing this whole transaction real, one is tempted to ask whether, after having been once deceived, Uriel ever after, on the appearance of the angel whose shape Satan had assumed, fell into a nervous shudder, and looked with a suspicious, half-averted glance upon his friend. If so, his case corresponded precisely with that of certain modern Protestants. Freedom of judgment, searching of spirits, full and untrammelled use of reason, can be separated neither from true Protestantism nor from true Christianity. But Rationalism arose, and assumed the name both of Christianity and of Protestantism. The assumption of the name of Protestantism was essentially unjust. The Reformation was, as I said, a return to primitive Christianity: at all events, it was a religion. But the essential idea of religion is bound up with faith, and it at once loses name and nature if it *rests* on reason. Rationalism, whether in its childhood in Britain, its licentious youth in France, its aspiring manhood in Germany, or what is, I think, in certain respects its *second* childhood among us at this moment, has been and must always be, in virtue of its central principle of deducing every thing from reason, not a religion but a philosophy. As a philosophy it may be good: when it offers itself as a religion, it is infidelity. It has called itself, however, Protestantism, and maintained that it is only a development of the Protestant principle of freedom of judgment. Hereupon start up many good men, and hint an impeachment of freedom of judgment itself. Schlegel rushes into the iron embrace of infallibility and Rome. Other German divines, of perhaps stronger nature than Schlegel, cower closer and closer under authority and prescription. Among ourselves there could be pointed out indications of the same spirit. There is great talk of caution, of coming prepared, of refusing to hear what has not been fairly

approved and stamped by orthodoxy. Now the very firmness of my opposition to rationalism would set me against the use of such methods to combat it. The adoption of such methods is surely nothing else than a confession that rationalism is powerful. It is surely also in this country as weak a policy as it is an unprotestant and unchristian proceeding. The young men of Great Britain, I imagine, will be more apt to obey the apostolic precept of holding fast what is good, by being exhorted boldly to put in force the other apostolic counsel, of proving all things. Cowardice and unfairness will never guard the portals of the Protestant Churches from error; but there must be an insidious moral poison insinuating itself into the mind of him who would set them there. I do not say that an open and fair encounter of all forms of infidelity will in no case lead to submission to it. But, on the other hand, who that knows the truth but will avow that there lies in it a might, on a fair field, to vanquish error? And, whether or not, evil must not be done that good may come: Satan must not receive the right hand of fellowship, though he present himself among the sons of God.

But not only has intellectual freedom been looked at somewhat askance: civil freedom, the full, symmetrical development of all those activities which God has implanted in man as a social being, was felt by the Reformers, specially by the Puritans of England and Scotland, to be naturally associated with an advance to a higher moral and religious truth. In this they merely brought out, in their own completeness, the principles which, as we saw in the outset, Christianity introduced into civilization. But in the last century the name of freedom was defamed by being applied to Jacobinism, to wild anarchic Communism, to principles destructive of civilization. The result has been, not, indeed, to put in jeopardy that Anglo-Saxon freedom which was bequeathed to us from the epoch of the Reformation, but to introduce into many Protestant minds a certain jealousy and apprehension of all political aspiration, a certain leaning towards political repression on the one hand, and a certain apathy to political advance on the other; a favor for galvanized order and ignoble security; a vagueness in the conception of political duty. The Protestantism of such minds must be sickly

and one-sided, not strongly sinewed, open-faced, and full-grown, as that which, at the Reformation, wedded civil to religious liberty. It is altogether too high an honor conferred upon falsehood, to permit it to make us dread truth!

I am profoundly impressed with the idea, that the comparatively shrunken and sectional look which attaches to our modern Protestantism is traceable, in great measure, to the causes I have now endeavored to penetrate. Protestantism is no longer in possession of the broad fields of political life, and much of the intellectual activity of the age, much of the dominant literature of Protestant nations, has cut off its pervading influence. Once more Protestantism must essay the great Christian duty of making *all* things new.

But there are aspects of modern Christian civilization which are of a highly encouraging character. In the first place, as in Germany the rationalistic infidelity was carried to its highest development, so in Germany it has been met by a counter-revolution, which has long been in process, and of which the perfect triumph is becoming day by day more certain. The modern evangelical school of German theology is one the most cheering spectacles presented in the whole course of Church history. Infidelity has been made, in the wisdom of Providence, to serve what seems its natural end—to lead to a more accurate study of Scripture than was ever before engaged in, and to broaden and deepen the foundations of all the defenses of the faith. Had there been no Lessing, Paulus, or Baur, there might have been no Neander, no Tholuck, no Schaff, no Stier. And, let me ask, if these last had simply stopped their ears, and denounced without answering rationalism, would the result have been so consistent with the honor of man, or the glory or the law of God? The *use* of reason turned to shame the *worship* of reason.

But next, Christianity has in these last times once more vindicated its true essence, by embodying itself in philanthropy, by again breathing in a soft south wind of love over the face of civilization. Among the fathers of the early Church, the saints and martyrs of the olden time, might have walked the holy Howard. His influence is still amidst us, working in each of those countless schemes of beneficence by which our social evils are

one by one attacked, which have always been blessed in their promoters, and which will, I believe, be more and more blessed in their objects. With the name of Howard, among the fathers of Christian philanthropy, may be associated that of Wilberforce. The same spirit which put an end to the agonizing atrocities of our prison system put an end to slavery in the possessions of Great Britain. Appropriate work! The Christianity that brought life to the gladiator in those first centuries, brought liberty to the slave in these last.

Last of all, among those cheering and vital symptoms of modern Christianity to which I can refer, our attention is claimed for the missionary movement. What Christian heart does not beat high at the thought of that mild but piercing radiance of divine light now glimmering visibly along all the borders of heathenism? The thick clouds are edged with white, and seem, after the long night, to be stirring on the mountain-side, as if to collect themselves for rolling up, and opening the valleys to the day. It has been said that: "Beside every group of wild men in the ethnological department of the Crystal Palace the missionary could place a contrasting group of their Christianized countrymen." Again: "The Old Book, the Book of our Redeemer's gift and our fathers' faith, . . . has been gradually ascending; taking to itself new tongues, spreading open its page in every land, printed in Chinese camps, pondered in the Red man's wigwam, sought after in Benares, a school-book in Fecjee, eagerly bought in Constantinople, loved in the kloofs of Kafirland; while the voices of the dead from Assyria to Egypt have been lifted up to bear it witness." Among the millions of India there is a listening and a surmise; amid the strange fascinating roar of civilization, advancing from the West, is heard the deep, still music of the Gospel; a quivering here and there, a faint ruddy flush, as of life, seems to announce that the swoon of superstition, unbroken for a thousand years, may ere long pass away. The all-important preliminary victory that had to be won over anti-Christian prejudice on the part of the new lords of India is no longer doubtful. The change which has taken place in the way in which Indian statesmen regard, on the one side, the Christian missionary, and, on the other, the old superstitions, can not be better indicated than by citing the words in which

it has been expressed by one who is in every way qualified to speak, being himself an Indian statesman; I mean Baron Macaulay. In his speech upon the Gates of Somnauth, Baron Macaulay spoke as follows: "Some Englishmen who have held high office in India seem to have thought that the only religion which was not entitled to toleration and respect was Christianity. They regarded every Christian missionary with extreme jealousy and disdain; and they suffered the most atrocious crimes, if enjoined by the Hindoo superstition, to be perpetrated in open day. It is lamentable to think how long after our power was firmly established in Bengal, we, grossly neglecting the first and plainest duties of the civil magistrate, suffered the practices of infanticide and suttee to continue unchecked. We decorated the temples of false gods. We provided the dancing-girls. We gilded and painted the images to which our ignorant subjects bowed down. We repaired and embellished the car under the wheels of which crazy devotees flung themselves at every festival, to be crushed to death. We set guards of honor to escort pilgrims to the places of worship. We actually made oblations at the shrines of idols. All this was considered, and is still considered by some prejudiced Anglo-Indians of the old school, as profound policy. I believe that there never was so shallow, so senseless a policy. We gained nothing by it. We lowered ourselves in the eyes of those whom we meant to flatter. We led them to believe that we attached no importance to the difference between Christianity and heathenism. Yet how vast that difference is! I altogether abstain from alluding to topics which belong to divines. I speak merely as a politician anxious for the morality and for the temporal well-being of society. And, so speaking, I say that to countenance the Brahminical idolatry, and to discountenance that religion which has done so much to promote justice, and mercy, and freedom, and arts, and sciences, and good government, and domestic happiness—which has struck off the chains of the slave, which has mitigated the horrors of war, which has raised women from servants and playthings into companions and friends—is to commit high treason against humanity and civilization." Still farther east than India, China has heard tidings of a true celestial empire, from the lips

of apostolic men, who have cast behind them all the refinement and social pleasure of Europe, as Paul cast behind him the philosophy of Greece and the lordliness of Rome. Beautiful is this return of the Christian morning from the West to the East. Christianity does not now go forth against heathenism, as in the old

crusading days, clad in visible armor, and bearing an earthly sword. It steps gently like the dawn, its weapons the shafts of light, wearing the breastplate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. Clothed thus in the armor of God, if faith does not waver, and love continues to burn, it *will* conquer.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A TRIAD OF POETESSES.*

THERE is a beautiful story, somewhere told by Plutarch, in reference to that which has been termed the "Vis Medica Poeseo." The Lady Telesilla, of Argos, began to find her health declining, and her spirits sinking. In vain the storm of chase swept over the purple hills into the deep-meadowed lowlands. In vain the banquet was spread in the royal halls. Hunt or feast left her languid and pining. At last messengers with regal gifts and with solemn words to the shrine of Apollo. When the golden-rayed crocuses were coming up in the early spring, they brought back the prophetic announcement: "So should the lady regain her health as she cultivated the Muses." Whereupon Telesilla recovered her strength, and her princely cheer came back to her. And further, the legend says, not only did the Muses teach her to weave numerous words into feet, but to order her virgins into orbed dances, so that with her array she did the State noble service, driving back Cleomenes,

King of Lacedæmon, when marching with his army to besiege Argos.

This may be taken as an allegory, setting forth the office of Poetry in relation to the mind of woman. Isolated from the nursery more than her robust companion; unable to drive away the dreamy imaginations of youth by strong exercise; full of sickly fancies—subtle and minute—unhardened by a logical training—to her, as to Telesilla, there is a special "vis medica" in the cultivation of the Muses. Not merely so. But, in the strength of this inspiration, she rises against moral and intellectual enemies—doubts and fears, littlenesses and unbeliefs—whom she would hardly have dared to encounter in the sober strength of prose and of logic.

We have before us the offerings to the Muses of three modern Telesillas; and, in each case, the allegory is more or less verified. In the two first, especially, we find a noble melancholy, soothing itself in musical expression—a beautiful scorn and hatred of sin, and of social injustice, ordering its dance of battle, and going forth to combat with bearded men.

First of the three, with some hesitation as between her and Miss Craig, we place Miss Adelaide Annie Procter, whose *Legends and Lyrics* form a beautiful volume.

**Legends and Lyrics*. By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. London: Bell & Daldy, 186 Fleet Street. 1859.
Poems by Isa. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1856.

Horæ Poeticæ. By Mrs. GEORGE LENOX CONYNGHAM. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans & Roberts. 1859.

One of the subtlest of critics has drawn a distinction between the *Poema* and the *Poesis*. The *Poema* is the work, the matter in its ultimate and accomplished shape. The *Poesis* is the form and mode of it. Accepting this distinction, we should be inclined to say that the latter element in Miss Procter is greatly superior to the former. Her *Poemata* are rather slight, and her matter, for the most part, by no means original. But the form is elegant, graceful, and preëminently her own. It is not a mere shadow of Wordsworth and Tennyson, Keats and Longfellow. Her inspiration does not jerk on a galvanic existence through pages of *Smithian* blank verse. Unlike Mrs. Browning in every thing else; inferior in power, in general culture, in passionate concentration, in sustained purpose—superior in simplicity, in unity, in music—she resembles her in the determination to write in her own way, which, fortunately, is singularly flowing and unaffected. If we have any where detected imitative echoes, it is in some beautiful verses, the peculiar cadence and irregular *cœsura* of whose heroic lines, no less than the handling of the subject, irresistibly remind us of the last part of Matthew Arnold's "Church of Brou."

"Dim with dark shadows of the ages past,
St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and vast;
The slender pillars in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet, and close o'erhead:
So high, that like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver-clouded incense faints in air:
Only the organ-music, peal on peal,
Can mount to where those far-off angels kneel.
Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch,
Would listen to its solemn chant and march;
Folding his little hands, his simple prayer
Melted in childish dreams, and both in air:
While the great organ over all would roll,
Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
Only the silence seemed to listen still:
Or gathering, like a sea, still more and more,
Break in melodious waves at heaven's door,
And then fall soft and slow in tender rain
Upon the pleading, longing hearts again.
Then he would watch the rosy sun-light glow
That crept along the marble-floor below,
Passing—as life does—with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb,
Then, leaving it again to shade and gloom;
And creeping on, to show distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint;

Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare,
That told of patient toil and reverent care;

Then the gold rays up pillared shafts would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at eventime.
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around, only the windows glowed
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlement at night.
Then all was shade, the silver lamps that gleamed,
Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seemed
Like sparks of fire in the dim aisle to shine,
Or trembling stars before each separate shrine.
Grown half-afraid the child would leave them there,
And came out blinded by the noisy glare
That burst upon him from the busy square."

—A Tomb in Ghent, pp. 84-6.

A French poet has lately given a new and beautiful comparison in relation to poetic art. The pebble which is picked up on the beach, perhaps selected as a gem to adorn a ring, the sea has been rolling for ages. By long friction the tide has enameled it, with blue and purple like his own, with tints like the rose or the violet; not only has he dowered the stone with color, he has worked the delicate smoothness which is so worthy of admiration. So with the poet. Deeply and patiently he rolls his thoughts, at first, perhaps, in darkness and confusion. By degrees, in the long and silent lapse of mental agitation, without conscious and direct effort, the thought is enameling itself with color, and rounding itself into smoothness, until at last in due season, it is thrown upon the shore, sure to be picked up and worn eternally. When Shakspeare, for instance, flings up, as if at hazard, some diamond of imagination, like that line put into Arthur's mouth,

"Shadowing our right under your wings of war;"

some graceful gem of fancy, as when a politician calls the bee

"The singing mason building roofs of gold;"

the expressions, probably, were not immediately extemporized in the glow of composition; or if they were, their substance had been deposited long before. Perhaps when the poet was courting Anne Hathaway, loitering in the little

garden, the dainty fancy crept into his mind with the humming of some bee. Perhaps as he listened in the church, the Scriptural expression fell grandly upon his ear, and went down into his soul, and never left it. He did not hurry the thought. It was left like rich wine to ripen in the cool darkness. At last some strong suggestion took it forth, and placed it in the glass of poetry. And the glass is dusked with its hue, and enriched with its odor forever.

There is some exemplification of this in the best of Miss Procter's performances. The most ordinary philosophers and theologians do not differ from those of the highest rank in having quite other thoughts, but in selecting, fixing, and settling the same thoughts. It is not merely the revolution of certain conceptions in the restless play of suggestion which constitutes preëminence in this kind; it is the judgment which sets a due price upon the precious, the patience which arrests it upon its progress, and the strength which moulds and compresses it into shape. The leading thoughts of the *Analogy* may be dimly traced in Quintilian, in Lactantius, in Clarke, in Bishop Berkeley; they are not the less Bishop Butler's that they have been suggested to others; thoughts do not belong to him who has seen them drifting by like fragments of wreck upon the waves of speculation, and then lost sight of them in the drift and spray; but to him who has put out in his boat, recovered the fragments, and brought them to the other shore. Montaigne advised a friend in Italy who was anxious to speak the language of the country, to employ solely the first words that rushed to his lips, Latin, French, Spanish, or Gascon, and to add an Italianized termination. In this way, he would be infallibly sure to stumble upon some idiom of the land, Tuscan, Roman, Venetian, Neapolitan, or Piedmontese. This quaint advice, Montaigne applies to speculation. "I say the same of philosophy. She has so many aspects and varieties, and has spoken so much, that all our veriest dreams and reveries are to be found somewhere in her ample collections. Human fancy is absolutely unable to conceive any thing, good or bad, which is not there." All this is almost equally true of poetry; and Miss Procter's merit, we repeat, consists mainly in this, not that she has enriched the realms of poesy with

figures, but that she has laid a strong yet delicate grasp upon shapes that have floated before a thousand other eyes, and fixed all the beauty which they possess upon a canvas which glows with no evanescent colors. She has peculiarly the faculty of seizing thoughts under aspects in which, indeed, others have seen them, but only with a superficial and transitory regard. She has all the power of making the abstract concrete, which is the chief intellectual characteristic of the mind of woman. She has also the artistic endowment of rendering her conceptions both clear and distinct; both luminous as independent objects, and also with all the ragged edges of conterminous thoughts sharply chiseled off, of steadily resisting the claims of every alien and discordant beauty, and thus of presenting the whole as "one entire and perfect chrysolite." It has been said that the most perfect oration or discourse is that which may be contracted into a single proposition; which answers to that proposition as the blossom to the bud, or the opened to the shut hand. We quote four specimens from Miss Procter, which if poetry be analogous to oratory, nearly realize this type of perfection. We must only be ill-natured enough to regret the oversight which has allowed the last two fine lines to break off into the regular heroic measure, and slightly jarred the peculiar music of *unexpressed*.

THE STORM.

The tempest rages wild and high,
The waves lift up their voice and cry;
Time answers to the angry sky,
Miserere Domine.

Through the black night and driving rain
A ship is struggling all in vain
To live upon the stormy main,
Miserere Domine.

The thunders roar, the lightnings glare,
Vain is it now to strive or dare;
A cry goes up of great despair,
Miserere Domine.

The stormy voices of the main,
The meaning wind, and pelting rain
Beat on the nursery window-pane,
Miserere Domine.

Warm curtained was the little bed,
Soft pillowed was the little head;
"The storm will wake the child," they said,
Miserere Domine.

Cowering among his pillows white
He prays, his blue eyes dim with fright,
"Father, save those at sea to-night!"
Misere Domine.

The morning shone all clear and gay
On a ship at anchor in the bay
And on a little child at play,
Gloria tibi Domine.

—Page 152.

A LITTLE LONGER.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet
birds sing;

And the lime branches where soft winds are
blowing
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the
spring.

A little longer yet—a little longer
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn;
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn!

A little longer yet—a little longer
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee;
And the cold moon shall look through the blue
silence
Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
Life shall be thine—life with its power to
will—
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to
conquer,
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet—a little longer,
The voices thou hast loved shall charm
thine ear;
And thy true heart that now beats quick to
hear them,
A little longer yet—shall hold them dear.

A little longer yet—joy while thou may'st;
Love and rejoice, for time has naught in
store;
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid
thee
Love and rejoice, and feel and know no more.

A little longer still—patience, beloved;
A little longer still, ere heaven unroll
The glory, and the brightness, and the wonder,
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer—ere life true immortal
(Not this, our shadowy life) will be thine
own;

And thou shalt stand where winged archangels
worship,
And trembling bow before the great white
throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,
Shall beat forever with a love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be
thine.

A little longer yet—and angel voices
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine
ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs
thee,
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"The clouds are fleeting by, father,
Look, in the shining west,
The great white clouds sail onward,
Upon the sky's blue breast.

"Look at a snowy eagle,
His wings are tinged with red,
And a giant-dolphin follows him
With a crown upon his head."

The father spake no word, but watched
The drifting clouds roll by;
He traced a misty vision, too,
Upon the shining sky;
A shadowy form with well-known grace,
Of weary love and care,
Above the smiling child she held
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,
Mountains rise higher and higher,
And see where red and purple ships
Sail in a sea of fire."

The father pressed the little hand
More closely in his own,
And watched a cloud-dream in the sky
That he could see alone;
Bright angels carrying far away,
A white form cold and dead;
Two held the feet and two bore up
The flower-crowned drooping head.

"See, father, see, a glory floods
The sky, and all is bright,
And clouds of every hue and shade
Burn in the golden light.

"And now, above an azure lake,
Rise battlements and towers,
Where knights and ladies climb the heights,
All bearing purple flowers."

The father looked, and, with a pang
Of love and strange alarm,
Drew close the little eager child
Within his sheltering arm ;
From out the clouds the mother looks
With wistful glance below ;
She seems to seek the treasure left
On earth so long ago.

She holds her arms out to her child,
His cradle-song she sings ;
The last rays of the sunset gleam
Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer sky,
The shining clouds are gone ;
In vain the merry laughing child
Still gayly prattles on ;
In vain the bright stars one by one,
On the blue silence start,
A dreary shadow rests to-night
Upon the father's heart.

UNEXPRESSED.

Dwells within the soul of every artist
More than all his effort can express ;
And he knows the best remain unuttered,
Sighing at what *we* call his success.

Vainly he may strive ; he dare not tell us
All the sacred mysteries of the skies :
Vainly he may strive ; the deepest beauty
Can not be unveiled to mortal eyes.

And the more devoutly that he listens,
And the holier message that is sent,
Still the more his soul must struggle vainly,
Bowed beneath a noble discontent.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you,
All the wonder that his soul received ;
No true painter ever set on canvas,
All the glorious vision he conceived.

No musician ever held your spirit
Charmed and bound in his melodious chains,
But be sure he heard, and strove to render
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers,
All his dreams ; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with love, for love and art united
Are twin mysteries : different yet the same :
Poor, indeed, would be the love of any,
Who could find its full and perfect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor,
All its boundless riches to unfold ;
Still its tenderest, truest, secret lingers
Ever in its deeper depths untold,

Things of time have voices : speak and perish.
Art and love speak ; but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea.
—Pages 242–250.

Who can fail to admire the perfect unity
and keeping of the first poem ? The
stormy voices of the sea, the moaning
wind, and pelting rain, have been des-
cribed ten thousand times, from Virgil to
Falconer — from the *Shipwreck* to that

“Last bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony,”

so powerfully painted by the author of
Don Juan. An artist like Miss Procter—
could have said a thousand fine things
about that “night of stormy waters”—
that is as plain as a pikestaff. But she
does not. Shakspeare was not thinking
of himself in that storm, in Lear, but of
the old white head exposed to it. Mr.
Kingsley was not thinking how much
poetic capital he could make out of the
“cruel, crawling sea,” but of love, and
death, and agony, when he wrote his un-
equaled

“O Mary ! call the cattle home.”

And Miss Procter wishes to connect the
tempest and driving rain with a nursery-
window, and so with the little child
“happed” up in his bed. Hush ! through
the crash and pelting of the storm, there
goes up a small voice to the Eternal
Throne. Faith, and love, and prayer, are
stronger, more beautiful, and more sub-
lime, than sea and wind. And the picture
closes with the ship reposing upon its
shadow, and the child at play.

Or take the third poem—The Two In-
terpreters. The clouds have been de-
scribed before by the greatest poetic ge-
niuses—by the author of Job, by Shak-
speare, by Wordsworth. But Miss Pro-
cter justifies her choice of this often-hand-
led subject. She stops the multiplied
mutations of cloudland. The great snow-
white eagle with red wings, the crowned
dolphin, the purple ships sailing in the sea
of fire. The lake winged with battle-
ments melts into a vision of angels, at the
head and foot of that cold, white form,
which presently itself assumes angelic
semblance and sunset-tintured wings. As
long as our eyes look upon clouds and
sunsets, we shall never forget the picture.
Or turn, no longer to a picture, but to a

thought. In "Unexpressed," the conception of the poem, is, of course, very old. The tabernacle or the temple—that dream of heaven—cut in a snow of marble, was but a coarse draft of the pattern showed in the Mount, of the Exemplar sketched by the Divine pencil upon the spirit of the Psalmist. The finest sculpture of the Italian chisel is cold and clumsy to the vision of perfect grace which floated before the artist's imagination. The most impassioned and melodious lyric is tuneless—"a monotony on wires"—compared with the unearthly music that echoed through the poet's soul. The most consummate virtue is marred, tainted, and broken, in contrast with the moral law which hangs over the will, awful, and deep, and pure as the everlasting heavens. The sculptor, the poet, the man, can not attain unto the Ideal, because they are weak in their respective materials, in the marble, in the language, in "the flesh." The self-satisfied artist is self-convicted of a narrow soul and of groveling aims. This old thought Miss Procter seized upon, and turned over and over every way with a quiet mastery. But she has also enriched it by that great analogy of love. Truly as incarnate wisdom made it the test of the true scribe, to bring out of his treasure "things new and old"—that is, things *at once* new and old; old, because existing from the beginning; new, because exhibited under new lights and aspects; so may the same test be applied as a satisfactory gauge of the worth of any teacher, be he called poet, philosopher or theologian.

Of Miss Procter's sustained power and productive originality, we have no adequate specimen in this volume. In the point of view from which we have considered it, this beautiful book is worth more than a reading. It deserves the study of every true poet, and the admiration of every genuine critic.

Miss Craig's poems have not yet attained the finish and precision of Miss Procter's. The circumstances to which she alludes so gracefully in her Preface, may account for this. We are inclined, however, to think that there are in them larger elements of that possibility of expansion, which is called *power*. Her view of poetic art is strong and true. "The following Poems," she says, "have been written in the intervals of leisure afforded by a life of toil. The writer has simply ex-

pressed the thoughts and feelings suggested by nature and the scenes of life, in the tone and language that came at their command. Yet these efforts have not been altogether purposeless. Recognizing in poetry an art, to be cultivated with enthusiasm for its own sake, as well as for the sake of the refined enjoyment, and power of conferring such enjoyment, which its exercise bestows, the writer has aspired to render them, as far as possible, artistic efforts."

The poem entitled "The Discoverers," is, we think, excellent; and the concluding stanza is nobly suggestive.

THE DISCOVERERS.

O star! that from heaven's crown,
Watching the Northern pole revolving round
Within its icy circle bound,
Lookest with fixed eye down,
Thou could'st the mystery tell,
Whether eternal lightnings gild the pole,
Or whirling waters round it roll—
Earth keeps her secret well.

What hast thou seen of those
Who went that land of mystery to explore?
Oh! brave and strong, must ye no more
Come from that realm of snows,
Reached they the fatal goal?
And on its dark and unknown waters lost
Long drifted, by strange tempests tost,
In ships that mocked control.

O wind of the cold north!
With the fierce sweep of thy snow-feathered
wing,
What mournful tidings dost thou bring
From whence thou camest forth?
Hast crossed its lone waters vast,
And found all things white-shrouded as in
death,
Or with the rage of thy last breath
Over our wanderers passed?

Thou heard'st the voice of prayer,
And the loud psalm, making the ice-rocks
ring,
While folded calm was thy wide wing,
And men kept Sabbath there.
Thou heard'st their eager cheers,
Hailing the glad return of hope and light,
And when again came back the night,
The whisperings of their fears.

But more than voiceless things,
The heart can tell of one its life that shares,
And life-bound hearts have followed theirs,
As with stern eyes and wings.

We know how pure and high
Some souls would grow amid endurance
strong,
How some would hope, and some would
long,
And some would faint and die.

Ye may return no more,
Brave voyagers across the stormy sea,
But we are following, where ye
Have reached a further shore.
We shall meet upon that strand,
We all shall reach, whether o'er Arctic
snows,
Or from amid our homes' repose,
The undiscovered land.

—Pages 14–18.

Of the Songs of the Household, the
“City Cemetery” is at once deeply
thoughtful and exquisitely pathetic. It
is full of the light and music of Christian
faith.

THE CITY CEMETERY.

“Is not yonder city fair?
Look, my gentle sister,
How the setting sunbeams there
On its windows glisten;
Glowing like a jeweled bride,
When the lover at her side
Wedded, first hath kissed her.

“Higher creep the shadows still,
As the day declineth,
Though on spire, and height, and hill,
Yet the glory shineth.
This grave city lieth low,
As a widow in her woe,
Clad in dark weeds, pineth.

“As from spire and window now
Light by light is leaving,
Here men lay their cherished vow,
In the darkness grieving;
Yet from faith's unshadowed light,
Even in the darkest night,
Better light receiving.

“‘Ah!’ you say, how many a tear
Hath bedewed this garden—
Were it not for sorrows here
How the heart would harden!
But in woe and death they long
For all sin, and strife, and wrong,
To find peace and pardon.

“From the living, unto whom
Each dark house belongeth,
To its silence and its gloom
Still another throngeth;
But amid *this* city crowd,
None are selfish, none are proud;
None the other wrongeth.

“And this city hath its homes—
Home we call it, whither
At nightfall, a household comes
To repose together;
Thus we've gathered one by one,
Till we two are left alone,
All our loved ones hither.

“We shall sleep at length, and here,
When we all awaken,
We shall—not in doubt and fear—
Live alone forsaken—
Rise and from us darkness thrust,
Clasp each other ere the dust
From our feet be shaken.

“Close together we shall stand
In these walks all crowded,
Father—mother—hand in hand,
With young brows unclouded;
And our little brother fair
As the rosebud we placed there,
When his face we shrouded.

“Round us falls an influence meek,
While we home repairing,
Growing too subdued to speak,
Solemn thoughts are sharing,
Of the dwelling-place where we
Must abide eternally,
And are now preparing.

“Ah! thus onward shall we go,
Homeward, homeward gazing,
Though we walk earth's grave-place low
Our souls upward raising;
In that city shall we build
Holy temples to be filled
Evermore with praising.”

—Pages 34–37.

The “Midnight Wreck” is full of
strange, at the close of startling, power.
We should hope that it was written after
hearing some Highland ultra-predestina-
rian sermon, as an indignant protest. At
all events it is susceptible of a good
meaning.

THE MIDNIGHT WRECK.

From the harbor, richly laden,
Sailed the gallant ship;
'Twas a precious freight she carried,
Father, mother, youth and maiden,
Wife and husband, newly married,
Watch her cable slip;
And upon her deck they tarried,
While the land they left was fading,
Some their eager eyes are shading
From the morning sun,
As away they glide;

Now the waters heave and glitter,
 And now many a one
 Leaning o'er the vessel's side,
 Seems to watch, but droppeth bitter
 Tears into the tide.
 We shall know our sad emotion,
 To the joy of all creation,
 Was a tear-drop to an ocean!
 Ere midnight, the wind had shifted,
 Rising to a gale;
 Backward, on her course she drifted,
 Heeding not the helm;
 Now on giant waves uplifted,
 Threat'ning to o'erwhelm;
 Now adown a vale
 Of dark angry waters driven;
 While, like spirits chased from heaven,
 Loud the wild winds wail.
 None that night had sought a pillow,
 Still the deck they crowd;
 While to each successive billow
 The tall mast is bowed.
 Hoarser sounds now meet their hearing—
 'Tis the breakers' roar;
 And the hapless bark is nearing
 Fast the fatal shore.

A shock!

She has struck the sunken rock,
 And her lofty hull is shattered,
 All her wealth must now be scattered
 On the raging waves.
 Ah! but she was richly laden,
 And the precious freight she carried,
 Father, mother, youth and maiden,
 Bride and bridegroom newly married,
 These must find their graves,
 In the darkness near each other,
 Clinging close by friend and brother:
 And the tender nursing mother
 With her babe is there.
 Some with hearts for terror failing;
 Some with shrieking; some with wailing;
 Some with faith and prayer.
 Some with noble self-devotion,
 Stiffing their own wild emotion,
 Seek to calm despair.
 On the waves again uplifted,
 Now her giant hull is lifted,
 On the sharp rock driven;
 On the beach the white foam streameth—
 Now no hope on earth there seemeth,
 And no help in heaven.
 One small boat is filled,
 And amid the surges boiling,
 Through the darkness men are toiling,
 Strong and bravely skilled.
 On the strand the boat doth shiver—
 Few are saved—it may be never
 Known how many lost.
 Lost forever! lost forever!
 What a mighty cost!
 Ah! the saved shall stand to-morrow,
 With the dawn in awful sorrow,
 On the wreck-strewn shore;
 None who hath not lost another,
 Child or parent, friend or brother,
 Than his soul loved more.

Does the sea deplore its doing?
 Are the waves their wild work rueing?
 With a mighty sorrow swelling
 Seems the ocean's breast;
 While its mournful voice seems telling
 Thus: "No rest, no rest!"
 What, though at the consummation
 We shall know our sad emotion,
 To the joy of all creation
 Is a tear-drop in an ocean!
 Wherefore all this wreck and ruin,
 O Beneficent?
 And is thine eternity
 Like this great and boundless sea,
 To o'erwhelm us meant?
 Shall a few be safely landed
 On the eternal shore?
 And a countless number stranded
 Where thy breakers roar?
 Ah! methinks the saved—
 Few without one friend or other,
 Child or parent, wife or brother,
 'Mong that awful host—
 Evermore the glory scorning,
 On that shore would wander mourning—
 Seeking for the lost.

—Page 95.

To prove that Miss Craig is not incapable of that yearning tenderness for nature, which is the characteristic of modern poetry—while she is quite free from the meandering of the botanico-psychological school—we quote, in conclusion, two lovely sonnets. As critics, however, we must earnestly contend against the metrical irregularities which she has introduced into the last.

HEART-EASING THINGS.

I.

To spend a calm bright summer-day alone
 In one of Nature's sanctuaries holy,
 Where the uncounted hours glide on so slowly
 That the long day-dream seems a life by-gone;
 In leafy place, with water flowing nigh it,
 Where faintly sound the never-ceasing gush,
 Low whispering its everlasting hush,
 Itself the only breaker of the quiet:
 On the cool shining grass so still to lie
 That you can see the thrush's gleaming eye,
 Her soft bright eye, and mark her speckled
 breast,
 As near she comes, in doubt a moment hovering,
 Then darting through the curt'ning boughs, dis-
 covering
 Low in the alder her leaf-hidden nest.

II.

Or lying on a lonely hill-side, to
 Look upward through the unfathomable blue,
 Beyond the earth-born cloud across it driven,
 Calm, changeless, everlasting, called Heaven,

The sapphire floor trodden by angel legions—
 At least the way to reach their blissful regions.
 To watch the floating cloudlets soft and fair,
 And long to be a spirit thin as air.
 To sink half-way into their downy pillows,
 And roll to westward 'mong the crimson billows,
 Stranded upon the sunset's golden sand ;
 While clear and still is the mild air above—
 Embracing all, like the Infinite Love—
 Unpillared dome, roofing Earth's temple grand.
 —Pages 123-124.

We must, in conclusion, briefly allude to the *Horæ Poeticæ* of Mrs. George Lenox Conyngham. We welcome the appearance of this lady, both from respect to the honored name of Holmes, and from the character of her book. We can not, indeed, compare her effusions with those of Miss Procter and Miss Craig, to whom she bears a relation analogous to that which subsists between an elegant amateur in crayons or water-colors, and a Hunt or a Maclise. Mrs. Lenox Conyngham appears to have scholarship of no lady-like caliber, combined with lady-like ease and tenderness, and occasional scintillations of humor. We cite one little specimen of her pensive vein :

THE EARLY DEAD.

We buried her while morning's light
 Was stealing o'er the sky,
 Ere yet the tears of dewy night
 On Nature's face were dry.

We buried her while still the sun
 Was on the horizon's verge,
 The lark, before our task was done,
 Began to sing her dirge.

We laid our sleeping flower among
 The just awakening flowers,
 Like them she was so sweet and young
 That blighted bud of ours.

She died at dawn—we laid her where
 The sun's first smiles will rest,
 He will not look on aught so fair,
 Before he gains the west.

We did not leave a trace of gloom
 About her grassy bed,
 All should be bright beside a tomb
 Which holds the early dead.

Her being had but dawned on earth
 Before she passed away ;
 Death is the spirit's better birth,
 The dawn of perfect day.

—Pages 85-86 .

From Colburn's New Monthly.

B E Y O N D M O R T A L V I S I O N .

BY EDWARD P. ROWSELL.

IN one of Disraeli's novels, the hero makes a remark to the effect that a man can scarcely be far-seeing mentally without being short-sighted bodily. The undoubted falsehood sets forth indirectly a principle which is certainly true. Corporeal graces and beauties, captivating as they are, act by no means in the way of tonics to the mind. The handsome face and vigorous frame are seldom united to the powerful and penetrating intellect; and, on the other hand, bodily deficiencies are very commonly compensated by unusual mental adornments. The bold, lustrous eye will love to range round the brilliantly lighted ball-room, while the imperfect organ would rather employ itself in the study. Profound thought

and earnest reflection may be highly delightful occupation to the man who can not recognize a friend at two yards' distance; but the man with sound and acute bodily vision will have a pleasure in its exercise almost incompatible with incessant activity of the eye of the mind.

But in connection with matters "beyond vision," our mind, just now, pursues a much graver train of thought.

If, as we lay our heads on our pillows at night, there were suddenly to fall upon us a wonderful power, and we were enabled to see and hear all that is passing within a circle of even a few miles, with what deep and earnest emotion should we be filled. At the hour when we, sober livers, seek our rest, the members of the great council of the nation have little more than entered upon their labors. As we are just emitting our first unharmonious intimation that the outer world has for a while passed from us, our legislators are about commencing the principal business of the night. At that hour eleven large theaters in and about London are crowded from floor to ceiling with audiences which ought to be happy, if laughter prove happiness, or noise gratification. Concert-rooms, ball-rooms, lecture-halls, almost innumerable—all exhibit excited gatherings of industrious pleasure-seekers. Quiet evening parties are dolefully progressing, and uproarious bachelor suppers are eliciting the blessings of invalid old ladies.

But it would not be this, which might be considered the bright side of London life, which would most attract our attention. It would be the dark side by which we should be fascinated and spell-bound. Glitter and gayety would be scarcely heeded, so terrible would be the interest excited by the black guilt and fearful misery which would be revealed to our view. Prisons, hospitals, work-houses, would discover their several scenes, differing very much in some respects, but all alike in this; they would be sad, painful, and depressing. This would be wretchedness in the mass; but our eye would rest on individual cases, by which, perhaps, we should be yet more deeply moved. At the very moment while we, in peace, lie waiting for sleep to steal over us, there is going on the drunken revel which will be the husband's and the son's destruction, and the murdering sword which will pierce the hearts of wife and mother.

No sound breaks the stillness of our chamber, but mad guilt is buoyant in its favorite haunts, and tries to persuade its victims to the notion that they are happy, though they know full well in their inmost hearts that they are never free from the attendance of a hideous, pall-bearing, ghastly specter, who will be seen sometimes, felt always, and who will clutch them in an hour they dare not think of. Innocence is in our house, and those whom we have brought up in honor and purity quietly take their rest; but within almost a stone's throw there wander through the streets those who seek no pillow in the sense of seeking peace, whose forced gayety is the most awful evidence of degradation indescribable. O Heaven! how little we think of these things. The wind blows keenly, and bitter frost prevails. Come, sweet sleep, to us, and sweet sleep is almost at our bidding, and will close our eyes; but the wretched vagrant boy, staggering onwards, where shall he lay his head, and what repose is there for him? Let him crawl beneath the arch, and lie there till sense depart, and on the morrow, if life remain, let him to his work again. His work! His way of getting bread! Ask not how. He lives but as he has been taught to live, and will die as myriads have died before him—reckless, hardened, without a care or thought of heaven or hell.

In how many chambers into which we should be permitted to gaze should we see the King of Terrors busy? We are assailed by no dread of death. We compose our limbs complacently, and smooth our pillow with a grateful sensation of ease, and gently sink to slumber. But while we are doing this, Death's dart has been felt by not a few even within the narrow circle we have described, and the mystery of the flitting spirit and the wondrous loosening of the bands which keep life within the mortal frame is going forward in many a sick-room. And not only the mystery of life's termination, but its commencement, is proceeding. Existence ending in this house is strangely contrasted by existence beginning but a few doors off. The old man's dying groan may be heard almost by the same ear which is listening to the new-born infant's first feeble cry. Two spirits are equally crossing life's threshold, but one is leaving and the other entering.

But suppose our power of vision still further extended, and imagine it embracing not simply a few miles, but the whole world. Life is every where. We lie in darkness and in solitude, and in a sense the world to us is confined within our narrow chamber, but at the other extremity of the earth there are at this very moment myriads of human beings in whom life dwells quite as vigorously, and by whom it is grasped quite as tenaciously as it is by us. In India and in Iceland alike the mystery of existence is going forward. It stays not in *that* place while we endeavor to grasp and understand it in *this* place. At one and the same moment change ensues in the minds and bodies of every human being. As I conclude this sentence I am not precisely what I was when I commenced it, and the moment of time which I have occupied has brought some change to every creature under heaven.

Life is indeed more marvelous regarded in its distinctness and separateness in each individual than in the mass. It is intensely wonderful to think, as we lie so peacefully in our bed, of the millions upon millions of beings like ourselves, who exist equally with us, though under such varied circumstances, and so widely parted. But the wonder deepens into awe and trembling when we bring the mind more closely to the considering each bodily frame as being inhabited by a separate spirit—a spirit which arose alone, which must live alone, and depart alone. We are no more parts of our nearest, dearest, and most sympathizing relatives than we can mingle our existence with that of the angels above. There may be similarity of thought, there may be kindred power, there may be sameness of disposition, but there can be no oneness of life. I lie in my bed in this room, and of a sudden my summons may come, and I may be gone, yet not the smallest sensation would be felt by relatives in the next room, however devoted their affection. For love can not grasp life. Life is the burden which every man and woman must bear for himself or herself. In the Godhead alone can there be three persons and but one spirit.

We must now cease mention of the bodily eye, for the eye of the body can not travel into the regions whereinto, for a moment, we would convey thought.

When we speak of men who have been

long since dead, we are undoubtedly accustomed to regard them as extinct. After a certain lapse of time, and when the generation to which the dead man belonged has been gathered in, the feeling of those whose thoughts turn upon the departed is so calm and composed, that neither his life nor his death as affecting himself forms matter of reflection. What the man did and what he said may more or less remain, but the man himself is gone, he has passed away, and his bones lie mouldering in the church-yard. The fact of his having lived in relation to himself is nothing to us; we are only concerned to the extent to which our interests have been touched by his sayings and doings while he was upon the earth. And this disposition to regard those who "are not," only in respect of their courses in the world, and to lose sight of them altogether when they stepped from off life's stage, is greatly increased when not only a few years, but when centuries have intervened since they of whom we speak or read went hence. Thus, when we read in the Bible that long lists of kings, to every one of whom the day of death came at last, though they lived to such marvelous ages, the feeling certainly is something akin to that with which we read of those great buildings of antiquity of which there now remains not one stone upon another. And coming onward, when we read of the mighty men of old, prophets, priests, princes, saints, and martyrs, after we have for a while pondered their deeds and wondered, perhaps, at their splendor, we peruse the record of their deaths with comparatively little interest, bestowing upon them a momentary reflection, such as may have been excited within us by some glorious sunset, a brilliant and beautiful scene impressed on our memory, but still a sunset, the closing of a day long since, and which can never be recalled.

And yet, if the Bible be true, with these kings, prophets, priests, princes, saints, and martyrs, shall men meet again—men who now walk the earth in life's full vigor. Not one of the vast army has ceased to be. True soldier or base rebel, each one lives—lives as surely as we ourselves live. And so all who have drawn breath since the world began are gathered together in that unknown land beyond the grave. Adam lives. Bring your eye down the roll of ancient nations. Take

for your starting-point the Bible history, and follow on until modern times; in short, let the history of the world flit before your mind's eye, and then try and grasp the fact that not a single human being who has had life is dead, but that he lives—lives *now*—lives while you read—and what words shall express the awe which shall penetrate and prostrate your soul.

And again we ask you to dwell upon the thought that, beyond the grave as on this side of it, we are assured no confusion of existence has arisen. Each spirit, in bliss or in misery, is clear and distinct from its neighbor as it was upon earth. It is a countless multitude, but yet every soul holds its own joy or bears its own burden of sorrow. It is an innumerable army, but each member of it has his place; and increased as it will be in a day which is on its road, when all who are now living, and perhaps generations yet to come, shall have swelled its ranks, still will each spirit, free and unencumbered by any other spirit, dear friend or deadly foe, be known, be summoned, be judged, be blessed, or condemned forever.

We have still to speak of things "beyond vision." We have dwelt upon the dead who are only dead in that they live in another sphere, and we have contemplated the living who are still upon the earth. But science asserts the existence of other worlds besides this in which we dwell. We are told that this earth forms but part of a vast system of worlds, teeming, probably, with life. Whether the inhabitants of those far-off creations are human beings like ourselves, we, of course, can not tell. But that life abounds in those mighty and mysterious spheres seems to be the conviction of the learned, by whom the great and awfully interesting subject has been earnestly and devoutly pondered. So that we obtain but a very imperfect view of life even when we have extended our gaze, not only over the souls united to bodies in this world, but over souls disencumbered in the world to above. Still, there is a vast tract, so to speak, unexplored. Much mightier creations than this comparatively insignificant earth are rolling on in their appointed courses. Thought has wondrous power, but thought is distanced here. When we think of the whole of this world, we have a difficulty in realizing the expanse embraced, but when we try to grasp the idea

of countless worlds, and these worlds, in comparison to ours, as mountains to little hills, the intellect is at once brought to feel and own its feebleness, and to desist from a labor wearisome and profitless.

And now with awe and trembling draw near. We know heaven has its inhabitants, and hell. Former dwellers upon earth await, in an intermediate state, the judgment. But good angels walk in heaven, and fiends crouch in darkness. At this instant of time the song of those bright spirits, who have kept their first estate, is heard in heaven, and the fierce, despairing cry rings forth from the banished and the lost. Reader, is it not the case, that while we profess to believe all that the Bible tells us in regard to the mighty scenes enacting beyond that mysterious blue canopy above us, we, nevertheless, scarce bestow a thought upon those things wherein we avow we have faith? We have, within us, a vague idea of a great change to ensue some day—a change to ourselves when our bodies will be placed in their graves, and in some remote region, and in some mysterious manner, our spirits shall continue to live; but when we are told of the eternal world existing *now*, of archangels and angels surrounding *now* the throne which is in heaven, and when we hear of the great First Cause as filling all space yesterday, *to-day*, and to-morrow, do we *really* believe?

For, consider what it is to believe this stupendous truth? We have not before our thoughts something intensely wonderful which we shall come calmly to investigate at a future time, ten or twenty years hence, maybe. We have an overpowering truth *now*, or all is falsehood. Yes, night has closed in, the stars are in the heavens, slumber is gradually creeping over this great city and this portion of our globe, we rest our heads upon our pillows and invite sleep, but all the appalling majesty of heaven exists at this very moment, all its awful wonders exist *now*. While these thoughts are passing through our brain, some employment have even archangels and angels, some scene is going forward in high heaven, and the Lord of all, the Incomprehensible, vieweth and upholdeth every thing which he hath made.

And here, again, we stay for a moment to remark, that in heaven, as on earth, there is no confusion of existence. The

bright spirits above, acting in harmony, joining in unceasing song, and glowing with the same indescribable happiness, must be yet as clear and distinct from each other as we are who are creatures of earth. What constitutes the difference we know not, but that no spirit can in any sense be portion of another spirit is, without question, plain. Only the One Mind can enter into, and so far, form part of, the images of himself which it has pleased him to create. Angels and arch-angels even, differ. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with whom the many who shall have come from the east and from the west shall sit in heaven, are still Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The glorification of their spirits has not confounded those spirits. Purified and elevated alike, still doth unmingled bliss find in each spirit a distinct dwelling-place, a separate temple, though it may be equally beautiful and equally holy.

Then see what we have, in thought, embraced. The living upon earth, the spirits which have gone home, from the first man, Adam, unto him who not a minute since departed, the inhabitants of those worlds which we believe to be rolling round about us, have passed before us; and finally, we have contemplated with awe as much as has been revealed to us of the eternal mansions. In the glare of day and the silence of night, this stupendous amount of life proceeds. No rest, no intermission. And before this world began we must believe there was overflowing life. Can there have been any time when the great First Cause sat in awful majesty alone? The rules of ordinary reasoning avail not here. We know that, in the things of life, to remark that the cause must precede the effect would be mere trifling. But if you try to fasten your mind upon the thought of the Omnipotent King sitting alone in heaven, you find it recoil as from a sin. Once to suppose the existence of Almightiness without the exhibition of almightiness, would lead us into appalling, perhaps sinful, speculations regarding the overwhelming mystery of the origin of all things.

But that the waves of this fearful ocean now never rest, we know. That whether we lie in our bed at night, or are in full action at noonday, we may hear their roaring, if our ears be not willfully closed, is certain. There is but the future doubtful

—that mighty future which opens its arms to receive us all.

The future! There is no future. In a sense every thing is present. The fate of this world, and of these other stupendous worlds—all is known *now*. Now, while I rest in my bed, or now, reader, while you read, bright and plain, distinct as the summer sun at noon, is written the fate of all. The moment when the consuming flame shall first cast its dull and awful glare over this creation before it shall embrace and overwhelm it, is known. The change which shall ensue when that mysterious Bible phrase shall be verified, and the Great Lord shall become "all in all," is known. Whether those other worlds, of which we have spoken, shall undergo change, is known. The time of the final downfall of evil and the permanent enthronement of holiness and truth, is known. All is known.

There is nothing uncertain with reference to ourselves individually. The very moment when you, reader, will give up the life which is in you, the character of the existence upon which you will then enter, your standing-place in the judgment-day, your occupation through eternity—all these fearfully interesting points, matters to you of such doubt, such alternate hope and fear, such trembling wonder, such agonizing uncertainty, are all solved, all concluded, as much so as they will be when time has ceased. As we close this paper, we curiously speculate where the hand which has been permitted to write it will find its final resting-place. The spot exists now, the earth in which the bones will molder is in its place now. As we look on the grave of a dear friend gone before, we might do well to think that though our own grave is not dug, yet there is its site—yes, see it with the mind's eye; there it is—regard it now as others will look on it in a coming day.

The present, the past, the future, have been before us. If we would still find subject of thought, we must descend to detail. We have dared to follow a path which has led us to the very extremity of thought, so that if the mind would yet be busy it must turn back. Let it do so; we would linger still for a moment on things beyond vision.

It is midnight, the hour when it has been believed the dead arise and present themselves at times before the living. It is a belief which we do not, and do not

wish, to entertain. We view it as inconsistent with the regularity of the divine arrangements, and we shrink from it as suggestive of more pain than pleasure. A continued connection, however slight, between the living and the dead would surely not, on the whole, add to the happiness or advance the welfare of the former. How should we be fitted to deal with the present, if we were never parted from the past? Where would be the vigor which the day requires, if the night brought the rest-breaking shadows and the fearful utterances of the occupants of the grave?

But that good angels, direct ministers of heaven, may, in a sense, guard the loyal and the true, we do believe. To them it may be committed, as an employment inexpressibly glorious, to be ever near the Christian warrior. At night, then, as in the day, would these blest spirits be found on the watch. Always near, *always near*, they may be shielding and protecting, and saving and sustaining, though our bodily eye can not see them; they may close that bodily eye in a coming day, and—their bright task completed—may carry the spirit home.

Can evil angels be with us too? Can there be a fiend at our bedside mocking us? If he have been with us in the day,

doubtless he is with us now. Also watching. It is an appalling idea. Good angels watching. Bad angels watching. The victory uncertain to us and to them; but yet known, and its result through all eternity known.

How the mind, wearied with speculations as to these mighty mysteries, seeks, so to speak, to stretch forth its hands imploringly for TRUTH! Yet, is there no presumption in the prayer? There is a passage in Scripture which always strikes us as terribly significant: "And Pilate saith unto him, (Jesus,) What is truth? And when he had said this, *he went out.*" He dared not wait for the reply. The reply! It would have scathed and withered him as he sat. The reply! It would have overwhelmed him as the faithless vessel is overwhelmed by the roaring and resistless waters. And, therefore, he went out. Angelic eyes may have brightened as the question was put, the yell of fiends may have hailed the result—"when he had said this, he went out."

The question, "What is truth?" *may* be put; and though the answer may be waited for with trembling, it will be received with joy. The inquiry may go up to heaven under the shadow of night, the reply will come in the rich sunlight of eternal day.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

M A G I C . A N D M Y S T E R Y . *

Few books are more interesting than those in which professional men, after retiring from the scene of past triumphs, chronicle their successes and failures, their struggles and their opportunities. The actor appears before us in his natural face—chalk and carmine laid aside—and

we learn that, after all, he is just such another man as ourselves, obnoxious to the same impulses of good and evil, and, although proud of the popular appreciation he has acquired, very glad to seek the solid joys of home and family, so soon as circumstances enable him to do without publicity. Such memoirs teach us an excellent lesson as to the beauty of perseverance; we find that the men whom we have learned to regard with admira-

* *Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur.* Par ROBERT-HOUDIN. Two Vols. Paris: Librairie Nouvelle. 1859.

tion as the passed masters of their respective professions only reached that proud eminence after an amount of labor they would have shrunk from could they have foreseen it, and in too many cases the darling of the public is ungratefully allowed to sink into obscurity without one of his former admirers caring to know what has become of him. Doubly laudable, then, is the persistent energy which enabled the author of our memoir to retire at a comparatively early age from the stage, and enjoy the *jucunda et idonea vitæ* on his own estate, where he has occupied his leisure hours by writing the history of his professional life. Robert-Houdin deserves our respect, not merely as the prince of modern conjurers, but as a talented diplomatist, selected by the French government to undeceive the turbulent Arab chiefs as to the pretended miracles of their marabouts.

Robert-Houdin was born at Blois in 1805; his father, M. Robert, was an eminent watchmaker, and brought up his family with credit to himself. From an early age his son evinced a remarkable aptitude for mechanics, but old Robert, with the natural ambition of a parent, wished the lad to rise a step in the social scale. Hence, after he left college, he bound him to a notary; but the lad showed such disinclination for this, that he was eventually apprenticed to a watchmaker. While thus employed, an accident threw into his hands two volumes of the *Amusement des Sciences*, and his vocation was fixed. He would be a conjurer, and he spent all his leisure hours in practicing the tricks shown in the book. He exercised himself in palmistry and "sauter la coupe" until he had attained a certain degree of proficiency, while at the same time devoting himself to the construction of pieces of mechanism and automata. Another extraordinary accident decided his future life: during a fever produced by the action of verdigris in a ragout, an irrepressible longing assailed him to return to his parents. With the cunning peculiar to the brain-fevered, he eluded the vigilance of his nurses, and started off in the diligence. During his journey, his torture increased to such a degree that he threw himself out on to the high-road from the carriage. When he returned to his senses, he found himself in bed in a traveling caravan, and learned that he had been picked up by a

wandering conjurer, the Chevalier Torrini, who nursed him like a parent. With him he remained several months traveling about the country, and repairing an automaton, until, at Aubusson, where the chevalier's leg had been broken by the upsetting of the vehicle, young Robert made his first public appearance. He was very successful, although he had a dreadful accident in burning the hat in which he made the omelette, but the owner was good enough to act as his accomplice. However, the money netted by the representations enabled Torrini to re-horse his carriage, and, having thus evinced his gratitude, young Robert thought it time to return to his parents.

The Chevalier was not only a very clever conjurer, but a gentleman as well. His real name was M. de Grisy, son of an old French nobleman, who died in the defense of the Tuileries, and he had taken to conjuring as a livelihood, which he greatly enjoyed, until, on one occasion, in performing the gun-trick, he had the misfortune to shoot his own son. His wife, a lovely Italian woman, died of grief, and to the old Chevalier the world was henceforth a blank. He wandered about the country attended by his faithful foster-brother Antonio, and had learned to love young Robert, as he bore so striking a likeness to his lost son. He had taught the boy all he knew himself, but little thought that he would hereafter profit so greatly by the knowledge.

On returning to Blois, a marriage was made up between Robert and a Mdlle. Houdin, daughter of a watchmaker—hence his name of Houdin, which he at first assumed to distinguish himself from the many other Roberts, and which the council of state eventually allowed him to retain. The young couple proceeded to Paris, where Houdin intended to study carefully ere he opened his own séances of magic. At that period the chief favorite of the Parisian public was Comte, of whom we learn the following graceful anecdote:

"At the end of a séance he gave at the Tuileries, before Louis XVIII., Comte asked his majesty to choose a card. By accident, or otherwise, the King drew the king of hearts; during this time a servant had placed on a table a vase filled with flowers. Comte then took a pistol, in which he put the card as a wad, and fired at the vase. Immediately the bust of Louis XVIII. appeared among the flowers. The

King, not knowing what to think of this unexpected dénouement, said, in a mocking voice: 'I fancy, sir, your trick has not ended as you bade me expect.' 'Pardon me, your majesty,' Comte replied, assuming the manner of a courtier, 'I have quite kept my promise. I pledged myself that the king of hearts should appear in that vase, and I appeal to all Frenchmen: does not that bust represent the king of all hearts?' The King, moved by this compliment, congratulated Comte on his skill. 'It would be a pity, friend sorcerer,' he said to him, 'to have you burnt; you have caused us too much pleasure for us to cause you pain. Live a long time, for yourself first, and then for us.' "

Another talent Comte possessed to an eminent degree was that of ventriloquism, which, however, led him at times into scrapes. Thus at Friburg, in Switzerland, the peasants were about to throw him into a lime-kiln for a sorcerer, had not he saved himself by causing a terrible voice to issue from the kiln. Another useful acquaintance Houdin formed about this time was that of Jules de Rovere, the first physician who employed the designation of prestidigitateur, which is now so common. After several years spent at watchmaking, and preparing his conjuring apparatus, Houdin turned his attention to automata, which formed part of his original scheme. Of course he applied himself to books to learn what had been already done; and, although he found many fables, he pinned his faith on Vaucanson, whose celebrated duck, which performed all the functions of digestion, quite staggered him. Curiously enough this duck came into his hands for repair in 1844, and he found out it was a nice *canard*, as far as the real digestion was concerned. He discovered, in fact, that Vaucanson was as clever a deceiver as himself. Those who would like to know the trick must turn to the book itself, for we have to find room for the real story of the automaton chess-player, who puzzled our fathers so wondrously. Let us condense twenty pages into one.

In 1776 an insurrection broke out in Russia, under an officer of the name of Worousky, who had both legs shot off in the final engagement. A Dr. Osloff took compassion on him and gave him shelter, and during his confinement to his room played chess with him, until Worousky became a superb player. At this time Kempelen, a Viennese mechanic, paid the good Doctor a visit, and they consulted how to get the rebel chief out of the

country, as his presence was dangerous to himself and his saviour. The idea of the chess-player struck Kempelen, and in three months the figure was ready. Needless to say that Worousky was the player, and his small size and want of legs materially aided the deceit. The experiment was first tried on the Doctor, who at length began to smell a rat, for the figure always moved with its left hand, just as Worousky did. However, the trick was so cleverly managed that, feeling sure of not being detected, Kempelen had a large chest made to hold the figure and the cripple. At Toula they made their first public trial, and so great was the success, that the Empress Catherine ordered the figure to St. Petersburg. Kempelen was horribly frightened, but Worousky delighted in defeating a lady who had set a paltry sum on his head. The big chest was carried into the imperial library, and the figure put up. The Empress began playing, but soon found she had met her match. In consequence, she deigned to make a false move; the Turk restored the piece to the old square: the empress repeated the fraud, when the automaton violently swept all the pieces off the board. Catherine chose to regard this as a concession to her superior play, but insisted that Kempelen should leave the figure in the library all night. Perhaps some feminine curiosity instigated her; if so, she was disappointed, for Kempelen took care to remove the chest, and in it, of course, Worousky. Foiled in her efforts to buy the automaton, the Empress allowed Kempelen to depart. Soon after, the Turk was shown in London, but it is probable that Worousky left the figure prior to its going to America, for there it was repeatedly beaten. These most curious details Houdin has direct from a M. Hessler, nephew of Dr. Osloff.

Houdin now turned his attention to the construction of a writing and drawing automaton, for all his hopes of building a theater for himself had been dispelled by the bankruptcy of his father-in-law. About this time, too, he invented that curious crystal clock which astonished us some twenty years back, consisting, as it did, of a plain piece of glass with the hands on it, but no visible works. Eighteen months' incessant labor were devoted to the construction of the writing automaton, and this was followed by a curious

nightingale, which sang exactly true to nature. The latter compelled the artist to spend many watchful nights in the wood of Romainville, until he had caught the exact notes of the real bird. He was, however, well repaid for his trouble by receiving 7000 fr. for his two automata, and in the mean while his business had prospered. Comfort once more smiled on the ruined family. Still it says much for the energy of Robert-Houdin that he should voluntarily exile himself for eighteen months from his home, and live in a garret on haricot beans, in order that he might work undisturbed.

At this period the celebrated Philippe made his *début* in Paris. He was the first to light all the candles by the explosion of a pistol, a trick which always takes, although Houdin confesses a frightful risk of failure is continually run. From a Chinese he had learned, too, the two tricks of the basin fish and the rings, which were quite novel at that day. The success of Philippe enkindled in Houdin the desire to commence his *séances*, but his wife died at the time. For two years he struggled on, but found himself so plundered that he was obliged to marry again for the sake of his three young children. In 1844, his automata were displayed at the exhibition, and the King took a lively interest in them. Then he inquired how many inhabitants Paris contained; the automaton wrote distinctly 998,964. The King remarked, with a smile, that the new census, just on the point of completion, would alter these figures. Then the King wrote three lines of poetry, which the automaton capped correctly with the fourth rhyme. Then it began drawing for the Comte de Paris a regal crown, but in the midst of the operation the pencil broke. "No matter," said the King; "as you can draw, my boy, you can finish this yourself." A Roman augur would have derived an omen from this simple incident.

All this while Houdin was looking about for a suitable room to convert into a theater, and at length found what he wanted in the Palais Royal. After considerable difficulties with the police, he was enabled to open on the third of July, 1845; but he was so dissatisfied with the result that he determined on giving up all idea of making a fortune that way. Fortunately for him, a good-natured friend coincided in his views, which so stung him

that he decided on reopening the room. After a certain interval the press began to take notice of him; people became curious, and his success was established. Before long he had invented that marvelous system of second sight, in which he was so ably assisted by his son, and which, though entirely mechanical, demanded an immense amount of practice before it could be publicly shown. Here is a curious instance of the necessity of presence of mind. The scene took place at the Vaudeville, where Houdin gave a *séance* after his own room was shut for the night:

"A spectator, who had come with the express purpose of embarrassing my son, suddenly said to me: 'As your son, sir, is a diviner, he can certainly guess the number of my seat.' The spectator thought he would force me to confess our inability, for he covered the number from sight, and the other seats were all full. But I was on my guard against every surprise; my answer was ready. Still I pretended to draw back, in order to make my adversary's defeat more striking. After some sparring, I consented to make the trial, the public taking great interest in the debate, and patiently awaiting the issue. 'Emile,' I said to my son, 'prove to this gentleman that nothing can escape your second-sight.' 'It is number sixty-nine,' the child replied, without hesitation. Shouts of applause rang from every corner of the theater, in which my adversary readily joined, for, while avowing his defeat, he exclaimed: 'It is astonishing! magnificent!' Now how had I managed to discover the number? It was very simple. I knew that in all theaters where the seats are divided down the center by a passage, the uneven numbers are on the right, the even on the left. As at the Vaudeville each row was composed of ten seats, I had not the slightest difficulty in finding out the number of my opponent's seat."

Of the few revelations given us by M. Houdin as to the working of this second-sight, we learn that he managed to open purses, books, etc., without being noticed. One glance was always sufficient for his practiced eye. If a parcel were given him tied up, his long finger-nail dug a rent in the paper, which allowed him to see the contents, while his old watch-making skill allowed him to open a watch with one hand, undetected. But, indubitably, the greatest advantage Houdin possessed was in the extraordinary memory of his son, which had been developed to the utmost extent. The way in which this was done was as follows: father and son walked rapidly past a shop-window, noticing as many objects as they could; then each

wrote down the result, and went back to verify it. Houdin himself never got beyond thirty articles, but his son could reach upwards of forty. By this power of retention the lad frequently performed some marvelous tricks in private houses, giving, for instance, the names of the books on a shelf which he was supposed never to have seen, but on which he had cast a hurried glance in passing. It is really too bad to find that we are deceived by such simple contrivances.

After a summer trip to Brussels, in which Houdin found himself awfully let in, the theater in the Palais Royal was reopened with fresh tricks. So great was the reputation the magician attained, that he was commanded to St. Cloud, where the royal family did their utmost to baffle him. One of the tricks was very clever: Houdin borrowed several handkerchiefs of the party, made them up in a packet, and asked the King to select a spot from three he designated, where he would like to have them found. The first was "under the candlesticks"—that was too easy; the second "in the dome of the Invalides"—that was too far; hence only remained third, "the chest of the orange-tree at the right end of the avenue." The King ordered a guard round the tree at once to prevent any fraud: Houdin placed the parcel under a glass shade, and bade it go to the place ordered by the King. Then, raising the glass, the parcel had disappeared, and a white turtle dove had taken its place. A gardener was then ordered to open the last orange-box on the right-hand side, and found in it a rusty iron coffer. This was handed the King, the key being taken from the dove's neck, and he found in it a piece of parchment, on which he read as follows:

"This sixth day of June, 1786.

"This iron box containing six handkerchiefs, was placed amidst the roots of an orange-tree by me, Balsamo Comte de Cagliostro, to aid in the accomplishment of an act of magic which will be performed on this same day sixty years hence, before Louis Philippe d'Orléans and his family."

To this deed was appended the seal of Cagliostro, a mold of which Houdin had got from Torrini, who had been an intimate friend of the arch-impostor. Under the parchment was a parcel, which, on being opened, was found to contain the six handkerchiefs.

Spurred on by this defeat, the royal family were more than ever determined to foil the experiment of second-sight. Among other difficult objects, was a Chinese coin with a round hole in it. At length the Duchess of Orleans went into an adjoining room, whence she returned with a case. Handing it to Houdin, she asked him if his son could reveal the contents without its being opened? Houdin, of course, soon found out the contents; then, returning the case to the Duchess, said that his son could tell what it contained. He stated that it was a diamond pin, set in light blue enamel. This was perfectly correct, and the Duchess most kindly begged Houdin to keep it in remembrance of the séance. In short, every body was charmed.

In 1848, M. Houdin was forced to close his room owing to the revolution, when suddenly he was released from his unwilling idleness by a visit from Mr. Mitchell, of St. James's Theater, who offered him an engagement. All who are acquainted with that gentleman will readily indorse the character Houdin gives of him, as a man of honor and thorough business habits:

"The conditions appearing to me highly favorable, I willingly accepted. Mitchell then offered me his hand: I gave him mine, and this amicable process was the only agreement we made about this important affair. There were no conditions, no signatures, and yet never was a bargain better cemented. From that moment, during my long, lasting relations with Mitchell, I had many opportunities to appreciate all the value of his word. I may say openly that he is the most conscientious director I ever met. To a religious observance of his plighted word Mitchell adds an extreme affability, a generosity and disinterestedness that will stand any trial. In all circumstances he will be found to act 'quite a gentleman,' as they say in England. One of his most brilliant qualities, as a director, is the delicacy of his behavior towards his artistes."

Mr. Mitchell conducted Houdin into comfortable lodgings, giving him the celebrated bed on which Rachel, Déjazet, and several others had rested from the emotions of their successes. Still the magician had a very hard task: performing three alternate nights with the Opéra Comique, he was always hurried in making his preparations, for he could not keep the stage when wanted for their rehearsals, and, of course, could not ask the aid of

strangers for fear of his secrets being betrayed. Still he was so satisfied with his reception, that he endured the fatigue gladly. He allows that the audiences at the St. James's were the most brilliant he had seen at any theater; all the fashion of London flocked in, and the only thing wanted for perfect success was the presence of the Queen. But here there was a difficulty: the managers of the London theaters had been making a great disturbance about the presence of so many foreign artistes in London, which ended, as our readers may remember, in a violent demonstration against the troupe of the Théâtre Historique. Hence there was some delicacy felt about the Queen's visit to any foreign performance; but Mr. Mitchell was not the man to own himself defeated. An occasion soon presented itself, and the talented impresario did not neglect it. A fancy fair was to be held in the grounds of Sir Arthur Webster, at Fulham, at which the Queen would be present, and Houdin's services were offered in the cause of charity. They were accepted: the magician performed, and the next day the bills came out with the heading, "Robert Houdin, who has had the honor to perform before her most gracious Majesty the Queen," etc. At this fête Houdin formed the acquaintance of Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador, who tried very hard to penetrate the magic circle, and learn how to perform the tricks, but Houdin stood firm.

From London, Houdin proceeded to Manchester, where he was heartily welcomed by the factory hands. During the performance of "the inexhaustible bottle," an extraordinary scene took place: the whole pit rose at the liquor, the glasses were all broken, while the audience held up, some their hollowed hands, some their open mouths, to receive the benign draught. At first he had a difficulty in not being able to talk English, but he got along by asking continually: "How you call this?" to which hundreds of voices would eagerly give the answer. It certainly formed a strange contrast to the refined audience of St. James's, and yet Houdin appreciated his reception.

On returning to London Houdin was commanded to the palace, and he gives a comical account of his misadventures. The séance was ordered for three, and it was two ere he was ready. While rushing off to his dinner, which he sadly

wanted, an officer announced that the Queen had altered the hour to two. There was no help: Houdin performed, and was then reveling in the thoughts of food, when an army of workmen invaded the gallery. There was a ball that night, and all must be cleared at once: so the poor magician had to set to work stowing away his traps instead of his dinner. So soon as this operation was over, the party started off to the dining-room, but, as no servants were in attendance, he rang for candles. They sat down to dinner in the dark, but when in full swing, in came two servants with candles, who were so frightened at seeing the magician dining in the dark, that they could hardly be prevailed to wait upon him.

Things being still very queer in France, Houdin determined on taking a tour through the English provinces. At Hertford, he acted the third night to an audience of three, and when all was over, he called them on to the stage, and inviting the musicians to join, they were presented with an inexhaustible bowl of punch. At Cambridge he was astounded by the noisy welcome of the students; while, at Colchester, his nerves were set on edge by the audience cracking nuts during the whole performance. Nothing would induce him to stay another night, although the manager told him that he would soon grow used to it, and that his actors often cracked nuts on the stage. We throw out this hint for the benefit of *Notes and Queries*: Why do the good folks of Colchester crack nuts? We always supposed their foible was oysters.

After a lengthened tour through Scotland and Ireland, Houdin returned to Paris, but finding that his strength was failing him, he looked out for a successor. Him he found in Mr. Hamilton, who eventually became his brother-in-law, and, in 1852, formally took possession of the Salle in Palais Royal. Houdin then retired to the environs of Blois, where he employed himself in studying the application of electricity to mechanics, when a most honorable mission was offered him. He was requested by government to proceed to Algiers and give representations before the chiefs. In the first place, it was thought advisable to destroy the prestige of the marabouts, who were continually exciting insurrections by their miracles; and, secondly, Houdin could keep the minds of the Arabs quiet during a foray

about to be made by the French troops in Kabylia. On the night of the first performance, the balcon presented a magnificent appearance; some sixty chieftains, in their red mantles, were assembled, and gazed with stolid amazement on the kafir who was about to defeat their prophets. Their attention was not aroused until Houdin began producing cannon-balls from a hat. Then came the horn of abundance, which gave an opportunity of presenting small gifts to the chiefs, which they accepted very suspiciously; but when "the inexhaustible bowl" produced fragrant mocha, they could not resist the temptation. The next striking experiment was that of the box that becomes light or heavy at the will of the operator: a muscular Arab came forward to lift it; he did so with disdainful ease, but when requested to try again, he found it impossible to move it. Again and again he essayed, when suddenly he uttered a yell, and fell on his knees: a tremendous shock of electricity had been passed through the box, and he was rendered helpless as a child. This experiment produced various shouts of "Shaitan!" "Djenoum!" and the chiefs began to grow uncomfortable.

One of the methods employed by the marabouts to increase their importance was to induce a belief in their invulnerability. One of them, for instance, would load a gun and order a spectator to fire at him; the sparks might fly from the flint, but the charge did not explode — of course, the touch-hole had been stopped. To destroy the effect of this, Houdin declared he possessed a talisman rendering him invulnerable, and defied the first marksman in Algeria to hit him. In a second a Arab leaped on the stage, and expressed his desire to kill the magician. He had no compunction, so Houdin handed him a pistol, bidding him see that it was unloaded. Then he was ordered to put in a double charge of powder, and a ball he had previously marked. He fired, and Houdin produced the bullet in the center of an apple he held on the point of a knife. A general stupefaction was visible on the faces of the audience; but the marabout suddenly caught up the apple and rushed away with it, feeling convinced that he had obtained a magnificent talisman.

The last trick was performed on a Moor of some twenty years of age. He was led to a table in the center of the stage,

after mounting which an extinguisher was placed over him. Houdin and his servant then lifted up the table bodily, carried it to the foot-lights and turned it over: the Moor had disappeared! The terror of the Arabs had reached its climax, and they rushed frantically from the theater. The first object they saw on reaching the street was the young Moor.

Such an effect having been produced, the interpreters were set to work explaining to the chieftains that all these tricks were performed by human means, and they were soon so convinced of it, that they treat Houdin most kindly. They presented him with an address, testifying to their admiration of him, and Houdin was much pleased with the effect he had produced. He then proceeded on a tour through Algeria, being always welcomed with great kindness by his Arab hosts, and repaying their hospitality by exhibiting some tricks; but on one occasion, he could only save himself from a most serious dilemma by his presence of mind.

While M. and Mme. Houdin were staying with the chieftain Bou-Allem, a marabout looked with supreme disgust on his tricks. When the séance was over, the marabout said: "I now believe in your supernatural power: you are a real sorcerer, so I hope you will not fear to repeat a trick you performed at your theater." Then, producing a pair of pistols from under his burnous, he said: "Come, choose one of these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you are invulnerable." This was certainly a staggerer, and Houdin hardly knew how to escape; and the marabout smiled malignantly at his triumph. Bou-Allem, who knew that Houdin's tricks were the result of address, was very angry, but Houdin would not be beaten. Turning to the marabout, he said that he had left his talisman at Algiers, but that he would, for all that, allow him to fire at him the next morning. During the night he made his preparations, and the next morning the pistols were loaded with all due solemnity, the marabout putting in the powder, Houdin the balls. The marabout fired, and the ball appeared between the wizard's teeth. Then, taking up the other pistol, Houdin fired at a newly white-washed wall: immediately a large stain of blood appeared on it. The marabout was overwhelmed: at that moment he doubted every thing,

even the Prophet. Such experiments, however, must be very dangerous, for if the marabout had been any thing of a conjuror himself, he might have slipped in a bullet unawares, which would have been attended with fatal consequences. The balls, in this case, were made of wax, blackened with soot, and cast in a bullet-mold.

Having so successfully accomplished his mission, M. Houdin returned to Blois, where he is still engaged in making experiments which he hopes will yet attain some useful end. At present he is trying to make electric clocks as simple and cheap as possible, so that they may be employed in every house. He is also engaged with another book on prestidigi-

tation, in which he promises to reveal all the mysteries of the art. We can not say that he has given us much information as to his secrets in the present volumes; we therefore look with impatience for the publication of the supplementary work, which we trust will enable us to set up as conjurers in the domestic circle.

In conclusion, we may observe that several of Houdin's most remarkable experiments have been performed by other practicers of white magic. A servant who had been in his employment for seven years betrayed his secrets in 1850 to an amateur. Although the former was punished by two years' imprisonment, the secrets oozed out, and thus speedily became the property of Houdin's rivals.

From the North British Review.

ELECTRICITY IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

(CONTINUED.)

It was long believed that electricity performed an important function in the phenomena of vegetation, and many elaborate but hitherto fruitless experiments have been made on the subject. M. Donné first pointed out the opposite electric state of different parts of plants. He found vitreous electricity in one extremity of certain fruits, and in the juices taken from that part, while resinous electricity existed on the opposite extremity, and in the juices which it yielded. In the apple and the pear a current appeared to pass from the stalk to the eye opposite to it, while in the peach and the apricot it passed in the opposite direction; the electricity being positive at the stalk in the first of these fruits, and positive in the second. All the observations of Donné, as well as those made subsequently by Becquerel and Wartmann, place it beyond a doubt that currents, primary or derived, exist, longitudinally

and transversely, in roots, tubers, stems, leaves, flowers, and fruits. M. Buff has more recently found that electrical currents are constantly directed from the roots towards the leaves through the plant, the intensity of it varying in different plants. After a careful discussion of all the observations hitherto made, M. de La Rive considers it as "demonstrated that there is no proof of the existence in living vegetables of an electric state analogous to that which exists in the muscles and nerves of animals; and that all the traces of electricity that have been collected, may be attributed simply to ordinary chemical reactions, and in some cases to atmospherical electricity." Our eminent countryman, Professor Goodsir, had previously come to the same conclusion, believing "that the disturbance of electrical equilibrium in the textures and organs of the plant, is due to the chemical action which plays so important a part in

the organic processes—at its surface, as during transpiration, respiration proper, and the fixation of carbon—and in its interior, during the reaction of its ascending and descending sap with the substances contained in the cells of its various structures.”

Among the interesting phenomena of electricity we must rank those which are produced in certain minerals by heat and by cleavage, and in other bodies by pressure and the separation of parts. In the mineral called *tourmaline*, which crystallizes in long slender prisms, Haüy found that it became electrical by heating it to a temperature between 99° and 212° of Fahrenheit, having vitreous electricity at one end, and resinous at the other. When the crystal is broken in its electrical state, he found that each piece has a vitreous and a resinous pole; the end of the fragment always exhibiting the same kind of electricity as that of the extremity or pole to which it was nearest in the original crystal. M. Becquerel discovered that when the crystals were of a certain length they became electrical both by heating and cooling; that at greater lengths they became electrical both by heating and cooling; and that when they reached the length of between 3 and 3½ inches, they ceased to give electricity either by heating or cooling.

Although two good tourmalines, when stuck upon corks and floated on water, will approach and recede from each other when properly heated, yet they will not lift one another, or adhere to an unelectrified body. In order to increase their electrical action, Sir David Brewster cut and polished thin slices out of a large crystal, so that their parallel faces were perpendicular to the axis or length of the crystal. One of these faces possesses vitreous, and the other negative electricity; so that when the vitreous is placed upon the resinous surface at the proper temperature, the one will lift the other. If one of the plates, when cold, is laid upon a cold glass plate, it will slip off by slightly inclining it; but if it is placed upon a heated plate of glass, it will adhere to it. The same author pounded a portion of a large opaque tourmaline in a steel mortar till it was reduced to the finest powder. When placed upon a plate of glass, it slipped off like all other hard powders; but when the glass was heated the powder stuck to it, and when stirred,

collected in clotted masses, adhering to the substance which stirred it. Hence it follows that each particle of the crystal has a vitreous and a resinous pole.

The property of becoming electrical by heat, called *pyro-electricity*, was discovered by Haüy in topaz, mesotype, and calamine; by M. Braard in axinite; and by Sir David Brewster in scolezite, mesolite, in about twenty minerals, and in many artificial crystals. In examining the powder of scolezite and mesolite when deprived by heat of its water of crystallization, he found that it possessed pyro-electricity like the powder of tourmaline. “This fact,” says he, “is a very instructive one, and could scarcely have been anticipated. As several minerals differ from each other only in the quantity of their water of crystallization, the powder which was thus pyro-electrical could not be considered either as scolezite or mesolite, but as another substance not recognized in mineralogy. The pyro-electrical property, therefore, developed by the powder can not be regarded as a property of the minerals of which the powder formed a part, but merely as a property of some of their ingredients.”

The production of electricity by *pressing* between the fingers merely the parallel faces of Iceland spar, arragonite, topaz, fluorspar, and carbonate of lead, all of them minerals which can be cleaved into laminæ with polished surfaces, was discovered and studied by Haüy. He found the electricity to continue for eleven days in Iceland spar. Becquerel found that it was proportional to the pressure as long as it was not great enough to disorganize the body. He found also, that when cork was pressed against any of the minerals above mentioned, the cork was negative or resinous, and the mineral positive; but when pressed against kyanite, pit-coal, amber, zinc, silver, etc., the cork was positive or vitreous, and the bodies negative.

The electrical phenomena produced by bursting, crushing, and tearing, are very remarkable. Sir David Brewster observed, that when a large Prince Rupert's drop of flint-glass was placed under a plate of glass, and burst by breaking its tail, the whole of it appeared luminous at the instant of fracture, the shape of the drop being distinctly visible. The same author observed a bright electric light when a piece of water-proof cloth, con-

sisting of two pieces united by caoutchouc, was torn into its two laminae. The same phenomenon is seen, in the dark, in tearing cotton and other fabrics, and gray paper. In the rapid separation of plates of mica, and in the fracture of barley-sugar and sugar-candy, electrical light is distinctly produced.

In cleaving topazes containing cavities with the new fluids, Sir David Brewster observed that when the cleavage passed through the cavity so as to allow the contents of the cavity to be examined, the most expansible of the two fluids flowed from the cavity, and formed a transparent drop upon the polished and electrified face of cleavage. It expanded and contracted itself alternately under the electric influence—now a drop, and now a flat disk of fluid—till the fluid evaporated. A still more extraordinary and inexplicable effect was produced while he was examining a number of microscopical crystals of different forms, contained in a cavity of topaz under the influence of heat. None of the crystals melted with the heat applied to the topaz, as several of those do in other cavities of the mineral; but, *“upon the first application of the heat, two or three of the crystals leaped from their places, and darted to the opposite side of the cavity. In a few seconds, the others quitted their places one after another, performing the most rapid and extraordinary rotations; one crystal joined another; and at last four of them united, and revolved with such rapidity that their respective shapes were completely effaced!”* The crystals afterwards separated on the withdrawal of the heat, and took the position which their gravity assigned them. On another occasion, a long flat prism performed the same rotation round its middle point. This experiment was so often repeated, in showing it to different persons, that the small crystals were driven between the inclined edges of the cavity, that they could with difficulty be extricated. A fine octohedral crystal, however, truncated at its edges and angles, was conducted into the deepest part of the cavity, where it performed its rotations like a wheel upon its axis. In subsequently applying a high degree of heat to the crystal, the cavity burst, and scattered its microscopic contents.”*

Such is a brief and general account of the more popular phenomena of electricity which had been studied previous to the great discovery of *Galvanism*, or *Voltaic Electricity*, as it is more properly called. In his discussion with Galvani, Volta maintained that the electricity developed in the frog was produced by the contact of the two metals which were employed in the experiment. Sulzer had previously described the remarkable experiment of placing a disk of silver above the tongue, and a disk of zinc below it, and bringing them so as to touch each other at a point anterior to the tongue—the tongue being still in contact with the two metals. The moment the disks are thus put in contact, a sharp acrid taste is experienced, and if the eyes are closed, the sensation of light is produced. According to Volta, these electric phenomena are generated by the contact of the two heterogeneous metals; the tongue in Sulzer's experiment, and the frog in Galvani's, performing no other part than that of transmitting the liberated electricities. Following out this idea, he thought of multiplying the effect produced by a single pair of metals, and was led to the construction of the *Voltaic Pile*, or the *Galvanic Battery* as it has been called, by means of which so many great discoveries have been made and so many new arts invented.

Having procured a number of *silver* coins, and disks of *zinc* of the same size, he arranged them in pairs, and between each pair he placed a disk of *card* soaked in water; thus forming a pile in which the lowest disk was one of silver, and the upper one of zinc. In place of silver, copper was afterwards used, and instead of pure water, salt water, or acidulated water, was employed. The effect of this pile was exactly what he expected. All the phenomena produced by a single pair were exhibited more intensely in the pile; and when the number of pairs amounted to forty, a severe shock was obtained by touching the silver end with one hand and the copper end with the other. Volta was of opinion that his pile was analogous in its action to the electrical organ of the torpedo, and almost all his experiments with it were made on animals. It never occurred to him to employ it as an instrument of chemical analysis; and he was deprived of the honor of those great discoveries which were made by succeeding philosophers.

* *Edin. Transactions*, 1845, vol. xvi. p. 19.

The name of *poles* has been given to the copper and zinc extremities of the pile; the electricity of the lower or copper disks being *negative*, and that of the other *positive*. If we now fix one wire to the copper pole and the other to the zinc pole, the former will receive the negative electricity generated at the zinc pole, and the other the positive electricity there generated; and, when the free ends of the wires are brought near each other, the opposite electricities will be neutralized, and a spark will pass from the one wire to the other. When the wires are held in each hand, a series of painful shocks will be received through the body of the operator, which are often very disagreeable, if not painful. If a very fine wire of platinum, or any other metal, an inch or two long, is made to join the free ends of the wires, (called *conductors*,) the opposite electricities will be neutralized through the piece of wire, and it will become red hot or incandescent, and, as the electricities are being continually liberated at each pole, the wire will continue to be incandescent. When the pile is more powerful, wires of greater length and diameter may be made incandescent; and when the power of the pile is very great compared with the diameter of the wire, the wire will be burned, or deflagrated as it is called, being dispersed in a shower of luminous sparks.

The voltaic battery which we have just described, was soon superseded by more commodious forms. The simplest of these was the invention of Mr. Cruikshanks, who placed quadrangular plates of zinc and copper in a frame or trough, with proper intervals or compartments for containing the salt or the acidulated solution, the metallic plates being cemented in such a manner to the bottom and sides of the rectangular trough as to prevent the fluid in one compartment from mixing with that in the other. This was the form of the great battery presented by the Emperor Napoleon, in 1806, to the Polytechnic School in Paris. Various other forms of the instrument have been invented by Berzelius, Daniell, Grove, Bunsen, and Smee; but this is not the place for giving any account of their construction and peculiarities.

In using the voltaic pile or battery, it was necessary to have the means of measuring its intensity. This may be done in three ways: By the calorific or heat-

ing power of the current, or by its chemical properties. M. De La Rive describes a *Voltameter*, as it is called by M. G. De La Rive, in which the heat developed in a platinum wire by a pile or battery is measured by the expansion or elongation of the wire: but this is nothing more than the old pyrometer described in our most popular treatises.* A more delicate mode of measuring the temperature suggested by M. De La Rive, is by the use of Breguet's beautiful metallic thermometer, composed of three very thin and narrow superimposed plates of platinum, gold, or silver, which, by their unequal expansion, twist and untwist in proportion to the heat applied to them. In a third voltameter, the platinum wire gives out its heat, expanding the air in a thermometer, and thus raising the colored fluid to a height proportional to the temperature of the wire.

Voltameters depending upon the chemical action of a battery, measure the intensity of the current by the quantity of gas liberated in a minute in the decomposition of water, or in the number of minutes required to liberate a given quantity; but all these voltameters, useful as they were before the discovery of electro-magnetism, have been superseded by the *Electro-magnetic Galvanometer Multipliers* of Schweigger, Nobili, and M. Dubois Remond, which we shall presently describe.

There is one form of the pile, however, which possesses a popular interest, namely, what it called the *Dry Pile* or the *Electric Column*, which was first constructed in 1805 by Behrens, who formed a column of eighty pairs of disks of zinc, copper, and gilt paper. In 1810, M. De Luc brought it into notice by constructing one of six hundred groups of zinc, copper, and gilt paper, seven tenths of an inch in diameter. The disks of paper, called Dutch paper, are covered with copper on one side, and perform the part of a fluid, separating the groups of zinc and copper, the copper being the lowest, and therefore the negative end of the column.

While De Luc was applying this pile to determine the conducting and insulating power of bodies, and also as an electroscope for exhibiting by the number of strikings of two balls the electrical changes in the atmosphere, our countryman, Mr.

* See Ferguson's *Lectures*, Edit. Edin. 1823, vol. i. pp. 14, 15.

R. M. Forster, succeeded in obtaining a constant electrical chime, by making the electricity of a column of fifteen hundred groups, seven tenths of an inch in diameter, set in motion a brass ball suspended by a silk thread between two insulated bells, each bell being connected with one of the poles of the column. On the tenth of March, 1810, Mr. Forster connected his bells with three columns placed at right angles to each other. They immediately began to ring, and continued to do so till the twenty-fourth of March, when the ringing ceased for about *a minute*. From this time till the fourth of September the ringing never ceased. After a pause of ten minutes the ringing began, stopping frequently half a second or more. After this the ringing stopped for several days. In one of De Luc's columns a pendulum vibrated for upwards of two years; and in an apparatus constructed by Mr. Singer, the bells rang for fourteen months.

Mr. Singer constructed an electric column of great power, with twenty thousand groups of silver, zinc, and double disks of writing-paper. With this apparatus he obtained minute bright sparks between the free ends of wires connected with each pole. He charged, in the space of ten minutes, a Leyden jar containing fifty square inches of coated surface, which gave a disagreeable shock to some individuals across the breast, and to others in the elbows and shoulders. With a charge of this jar he perforated thick drawing-paper, and it had just power to fuse one inch of platina wire the five thousandth of an inch in diameter. Notwithstanding its great electrical power, this pile had none of the chemical power of the voltaic battery.

A new form of the electric column was given to it in 1812 by M. Zamboni, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Lyceum of Verona. It consisted of two thousand disks of silver paper laid on each other, the unsilvered side of the paper having upon it a layer of the black oxyd of manganese and honey. These papers, when formed into a column, are covered externally with a coating of shell lac, and inclosed in a hollow brass cylinder. Two columns are placed four or five inches from each other, and between them is suspended on a pivot a light metallic needle, which being attracted alternately to the one column and the other, oscillates constantly between them like a pendulum.

This instrument excited great interest in Germany, and even in England; and attempts, not very successful, were made to construct clocks and watches in which it was the maintaining power. M. Heinrich showed that the velocity of the pendulum was very variable. On the tenth of November, 1815, it performed five hundred vibrations in 4' 32'', or nearly two in a second; while on the third of October of the same year, it required 10' 5'' to vibrate the same number of times, or less than one vibration in a second.

In the Zamboni columns now made, tinned paper is used in place of silver paper, and upon the untinned side of the sheet of paper is spread, with a camel's hair pencil, a coating of the powder of peroxyd of manganese, dissolved in milk and formed into a paste, and made to stick to the paper by a little starch or gelatine. When the coating is sufficiently dry, the sheet of paper is cut into disks by a punch, and these disks are placed above each other so that the tinned sides may always be in a contact with the manganese side. The column thus made terminates at both its ends in an insulated metallic surface, the *negative* pole being on the *tin* coating, and the *positive* pole on the coating of *manganese*. All the dry piles which we have mentioned lose their power in the course of time; but M. De La Rive informs us that those which last longest, though they are less powerful than those of Zamboni, are made with disks of Dutch silver paper and Dutch gold paper. The disks of different kinds are stuck together by the surface where the paper is bare, so that, when placed above one another, we have Dutch gold paper, Dutch silver paper, and then Dutch gold paper again—the same order being continued. The disks are kept together by a very pure silk cord, impregnated with varnish for the purpose of insulating them. The column is then inclosed in tubes of varnished glass, and supported between varnished rods of glass. The lowermost disk rests upon a metal plate, and the uppermost is pressed down by a metallic screw terminated by a ball. The piles are more quickly charged when the disks are large, but the tension of the electricity at the poles is not increased by the size of the disks. With four columns of this kind, each containing two thousand two hundred and thirty pairs of disks an inch in diameter, M.

Reiss obtained in a minute ninety-six small sparks the fiftieth of an inch in length. At the end of four months they gave only forty-eight sparks in a minute. With a similar column of eighteen hundred disks, M. Dubois Remond caused a magnetized needle to deviate, and produced contractions in a properly prepared frog. Reiss, with an old dry pile of small size, decomposed iodyd of potassium, sulphate of soda, and nitrate of barytes. By employing two thousand pairs, each pair being twelve and a half inches long by seven broad, M. Delezenne decomposed water. The disks, or rather plates, in this pile were of paper tinned on one side, and covered on the other with peroxyd of manganese rubbed in melted gelatine. Mr. Watkins constructed a dry pile with sixty or eighty plates of zinc alone, one side of the plate being cleaned and polished, and the other rough. The plates, with their polished faces all turned in the same direction, are placed parallel to one another in a wooden trough at the distance of one twentieth of an inch. Electricity is developed at each pole in such a quantity as to prove that the *polished* face performs the part of a *positive* and the *rough* face of a *negative* metal, the air having the same effect as a moist conductor.*

It would be inconsistent with the nature of this article to give any account of the great chemical discoveries made with the voltaic battery by Nicholson, Carlisle, Cruikshanks, Davy, Gay Lussac, Thenard, Faraday, Matteucci, Becquerel, and others. In treating of the application of electricity to the arts, we shall notice those of a popular nature, in so far as these are connected with the new arts in which voltaic electricity is employed. In the mean time, we hasten to describe a new property of electricity which is the fundamental principle of a new and most important branch of science, to which the name of *Electro-Magnetism* has been given.

If, in using the voltaic battery, we employ one wire in place of two, one end of it communicating with the *positive*, and the other end with the *negative* pole, a continuous electric current will pass along this wire, to which the name of the *conjunctive* wire has been given. If we suspend a magnetized needle above or below

this wire, it will deviate from the position which it would take under the influence of the earth's magnetism, or as a compass needle; and when the electricity is powerful, the needle will take a position perpendicular to the conjunctive wire. This curious and unexpected discovery was made in 1820, by Hans Christian Oersted, Professor in the University of Copenhagen. In a course of lectures, which he delivered in the winter of 1819-20, on electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, he had occasion to treat of the analogy between electricity and magnetism. As the luminous and heating properties of the electric current issued in all directions from a conductor which transmits a great quantity of electricity, he thought it possible that the magnetical effect, if powerful enough, might likewise *eradiate*, to use his own term. He therefore prepared an experiment, in which the current of a small voltaic trough should pass through through a thin platina wire placed over a compass covered with glass; but having been prevented from trying the experiment before the lecture, he resolved to defer it to another opportunity. In the course of his lecture however, the probability of its success appeared so strong, that he made it in presence of his audience. The magnetical needle was disturbed, but so feebly, and irregularly, that it made no impression on the audience, and so little on himself that he did not repeat the experiment for three months. In July, 1820, however, he resumed his inquiries with a powerful apparatus; but, believing that the effect could not be produced unless both heat and light were produced in the conductor, he used such small wires, that the disturbance of the needle, though greater than before, was still feeble and unsatisfactory. By using thicker conductors, however, the effect was greatly increased; and by continuing his experiments for a few days, he discovered the fundamental law of electromagnetism, *that the magnetical effect of the electrical current has a circular motion round it, or that it describes circles round the conductor*. In order to express this new property briefly, Oersted called this action of the current *Revolving Magnetism*. It is not easy, without diagrams, to explain the positions taken by the needle under the influence of these spiral currents; but M. Hill, Lecturer on Mathematics in the Swedish University

* De La Rive's *Treatise*, vol. iii. p. 852.

of Lund, has expressed the law in the following manner: "Let us imagine," says he, "that the observer swims upon the electric current with his face turned outward, (upwards,) that is, with his back turned towards the axis of the current, the direction of the *austral* magnetism of the current will always proceed from *his left to his right hand*."

In studying this important subject, M. Ampere was led to some beautiful results. He found *that two conductors attract each other when they are transmitting electrical currents of the same direction, and that they repel each other when the currents have opposite directions*. Although it is to Ampere that we owe the fact, that a fixed magnet acts upon a movable current in the same manner as a movable current acts upon a magnet, yet M. Oersted had been previously aware of this fact, as well as of the mutual attraction and repulsion of electrical currents. Two months, indeed, after the publication of his first electro-magnetic paper, as he himself informs us, he published another paper in which he proved by experiment, "that a little galvanic circuit suspended by a thin metallic wire, was put in motion by a magnet;" and he complains in this paper, "that he had not succeeded hitherto in getting an apparatus sufficiently movable to be directed by the magnetism of the earth." Without knowing of Oersted's experiment, M. Schweigger of Halle, and M. Erman of Berlin, invented ingenious apparatuses for this purpose, which were greatly improved by Ampere, Marsh, Barlow, Davy, and Pohl; but without diagrams it would be impossible to convey any idea of the beauty of this class of experiments.

Soon after the discovery of electro-magnetism, MM. Biot and Savart found that the force with which an electric current acts upon a magnetized needle diminishes in its intensity in proportion as the distance between the current and the needle increases. So early as September, 1820, M. Arago showed that the electrical current possesses a great power in magnetizing iron or steel, the conjunctive wire of a powerful voltaic battery attracting iron filings to such a degree as to form a coating round the wire, ten or twelve times thicker than the wire itself. Arago also found that an electric current acts upon all magnetic bodies, even when they have not been magnetized. He also magnetiz-

ed a steel needle placed in the interior of a helix made of wire, through which the charge of a Leyden jar was transmitted; and soon afterwards Davy magnetized sewing-needles by merely rubbing them across a rectilinear wire traversed by an electric current.

After having determined the laws which regulate the mutual action of electric currents, M. Ampere endeavored to explain them by an ingenious hypothesis respecting the nature of magnetism. He considers a magnet as formed by a number of electric currents, all circulating in the same direction round its surface, and in plains perpendicular to the axis of the magnet, and consequently parallel to one another. In order to confirm and illustrate this happy conception, he twisted a copper wire into a helix, keeping the spirals from touching one another, and bringing back the two ends of the wire along the axis of the helix to its middle, when the two extremities of the wire are brought out of the helix without touching each other, or any part of the helix. The two extremities are then bent, and placed in cups containing mercury, upon which the helix rests; one of these communicates with the positive, and the other with the negative end of the battery, so that the electric current passes continuously through the helix. When a rectilinear magnet is placed parallel to the current, the helix moves and takes the position corresponding to that which is taken by a compass-needle in similar circumstances.

In order to explain some interesting results obtained by Faraday and G. De La Rive which seemed contrary to his theory, Ampere gave such a form to it as to remove every objection, and to place it among those grand hypothesis which meet with general acceptance. Assuming that electric currents are molecular—that is, circulate round each molecule or particle of matter—he conceives them to exist in all magnetic bodies, but so irregularly constituted that they neutralize each other. In a piece of iron or steel, for example, the currents have a *quaquaversus* direction; but when it is magnetized, a common direction is given to them all. In steel the coercive power maintains permanently the new direction thus given to the currents; while in soft iron, when the force which gave them a fixed direction is withdrawn, they yield to their mutual

action, and return to their original state of neutralization.

The mutual action of magnets upon currents, and of currents upon each other, which we have attempted to describe, has led philosophers to a series of beautiful experiments, in which magnets and currents perform the most singular rotations. These experiments we owe chiefly to our distinguished countryman, Dr. Faraday, who has outstripped all his competitors in advancing the science of electricity; but not having the use of diagrams, we must refer the reader to M. De La Rive's work, or to the popular treatises in which they are described.

The theory of the magnet, and the experiments which confirmed it, led philosophers to a method of making temporary magnets of such enormous power as to exceed all others, whether natural or artificial, that had been previously known. A bar of soft iron was bent into the form of a horse-shoe; and a copper wire, covered with silk thread, was wound round it spirally. An electric current was then transmitted through the bent bar by two wires dipping into two wooden vessels, containing mercury, on which the ends of the magnet rested. The horse-shoe bar became instantly magnetic, and lifted great weights. Professor Moll, who seems to have first made this experiment with a horse-shoe bar, about three feet high, two inches wide, and weighing twenty-eight and a half pounds, which lifted one hundred and seventy pounds, or six times its own weight. M. Moll found also that, a quarter of an hour after the current ceased, the bar could carry fifty-five pounds; that, upon changing the direction of the current, the poles of the temporary magnet were reversed; that the magnetism of the bar was not increased by increasing the number of pairs of plates, or elements in the voltaic battery; and that the electric current did not increase the magnetism of an ordinary horse-shoe magnet.

About the same time that these experiments were made at Utrecht, Professor Henry, in the United States, had obtained more striking results. With a small single voltaic battery, and a horse-shoe bar twenty inches long and two inches square, bent into the horse-shoe form, he succeeded in making it lift seven hundred and fifty pounds, *more than thirty-five times its own weight*; the largest natural mag-

net then known being able to lift only three hundred and ten pounds, or about *six times* its own weight.

The most powerful electro-magnet of which we have seen any account, was made by the Rev. N. T. Callan, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Maynooth. It had the usual horse-shoe form, and was thirteen feet long, two and a half inches in diameter, weighing fifteen stones. The armature was a horse-shoe bar of iron twenty inches long, two and a half in diameter, and weighed twenty-eight pounds. "Such was the power of this magnet that it was found impossible to separate the keeper from it." A succession of sparks taken from it produced a continuous blaze of brilliant light, and, when sent rapidly through a large fowl, they produced instant death.

Mr. Watkins, of London, found that when the armature or keeper (the piece of iron which joins the two poles of the horse-shoe magnet) is taken off, the bar instantly loses all its magnetism; but that if the armature is kept on, it will retain its magnetism for a long time. With a horse-shoe bar eighteen inches long and one inch in diameter, he raised a weight of one hundred and twenty-five pounds with a single pair of voltaic plates. Upon reducing the weight to fifty-six pounds, and discontinuing the current, he examined its sustaining power every day, and found that at the end of ten days it sustained fifty-six pounds. Another horse-shoe magnet sustained one hundred pounds at the end of six months. M. De La Rive states that with a suitable battery, a bar of soft iron has been made to sustain *a ton*. The remarkable facility with which soft iron acquires and loses its magnetism, and suffers its poles to be reversed, has found a valuable application in the Electric Telegraph.

In magnetizing iron, steel, and other magnetic bodies by electrical current, various persons heard distinct sounds. In 1843, M. De La Rive remarked that plates or rods of iron gave out a very decided sound when placed inside a helix whose wire is traversed by a powerful electric current—an effect which he attributed to a change in the molecular condition of the plate or rod. In studying this interesting phenomenon, the Swiss philosopher found that if we place a bar of iron or steel in a bobbin, (a hollow cylinder of wood round which is wound a

quantity of copper-wire covered with silk,) the bar experiences very remarkable vibratory movements when a series of discontinuous or interrupted currents are passed through the wire which encircles the bobbin. "These movements," says M. De La Rive, "are made manifest under the form of very decided and varied sounds when the body has a cylindrical, or even an elongated form. The sound is less decided, but more sharp and more metallic, with steel than with soft iron. Whatever be the form or the size of the piece of soft iron, two sounds are always to be distinguished: *one*, a series of blows or shocks more or less dry, and very analogous to the noise made by rain falling on a metallic roof; these blows exactly corresponding to the alternations of the passage and interruption of the current; the *other* sound is a musical sound corresponding to those which would be given by the mass of iron by the effect of transverse vibrations."

When a cylindrical mass of iron, four inches in diameter and weighing twenty-two pounds, is placed within a large bobbin, it gives out, according to our author, very clear and brilliant musical sounds while traversed by a discontinuous current. He found also that rods half an inch in diameter and upwards gave out very decided sounds when fixed at both ends; but the most brilliant sounds were obtained by stretching upon a sounding-board well-annealed wires from three to six feet long, and one tenth or one twentieth of an inch in diameter. These wires are placed in the axis of one or more bobbins bearing electric currents, and "they produce an assemblage of sounds the effect of which is surprising, and which greatly resembles that to which several church-bells give rise when vibrating harmonically in the distance." M. De La Rive found that the best effect was obtained with a wire five feet two inches long, and $\frac{7}{100}$ inch in diameter, when it was stretched by a weight of from fifty-seven to one hundred and seventeen pounds if *annealed*, or from sixty-four to one hundred and twenty-six pounds if it is *hardened*.

Similar sounds, and sometimes stronger and more sonorous musical sounds, are produced by sending the electric current through the iron wire or rod itself. This superiority of effect M. De La Rive found to take place when the wire was well an-

nealed and about one twelfth of an inch in diameter. Mr. Beatson found that, in discharging a Leyden jar through an iron wire, a sound was produced, provided that the electricity is detained in its passage through a wet string.

From these remarkable facts M. De La Rive justly concludes that the electric current, either in the body which it magnetizes, or which transmits it, modifies its molecular constitution; the modification ceasing and being reproduced by the discontinuity of the current, whence arises a series of intermitting vibrations, and consequently different sounds. This opinion has been confirmed by direct observations made by different philosophers — by Wertheim, Guillemin, Joule, Gay Lussac, Beatson, Grove, and Maggi of Verona. M. Wertheim found that when an iron bar is fixed at one end, and has its axis in the axis of the bobbin, its free end has no lateral motion, but the bar is elongated 0.00078 of an inch. When the bar is not in the axis of the bobbin, it is still elongated, but it moves laterally in the direction of the radius of the bobbin. M. Wertheim also found that the electricity of iron and steel was increased during magnetization. M. Joule had previously shown that a soft iron bar was elongated $\frac{1}{720000}$ of its length under the current, and shortened when it is interrupted. The following beautiful experiment by Mr. Grove shows the tendency of magnetic bodies to arrange themselves, while magnetized, in a longitudinal or axial direction. In a glass tube, closed with glass plates at both ends, and filled with water, he had placed the fine powder of a magnetic oxyd of iron precipitated chemically. Upon looking through this tube at distant objects, the irregular diffusion of the solid particles in the fluid stopped a considerable portion of the incident light; but the instant that the electric current traversed the wire of a helix within which the tube was placed, the particles of the iron powder arranged themselves in a regular and symmetrical manner longitudinally, and allowed a larger portion of the light to pass. That a molecular change is produced by electrical currents traversing magnetic bodies, is proved by another interesting experiment of Mr. Grove. He found that a soft iron armature, when magnetized and demagnetized several times in succession, experienced an increase of temperature. In proof of

the same truth, Dr. Maggi found that a circular plate of soft homogeneous iron conducts heat more readily in a direction perpendicular to the magnetic axis than in the direction of the axis; a fact made evident by means of a thin coating of wax, which melted by the influence of the developed heat, and confirmed the result established by M. De La Rive, that during magnetization "the particles of iron approach each other in the direction perpendicular to the length of the magnet, and recede in the direction of that length which is always the magnetic axis."

Before quitting the subject of electro-magnetism, we must give some account of a beautiful instrument which this branch of electricity has presented to science. We have already described certain instruments called voltameters, not very perfect in their operation, for measuring the intensity of electrical currents; but they are of no use in measuring feeble currents, such as those which exist in vegetable or animal bodies. We have seen that an electrical current passing along a single wire deviates a magnetic needle. The effect is doubled if the needle is placed between two parallel branches of a bent wire, or within one circuit of a spiral. By increasing the number of spirals we increase the effect of the current, or multiply its effects; so that by many hundred or thousand convolutions of a wire, covered with silk to keep the wires from touching, we can render visible the most feeble electrical current, as we have already seen was done by M. Dubois Remond and Mr. Rutter. The wires are coiled round a hollow wooden or metallic frame, so that the space between the upper and the under side of it may be as small as possible, in order to bring the needle placed within it as near as can be done to the wires. The ends of the wires are then connected with the poles of the battery. This instrument called a *Galvanometer-multiplier*, was invented by Professor Schweigger of Halle. It was improved by M. Oersted, and also by M. Nobili, who, by means of two needles, ingeniously neutralized the directive force of the earth's magnetism—an improvement which had been previously attempted by Professor Cumming of Cambridge. Lebaillip's multiplier, the *Torsion Galvanometer* of our countryman Mr. Ritchie, and the *Electro-dynamic Balance* of M. Becquerel, are

valuable instruments for measuring and magnifying electrical currents.

When great sensibility is required for the detection and study of feeble currents, we must adopt the improved galvanometer of M. Dubois Redmond, in which he compensated certain disturbing actions by a small magnetized fragment placed in the interior of the galvanometer facing the zero. In this way, he constructed an instrument with twenty-seven thousand turns or spirals, by the extreme accuracy and sensibility of which he detected those evanescent currents in the nerves and muscles of animals to which we have already referred.

While studying the phenomena of electro-magnetism, Dr. Seebeck of Berlin, already distinguished by his optical discoveries, was led to believe that an electrical current would be produced in two metals merely by altering their temperature at one point. He therefore joined, at both ends, a piece of bismuth to a piece of copper, and found that by applying heat to one of the junctions an electrical current was produced; the current going from the bismuth into the copper through the heated junction, and consequently from the copper to the bismuth through the joint not heated, and exhibiting its action by its causing the magnetical needle to deviate from its normal position. As Dr. Seebeck could not produce either light or heat, or any chemical effect, by this current, he considered it as a peculiar one. Professor Oersted proposed to call it the *thermo-electrical current*; and hence this branch of electricity has been called *Thermo-Electricity*.* In continuing his experiments, M. Seebeck found that when a bar of antimony was united with the copper bar, the current moved in an opposite direction, passing from the copper into the antimony through the heated junction, and consequently from the antimony to the copper through the joint not heated. When the joint is cooled in place of being heated, the direction of the current is changed. The current, therefore, arises from a difference of temperature between the two joints, no effect being produced when the bars are equally hot or cold. These phenomena are readily exhibited by plating the one bar above

* *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Thermo-Electricity*, vol. xviii. p. 584. This interesting article was written by Professor Oersted.

the other, a magnetized needle being placed between, and resting upon a pivot rising through a bending or through an opening in the middle of the lower bar, which is supported upon a stand. The bars are then placed in the direction of the magnetic meridian, so that the needle stands parallel to the length of the bars. When heat is applied, the needle takes a position corresponding to the direction of the current, as in the voltaic circuit—its deviation being proportional to the differences of temperature.

M. Seebeck produced currents by using two bars of the same metal, such as two bars of hard and soft steel, or any metal in which the structure was not throughout homogeneous. The Chevalier Yelin, however, a Bavarian philosopher—who died when residing temporarily in Edinburgh, and whose remains were deposited by his scientific friends near those of Playfair in the Calton burying-ground—produced thermo-electric currents in homogeneous metals. By heating one end of a bar of bismuth, a compass-needle placed parallel to it, and either above or below, the bar suffered deviations varying with its distance from the hot or cold end of the bar. The same deviation takes place for each end of the bar when they are kept cold and the heat applied to its middle. M. Yelin likewise found that the phenomena of deviation depended on the manner in which the different parts of the bar had been cooled, so as to place it beyond a doubt that they were related to the shape and molecular constitution of the metal.

Our countryman, the late Mr. Sturgeon, confirmed these results by accurate experiments with cylindrical and conical bars, in which the currents were directed from the hot to the cold part of them; but it is to the researches of M. Becquerel that we are indebted for the most thorough examination of thermo-electric currents. In place of using only a magnetized needle, he magnified the effect of the current by the galvanometer-multiplier already described. Employing one with a thick and short wire, he coiled into a spiral the two ends of its copper wire, and having heated one of these ends in a spirit-lamp, and touched it with the other, namely, the cold end, he produced a current—the current passing from the heated to the cold end, and therefore from the cold to the heated end through

the wire of the galvanometer. Upon separating the two ends and repeating the experiment, considerable deviations of the needle will take place. For an account of the interesting experiments of Becquerel, Matteucci, Frantz, Svanberg, Mousson, and Magnus, we must refer the reader to the ample and perspicuous account of them given by M. De La Rive, who considers it as “well established, that in thermo-electric phenomena, the cause of the currents exists not in the fact itself of the propagation of the heat, but in the molecular effects that accompany this propagation.”

Although Oersted failed in producing chemical action by thermo-electricity, yet M. Botto, of Turin, succeeded in decomposing with it acidulated water; and subsequently, Professor Linari, of Sienna, decomposed water and nitrate of silver. The Chevalier Antinori, of Florence, obtained a distinct electric spark from the thermo-electric pile; and Linari, in 1836, got one so brilliant as to be visible in open day. He also magnetized a steel needle by thermo-electricity, and produced the phenomenon of the palpitation of mercury. Professor Wheatstone, in 1837, confirmed Linari's experiment on the electric spark with a small cylindrical bundle of thirty three elements of bismuth and antimony, three fourths of an inch in diameter, and one fifth inch long.

As electro-magnetism has furnished to science the invaluable galvano-multiplier for measuring the feeblest electrical currents, so thermo-electricity has furnished it with an instrument for measuring differences of temperature more sensitive than any hitherto invented. The first *Thermo-Multiplier*, as the instrument is called, was constructed by M. Nobili, who made a thermo-electric pile of six pairs of bismuth and antimony, and placed it in communication with a galvano-multiplier with two needles. He thus obtained a thermo-multiplier from fifteen to twenty times more sensitive than the metallic thermometer of Breguet. After undergoing various improvements by himself and M. Melloni, these distinguished philosophers succeeded, by means of it, in *discovering the presence of heat in insects, in phosphorescent bodies*, and in other cases in which its existence had not even been suspected. Melloni's thermo-electric pile consisted of fifty slender bars of bismuth and antimony placed alternately in

a bundle, each being thirty millimeters long and ninety-six centimeters square. They are soldered at their extremities with an insulating substance to prevent them from touching except at their extremities. The two terminal faces of the bundle are blackened. When placed in a galvano-multiplier with two needles, this instrument had such a degree of sensibility, that it detects the heat which radiates from the body of a person placed at the distance of twenty-five feet! Among the ingenious uses of thermo-electricity, we must mention its application to measure the temperatures of the organic tissues of man and of animals. This was done by introducing mixed metallic needles the twentieth of an inch in diameter, by acupuncture, into an organic tissue. When the solderings of one of these thermometric needles was placed in the mouth of a young man, and the other in the biceps muscle, a deviation of 4° in the needle was produced which was found to correspond with a temperature in the mouth of $97^{\circ}88$, and $97^{\circ}16$ for that of the biceps, giving a degree of deviation for a difference of temperature of $0^{\circ}18$.

By means of an ingenious instrument, called the Thermo-electric Pincers, M. Peltier discovered that *cold* was produced when the current went from the bismuth to the antimony, and *heat*, when it went from the antimony to the bismuth.

Omitting, as our narrow limits require, all reference to *magnetism* as an independent science, and to the beautiful discoveries in diamagnetism made by Faraday, Plucker, and others, we hasten to give a brief sketch of the applications of electricity—of the great services which it has rendered, and of those which it promises still to render, to humanity and civilization.

1. One of the most interesting applications of electricity is in the production of heat, and of a safe and brilliant light. The electric current raises the temperature of the solids and fluids through which it passes, deflagrating and fusing metals, and even boiling water. A platina wire raised into incandescence, and maintained in that state, has been used in astronomical observations as an illuminated wire in transit instruments and micrometers; and in the same state it has been successfully applied as a cautery in surgical operations, where an uniform and continuous heat was required.

We have already seen that the electric spark is the effect of heat upon the metallic or other matter in a minute state of sub-division, carried off from bodies, and traversed by the electrical discharge. When the discharge is made between charcoal points, Sir H. Davy found that a most intense and continuous light is produced, forming what is called the *Voltaic arc*, from the form of the luminous stream. This light is so brilliant, that it appears to exceed that of the sun; and it has on this account been proposed to use it in light-houses, especially in fogs, when all ordinary lights would be invisible. An apparatus for fixing this light and making it useful was constructed by our countrymen, Messrs. Staite and Petrie, and about the same time by M. Foucault. Some time after this, M. Daboscq constructed an apparatus in which this light is produced for making optical experiments. By means of an ingenious piece of clock-work, the points of the charcoal cylinders are kept at the proper distance for giving a light of continuous intensity; and it might be used with advantage in illuminating a public apartment. The expense, however, of such a method of illumination has hitherto prevented its general introduction, although a great continental company has been organized for the express purpose of lighting electrically our towns and villages. But though some time may elapse before such a grand enterprise is successful, yet there are many other minor purposes to which the electric light may even now be applied. We are all aware of the dreadful explosions and loss of life which take place in mines, when the carburetted hydrogen or fire-damp is lighted by the flame of a lamp used by the miners. M. Boussingault long ago proposed to use the electric light of a fixed pile, furnished with long conductors, which convey the current to carbon points in a hermetically sealed globe. Mr. Grove, in order to evade the difficulty of sealing the globe hermetically, proposed to use a platinum wire coiled into a helix, placed over water in the inside of a glass tube, and made incandescent by the voltaic current. With fifty pairs of nitric acid, of eight square inches of surface, he computed that he could produce a light, the intensity of which would be to that of a wax taper as 1444 to 1, at an expense of no great magnitude.

For illuminating submarine works, or

works carried on at night, or making explorations at the bottom of the sea, or raising up submerged property, the electric light obtained from copper wires insulated with gutta percha may be advantageously employed.

But it is not merely the light of electric currents that has had an important application. The heat which the current liberates renders incandescent the wire which it traverses, and we are enabled to convey this heat to any distance from its origin without its being manifested between this and the point of its application. It is thus that electricity, as suggested by the late Dr. Hare, is particularly valuable in the explosion of mines, by the ignition of cartridges placed in the spot where the explosion is to be effected.

When the electrical light passes through a vacuum formed in a globe or cylinder, the opposite ends of which transmit the electrical current, (an experiment called the *Electric Egg*,) Davy found the voltaic arc between charcoal points to be six or seven inches long—double of what it is in air, and the light fully as vivid. When the air in the globe or in the receiver of an air-pump is sufficiently rarefied, and the electricity passes between a metallic crescent with a number of angular projections, and a circular segment of metal with corresponding projections, the whole of the globe or receiver will be filled with a magnificent light, and columns of fire will dart, in imitation of the *Aurora Borealis*, from the projections of one plate to those of the other. When the electric spark produced by Rumkorff's induction apparatus passes through a glass globe containing rarefied air from one brass ball to another, electric glows, as they are called, are seen round the two balls; the light round the negative ball and rod being *violet*, and that round the positive ball a *fiery red*. In a good vacuum, Mr. Gassiot observed half the *negative* ball surrounded by a *brilliant blue* flame, while a line of *brilliant red* light escaped from the *positive* ball, the space between these two lights being perfectly dark. M. Quet, in making this experiment in a vacuum containing the vapor of alcohol or oil of turpentine, discovered that the light which issued from the two balls consisted of a succession of brilliant strata separated by dark spaces, a phenomenon ascribed by Mr. Grove to interference. When a magnet is held up out-

side the globe, and moved about, the strata of light are acted upon by it as if they were movable conductors—a remarkable fact, which has been established by Mr. Grove and M. Plucker of Bonn.

So recently as the thirteenth December, 1858, an interesting paper on this subject has been presented to the Academy of Sciences, by MM. Quet and Seguin. If a Leyden jar, feebly charged, is discharged through a cylindrical tube of Giesler, they found that the stream of brilliant light which it formed was stratified throughout its whole length. When the first discharge of the jar was strong, there was no stratification; but when two or three more feeble ones were subsequently made, the stratification took place. When the electrical current of an inductive machine passes through a cylindrical tube of Giesler, by connecting the two ends of its wires with the electrodes of the tube, (the points between which the current passes,) stratified light is immediately obtained. If we now grasp the tube with two fingers, or surround it with a sheet of tin communicating with the ground, the *brilliant* strata separate from one another in front of the conductor on the side of the positive pole, and there is formed on the side of the conductor a wide obscure stratum.*

2. A most important application of electricity has been made in the protection of buildings from lightning by means of pointed metallic conductors, raised above the most elevated parts of them, and communicating with the ground. There is reason to think that this practice was an ancient one. When Prometheus stole fire from heaven, he is said to have perpetrated the theft by *bringing it down at the end of a ferula or rod*. According to Columella, Tarchus protected his house from lightning by *surrounding it with white vines*; and it seems very probable that the temple of Jerusalem was protected by *the very sharp golden or gilt spikes* that rose from its roof, which was covered with plates of gold.†

The numerous accidents which have happened to churches with towers and spires, and all elevated buildings, place beyond a doubt the propriety of protect-

* *Comptes Rendus*, etc., Dec. 13, 1858, tom. xlvii. p. 964.

† See *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1844, vol. lxxx. p. 53.

ing them with conductors. In powder magazines, and store-houses containing combustible materials, they are urgently required; and we are happy to say, that to ships, both of the royal and the mercantile navy, the beautiful invention of Sir William Snow Harris, who makes the conductors an integral part of the masts and hull, is almost universally applied, and has saved to the nation much property, and to society many valuable lives.

3. The application of electricity to the electric telegraph is doubtless of peculiar value, and promises to contribute more than any other invention to promote the best interest of humanity and civilization. What has been done in the past, and what may be expected in the future, from this great invention, has been fully treated of in our articles on the Electric* and on the Atlantic Telegraphs.†

4. To various mechanical and scientific arts electricity has richly contributed. In the electrotpe or the electroplating of metals, in which gold, silver, copper, etc., in solution, is deposited by voltaic electricity on nickel, or other metals, and on metallized wood, or any other substance on which plumbago can be rubbed, the most magnificent articles of utility or of luxury have been produced. The same art has enabled Mr. Paul Pretsch to obtain copper-plates from photographs, and from drawings of every kind.‡ Nor has electricity been less liberal to the industrial arts, and to practical astronomy. Its application to weaving by M. Bonelli, is, as M. De La Rive remarks, "a great and a beautiful invention." "Although the electric loom," he continues, "at the point to which its inventor has brought it, can not advantageously replace, in all its relations, the Jacquard system, it is not the less an eminently useful application of electricity, the characteristic properties of which here find their employment; and it is more than probable that progressive improvements in the arrangement and details of the apparatus, will end by giving to it a marked superiority over the loom at present employed."

In the metallurgic process of separating iron from the dross or slag which accompanies it, electro-magnetism has been successfully employed. "We are indebted

to M. Froment," says M. De La Rive, "for an electro-sorting apparatus, which, by its proportions, the rapidity with which it acts, and the quantity of material upon which it is able to operate, assumes the rank of an industrial machine." The iron ore, reduced and pulverized, is spread continually on one of the extremities of a revolving cloth, drawn under a vertical wheel, with eighteen electro-magnets on its circumference. The lowest electro-magnet only receives the current, and being in the magnetic state, it attracts the iron particles in the ore; and, after passing on a little farther, it is demagnetized, and drops upon an inclined plane the adhering iron. The following electro-magnet does the same, and thus the pure iron is eventually separated from its dross.

Electro-magnetism has also been applied by M. Nickles to effect the adhesion of locomotives to the rails; and M. Achard has employed it in the construction of an *electric break*, for putting in action all the breaks of a train when the engine-driver desires to stop it.

In astronomy and horology, electro-magnetism has found valuable applications. Messrs. Bond, of the United States Observatory at Cambridge, have employed it in recording observations instantaneously on paper many hundred miles off if necessary. Mr. Airy has applied it to various important purposes in the Greenwich Observatory, but specially to the determination of the difference of longitude between places remote from each other.

Messrs. Wheatstone, Bain, and Steinheil were almost simultaneously occupied with the curious problem of multiplying by electro-magnetism the indications of a single clock; that is, transporting to any number of counting apparatuses, or sham clocks, the indications of a type clock. In this way all the clocks of a city or of an establishment may be made to move in coincidence, a process finely effected by M. Froment.

Electro-magnetism has also been made the motive power in clocks—a substitute for weights and springs. Mr. Bain, of Edinburgh, was the first person who, by the action of two real magnets on a helix traversed by a current, maintained the motion of a pendulum—an invention greatly improved by M. Froment.

Electro-magnetic instruments, called Chronoscopes, for measuring short inter-

* See vol. xxii. p. 545.

† See vol. xxix. p. 519.

‡ See vol. xxix. p. 208.

vals of time, and estimating the velocity of projectiles, were first proposed by Mr. Wheatstone, and have been constructed by MM. Pouillet, Breguet, Siemens, and Henry.

The principle of electric bells used at railway stations has been applied by M. Mirand, in place of ordinary bells, in houses and hotels; and these bells not only ring, but convey orders to the servants or waiters.

The enormous power of electro-magnets has led philosophers to suppose that they might be usefully employed as the first movers of machinery; and various most ingenious contrivances, well described by M. De La Rive, have been invented for this purpose. The late Mr. Sturgeon pumped water with an electro-magnetic power. M. Jacobi employed the electro-magnetic power to impel a boat on the Neva at St. Petersburg. In 1848, we sailed at the rate of a mile an hour in a boat thus impelled, and constructed by Mr. Dillwyn; and Mr. Davidson, of Aberdeen, used the same power in driving a turning-lathe. It appears, however, from the researches of Mr. Joule and others, that, under the most favorable circumstances, the power obtained from magnetism must cost twenty-five times as much as that from steam.

5. The application of electricity to the art of healing has been admirably treated by M. De La Rive in a long chapter, full of the most important information, and

deserving the special study of medical practitioners. He describes the apparatus employed, analyzes the direct and indirect therapeutic or healing effects which electricity produces, and examines the particular cases to which the art is applicable.

Such is a brief sketch of some of the more popular branches of electricity, in so far as they may be understood without the use of diagrams. If the reader has, to any extent, followed us in our attempt to instruct him, he will have acquired much useful knowledge, and can not fail to recognize that marvelous wisdom which has turned to so many human purposes so subtle and mysterious a power as the electric fluid. Nor will he fail to admire the industry and genius by which its laws have been established, and its applications ascertained, and to seek for more precise and more ample information on any of the subjects which have specially interested him.

In such a study he will find the work of M. De La Rive the best of guides — a truly philosophical and practical treatise, written by one who has extended the boundaries of the science by his own inventions and discoveries; who has searched with patience every available source of information; who possesses the rare power of perspicuous and popular exposition; and who has endeavored to do justice to the various philosophers who have been engaged in the same inquiries.

ORIGIN OF THE COMMONS HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT. — As arts, commerce, and trade began to take root and flourish, it became necessary to summon some of the members of the independent communities, that had grown up in cities and boroughs, to the Great Council, not as barons, but as citizens and burgesses. For similar reasons, the freeholders, or those who had emancipated themselves from vassalage and had acquired absolute property in the soil, had to be represented by knights of the shire, elected from amongst themselves, to enable the king to collect revenue from their rich brethren. The exact date at which our Constitution took this shape is the subject of much doubt; but it is certain that in the reign of Henry III., (1266,) Simon de Montfort,

Earl of Leicester, and the king's minister, issued writs directing the election of two knights for every county, two citizens for every city, and two burgesses for every borough, to serve in the Grand Council of the Kingdom. In the reign of Edward III., the laws were declared to be made with the consent of the "commonalty," which, by a royal charter, is then acknowledged as an "estate of the realm;" and subsequently, by a statute passed in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of the same monarch, it was declared "that no taleage or aid shall be taken without the good-will and consent of the archbishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other freemen of the land." — "*How we are Governed.*"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

B R E A K I N G T H E I C E .

A MODEST CONFESSION. AFTER THE STYLE OF AN AMERICAN POET.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

It was going out a walking,
Out a walking with my mother,
That first took me into courting,
 And for me a husband got ;
Now, had I gone out a walking
With my father, or my brother,
There would have been no flirtation,
 And I should have married not :
At that season married not.

For, you see, 'twas thus it happened :
We, that is, I and my mother,
Being weary, warm, and thirsty,
 Went into a pastry-cook's ;
There we sat, with others, gazing
Furtively at one another,
With a " Who-are-you ? " expression—
 Very speculative looks :
Very grave and ghostly looks.

So we sat, in solemn silence,
Having ordered two pine-ices,
Which we scraped with great precision,
 And a modest mincing air ;
And we took two wedgy slices
Of that primrose-tinted pound-cake,
Which the little children covet,
 And is always lying there :
Temptingly inviting there.

Well, as I my ice was scraping
With a spoon, in dainty dalliance,
And my mother closed her eyelids,
 (For the cold her teeth had bitten,)
Suddenly I saw reflected
By a mirror's silver radiance,
Some one's gaze upon me settled—
 That of one immensely smitten :
One unquestionably smitten.

Young he was, and slim of figure,
With his garments loosely fitting ;
And a chain of gold, suspended
 On his vest, held trinkets rare ;
And a collar, stiff and tiny,
Fixed his head, as he was sitting,
So that he, to turn towards me,
 Was obliged to turn his chair :
That was why he moved his chair.

Yes, I *knew* he was a lover,
And no foolish imitation,
For his manner was respectful,
 And his homage was profound ;
And the Bath bun he was eating,
Lost in fervent admiration,
With poetic resignation,
 He let fall upon the ground :
Down upon the gritty ground.

That his little dog devoured—
A dear, clever, loving creature,
With two beady eyes that glistened
 Through long soft and silky hair ;
And his master, smiling on him,
Showed to me, in every feature,
Qualities so sweet to woman,
 Gentleness and kindness rare :
Qualities extremely rare.

Then I somehow let *my* cake fall,
Trying all in vain to catch it ;
And the spoon too followed after
 Down upon the dusty floor.
At the morsel rushed the poodle,
Eagerly at once to snatch it,
But his master said, " Come here, sir ! "
 That he said, and nothing more :
To the poodle nothing more.

Then advancing most politely,
And with charming self-possession,
With one hand he took his hat off,
 And the other raised the spoon ;
Then, with a devout expression,
And a bow that spoke his feelings,
He to me another handed,
 Which the shopmaid brought him soon :
For a shopmaid, very soon.

All the while this was transpiring,
(Moments sometimes are as ages,)
Many eyes on me were resting
 With a most unpleasant stare ;
And my mother, who, of late years,
One thing at a time engages,
On the pine-ice, most intently,
 Still bestowed her tender care :
Patient and exclusive care.

Then the little dog advancing,
 With intelligence surprising,
 Came to me, all uninvited,
 And a begging posture took ;
 So his flossy head I patted,
 Much timidity disguising,
 When a card into my hand he
 Placed with quite a knowing look :
 Placed with quite a Christian look.

Then he ran away delighted,
 While his tail wagged without measure,
 And his master seemed regarding
 Some lone fly that crawled above ;

Then upon the card so glossy
 Words I read with secret pleasure,
 For it bore this superscription :
 "To the lady I *could* love :
 To the lady I could *love*."

This was how the ice was broken,
 And commenced my woman's mission ;
 And that card I slyly treasure
 In a perfumed box of gold.
 And the messenger that bore it
 Dozes on a velvet cushion,
 Jealous of a lovely baby,
 My sweet Constance, one year old :
 Our sweet Constance, one year old.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING TWO BLISTERS OF HUMANITY.

BEING THOUGHTS ON PETTY MALIGNITY AND PETTY TRICKERY.

It is highly improbable that any reader, of ordinary power of imagination, would guess the particular surface on which the paper is spread whereon I am at the present moment writing. Such is the reflection which flows naturally from my pencil's point as it begins to darken this page. I am seated on a manger, in a very light and snug stable, and my paper is spread upon a horse's face, occupying the flat part between the eyes. You would not think, unless you tried, what an extensive superficies may there be found. If you put a thin book next the horse's skin, you will write with the greater facility ; and you will find, as you sit upon the edge of the manger, that the animal's head occupies a position which, as regards hight and slope, is sufficiently convenient. His mouth, it may be remarked, is not far from your knees, so that it would be highly inexpedient to attempt the operation with a vicious, biting brute, or indeed with any horse of whose temper you are not well assured. But you, my good Old Boy, (for such is the quadruped's name,) you would not bite your master. Too many carrots have you received from his hand ; too many pieces of bread have you licked up from his extended palm. A thought has struck me which I wish to preserve in writing, though, indeed, at this rate it will be a long time before I work my way to it. I am waiting here for five minutes till my man-servant shall return with something for which he has been sent, and wherefore should even five minutes be wasted ? Life is not very long, and the minutes in which one can write with ease are not very many. And perhaps the newness of such a place of writing may communicate something of freshness to what is traced by a somewhat jaded hand. You winced a little, Old Boy, as I disposed my book and this scrap of an old letter on your face, but now you stand perfectly still. On either side of this page I see a large eye looking down wistfully ; above the page a pair of ears are cocked in quiet curiosity, but with no indication of fear. Not that you are deficient in spirit, my dumb friend ; you will do your twelve miles an hour with any steed within some

miles of you; but a long course of kindness has gentled you as well as Mr. Rarey could have done, though no more than seven summers have passed over your head. Let us ever, kindly reader, look with especial sympathy and regard at any inferior animal on which the doom of man has fallen, and which must eat its food, if not in the sweat of its brow, then in that of its sides. Curious, that a creature should be called all through life to labor, for which yet there remains no rest! As for us human beings, we can understand and we can bear with much evil, and many trials and sorrows here, because we are taught that all these form the discipline which shall prepare us for another world—a world that shall set this right. But for you, my poor-fellow-creature, I think with sorrow as I write here, upon your head, there remains no such immortality as remains for me. What a difference between us! You to your sixteen or eighteen years here, and then oblivion. I to my threescore-and-ten, and then eternity! Yes, the difference is immense; and it touches me to think of your life and mine, of your doom and mine. I know a house where, at morning and evening prayer, when the household assembles, among the servants there always walks in a certain shaggy little dog, who listens with the deepest attention and the most solemn gravity to all that is said, and then, when prayers are over, goes out again with his friends. I can not witness that silent procedure without being much moved by the sight. Ah! my fellow-creature, *this* is something in which you have no part! Made by the same Hand, breathing the same air, sustained like us by food and drink, you are witnessing an act of ours which relates to interests that do not concern you, and of which you have no idea. And so, here we are—you standing at the manger, Old Boy, and I sitting upon it; the mortal and the immortal, close together; your nose on my knee, my paper on your head; yet with something between us broader than the broad Atlantic. As for you, if you suffer here, there is no other life to make up for it. Yet it would be well if many of those who are your betters in the scale of creation fulfilled their Creator's purposes as well as you. He gave you strength and swiftness, and you use these to many a valuable end: not many of the superior race will venture to

say that they turn the powers God gave them to account as worthy of their nature. If it come to the question of deserving, you deserve better than me. Forgive me, my fellow-creature, if I have sometimes given you an angry flick, when you shied a little at a pig or a donkey. But I know you bear me no malice; you forget the flicks, (they are not many,) and you think rather of the bread and the carrots, of the times I have pulled your ears, and smoothed your neck, and patted your nose. And forasmuch as this is all your life, I shall do my very best to make it a comfortable one. *Happiness*, of course, is something which you can never know. Yet, my friend and companion through many weary miles, you shall have a deep-littered stall, and store of corn and hay so long as I can give them; and may this hand never write another line if it ever does you willful injury.

Into this paragraph has my pencil of its own accord rambled, though it was taken up to write about something else. And such is the happiness of the writer of essays: he may wander about the world of thought at his will. The style of the essayist has attained what may be esteemed the perfection of freedom, when it permits him, in writing upon any subject whatsoever, to say whatever may occur to him upon any other subject. And truly it is a pleasing thing for one long trammelled by the requirements of a rigorous logic, and fettered by thoughts of symmetry, connection, and neatness in the discussion of his topic, to enter upon a fresh field where all these things go for nothing, and to write for readers many of whom would never notice such characteristics if they were present, nor ever miss them if they were absent. There is all the difference between plodding wearily along the dusty highway, and rambling through green fields, and over country stiles, leisurely, saunteringly, going no where in particular. You would not wish to be always desultory and rambling, but it is pleasant to be so now and then. And there is a delightful freedom about the feeling that you are producing an entirely unsymmetrical composition. It is fearful work, if you have a thousand thoughts and shades of thought about any subject, to get them all arranged in what a logician would call their proper places. It is like having a dissected puzzle of a thousand pieces given you in confusion, and being required to

fit all the little pieces of ivory into their box again. By most men this work of orderly and symmetrical composition can be done well only by its being done comparatively slowly. In the case of ordinary folk the mind is a machine, which may, indeed, by putting on extra pressure, be worked faster; but the result is the deterioration of the material which it turns off. It is an extraordinary gift of nature and training, when a man is like Follett, who, after getting the facts of an involved and intricate case into his mind only at one or two o'clock in the morning, could appear in Court at nine A.M., and there proceed to state the case and all his reasonings upon it, with the very perfection of logical method, every thought in its proper place, and all this at the rate of rapid extempore speaking. The difference between the rate of writing and that of speaking, with most men, makes the difference between producing good material and bad. A great many minds can turn off a fair manufacture at the rate of writing, which, when over-driven to keep pace with speaking, will bring forth very poor stuff indeed. And besides this, most people can not grasp a large subject in all its extent and its bearings, and get their thoughts upon it marshaled and sorted, unless they have at least two or three days to do so. At first all is confusion and indefiniteness, but gradually things settle into order. Hardly any mind, by any effort, can get them into order quickly. If at all, it is by a tremendous exertion; whereas the mind has a curious power, without any perceptible effort, of arranging in order thoughts upon any subject, if you give it time. Who that has ever written his ideas on some involved point but knows this? You begin by getting up information on the subject about which you are to write. You throw into the mind, as it were, a great heap of crude, unordered material. From this book and that book, from this review and that newspaper, you collect the observations of men who have regarded your subject from quite different points of view, and for quite different purposes; you throw into the mind cart-load after cart-load of facts and opinions, with a despairing wonder how you will ever be able to get that huge, contradictory, vague mass into any thing like shape and order. And if, the minute you had all your matter accumulated, you were called on to state what you

knew or thought upon the subject, you could not do so for your life in any satisfactory manner. You would not know where to begin, or how to go on; it would be all confusion and bewilderment. Well, do not make the slightest effort. What is impossible now will be quite easy by and by. The peas, which cost a sovereign a pint at Christmas, are quite cheap in their proper season. Go about other things for three or four days; and at the end of that time you will be aware that the machinery of your mind, voluntarily and almost unconsciously playing, has sorted and arranged that mass of matter which you threw into it. Where all was confusion and uncertainty, all is now order and clearness; and you see exactly where to begin, and what to say next, and where and how to leave off.

The probability is, that all this has not been done without an effort, and a considerable amount of labor. But then, instead of the labor having been all at once, it has been very much subdivided. The subject was simmering in your mind all the while, though you were hardly aware of it. Time after time, you took a little run at it, and saw your way a little farther through it. But this multitude of little separate and momentary efforts does not count for much; though in reality, if they were all put together, they would probably be found to have amounted to as much as the prolonged exertion which would at a single heat have attained the end. A large result, attained by innumerable little detached efforts, seems as if it had been attained without any effort at all.

Having worked through this preliminary matter, I now come to the subject which was in my mind when I began to write on the horse's head. I am not in the stable now; for the business which detained me there is long since dispatched: and after all, it is more convenient to write at one's study-table. I wish to say something concerning certain evils which press upon humanity; and which are to the mind very much what a mustard-blister is to the body. To the healthy man or woman they probably do not do much serious harm; but they maintain a very constant irritation. They worry and annoy. It is extremely interesting, in reading the published diaries of several great and good men, to find them recording on how many days they were put out of sorts, vexed and irritated, and rendered

unfit for their work of writing, by some piece of petty malignity or petty trickery. How well one can sympathize with that good, and great, and honest, and amiable and sterling man, Dr. Chalmers, when we find him recording in his diary, when he was a country parish minister, how he was unable to make satisfactory progress with his sermon one whole forenoon, because some tricky and over-reaching farmer in the neighborhood drove two calves into a field of his glebe, where the great man found them in the morning devouring his fine young clover! There was something very irritating and annoying in the paltry dishonesty. And the sensitive machinery of the good man's mind could not work sweetly when the gritty grains of the small vexation were fretting its polished surface. Let it be remarked in passing, that the peculiar petty dishonesty of driving cattle into a neighboring proprietor's field is far from being an uncommon one. And let me inform such as have suffered from it, of a remedy against it which has never been known to fail. If the trespassing animals be cows, wait till the afternoon; then have them well milked, and send them home. If horses, let them instantly be put in carts, and sent off ten miles to fetch lime. A sudden strength will thenceforward invest your fences; and from having been so open that no efforts on the part of your neighbors could keep their cattle from straying into your fields, you will find them all at once become wholly impervious.

But, to return, I maintain that these continual blisters, of petty trickery and petty malignity, produce a very vexatious effect. You are quite put about at finding out one of your servants in some petty piece of dishonesty or deception. You are decidedly worried if you happen to be sitting in a cottage where your coachman does not know that you are; and if you discern from the window that functionary, who never exercises your horses in your presence save at a walk, galloping them furiously over the hard stones; shaking their legs, and endangering their wind. It is annoying to find your haymakers working desperately hard and fast when you appear in the field, not aware that from amid a little clump of wood you had discerned them a minute before reposing quietly upon the fragrant heaps, and possibly that you had over-

heard them saying that they need not work very hard, as they were working for a gentleman. You would not have been displeased had you found them honestly resting on the sultry day; but you are annoyed by the small attempt to deceive you. Such pieces of petty trickery put you more out of sorts than you would like to acknowledge; and you are likewise ashamed to discover that you mind so much as you do, when some good-natured friend comes and informs you how Mr. Snarling has been misrepresenting something you have said or done; and Miss Limejuice has been telling lies to your prejudice. You are a clergyman, perhaps; and you said in your sermon last Sunday that, strong Protestant as you are, you believe that many good people may be found in the Church of Rome. Well, ever since then, Miss Limejuice has not ceased to rush about the parish, exclaiming in every house she entered: "Is not this awful? Here, on Sunday morning the rector said that we ought all to become Roman Catholics! One comfort is, the Bishop is to have him up directly. I was always sure that he was a Jesuit in disguise." Or, you are a country gentleman, and at an election-time you told one of your tenants that such a candidate was your friend, and that you would be happy if he could conscientiously vote for him, but that he was to do just what he thought right. Ever since, Mr. Snarling has been spreading a report that you went, drunk, into your tenant's house, that you thrust your fist in his face, that you took him by the collar and shook him, that you told him that, if he did not vote for your friend, you would turn him out of your farm, and send his wife and children to the work-house. For in such playful exaggerations do people in small communities not unfrequently indulge. Now, you are vexed when you hear of such pieces of petty malignity. They don't do you much harm; for most people whose opinion you value, know how much weight to attach to any statement of Miss Limejuice and Mr. Snarling; and if you try to do your duty day by day where God has put you, and to live an honest, Christian life, it will go hard but you will live down such malicious vilification. But these things worry. They act as blisters, in short, without the medicinal value of blisters. And little contemptible worries do a great deal to detract from the enjoyment of life. To meet great mis-

fortunes we gather up our endurance, and pray for divine support and guidance; but as for small blisters, the *insect cares* (as James Montgomery called them) of daily life, we are very ready to think that they are too little to trouble the Almighty with them, or even to call up our fortitude to face them. This is not a sermon; but let it be said that whosoever would learn how rightly to meet the perpetually-recurring worries of work-day existence, should read an admirable little treatise by Mrs. Stowe, the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, entitled, *Earthly Care a Heavenly Discipline*. The price of the work is one penny, but it contains advice which is worth an uncounted number of pence. Nor, as I think, are there to be found many more corroding and vexatious agencies than those which have been already named. To know that your servants, or your humbler neighbors, your trades-people, or your tenantry, or your scholars, are practicing upon you a system of petty deception; or to be informed (as you are quite sure to be informed) how such and such a mischievous (or perhaps only thoughtless) acquaintance is putting words into your mouth which you never uttered, or abusing your wife and children, or gloating over your failure to get into Parliament, or the lameness of your horses, or the speech you stuck in at the recent public dinner; all these things are pettily vexatious to many men. No doubt, over-sensitiveness is abundantly foolish. Some folk appear not merely to be thin-skinned, but to have been (morally) deprived of any skin at all; and such folk punish themselves severely enough for their folly. They wince when any one comes near them. The Pope may go wrong, but they can not. It is treasonable, it is inexpiable sin, to hint that, in judgment, in taste, in conduct, it is possible for them to deviate by a hair's-breadth from the right line of perfection. Indeed, I believe that no immorality, no criminality, would excite such wrath in some men, as to tread upon a corner of their self-conceit. Yet it is curious how little sympathy these over-sensitive people have for the sensitiveness of other people. You would say they fancied that the skin of which they have been denuded has been applied to thicken to rhinoceros callousness the moral hide of other men. They speak their mind freely to their acquaintances of their acquaintances' belongings.

They will tell an acquaintance (they have no friends, so I must repeat the word) that he made a very absurd speech, that she sung very badly, that the situation of his house (which he can not leave) is abominably dull, that his wife is foolish and devoid of accomplishments, that her husband is a man of mediocre abilities, that her little boy has red hair and a squint, that the potatoes he rears are abominably bad, that he is getting unwieldily stout, that his riding-horse has no hair on his tail. All these things, and a hundred more, such people say with that mixture of dullness of perception and small malignity of nature which go to make what is vulgarly called a person who "speaks his mind." The right way to meet such folk is by an instant reciprocal action. Just begin to speak your mind to them, and see how they look. Tell them, with calm politeness, that before expressing their opinion so confidently, they should have considered what their opinion was worth. Tell them that civility requires that you should listen to their opinion, but that they may be assured that you will act upon your own. Tell them what you think of their spelling, their punctuation, their features, their house, their carpets, their window-curtains, their general standing as members of the human race. How blue they will look! They are quite taken aback when the same petty malignity and insolence which they have been accustomed for years to carry into their neighbors' territory is suddenly directed against their own. And you will find that not only are they themselves skinlessly sensitive, but that their sensitiveness is not bounded by their own mental and corporeal being; and that it extends to the extreme limits of their horse's legs, to the very top of their chimney-pots, to every member of the profession which was honored by the choice of their great-grandfather.

You have observed, no doubt, that the mention of over-sensitive people acted upon the writer's train of thought as a pair of *points* in the rails act upon a railway train. It shunted me off the main line; and in these remarks on people who talk their mind, I have been, so to speak, running along a siding. To go back to the point where I left the line, I observe, that although it is very foolish to mind much about such small matters as being a little cheated day by day, and a good deal misrepresented now and then by amiable

acquaintances, still it is the fact that even upon people of a healthful temperament such things act as moral blisters, as moral pebbles in one's boots. The petty malignity which occasionally annoys you is generally to be found among your acquaintances, and people of the same standing with yourself; while the petty trickery for the most part exists in the case of your inferiors. I think one always feels the better for looking any small evil of life straight in the face. To define a thing, to fix its precise dimensions, almost invariably makes it look a good deal smaller. Indefiniteness much increases apparent size; so let us now examine the size and the operation of these blisters of humanity.

As for petty malignity, my reader, have you not seen a great deal of it? There are not many men who appear to love their neighbors as themselves. No one enjoys a misfortune or disappointment which befalls himself; but there is too much truth in the smart Frenchman's saying, that there is something not entirely disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of even our very best friends. The malignity, indeed, is petty. It is only in small matters. And it is rather in feeling than in action. Even that sour Miss Limejuice, though she would be very glad if your horse fell lame or your carriage upset, would not see you drowning without doing her very best to save you. Ah! poor thing! she is not so bad, after all. This has been to her but a bitter world; and no wonder if she is, on the surface, a little embittered by it. But when you get fairly through the surface of her nature, as real misfortunes and trials do, there is kindness about that withered heart yet. She would laugh at you if you broke down in your speech on the hustings; but she would throw herself in the path of a pair of furious runaway horses, to save a little child from their trampling feet. I do not believe that among ordinary people, even in a gossiping little country-town, there is much real and serious malice in this world. I cling to that belief; for if many men were truly as mischievous as you would sometimes think when you hear them talk, one might turn misanthrope and hermit at once. There is hardly a person you know who would do you any material injury; not one who would cut down your roses, or splash your entrance-gate with mud;

not one who would not gladly do you a kind turn if it lay within his power. Yet there are a good many who would with satisfaction repeat any story which might be a little to your disadvantage; which might tend to prove that you are rather silly, rather conceited, rather ill-informed. You have various friends who would not object to show up any ridiculous mistake you might happen to make; who would never forget the occasion on which it appeared that you had never heard of the *Spectator* or Sir Roger de Coverley, or that you thought that Mary Queen of Scots was the mother of George III. You have various friends who would preserve the remembrance of the day on which the rector rebuked you for talking in church; or on which your partner and yourself fell flat on the floor of the ball-room at the county town of Oatmealshire, in the midst of a galop. You have various good-natured friends to whom it would be a positive enjoyment to come and tell you what a very unfavorable opinion Mr. A—— and Mrs. B—— and Miss C—— had been expressing of your talents, character, and general conduct. How true was the remark of Sir Fretful Plagiary, that it is quite unnecessary for any man to take pains to learn any thing bad that has been said about him, inasmuch as it is quite sure to be told him by some good-natured friend or other! You have various acquaintances who will be very much gratified when a rainy day spoils the picnic to which you have invited a large party; and who will be perfectly enraptured, if you have hired a steamboat for the occasion, and if the day proves so stormy that every soul on board is deadly sick. And, indeed, it is satisfactory to think that in our uncertain climate, where so many festal days are marred as to their enjoyment, by drenching showers, there is compensation for the sufferings of the people who are ducked, in the enjoyment which that fact affords to very many of their friends. By taking a larger view of things, you discover that there is good in every thing. You were Senior Wrangler, you just miss being made a Bishop at forty-two. No doubt that was a great disappointment to yourself; but think what a joy it was to some scores of fellows whom you beat at College, and who hate you accordingly. Some months ago a proprietor in this country was raised to the peerage. His tenantry were enter-

tained at a public dinner in honor of the event. The dinner was held in a large canvas pavilion. The day came. It was fearfully stormy, and torrents of rain fell. A perfect shower-bath was the portion of many of the guests; and finally the canvas walls and roof broke loose, smashed the crockery, and whelmed the feast in fearful ruin. During the nine days which followed, the first remark made by every one you met was: "What a sad pity about the storm spoiling the dinner at Stuckup Place!" And the countenance of every one who thus expressed his sorrow was radiant with joy! And quite natural too. They would have felt real regret had the new peer been drowned or shot; but the petty malignity which dwells in the human bosom made them rejoice at the small but irritating misfortune which had befallen. Shall I confess it, *mea culpa, mea maxima culpa*, I rejoiced in common with all my fellow-creatures! I was ashamed of the feeling. I wished to ignore it and extinguish it; but there was no doubt that it was there. And if Lord Newman was a person of enlarged and philosophic mind, he would have rejoiced that a small evil, which merely mortified himself and gave bad colds to his tenantry, afforded sensible pleasure to several thousands of his fellow-men. Yes, my reader; it is well that a certain measure of small malice is ingrained in our fallen nature. For thus some pleasure comes out of almost all pain; some good from almost all evil. Your little troubles vex you, but they gratify your friends. Your horse comes down and smashes his knees. No doubt, to you and your groom it is unmingled bitterness. But every man within several miles, whose horse's knees have already been smashed, hails the event as a real blessing to himself. You signally fail of getting into Parliament, though you stood for a county in which you fancied that your own influence and that of your connections was all-powerful. No doubt, you are sadly mortified. No doubt you do not look like yourself for several weeks. But what chuckles of joy pervade the hearts and faces of five hundred fellows who have no chance of getting into the House themselves, and who dislike you for your huge fortune, your grand house, your countless thoroughbreds, your insufferable dignity, and your general forgetfulness of the place where

you grew, which by those around you is perfectly well remembered. And while it is true that even people of a tolerably benevolent nature do not really feel any great regret at any mortification or disappointment which befalls a wealthy and pretentious neighbor, it is also certain that a greater number of folk do actually gloat over any event which humbles the wealthy and pretentious man. You find them, with a malignant look, putting the case on a benevolent footing. "This taking-down will do him a great deal of good: he will be much the wiser and better for it." It is not uncharitable to believe, that in many cases in which such sentiments are expressed, the true feeling of the speaker is rather one of satisfaction at the pain which the disappointment certainly gives, than of satisfaction at the beneficial discipline which may possibly result from it. The thing *said* amounts to this: "I am glad that Mr. Richman has got a taking-down, because the taking-down, though painful at the time, is in fact a blessing." The thing *felt* amounts to this: "I am glad that Mr. Richman has got a taking-down, because I know it will make him very miserable." Every one who reads this page knows that this is so. Ah! my malicious acquaintances, if you know that the sentiment you entertain is one that would provoke universal execration if it were expressed, does not *that* show that you ought not to entertain it?

I have said that I do not believe there is much real malignity among ordinary men and women. It is only at the petty misfortunes of men's friends that they ever feel this unamiable satisfaction. When great sorrow befalls a friend, all this unworthy feeling goes; and the heart is filled with true sympathy and kindness. A man must be very bad indeed, if this is not the case. It strikes me as something fiend-like rather than human, Byron's savage exultation over the melancholy end of the great and amiable Sir Samuel Romilly. Romilly had given him offense by acting as legal adviser to some whom Byron regarded as his enemies. But it was babyish to cherish enmity for such a cause as that; and it was diabolical to rejoice at the sad close of that life of usefulness and honor. It was not good in James Watt, writing in old age an account of one of his many great inventions, to name very bitterly a man who had pirated it; and to add, with a vengeful chuckle, that

the poor man was "afterwards hanged." No private ground of offense should make you rejoice that your fellow-creature was hanged. You may justifiably rejoice in such a case only when the man hanged was a public offender, and an enemy of the race. Throw up your hat, if you please, when Nana Sahib stretches the hemp at last! *That* is all right. He never did harm to you individually; but you thing of Cawnpore; and it is quite fit that there should be a bitter, burning satisfaction felt at the condign punishment of one whose punishment eternal justice demands. What is the use of the gallows, if not for that incarnate demon? I think of the poor sailors who were present at the trial of a blood-thirsty pirate of the Cuban coast. "I suppose" said the one doubtingly to the other, "the devil will get that fellow." "I should hope so," was the unhesitating reply; "or what would be the use of having any devil!"

But some real mischievous malice there is, even among people who bear a creditable character. I have occasionally heard old ladies (very few) tearing up the character of a friend with looks as deadly as though their weapon had been a stiletto, instead of that less immediately fatal instrument of offense, concerning which a very high authority informs us, that in some cases it is "set on fire of hell." Ah! you poor girl, who danced three times (they call it nine) with Mr. A. at the Assembly last night, happily you do not know the venomous way in which certain spiteful tabbies are pitching into you this morning! And you, my friend, who drove along Belvidere place (the fashionable quarter of the county-town) yesterday, in your new drag with the new harness and the pair of thorough-breds, and fancied that you were charming every eye and heart, if you could but hear how your equipage and yourself were scarified last evening, as several of your elderly female acquaintances sipped together the cup that cheers! How they brought up the time that you were flogged at the public school, and the term you were rusticated at Oxford! Even the occasion was not forgotten on which your grandfather was believed, forty years since, to have rather done Mr. Softly in the matter of a glandered steed. And the peculiar theological tenets of your grandmother were set forth in a fashion that would have astounded that good old lady. And you, who are so

happily occupied in building in that beautiful woodland spot that graceful Elizabethan house, little you know how bitterly some folk, dwelling in hideous seedy mansions, sneer at you and your gimcracks, and your Gothic style in which you "go back to barbarism." You, too, my friend, lately made a Queen's counsel, or a judge, or a bishop, if the shafts of envy could kill you, you would not live long. It is curious, by the way, how detraction follows a man when he first attains to any eminent place in State or Church; how keenly his qualifications are canvassed; how loudly his unfitness for his situation is proclaimed; and how, when a few months have passed, every body gets quite reconciled to the appointment, and accepts it as one of the conditions of human affairs. Sometimes, indeed, the right man, by emphasis, is put in the right place; so unquestionably the right man that even envy is silenced: as when Lord St. Leonards was made Lord Chancellor, or when Mr. Melvill was appointed to preach before the House of Commons. But even when men who had been plucked at the University were made bishops, or princes who had never seen a gun fired in anger field-marshal, or briefless barristers judges, although a general outcry arose at the time, it very speedily died away. When you find a man actually in a place, you do not weigh his claims to be there so keenly as if you were about to appoint him to it. If a resolute premier made Tom Spring a chief-justice, I doubt not that in six weeks the country would be quite accustomed to the fact, and accept it as part of the order of nature. How else is it that the nation is content to have blind and deaf generals placed in high command, and infirm old admirals going to sea who ought to be going to bed?

It is a sad fact that there are men and women who will, without much investigation as to its truth, repeat a story to the prejudice of some man or woman whom they know. They are much more critical in weighing the evidence in support of a tale to a friend's credit and advantage. I do not think they would absolutely invent such a calumnious narrative; but they will repeat, if it has been told them, what, if they do not know it to be false, they also do not know to be true, and strongly suspect to be false.

My friend, Mr. C., rector of a parish in

Hampshire, has a living of about five hundred a year. Some months ago he bought a horse, for which he paid fifty pounds. Soon after he did so, I met a certain malicious old woman who lived in his neighborhood. "So," said she, with a look far from benevolent, "Mr. C. has gone and paid a hundred pounds for a horse! Monstrous extravagance for a man with his means and with a family." "No, Miss Verjuice," I replied; "Mr. C. did not pay nearly the sum you mention for his horse; he paid no more for it than a man of his means could afford." Miss Verjuice was not in the least discomfited by the failure of her first shaft of petty malignity. She had another in her quiver, which she instantly discharged. "Well," said she, with a face of deadly ferocity, "if Mr. C. did not pay a hundred pounds for his horse, *at all events he said he did!*" This was the drop too much. I told Miss Verjuice, with considerable asperity, that my friend was incapable of petty vamping and petty falsehood; and in my book, from that day forward, there has stood a black cross against the individual's name.

Egypt, it seems, is the country where malevolence, in the sense of pure envy of people who are better off, is most prevalent and is most feared. People there believe that the envious eye does harm to those on whom it rests. Thus, they are afraid to possess fine houses, furniture, and horses, lest they should excite envy and bring misfortune. And when they allow their children to go out for a walk, they send them dirty and ill-dressed, for fear the covetous eye should injure them:

"At the bottom of this superstition is an enormous prevalence of envy among the lower Egyptians. You see it in all their fictions. Half of the stories told in the coffee-shops by the professional story-tellers, of which the *Arabian Nights* are a specimen, turn on malevolence. Malevolence, not attributed, as it would be in European fiction, to some insult or injury inflicted by the person who is its object, but to mere envy; envy of wealth, or of the other means of enjoyment, honorably acquired and liberally used."*

A similar envy, no doubt, occasionally exists in this country; but people here are too enlightened to fancy that it can do them any harm. Indeed, so far from

standing in fear of exciting envy by their display of possessions and advantages, some people feel much gratified at the thought of the amount of envy and malignity which they are likely to excite. "Won't old Hunks turn green with fury," said a friend to me, "the first time I drive up to his door with those horses?" They were, indeed, beautiful animals; but their proprietor appeared to prize them less for the pleasure they afforded himself, than for the mortification they would inflict on certain of his neighbors. "Won't Mrs. Grundy burst with spite when she sees this drawing-room?" was the remark of my lately-married cousin, Henrietta, when she showed me that very pretty apartment for the first time. "Won't Snooks be ferocious," said Mr. Dryasdust, the book-collector, "when he hears that I have got this almost unique edition?" Ah! my fellow-creatures, we are indeed a fallen race!

Hazlitt maintains that the petty malignity of mortals finds its most striking field in the matter of will-making. He says:

"The last act of our lives seldom belies the former tenor of them for stupidity, caprice, and unmeaning spite. All that we seem to think of is to manage matters so (in settling accounts with those who are so unmannerly as to survive us) as to do as little good, and plague and disappoint as many people, as possible."*

Every one knows that this brilliant essayist was accustomed to deal in sweeping assertions; and it is to be hoped that such cases as that which he here describes form the exception to the rule. But it must be admitted that most of us have heard of wills at whose reading we might almost imagine their malicious maker fancied he might be invisibly present to chuckle over the disappointment and mortification which he was dealing even from his grave. Cases are also recorded in which rich old bachelors have played upon the hopes of half a dozen poor relations, by dropping hints to each separately that *he* was to be the fortunate heir of all their wealth; and then have left their fortune to an hospital, or have departed from this world intestate, leaving an inheritance mainly of quarrels, heart-burnings, and Chancery suits. How often the cringing, tale-bearing toady, who has borne the ill-humors of a rich sour old

* Archbishop Whateley's *Bacon*, p. 97.

* *Table Talk*, vol. i. p. 171. "*Essay on Will-making.*"

maid for thirty years, in the hope of a legacy, is cut off with nineteen guineas for a mourning-ring! You would say perhaps, "Serve her right." I differ from you. If any one likes to be toadied, he ought in honesty to pay for it. He knows quite well he would never have got it save for the hope of payment; and you have no more right to swindle some poor creature out of years of cringing and flattering than out of pounds of money. A very odd case of petty malice in will-making was that of a man who, not having a penny in this world, left a will in which he bequeathed to his friends and acquaintance large estates in various parts of England, money in the funds, rings, jewels, and plate. His inducement was the prospect of the delight of his friends at first learning about the rich possessions which were to be theirs, and then the bitter disappointment at finding how they had been hoaxed. Such deceptions and hoaxes are very cruel. Who does not feel for poor Moore and his wife, receiving a lawyer's letter just at a season of special embarrassment, to say that some deceased admirer of the poet had left him five hundred pounds, and, after being buoyed up with hope for a few days, finding that some malicious rascal had been playing upon them! No; poor people know that want of money is too serious a matter to be joked about.

Let me conclude what I have to say about petty malignity by observing that I am very far from maintaining that all unfavorable remark about people you know proceeds from this unamiable motive. Some folk appear to fancy that if you speak of any man in any terms but those of superlative praise, this must be because you bear him some ill-will; they can not understand that you may merely wish to speak truth and do justice. Every person who writes a stupid book and finds it unfavorably noticed in any review, instantly concludes that the reviewer must be actuated by some petty spite. The author entirely overlooks the alternative that his book may be said to be bad because it is bad, and because it is the reviewer's duty to say so if he thinks so. I remember to have heard the friend of a lady who had published a bitterly bad and unbecoming work, speaking of the notice of it which had appeared in a periodical of the very highest class. The notice was of course unfavorable. "Oh!"

said the writer's friend, "I know why the review was so disgraceful; the man who wrote it was lately jilted, and he hates all women in consequence!" It happened that I had very good reason to know who wrote the depreciatory article, and I could declare that the motive assigned to the reviewer had not the least existence in fact.

Unfavorable remark has frequently no earthly connection with malignity, great or petty. It is quite fit that, as in people's presence politeness requires that you should say what you think of them, you should have an opportunity of doing so in their absence; and every one feels when the limits of fair criticism are passed. What *could* you do if, after listening with every appearance of interest to some old lady's wearisome vamping, you felt bound to pretend, after you had made your escape, that you thought her conversation was extremely interesting? What a relief it is to tell what you have suffered to some sympathetic friend! I have heard injudicious people say, as something much to a man's credit, that he never speaks of any mortal except in his praise. I do not think the fact is to the man's advantage. It appears to prove either that the man is so silly that he thinks every thing he hears and sees to be good, or that he is so crafty and reserved that he will not commit himself by saying what he thinks. Outspoken good-nature will sometimes get into scrapes from which self-contained craft will keep free; but the man who, to use Miss Edgeworth's phrase, "thinks it best in general not to speak of things," will be liked by nobody.

By petty trickery I mean that small deception which annoys and worries you, without doing you material harm. Thus it passes petty trickery when a bank publishes a swindling report, on the strength of whose false representations of prosperity you invest your hard-won savings in its stock and lose them all. It passes petty trickery when your clerk absconds with some hundreds of pounds. It indicates petty trickery when you find your servants writing their letters on your crested note-paper, and inclosing them in your crested envelopes. It indicates that at some time or other a successful raid has been made upon your paper-drawer. It indicates petty trickery when you find your horses' ribs beginning to be con-

spicuous, though they are only half-worked and are allowed three feeds of corn a day. Observe your coachman then, my friend. Some of your corn is going where it should not. It indicates petty trickery when your horses' coats are full of dust, though whenever you happen to be present they are groomed with incredible vigor; they are not so in your absence. It indicates petty trickery when, suddenly turning a corner, you find your coachman galloping the horses along the turnpike-road at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour. It indicates petty trickery when you find your neighbors' cows among your clover. It indicates petty trickery when you find amid a cottager's stock of fire-wood several palisades taken from your park-fence. It indicates petty trickery when you discern in the morning the traces of very large hob-nailed shoes crossing your wife's flower-garden towards the tree where the magnum-bonums are nearly ripe. But why extend the catalogue? Every man can add to it a hundred instances. Says Bacon: "The small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deal to make a list of them." Who could make such a list? What numbers of people are practicing petty trickery at every hour of the day! Yet, forasmuch as these tricks are small and pretty frequently seen through, they form only a blister; they are irritating but not dangerous; and it is very irritating to know that you have been cheated, to however small an extent. How inestimable is a thoroughly honest servant! Apart from any thing like principle, if servants did but know it, it is well worth their while to be strictly truthful and reliable; they are then valued so much. It is highly expedient, besides being right. And not only is it extremely vexatious to find out any domestic dishonesty of any kind; not only does it act as a blister at the moment, but it fosters in one's self a suspicious habit of mind which has in it something degrading. It is painful to be obliged to feel that you must keep a strict watch upon your stable or your granary. You have somewhat of the feeling of a spy; yet you can not, if you have ordinary powers of observation, shut your eyes to what passes round you.

There is, indeed, some petty trickery which is highly venial, not to say pleasing. When a little child, on being offered a third plate of plum-pudding, says, with a

wistful and half-ashamed look, "No, thank you," well you know that the statement is not entirely candid, and that the poor little thing would be sadly disappointed if you took him at his word. Think of your own childish days; think what plum-pudding was then, and instantly send the little man a third plate, larger than the previous two. So if your gardener gets wet to the skin in mowing a little bit of turf, in a drenching summer-shower, which turns it, parched for the last fortnight, to emerald green, tell him he must be very wet, and give him a glass of whisky; never mind, though he, in his politeness, declares that he does not want the whisky, and is perfectly dry and comfortable. You will find him very readily dispose of the proffered refreshment. So if you go into a poor, but spotlessly-clean little cottage, where a lonely widow of eighty sits by her spinning-wheel. Her husband and her children are dead, and there she is, all alone, waiting till she goes to rejoin them. A poor, dog's-eared, ill-printed Bible lies on the rickety deal-table near. You take a large parcel which you have brought wrapped in brown paper; and as you talk with the good old Christian, you gradually untie it. A well-sized volume appears; it is the Volume which is worth all the rest that ever were written; and you tell your aged friend that you have brought her a Bible, with great, clear type, which will be easily read by her failing eyes, and you ask her to accept it. You see the flush of joy and gratitude on her face, and you do not mind though she says something which is not strictly true—that it was too kind of you, that she did not need it, that she could manage with the old one yet. Nor would you severely blame the brave fellow who jumped off a bridge forty feet high, and pulled out your brother when he was just sinking in a flooded river, if, when you thanked him with a full heart for the risk he had run, he replied, in a careless, good-humored way, that he had really done nothing worth the speaking of. The brave man is pained by your thanks: but he thought of his wife and children when he leaped from the parapet, and he knew well that he was hazarding his life. And he is perfectly aware that the statement which he makes is not consistent with fact—but surely you would never call him a trickster!

Mr. J. S. Mill, unquestionably a very

courageous as well as a very able writer, has declared in a recent publication, that, in Great Britain, the higher classes, for the most part, speak the truth, while the lower classes, almost without exception, have frequent recourse to falsehood. I think Mr. Mill must have been unfortunate in his experience of the poor. I have seen much of them, and I have found among them much honesty and truthfulness, along with great kindness of heart. They have little to give away in the form of money, but will cheerfully give their time and strength in the service of a sick neighbor. I have known a shepherd who had come in from the hills in the twilight of a cold December afternoon, weary and worn out, find that the little child of a poor widow in the next cottage had suddenly been taken ill, and without sitting down, take his stick, and walk away through the dark to the town nine miles off, to fetch the doctor. And when I told the fine fellow how much I respected his manly kindness, I found he was quite unaware that he had done any thing remarkable; "it was just what any neighbor would do for another!" And I could mention scores of similar cases. And as for truthfulness, I have known men and women among the peasantry, both of England and Scotland, whom I would have trusted with untold gold—or even with what the Highland laird thought a more searching test of rectitude—with unmeasured whisky. Still, I must sorrowfully admit that I have found in many people a strong tendency, when they had done any thing wrong, to justify themselves by falsehood. It is not impossible that over-severe masters and mistresses, by undue scoldings administered for faults of no great moment, foster this unhappy tendency. It was not, however, of one class more than another, that the quaint old minister of a parish in Lanarkshire was speaking, when one Sunday morning he read as his text the verse in the Psalms, "I said in my haste, All men are liars," and began his sermon by thoughtfully saying:

"Ay, David, ye said it in your haste, did you? If ye had lived in this parish, ye might have said it at your leisure!"

There is hardly a sadder manifestation of the spirit of petty trickery than that which has been pressed on the attention of the public by recent accounts of the adulteration of food. It is, indeed, sad enough,

"When chalk, and alum, and plaster, are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life:"

and when the luxuries of the rich are in many cases quite as much tampered with; while, when medical appliances become needful to correct the evil effects of red-lead, plaster of Paris, cantharides, and oil of vitriol, the physician is quite uncertain as to the practical power of the medicine he prescribes, inasmuch as drugs are as much adulterated as food. Still, there seems reason to hope that, more frequently than the *Lancet* Commission would lead one to think, you really get in the shops the thing you ask and pay for. I firmly believe that, in this remote district of the world, such petty dishonesty is unknown: and I can not refrain from saying that, notwithstanding all I have read of late years in tracts, sermons, poems, and leading articles, of the frequency of fraud in the dealings of tradesmen in towns, I never in my own experience have seen traces of it.

Most human beings, however, will tell you that day by day they witness a good deal of indirectness, insincerity, and want of straightforwardness—in fact, of petty trickery. There are many people who appear incapable of doing any thing without going round about the bush, as Caledonians say. There are many people who always try to disguise the real motive for what they do. They will tell you of any thing but the consideration that actually weighs with them, though that is in most cases perfectly well known to the person they are talking to. Some men will tell you that they travel second-class by railway because it is warmer, cooler, airier, pleasanter than the first-class. They suppress all mention of the consideration that obviously weighs with them, namely, that it is cheaper. Mr. Squeers gave the boys at Dotheboys Hall treacle and sulphur one morning in the week. The reason he assigned was that it was good for their health: but his more outspoken wife stated the true reason, which was that, by sickening the children, it made breakfast unnecessary upon that day. Some Dissenters pretend that they want to abolish Church-rates, with a view to the good of the Church: of course every body knows that their real wish is to do the Church harm. Very soft indeed would the mem-

bers of the Church be, if they believed that its avowed enemies are extremely anxious for its welfare. But the forms of petty trickery are endless. Bacon mentions in one of his *Essays* that he knew a statesman who, when he came to Queen Elizabeth with bills to sign, always engaged her in conversation about something else, to distract her attention from the papers she was signing. And when some impudent acquaintance asks you, reader, to put your name to another kind of bill, for his advantage, does he not always think to delude you into doing so by saying that your signing is a mere form, intended only for the fuller satisfaction of the bank that is to lend him the money? He does not tell you that he is just asking you to give him the sum named on that stamped paper. Don't believe a word he says, and show him the door. Signing a promise to pay money is never a form; if it be a form why does he ask you to do it? Bacon mentions another man, who, "when he came to have speech, would pass over that he intended most, and go forth, and come back again, and speak of it as a thing he had almost forgot." I have known such men too. We have all known men who would come and talk about many indifferent things, and then at the end bring in as if accidentally the thing they came for. Always pull such men sharply up. Let them understand that you see through them. When they sit down, and begin to talk of the weather, the affairs of the district, the new railway, and so forth, say at once: "Now, Mr. Pawky, I know you did not come to talk to me about these things. What is it that you want to speak of? I am busy, and have no time to waste." It is wonderful how this will beat down Mr. Pawky's guard. He is prepared for sly finesse, but he is quite taken aback by downright honesty. If you try to do him, he will easily do you: but perfect candor foils the crafty man, as the sturdy Highlander's broadsword at once cut down the French master of fence, vamping away with his rapier. You can not beat a rogue with his own weapons. Try him with truth: like David, he "has not proved" that armor; he is quite unaccustomed to it, and he goes down.

Men in towns know that time is valuable to them; and by long experience they are assured that there is no use in trying to overreach a neighbor in a bargain, be-

cause he is so sharp that they will not succeed. But in agricultural districts some persons may be found who appear to regard it as a fond delusion that "honesty is the best policy;" and who never deal with a stranger without feeling their way, and trying how far it may be possible to cheat him. I am glad to infer, from the universal contempt in which such persons are held, that they form base, though by no means infrequent, exceptions to the general rule. The course which such individuals follow in buying and selling is quite marked and invariable. If they wish to buy a cow or rent a field, they begin by declaring with frequency and vehemence that they don't want the thing—that in fact they would rather not have it—that it would be inconvenient for them to become possessors of it. They then go on to say that still, if they can get it at a fair price, they may be induced to think of it. They next declare that the cow is the very worst that ever was seen, and that very few men would have such a creature in their possession. The seller of the cow, if he knows his customer, meanwhile listens with entire indifference to Mr. Pawky's asseverations, and after a while, proceeds to name his price. Fifteen pounds for the cow. "Oh!" says Mr. Pawky, getting up hastily and putting on his hat, "I see you don't want to sell it. I was just going to have offered you five pounds. I see I need not spend longer time here." Mr. Pawky, however, does not leave the room: sometimes, indeed, if dealing with a green hand, he may actually depart for half an hour; but then he returns and resumes the negotiation. A friend of his has told him that possibly the cow was better than it looked. It looked very bad indeed; but it might be a fair cow after all. So the proceedings go on: and after an hour's haggling, and several scores of falsehoods told by Mr. Pawky, he becomes the purchaser of the animal for the sum originally named. Even now he is not exhausted. He assures the former owner of the cow that it is the custom of the district always to give back half-a-crown in the pound, and refuses to hand over more than £13 2s. 6d. The cow is by this time on its way to Mr. Pawky's house. If dealing with a soft man, this final trick possibly succeeds. If with an experienced person, it wholly fails. And Mr. Pawky, after wasting two

hours, telling sixty-five lies, and stamping himself as a cheat in the estimation of the person with whom he was dealing, ends by taking nothing by all his petty trickery. Oh! poor Pawky, why not be honest and straightforward at once? You would get just as much money, in five cases out of six; and you would save your time and breath, and miss running up that fearful score in the book of the recording angel!

After any transaction with Mr. Pawky, how delightful it is to meet with a downright honest man! I know several men—farmers, laborers, country gentlemen—of that noble class, whose “word is as good as their bond!” I know men whom you could not even imagine as taking a petty advantage of any mortal. They are probably far from being pieces of perfection. They are crotchety in temper; they are rough in address; their clothes were never made by Stultz; possibly they do not shave every morning. But as I look at the open, manly face, and feel the strong gripe of the vigorous hand, and rejoice to think that the world goes well with them, and that they find it pay to speak the truth—I feel for the minute as if the somewhat overstrained sentiment had truth in it, that

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

I am firmly convinced that no man, in the long run, gains by petty trickery. Honesty is the best policy. You remember how the roguish Ephraim Jenkinson, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, mentioned that he contrived to cheat honest Farmer Flamborough about once a year; but still the honest farmer grew rich, and the rogue grew poor, and so Jenkinson began to bethink him that he was in the wrong track after all. A man who with many oaths declares that a broken-winded nag is sound as a bell, and thus gets fifty pounds for an animal he bought for ten, and then declares with many more oaths that he never warranted the horse, may indeed gain forty pounds in money by that transaction, but he loses much more than he gains. The man whom he cheated, and the friends of the man whom he cheated, will never trust him again; and he soon acquires such a character that every one who is compelled to have any dealings with him stands on his guard and does not believe a syllable he says. I do

not mention here the solemn consideration of how the gain and loss may be adjusted in the view of another world; nor do more than allude to a certain solemn question as to the profit which would follow the gain of much more than forty pounds, by means which would damage something possessed by every man. All trickery is folly. Every rogue is a fool. The publisher who advertises a book he has brought out, and appends a flattering criticism of it as from the *Times* or *Frazer’s Magazine* which never appeared in either periodical, does not gain on the whole by such petty deception; neither does the publisher who appends highly commendatory notices, marked with inverted commas as quotations, though with the name of no periodical attached, the fact being that he composed these notices himself. You will say that Mr. Barnum is an instance of a man who made a large fortune by the greater and lesser arts of trickery; but would you, my honest and honorable friend, have taken that fortune on the same terms? I hope not. And no blessing seems to have rested on Barnum’s gains. Where are they now? The trickster has been tricked—the doer done. There is a hollowness about all prosperity which is the result of unfair and underhand means. Even if a man has grown rich through trickery seems to be going on quite comfortably, depend upon it he can not feel happy. The sword of Damocles is hanging over his head. Let no man be called happy before he dies.

I believe, indeed, that in some cases the conscience grows quite callous, and the notorious cheat fancies himself a highly moral and religious man; and although it is always extremely irritating to be cheated, it is more irritating than usual to think that the man who has cheated you is not even made uneasy by the checks of his own conscience. I would gladly think that in most cases,

“Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.”

I would gladly think that the man who has done another feels it as blistering to remember the fact as the man who has been done does. It would gratify me much if I were able to conclude that every man who is a knave knows that he is one. I doubt it. Probably he merely

thinks himself a sharp, clever fellow. Only this morning I was cheated out of four and sixpence by a man of very decent appearance. He obtained that sum by making three statements, which I found on inquiring, after he had gone, were false. The gain, you see, was small. He obtained just eighteenpence a lie. Yet he went off, looking extremely honest. And no doubt he will be at his parish church next Sunday, making the responses in tones that drown the clerk's. And probably when he reflects upon the transaction, he merely thinks that he was sharp and I was soft. The analogy between these small tricks and a blister holds in several respects. Each is irritating, and the irritation caused by each gradually departs. You are very indignant at first learning that you have been taken in; you are rather sore, even the day after—but the day after *that* you are less sore at having been done than sorry for the rogue who was fool enough to do you.

I am writing only of that petty trickery which acts as a blister of humanity; as I need say nothing of those numerous forms of petty trickery which do not irritate, but merely amuse. Such are those silly arts by which some people try to represent themselves to their fellow-creatures as richer, wiser, better informed, more highly connected, more influential and more successful than the fact. I felt no irritation at the school-boy who sat opposite me the other day in a railway carriage, and pretended that he was reading a Greek play. I allowed him to fancy his trick had succeeded, and conversed with him of the characteristics of Æschylus. He did not know much about them. A friend of mine, a clergyman, went to the house of a weaver in his parish. As

he was about to knock at the door, he heard a solemn voice within; and he listened in silence as the weaver asked God's blessing upon his food. Then he lifted the latch and entered: and thereupon the weaver, resolved that the clergyman should know he said grace before meat, *began and repeated his grace over again*. My friend was not angry; but he was very, very sorry. And never, till the man had been years in his grave, did he mention the fact. As for the fashion in which some people fire off, in conversation with a new acquaintance, every titled name they know, it is to be recorded that the trick is invariably as unsuccessful as it is contemptible. And is not a state dinner, given by poor people, in resolute imitation of people with five times their income, with its sham champagne, its disguised green-grocers, and its general turning the house topsy-turvy—is not such a dinner one great trick, and a very transparent one?

The writer is extremely tired. Is it not curious that to write for four or five hours a day for four or five successive days, wearies a man to a degree that ten or twelve daily hours of plowing does not weary the man whose work is physical? Mental work is much the greater stretch: and it is strain, not time, that kills. A horse that walks at two miles and a half an hour, plowing, will work twelve hours out of the twenty-four. A horse that runs in the mail at twelve miles an hour, works an hour and a half and rests twenty-two and a half; and with all that rest soon breaks down. The bearing of all this is, that it is time to stop; and so, my long black goose-quill, lie down!

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—The excavations now going on at the Necropolis of the ancient city of Preneste, near the modern town of Palestrina, twenty-five miles south-east of Rome, have been productive of the most interesting results. The property belongs to Prince Barberini, and the researches carried on by his orders have already brought to light an admirable wrought gold necklace in fine preservation, several bronze vases richly ornamented, and

other works in metal, amongst which are some interesting mirrors with engraved reverses. Utensils of various kinds have also been discovered, made of colored glass, alabaster, ivory, and even wood. Bronze and terra-cotta vases and utensils, arms, and cups, interesting for the inscriptions they bear, have likewise been recently disinterred at the Necropolis of the ancient Etruscan city of Capena, about thirty miles from Rome, north of the Tiber.

From Titan.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.*

"Oh! beware, my Lord, of jealousy."

OTTO LUDWIG has chosen for the subject of his book a very narrow sphere in humble life, and within the limits which he has prescribed, he confines himself to the development of the inner, not the outer life; and in that inner region it is the moral, not the intellectual life of which he treats. We think it is a truly artistic triumph to clothe with so much poetic interest topics so trite. The author may well be proud of the power with which he carries his reader from the beginning to the end of his simple story; and the glimpses he gives us of his plot never diminish our interest in its development. At home we have the great masters of the realistic school; in Germany they have numerous followers. Many of Hackländer's thousand and one tales have been translated, and are well known; they all profess to paint life as it is. Freytag's popular novel has had a wide circulation among us, and owes this chiefly to its being a picture of German life, both social and political. His book is a medium for conveying his views as to the rise of the middle classes at the expense of the nobility, and the final ascendancy of steamocracy. The importance of the subjects which he treats, and the vigor with which he handles them, has secured for his novel a popularity which it hardly would have gained from any interest in the tale itself. It is a social and political miniature painting, but vigorous and true, though somewhat one-sided; and has been the text of many a political discussion where great questions have been clothed in the garb of romance. *Zwischen Himmel und Erde* is written in a very different spirit. It has not been translated, nor, if it were so, is it likely to obtain a wide circulation among us. It is addressed to the feelings of the few, and by them

we think it must be enthusiastically admired, though in an English dress it would necessarily lose much of the charm which it owes to its quaint and graceful diction. Leaving all public questions untouched, the author confines himself within the smallest possible grounds, to the development of one passion, and the contrast of two characters. In the delicacy of his delineation dwells the wonderful charm of his work, for he boldly begins by telling the end of the story; as much as to say to the reader: "Do not hurry to the end; here it is for you. Come with me at your leisure; I have somewhat to give you from the wayside of life, even if its termination presents only a picture of rest and passionless repose: not the rest of gratified love reposing after the heat and struggle of the day; but the calm which follows passions subdued, duties fulfilled, which accompanies a conscience void of reproach; the tranquil rest of a heart which has learned to find all its gratification in self-abnegation and in doing good to others; that peace and rest which can warm a childless and lonely old age, and which sheds a light around it."

The story opens with the picture of an elderly man living in a small house within a garden. His sister-in-law, a woman of nearly the same age, with the remains of great beauty, inhabits the same house with her son and daughter. The flowers in the garden, the stones of the wall, are given with the minuteness of a Dutch picture; and one can see the mild countenance of the master of the house as he sits in the garden bower on a Sunday, while the church-bells are calling to prayer from the old tower of St. George's Church. He was a man silent, grave, and mild, with the light of truth beaming in his eyes, unquenched by age. He lived a still and methodical life, and had no intimates; but when he went forth into the town, great was the respect with which he was greeted by all. At home there

* *Zwischen Himmel und Erde*. Erzählung von Otto Ludwig, aus Eisleben. Frankfurt a.-M. Verlag von Meidinger Sohn und Comp.

was a sort of mixture of reverence and devotion in the manner of both the mother and the young people towards him: he to them was almost more than fatherly, and to her it was respect, devotion, with a somewhat of reserve which was never overcome. The deportment of the simple artisan towards Christine had a something almost chivalrous in it. Neighbors wondered at their quiet ways, for they were in many respects unlike other people; and so still, all went like clock-work in that house with the green window-shutters. Many years had passed since his brother's sudden death had left Christine a blooming widow; and no one could understand why he had not married her. The custom of the country sanctioned the connection; his old father, who was alive then, wished it exceedingly; Christine did not appear disinclined, and he evidently preferred her to every one else; and yet it never took place.

"It was quite natural that the good people should wonder, for they knew not what had once passed there, within four human souls; and had they known, they would have wondered all the more. The peace of a Sabbath-day had not always dwelt in that house; that peace which now spread its broad wings over the dwelling. A time had been of bitter regrets for ravished bliss, and wild desire to repossess it; ay, the shadow of murder and murderous thoughts had fallen on the threshold of the homely dwelling, where despair had wandered, with wild lamentations, up and down the little stair, through the friendly rooms, into the garden-bower, into the work-shop, into the stable—no place was exempt from her doleful presence. In former days a tall and strong form used to repose in that garden-bower; but no touch of mildness softened the pride of that hard face. When he arose, and crossed the street, the children paused in their merry games; but no friendly look greeted them, perhaps because those eyes were closed forever. Nevertheless, stern old Herr Nettenmaier was a much-respected man; he demanded and received the esteem of his fellow-citizens. He was a man of rigid honor; only too rigid, alas!"

All that had taken place within these walls—all that had nearly broken the hearts of the inmates, and the dark thoughts which had begotten darker deeds—all this was passing even then

through the mind and memory of the man with whom we have now to do. It is Sunday, and the bells from St. George announce, in slow and solemn sound, that the worship of God is about to commence. They call one forth from the quiet garden, where, as was his wont, Herr Nettenmaier sat in the morning. It is thirty-one years this day, since after a long absence he had returned to his native town. Even thus had the bells sounded that day, when through the snow he had once more beheld the old tower of St. George. There it stood now, its long shadow cast across the neighbor's garden. He gazed at the slanting roof, which seemed to look down upon him. Memories of the past crowded into his mind; the feelings of that day seemed to return. Even thus had the bells sounded; even thus he had gazed at that roof, little divining then that a mysterious destiny connected his fate to that tower; even as now all the memories of the past are linked to it. For—but I forget; the reader does not know what I allude to: it is, in fact, what I am going to relate.

Such is our introduction to the hero of the story. Having given us a glimpse of the end, our author returns to the commencement of his romance; and nothing can be simpler than the materials with which he engages our sympathies. Old Nettenmaier is a slater, and pursues his trade along with his two sons in a small country-town. They have a lovely neighbor, called Christine; and these four are almost the only individuals who are mentioned in the book, except their old servant, Valentine, so narrow are the limits within which the author has confined his graphic pencil. The old man is a great tyrant with a sort of heathen sense of honor; one who would have had a real pleasure in the part of Brutus, and would have slain his sons with his own hand joyfully to clear the family honor from stain. He is a hard-working, upright, honest, stern old heathen, without one touch of Christian charity or love; yet with a high sense of right and justice—justice, but no mercy. His sons are very different. Fritz, the eldest, begins by being weak and envious, and coveting Christine merely because his brother loves her. But envy begets jealousy, and jealousy hatred; and murder's grim form appears, and the mind, given up to one base passion, finally loses itself in the rav-

gs of a maniac. There is no religious discussion in the book, nothing that can be called preaching; but every now and then, as it were, the church-bells' call to prayer is heard above the raging of human passion; and Apollonius Nettenmaier given as the type of the spiritual man, even as his brother is the image of the carnal. He is from the first of an unsuspicious, open nature, and believes all men because he himself could not deceive; but it is only by inward struggles—the story of which are not given—that he finally becomes the purified hero, who sits in his garden-bower, waiting patiently for an hour when the knell from St. George's tower, with its slow and soothing sound, will tell to the few who remain below to burn that one pure spirit has left its mould of clay for a higher and happier here.

The trade of a slater is not a very romantic one; it seems to us but a commonplace matter to lay slate upon slate, and tile upon tile. But old Nettenmaier esteemed his calling very differently; he used to say that no man was worthy of the work, who valued his life, or had a drop of coward's blood in his veins. As the soldier risks his life in the battle, so the slater perils his on the strength of one step, on the steadiness of his head and hand—one false step is certain death; and in the old man's thinking, a death met with in this peaceful but dizzy trade was as honorable as on the blood-stained field of victory. Let us take one extract from the author, and we shall, I think, perceive that the rough and toil-worn mechanic, hammering on the roof there, is not without a certain poetic interest:

"Between heaven and earth lies the kingdom of the slater. From far below rises the murmuring tumult of the wanderers on the earth; far above, the wanderers of the heavens, the quiet clouds, pursue their silent and majestic path. Months, years, centuries have passed, and there has been no dweller here save the old jackdaw's restless and screaming brood. But at last one day, a narrow door of egress, far up in the church-tower, is opened, and unseen hands force out two rusty bars. It appears to the spectator from below as if they wished to build a bridge of straw in the heavens. The jackdaws have betaken themselves to the pinnacles of the tower, and the top of the weathercock, and flap their wings in

terror. The scaffolding projects some feet, and the unseen hands cease to thrust out more boards. A hammering begins within that chamber in the roof. It awakens the sleeping owls, and sends them hooting and terrified into the giddy light of day. The jackdaws hear it with horror; the children of man on the firm earth below hear it not, and the clouds in the blue expanse above pursue their course unheeding. The knocking goes on a long time, and then ceases. Across the projecting beams two short boards are thrust, behind them appears a human head, and a pair of strong arms. One hand holds a nail, the other wields the hammer, till the flying scaffolding is complete. It may prove a path to eternity to its maker—who can tell? Upon the scaffolding a ladder is erected, the tower is high, ladder upon ladder, tier over tier. Nothing holds them together but two iron hooks; nothing holds them secure on the scaffolding but four human hands and the pinnacle on which they lean. Once above the little door, and bound with strong cord to the pinnacle, the bold workman ascends without fear. The giddy mortal who looks up from the firm ground, sees, as it were, a ladder made of straws, a child's toy; the thought of ascending it makes him shiver, and he commends his soul to God. There it is, right 'betwixt heaven and earth.' If the man makes a false step, or the ladder swerves ever so little, down he comes to certain death; the very stroke of the clock below him may startle him. The spectator below draws in his breath, and involuntarily clasps his hands; the jays above, driven from their last retreat, fly screaming round and round the bold workman's head; the clouds above pursue their path unmoved. The clouds alone? No; the bold man on the ladder is as unmoved as they. He is no idle boaster who wishes for applause. He goes his dangerous path in his calling; he knows the ladder is firm, he himself constructed the scaffolding, he knows it is strong, he knows his heart is strong, his step secure. He looks not down to the green earth's enticing bosom, he looks not up where the ever-drifting clouds' ceaseless motion may bring fatal giddiness upon his brain. The center of the arch is the limit of his vision; for him there is no heaven and no earth, but the beam above, and the ladder which he binds to it with cords. And

the knot is tied, and the spectator draws a deep breath, and goes on and tells in the streets what the bold man is doing there, up between heaven and earth. And for many weeks the children imitate in their play his giddy trade."

But to return to the story. Young Apollonius loves the fair Christine—Walter's Christine, as she is called. In his own shy and youthful way he has left a flower in her path which she has encouraged him by accepting, and giving him one in return. He thinks that they understand each other, and in an evil hour he confides in his brother. About this time the old man had commanded Fritz that he must no longer love a certain Beate, and he is too much afraid of the old Spartan to dispute his will, or ask a wherefore; and he gives up his love with some compassion for her, but a comfortable assurance that he will find another. Unfortunately, Walter's Christine makes a deeper impression on him than the forsaken Beate had done, and the fact that his brother loves her, and that she seems inclined to return his love, gives zest to the pursuit which he commenced, as he said, and perhaps really meant, to forward his brother's views. At the village dance, he persuades Apollonius to trust his cause in his hands, and he dances with the girl that he may praise his brother, and he walks home with her, that he may tell her all the good he has done. Next day he suggests to the old man, that it were well that young Apollonius should see the world. The old man had ever been accustomed to say do, and it was done. The same evening, while standing under the old pear-tree in his garden, and cleaning the moss from its branches, he called Apollonius to him and said: "Make ready your things to-night, for at break of day to-morrow you are to go to our cousins at Cologne." At the dawn of the following day, when the clock in St. George's Church was striking four, the door of the old house with the green window-shutters opened, and the two brothers stood on the threshold. Fritz was eloquent in his promises to woo Christine for his brother; Apollonius confided a letter to her to his care, and believed him. So the brothers parted. Four years later Apollonius stood at mid-day on the same spot, on his return. The untaught artisan, who had gone forth into the world simple and strong, returned to his home strong and simple, but also

learned. The artisans of Cologne in that period were artists in their way. The carved stones in that city witness to this day what men they were, who, unknown, and in the humble rank of the stone-cutter and mason, worked out the noble design to the great architect, "*The unknown*," who conceived the plan of the Dom Kirche.* Even the men who carried the stones and mixed the mortar, must have had some spark of the master's genius; and had that marvelous structure never been raised, there is enough of Romanesque architecture in that picturesque old town, to cultivate the intelligence of the working-classes, and refine their taste. During these four years, a whole intellectual world had opened to Apollonius, but his heart was still the same, true and trusting. He stood before his old home, no longer the timid youth, but the skillful, self-reliant man. He stood there, and paused before he crossed the threshold. He has himself changed, but the change was still greater within these walls. His father is blind, and this is the reason of his return, but affectionate and dutiful as he was, still he forgets it while he remembers that Christine is within, the wife of his brother, and the mother of his children, and but a few steps divide him from her. He paused to realize the meeting; and in his modesty he felt that it was quite natural that she should have preferred Fritz, who was so gay and jovial, to a silent, shy man like himself, and no doubt of his brother's truth crossed his mind. He felt that he had conquered his passion, and could look on her as a sister; but that she should hate him, as Fritz said she did, that was a bitter thought.

He entered. Fritz Nettenmaier received his brother with boisterous spirits, but nothing could be colder than the greeting of his wife. Christine was altered; a something of her husband's expression had crept into her fair face. "As the husband is, the wife is." He has not grown like her, but she has lowered to him. A heavy cloud sits on her fair brow, when her brother-in-law took her hand, and begged her to receive him as a brother. The children clung to him, and they

* In the Walhalla, which Louis of Bavaria has erected on the banks of the Danube, to commemorate the great men of his country, amongst much that is in doubtful taste, there is one touching monument, a plain marble tablet, inscribed to the memory of the unknown architect of the Cologne Cathedral.

alone were unembarrassed. All at once Apollonius remembers with shame that his father was blind, and that he, his son, had forgotten his misfortune. He hurried into the garden, and realized for the first time the full extent of his father's affliction. The hard old man is unsoftened by his calamity, and wrestles with his infirmity. Even his strong will can not resist disease, but his proud heart will not own its power. He despises sympathy, and is more imperious than even in former days. He had been listening eagerly for his son's footsteps, but when he comes, he receives him as if they had parted yesterday. "My eyes are somewhat weak," he said, and spoke of other matters. His son stood before him speechless with emotion, afraid to offer assistance to one accustomed only to command.

Apollonius finds himself utterly alone at home. His father neither will receive nor evince affection; his brother is boisterously kind, and full of regrets that Apollonius *must* leave them so soon, that he has attractions at Cologne, and such like. Christine is cold and sullen. The little children alone return twofold, his love and his caresses. Naturally his thoughts begin to return to Cologne, to his wise and skillful cousin, his fatherly friend, and the kind daughter, so sisterly and good; to his fellow-workmen, a brotherly band of earnest men; and he longed for a wider circle of intelligence, a warmer breath of human love than his home afforded. The helpless state of his father makes him hesitate about leaving, and the daily growing conviction that his brother is unfit to conduct the business of the family, decides him on remaining, to devote his talents to the good of his native place, and to the support of his relations. Bringing all the skill and knowledge he has learned afar, he soon takes a high place among the men of worth and skill at home, and is chosen by them to give his opinion on all weighty matters.

About this time the roof of St. George's Church required to be repaired, and there is a meeting of all the wise men of the small place on the subject. Fritz Nettenmaier is forward and loquacious, and patronizing towards his brother. Each one gives their counsel in turn, and when Apollonius speaks, all agree that his is the best, and he is chosen to superintend the work; but he will only act on condition that his brother is appointed nominal head.

The poison of jealousy had entered into Fritz's heart at home, and instead of being disarmed by this generosity, the canker eats in all the deeper from this public acknowledgment of his brother's merit. This engagement permanently fixes Apollonius at home, and he gives himself to the work with his whole heart. Daily he soars with the birds of the air to the roof of the old building; and labors, by his simple life and learned ways, to gain an influence over his fellow-workmen, and inspire them with emulation in their calling. The purity of his mind and manners affects those around him, and he raises their standard of taste and morals, and inspires them with a spirit of self-respect and culture, which ennobles them, and their occupation. He feels, as it were that he has a mission to perform, and he performs it. Bringing into the detail of every-day life-labor the ennobling idea of duty, he dignifies his calling, and raises his class; he reaps the fruits of his hands in the love of his fellow-workmen, and in the consciousness that he is benefiting them, and doing the duty which lies nearest his hand. Up among the jack-daws in the roof, working, teaching, preaching as it were the practical sermon of example, he is perfectly happy. At home, when he returns to the "old house with the green window-shutters," the cloud falls on him again. He is permitted but not welcomed; he comes, no one greets him; he goes, and no one says, God speed him! His father has a sort of grim, unacknowledged pride in his success; and Fritz, the deeper the canker of jealousy is eating into his heart, the louder and hollower his mirth, the more facetious his remarks, the wider the cleft becomes between them. So he lives for his work, and enters the house only at meals, and for his night's rest; he has a kingdom of his own on the church-tower. He does not see, nor for a moment guess the real state of matters within that house; nor does he dream that his brother is jealous of him because he knows how he had wronged him, and robbed him of Christine under false pretenses; and how he had defamed him and her, and that his brother is in an agony lest some day this will come to light, that Christine will read his honesty in his pure face, and loathe the man who cheated her into his arms. Fritz, judging his brother by his own guilty soul, is tortured by jealousy;

he hates his company, yet will not leave him one moment alone, that he may watch him, and ascribes unworthy motives to his simplest actions. Fritz sees a double meaning in every thing; he thinks he has experience, and knows life, and can read secret motives. Alas! like many other bad men, "he thinks he knows the world, and he only knows himself." To such a one there is no such mystery as a simple, straightforward, candid nature. He endeavors by inventing stories against him, to keep up his wife's hatred for Apollonius, when one day in the garden-bower, Christine overhears a conversation between the two, which discloses her husband's falsehood. He feared that his brother's more honest face would give the lie to his assertions, and now he has betrayed himself! Christine's whole heart rises against the husband who has deceived her, and she tells him so. One day Apollonius entered during a violent scene between them, and she rushed away, in horror as he supposed, at his presence. It is the first time that he sees the cold equanimity of her demeanor at all moved. And now the family dispeace becomes great. Fritz knows that his wife despises him; she is dutiful, with the proud, defiant look of an injured woman; and by a sort of mesmerism influence he reads her heart, and sees it turn towards his brother; not that a friendly word to him escapes her lips, but her thoughts follow him; this her husband sees, and the children, too, divine it. They cling to their uncle, and the little Aennchen says to him one day: "Uncle, mamma is not so angry with you as she used to be; go to her, and beg pardon, and say you will be good, and she will give you sugar." But Christine had learned to know her own heart, and her sense of duty to her husband made her even colder in her manner to Apollonius, than when she had been really indifferent to him. The family life becomes daily heavier and heavier. Fritz forces his wife into gayety, and at home he strikes her, he strikes the children. Apollonius goes on his work, and never dreams that he is the shadow in the house, the skeleton on the threshold. A feeling of deep compassion has replaced the indifference which Christine's coldness had produced. He sees in her a patient suffering woman, and a loving mother. That he has ever been, and still is dear to her, never crosses his mind; but thoughts of her and of her

children follow him to his daily task. And when Fritz's intemperance has brought ruin on the family, he cheerfully takes the debts upon himself, and undertakes the support of the whole household. He does not himself know how happy it makes him to work for Christine. When Apollonius is at home, Fritz is close beside him, but when he is safe away at his giddy trade, Fritz betakes himself to taverns to cut jokes with his boon companions about his brother, and his want of skill, and how he Fritz had to do every thing, to plan every thing. No one believed him; but by dint of telling it often he believed himself. He was a merry fellow, Fritz! The quarrel between the parents affects the children, and the little Aennchen droops. One evening she was very ill, and Apollonius came just in time to bring a doctor and medicines for the sick child, and to speak some words of strength to the mother; as he left the room Fritz entered from his night's carousal. The sight of his brother in that room prevented him from being able to see that his child is really sick. Christine's heart is softened towards her husband, she hears him enter the room, and sit down by the window; speaking to her child, she makes a tender appeal to him. She does not know that he is boiling with rage, and only restrained by the presence of the old Valentine from breaking out. The servant left the room, and he staggered up to the little bed, and struck the mother in presence of her dying child. All that night in his drunken sleep, he is haunted by the dead and the dying, and before he is really awake a strong feeling of horror is on him, and he hears suppressed voices of weeping, and rises, and sees lying before him clad in white, and crowned with flowers, the corpse of his little Aennchen.

"Last night she had longed for him to speak, now he spoke to her. 'Give me your hand, Christine,' said he. She drew her hand convulsively back, as if he had already touched it. 'I have sinned,' he said; 'I own it, I see it, I will do so no more.' 'The child is dead,' said she in a hollow tone. 'Leave me not in my misery without hope. If I am to be reformed, it can only be now, if you will hold out your hand and raise me,' said the man. She looked at the child, and not at him. 'The child is dead,' she repeated. Was it that she was indifferent as to his fate,

he could not bring the child to life by his repentance? or was it that she heard him not, and spoke to herself? The man raised himself hastily, and grasped her hand with passionate emotion, and held it firm. 'Christine,' he said convulsively, 'here I lie like a worm. Do not trample me under your feet; do not. For heaven's sake, have compassion on me! I shall never forget that I have lain in the dust before you; think of that! Oh! think! You have me now in your hands. You can make of me what you will. I make you responsible. I take Heaven to witness, yours is the guilt of what may happen now.' At last she wrung away her hand; while he had held it she had shrunk with a loathing shudder from him. 'The child is dead,' she said. He understood her; she meant, Between me and the murderer of my child, there can be nothing more in common, neither on earth nor in heaven!

"He rose. One word of forgiveness might have saved him then. Perhaps! Who knows?"

Apollonius goes on with his work; his brother's affairs go to ruin, he takes the debts on himself, and supports the family; but Christine and he are as much strangers as ever. Though "she hates him," he will work for her and for his brother's children; and she goes about with despair in her heart. And Fritz? the spirit of Cain becomes daily stronger in him; finally, he can combat with his feelings no longer; he seizes a chisel, and cuts once or twice half-through the rope by which were suspended the frail boards on which Apollonius was wont to sit, when hanging between heaven and earth, he went on with his work on the church-tower, and by which he could swing himself like a bird, near all the curious carvings. The next day Apollonius set out at the dawn for Brambach, a neighboring village, where he was to work. Part of the injured rope was left, and the old servant detects the criminal. Christine also at once perceives the fulfillment of her husband's threats, and takes the whole blame on herself. She is almost frantic, and wishes to give herself up to the hands of justice; death would be welcome rather than such misery. The day was already far spent, the deed already probably accomplished. Fritz was at work in the Church of St. George, and Valentine in

despair goes to the old man his master, and tells him all.

The old man was sitting in his room; the friendly inquiries for his health, which greeted him in the garden, had driven him to seek this further seclusion from human sympathy. He knew more of what passed within the house than they imagined; and his brain is ever active where the family honor is concerned. If it is preserved in the eyes of the world, all human feelings are as nothing to him. He forms a sudden resolve worthy of a Roman, and in all the spirit of the old heathens; he arises, and he who for years had not quitted his garden, commands them to lead him to the church-tower. But Valentine must not come, he must remain with Christine, he must force her to control herself, he must see that no one is a witness to her emotion, that her woman's tongue does not betray her husband's guilt. At this moment an apprentice from the smith's enters; he brings the garland, which with music and festivity was to be placed on the summit of the nearly completed tower. The blind man turns to him, and to the usual inquiry give his reply: "I have somewhat weak eyes, but it does not much matter." Had another blind man spoken so, the lad would have smiled, but there was something about old Nettenmaier, which overawed all who came near him. 'Have you time to give me your arm,' he said, 'as far as the Church of St. George? I wish to speak to my eldest son, who is working there about the repairs,' and they went forth together. No doubt it was about a repair that he wished to speak; but not the repair of the church-roof, though that was the spot, and the only spot, where the words could be spoken. As they went their way, the quick ear of the blind man discerned a something unusual in the streets, a hurrying to and fro, a gathering together of people, and now and then an exclamation, such as, 'Have you heard? When did it happen?' . . . Herr Nettenmaier did not require to ask what had happened—he knew it as well if he had been told; but he made no remark. The lad asked a passer-by what it was. 'A report has come that a slater has fallen from a scaffolding at Brambach, and been killed,' was the reply; 'the rope broke, but nothing more is known.' Old Nettenmaier felt the arm of the youth trem-

ble, and he knew that the thought had occurred to him that he was perhaps leading at that moment the father of the unfortunate slater. But he only said, 'It has been at Jambach, not Brambach; people are always making mistakes.' The lad did not know how to account for the old man's composure; yet he had a red spot on each cheek, and went muttering to himself between his teeth, 'It must be! it must be!' So the lad led him as it were in a dream, to the church-tower, and up the winding stair of St. George's. People certainly were right who said, 'Herr Nettenmaier was a peculiar man.'

"As the old man was led up the winding steps, Fritz, his son, was working at the church roof; high up between heaven and earth. Fritz Nettenmaier came here to hide himself from the eyes of men, which seemed to glare at him; to escape in bodily labor from his one thought; but he brought hell within his bosom: and as he worked and labored, the sweat stood on his brow, not the warm sweat of toil, but the cold drops of anguish. He hammered slate upon slate, as if the safety of the world depended on his work. But his thoughts were not with his work, they were full of confused images of falling men, and broken cords, and crowds of ghastly slaters, gazing at some horrid sight. Sometimes he stops, and it seems to him as if he must scream, 'To Brambach! tell him not to try the ladder, tell him not to trust the cords.' And then he thought all those below, who looked like a multitude of ants, turned and mocked him, and stared at him in horror and disgust; and he thought he heard the feet of the messenger of justice on the stair; and, perhaps, it was already too late! And then he clasped his hands over his tools, and vowed if his brother was not killed, he would become a better man. Alas! his repentance was only remorse. He hears a step upon the stair! is it the messenger of justice come for him? No, that is impossible, he has told no one, and 'Who dare accuse me of any thing?' he says to himself with a sort of glee; when suddenly he hears a voice which strikes on his heart like an iron hammer; it is the only voice he never could have expected to hear there. Will it ask him, 'Where is thy brother Abel?' No; he thought, 'He has come to tell me my brother is hurt; I must work no more on this day of misfortune. And were

he to ask, is not the answer ready? is it not as old nearly as the race of man: "Am I my brother's keeper?"' He remembers with comfort that his father is blind; he will not have to meet his eye. He thinks of flight, but there is no where to go. He hears the old man on the stair, chatting to his companion. 'My compliments to your master,' he hears him say, 'and here is something for yourself.' Fritz does not turn, but he knows that the old man is seated on the flat ledge of the outlet, and that his form fills the whole entrance. 'Fine weather,' said the old man cheerfully. His son understands his wish to know if they are alone. 'Fine weather,' repeats the old man; but no one replies, and Fritz hammers and hammers. 'Fritz,' cries the old man; he repeats it twice, still Fritz hammers. He thinks of the question, 'Cain where art thou?' and he says, 'Here, father,' and hammers on. 'That slate is firm,' said the old man, in an indifferent tone, 'it does not ring.' 'Yes,' said Fritz, his teeth chattering, 'it will let in no water.' 'They are better placed, and deeper set than formerly,' continued the old man. 'Are you alone?' a 'Yes,' dies on the lips of the culprit; the 'deeper the firmer,' says he. 'Is there no other scaffolding near?' 'No!' 'Come here, then, here before me.' 'What shall I do?' 'Come here; what must be said must be said low.' Fritz Nettenmaier stood trembling before his father, and though he knew that he was blind, he turned to avoid his gaze. The old man struggled with his emotion, but no trace of it was observable on his wrinkled countenance, only his long silence and his deep-drawn breath denoted the combat. The clock ticked slow and loud. Fritz suffered agonies. Had his father discovered him? Why should he speak low? What would he do next? His face was convulsed. The old man kept silent. The sound of life from the streets below came up more faintly, and long purple shadows marked the hour of sunset; its last rays touched the little car upon which Apollonius used to ascend and descend to his work. A long lazy flock of pigeons passed, heavy with grain from the corn-fields. It was an evening full of the peace of God: the broad green fields below; and above, the blue heavens, like a crystal cover to the precious earth. The evening air brought the solemn tones

of a distant bell, softly it brought them, as it kissed the roof. Far away on that green rising ground lies Brambach. It must be the evening-bell from Brambach. The heavens above, the earth below, are full of repose; the very air brings a sense of rest, of peace. Only on that spot, in mid air, on the church roof on St. George, there is no touch of the divine influence. A father and a son are there: one filled with a maniacal idea of honor, the other suffering the tortures of the damned.

"At last the silence is broken. 'Where is your brother?'—the expected words. 'I know not; how should I know?' 'You know not?' the old man only whispered, but every word seemed loud as thunder to his unhappy son. 'I will tell you, then. He lies dead at Brambach. The rope gave way above him. You cut the rope yourself. A neighbor saw you do it. You threatened your wife you would do it. The whole town knows it. The first who comes up this stair will be the messenger of justice for you.' Fritz sank down, the boards cracked under him. The old man listened. If the miserable man were to fall over the edge of the scaffolding by chance! then all would be over! what had to be done would be done! A lark arose from a neighboring garden, and poured out its joyous carol. The laborer leaned upon his spade, and listened to the distant song, and young children tried to watch the flickering speck in the sky from whence came the glorious melody. The old man listened, but not to the lark, it was a sliding struggle on the roof, a cry of anguish that he wished to hear."

The old man has the frantic idea, that Fritz's death by apparent accident would redeem the family honor, and prevent his being known as his brother's murderer! and he gives him the choice of throwing himself voluntarily over, or he himself will be his executioner; he tells him that a slater who is killed at his post, leaves behind him a name as honored as the soldier who falls on the battle-field. He tells him to pray, and that he will count fifteen, and that if he has not thrown himself down from the height by the time he has done, he, the powerful old man, will grasp him, and they shall go down together, in a death-embrace; and then people will say, he died assisting his father, who had missed his footing. And he began to count, one, two: the poor wretch

cowered before him, but he knew all appeal was fruitless. His whole life passed through his mind in one moment. He thought, was there in it any one action to which he might appeal as a plea for mercy at the eternal throne. Alas! not one! The agony of his feelings overcame him, and he fainted before the fatal number was reached. The old man also stopped, not because his son was lying senseless before him, but because his quick ear detected approaching footsteps; and a workman comes up with some commonplace message from Apollonius, who had just returned to the town, and did not know what had happened. One of Fritz's wicked companions had stolen the injured rope, and had fallen the victim.

Christine, meanwhile, believes Apollonius to have been sacrificed to her husband's jealousy; and her despair knows no bounds. She feels as if she has murdered him herself. Valentine does not know how to compose her, and is thankful when she found relief in tears; he had feared for her reason, and was thankful to hear her sobs. At length she roused herself, determined to go forth, and face all that was before her. She opened the house-door, and there she beheld Apollonius approaching through the garden, calm, and unconscious of all that has happened. With a wild cry of delight, she rushes forward, and throws herself into his arms. The woman who hated him, and whom he adored! But no, she does not hate him; and in all the tumults of her emotions, she pours out, amid sobs, and tears, and smiles, and caresses, all the tragedy of her life; how she had loved him, and given him the flower; how Fritz, at the ball, had told her he mocked her, and boasted of the flower to his companions; how Fritz had robbed her of him; how he had told her stories against him, and she had begun to hate him; and then, how she had found all his letters to her in the desk, which Fritz had kept from her, and the withered flower, and the farewell letter, and she had read them over and over again. And Fritz had threatened her he would kill him, and had not he cut the rope! and had not a report come that he was dead! and was he really alive! and was she alive! and was she speaking to him, to him, the beloved one, thus! what happiness, what bliss! Poor Apollonius, the whole history of his wrecked happiness disclosed to

him at once, and lying within his grasp ! He gently laid her down. He bent over her, and said, "Thou art my own good sister. Thou art better than I am. And over us and thy husband is God. Go now, my sister, dear and good sister : " and he led her by the hand to the house, and Fritz stood at a distance, and saw them.

We can not prolong our story, but must hurry to the end. The old man orders Fritz to prepare for an immediate journey to America. He is to go, and to go alone. The heavy weight that lies on the family hearth that evening, is drawn with great power. There is no confession, no explanation—every one knows too much, and divines more. Apollonius reads the workmen's ledger to the old man ; but it is a mechanical operation, his mind does not follow the calculations : he can hardly refrain himself from uttering the familiar names. The old man is not listening, he is trying to decide how much Apollonius knows of the truth ; to think if it is possible that the injured rope can be traced to his eldest son, and so the family wholly dishonored. The unhappy Fritz roams about, living through his whole past life in that parting hour. "None are all evil," and but for the one corroding passion to which he had yielded up his soul, he might have been a good-natured commonplace sort of fellow enough. Miserable, and weak, and wicked as he is, the agony of that night excites our pity.

"He wandered restlessly up and down, from the house to the work-shed, and from the work-shed to the house ; now with clenched fists and teeth close set, then again stealing along like a criminal. Wild and tumultuous thoughts rushed through his mind ; at one moment a falling leaf made him start, then the next instant he drew himself up proudly, determined to remain come what may, to dare and to confront all ; and not to leave his brother triumphant. As he made this resolve, the old man's threats seemed to sound in his ear the words of the accuser ; and he seemed to hear the rustling of chains, to draw his breath heavily within the damp walls of a prison ; he stretched forth his hands passionately to burst his bonds, to gain one gasp of fresh air. The vision passed, and he realized the whole misery of his position. Golden memories of the past then arose before him. Here he had *played as an innocent child*—people loved

him then—and here the soft tender voice of his mother had called him from his play. No one loved him now ; could he but feel that one human heart regretted his departure, he would go and would try to become another and a better man. He remembers his little, loving, tender Aennchen, and now he understands the depth of her love, which he had rejected ; now, had she been spared, she would have been a ministering angel to him, but she is dead, and through his means. Sorrow for the lost child for a moment makes him forget his present woe. His heart yearns for a word of love, and his arms open that he may clasp to his heart some one thing that he can call his own. He rises and enters the house, and taking a night-light with a shade, he goes to find his children : Anne is gone, but there are others left. Beside the first little bed he knelt down, and in unwonted tones of tenderness he whispers the name of his first-born—"Fritz !" He will embrace his children, he will receive their caresses—and he will go, he will go and become another and a better man. The little one awakes, he thinks that his mother had called him, and awakes smiling—and is terrified. At the man who is beside his bed he is terrified. It is no stranger, it is only a too well-known face ; is it not he who had so often looked at him in a rage ? is it not he from whom the mother had often sheltered him, and had shut him out of the room that he might not see what that man did to her ? But he had stood trembling behind the door, and had listened, and had clenched his little hand in impotent rage. The child had not learned to love him ; oh ! no. 'Fritz,' whispered the father tenderly, 'I am going away, and I am not coming back again ; but I will think of you day and night ; and I will send you beautiful apples and picture-books.' 'I don't want them,' cried the child, half-afraid. 'Uncle Lonius gives me apples, and I don't want yours.' 'Do you, too, not love me,' said the father in faltering tones, and turning to the second little bed. The little George sprung into his brother's bed ; there the children clung to each other ; and the little one gaining courage looked up with his large childish eyes and said : 'I love mamma, and I love Uncle Lonius ; I don't love you ; go away, or I will tell Uncle Lonius.'"

We shall not follow the horrors of that

night. Next morning Apollonius had to place the leaden garland on the summit of the church tower, and so complete his task. All morning he worked hard, and remained during the dinner hour when the other workmen were gone. All at once he felt himself seized from behind, and turning he beholds his brother's face, the face of a maniac, glaring at him. There is a struggle for life. In his last extremity Apollonius springs across a chasm and reaches firm footing; but, in his doing so, his brother loses balance, and a dull heavy sound of something falling against the stones, tells Apollonius that his enemy, his brother, is lying a shapeless, crushed mass on the cold earth below. At this moment the clock of St. George's Church struck two.

From that dreadful hour Apollonius was smitten with giddiness; he could no longer ascend a ladder; but his trade has been so increased that it does not require his personal labor; he conducts a large correspondence, and busies himself among books. But he can not hear the clock strike two without a shudder; the sound wakens him in the midst of slumber. He can not think of standing on a high without being filled with indescribable emotions of confusion and horror. He knows the garland was not completely fastened on the tower, and some of the wood-work was left uncovered, but he does not even think of returning to examine it. Besides this physical weakness, the balance of his mind is unhinged; and he suffers from the deepest despondency. Christine's passionate disclosure had raised the wildest, most tumultuous wishes; from that moment he avoided her presence. His brother's death now left her free, and his father, after a time, openly expressed a wish that he should marry her. But no one knew how awful that death had been; turn where he would, that maniac face haunted him, and he felt the gripe on his throat. No doubt it was but in the instinct of self-preservation that he had freed himself from his hold; still that dull, heavy sound was ever in his ears, and he felt that his hand was not clean from his brother's blood. He might have married his brother's widow, but not the widow of Fritz Nettenmaier. The struggle after peace in the good man's mind was long, but at length successful; daily labor, daily duty, in time masters evil thoughts. Apollonius had hitherto gone

his way in quiet simplicity, now a veil has been raised from his eyes; he sees that he, too, has corruption within, and he has to be purified in the fire of inward strife. In an active and useful life, supporting his blind father, and Christine and her children, he finds strength. At his father's urgent request he began to think of marrying Christine, but peace only comes when he has determined to give her up, and to relinquish the desire of his heart. As long as that giddy horror haunts him, he feels himself under a curse. And the prayer of his heart is, that he may be relieved from it; and that his hand may be found worthy to work out some good still for his fellow-townsmen. His earnest desire is granted. We have no space for the graphic description of a winter thunder-storm; but we must give some extracts. The whole population of the place has been roused at night by the unusual phenomenon of wind, snow, thunder, and lightning pouring out their fury together.

"The square before St. George's Church was full of people, gazing anxiously at the tower roof. The grand old building stood like a rock, amid the conflict of elements which raged around it; light and darkness struggling for the mastery. Now surrounded by a thousand flaming arms, until it seems to glow with their heat; then invisible for a moment under night's dark mantle. Each flash disclosed a multitude of white faces gazing upwards, and lost in the next moment's gloom. And the storm howled and swept every thing before it; and as the falling snow reflected the lightning, it seemed like a shower of fire. And like the appearing and disappearing of the people, so was their confused speech. Some cried one thing, some another; certain it was that were the church set fire to, naught could save the town."

The tower is struck by lightning, and a general cry arises for Nettenmaier.

"Where has it struck?" cried Apollonius, who came up at that moment. "On the Brambach side," cried one. Apollonius forced his way through the crowd, and strode up the stair. The watchers in the tower could give him no information. It had not really been struck, they said, and they were gathering their things together in pale haste to leave; only one of them could answer a question. Apollonius seized a lantern,

and hurried to the roof; the ladder no longer trembled under his foot, but excitement prevented his remarking it. There also he could find no trace of the lightning, nor even the smell of sulphur. He turned to call his companions to come up, and at that moment a blue flame filled every corner of the old tower, and at the same instant a peal of awful thunder rent the air. Apollonius felt as if struck dumb, and clung to the railing; next instant a suffocating cloud of smoke arose; he rushed to the nearest loop-hole for air, and then cried to his companions to follow him.

To reach the point of danger, he is obliged to go to the very spot where his brother perished. He is able to go to that fatal place, and to thrust his ladder out where there was no scaffolding to support, and to hook it on the projecting slates, a prey to the wild sport of the wind. Hanging on by this frail hold, he crawled like a fly up the wall to the roof, where the fire raged. During this perilous attempt the church of St. George struck two, and he planted his foot firmly on the burning rafters; his hand steady, his head clear, amid the war and confusion of the elements. Now, God be praised! the curse has been taken off him. Let us give in the author's words the feelings of the spectators:

"The crowd below kept crying, 'Where, where?' as the lightning struck a second time. There was a moment's silence. 'God be praised! it has not struck,' cried one. 'No, no! it burns this time; may the Lord have mercy upon us!' cried another. When the lightning ceased for a moment, small tongues of flame were to be seen under the slates. The storm howled, the wind blew every where, and then ceased to recommence with double fury. The flames increased slowly. But fast went the cry of fire through the town. Every eye was riveted on the one small spot. 'Help, help! it is still possible to extinguish it.' And again the cry, 'Nettenmaier! where is Nettenmaier?' rose above the storm. A voice said, 'He is in the tower,' and people felt comforted. Few knew him, especially of they who called loudest. It was a moment of utter helplessness, and the multitude called out his name as one man. Some thought they showed their courage by even speaking of help in such a case. Others only thought to pass the anxious moment. 'What will he do?' cried one.

'Help us! rescue us!' said another. 'Yes! if he had wings; but, in this wind, no one dare try it.' 'Nettenmaier will.' But the last speaker had as little hope that it was possible as the first. The conviction that the flame might be extinguished if it could be reached, made the universal feeling far more painful than the dull sense of resignation which inevitable necessity compels. When the little door in the wall opened, and a ladder was visible, and it became certain some one was to try the daring deed, it seemed as if a second thunderbolt had fallen. And the ladder hung by the hooks, and vibrated to and fro; and the man clung to it amid blinding snow, and begirt by flames. He clung to it; he climbed it; a ladder, as it were, made of splinters of wood, and swaying over the abyss like the pendulum of a clock! Every pulse stood still. A hundred different faces gazed with the same expression at the man above. They hardly trusted their eyes. It was like a dream, and yet true. No one quite believed what he saw; yet each one felt that he himself was on the ladder, swaying about with every blast of the storm, amid thunder and lightning, high up 'between heaven and earth.' They stood on the firm ground, and gazed; and yet, should the man fall! it would be to each as if he himself fell. Each man grasped involuntarily his hands, his stick, or something, as if to save themselves from danger. So they stood it seemed a lifetime, and yet it was but a few moments. They forgot the fate which threatened the town and themselves in the peril of the man above, whose danger seemed their own. They saw the flames extinguished, the danger to the town averted; they knew it, as it were, in a dream, when one knows one is dreaming; it was a thought without living reality. Only after the man had crept down the ladder, and vanished at the little door, and pulled in the ladder after him, and as they ceased to clasp their hands tight, and relaxed their grasp of what was nearest to them, only then admiration took the place of anxiety, and the exulting cry, 'Oh! the brave man!' rose, instead of the torturing words, 'He is lost!' An old man's trembling voice began to sing,

'Now thank the Lord our God,'
and as the old man reached the line,

'For He hath rescued us,'

then, first, each one felt fully what had been saved. Then men who were utter strangers embraced each other, and friend grasped friend. Every one joined in the hymn, and the voice of thanksgiving arose from the whole town, from the streets and from the market-place, where men had stood and trembled, and it reached the innermost chambers of the houses, and rose from the house-tops. The sick heard it on their lonely bed, the aged in the chair where weakness chained them; they, too, joined the song of praise, and children's young voices joined in the jubilee, who neither knew what the danger had been, nor who it was who had so daringly averted it.

"And now the reader knows all the history of the old man, whom we left, at the beginning of the book, listening to the Sabbath bells from his garden bower. That peaceful bower, round it the roses blossom, and their perfume fills the air. One can hear the hum of the bee, and the sound of insect life. Christine goes

through the garden, she shakes the bean blossom, and she gathers the dark beet-root leaves. It is summer-time; her son has brought home his wife; there is joy and young voices in the house. Warm drops of rain are falling, the rich verdure drinks them eagerly, and all speaks of peace. What men call happiness or unhappiness is but the circumstance in which they are placed, the raw stuff, the material, as it were, out of which they have to hew their lives. Heaven does not send happiness, it sends men the power to form it within their own hearts. Man ought not so much to strive to reach heaven, as to bring heaven down to dwell with him. He who has not happiness within himself, alas! seeks it in vain elsewhere. Let faith and conscience guide your steps. Turn not from the world as it is, listen to the inward voice, and seek to walk uprightly yourself in it, then all will be right within, and in this sense your walk will be

'BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.'"

A NEW LIGHT.—A Welsh paper of a recent date, tells of a visit paid by the Hon. Major Fitzmaurice to the Penrhyn Slate Quarry, near Bangor, for the purpose of exhibiting his newly-discovered light. The first experiment was conducted in a deep and long tunnel. The apparatus, which is quite portable, was placed at one end of the tunnel. The light produced from this was steady, pure, and so surprisingly brilliant that it completely illuminated the whole length of the tunnel, and rendered a written paper distinctly legible at a distance of three hundred yards. The apparatus was next brought into the open quarry. Here also the results were most extraordinary. The numerous steps of the quarry, some even at a distance of eight hundred and nine hundred yards, were as clearly seen as in daylight. A young Irish lady who was present exclaimed: "Why, the sun is a fool to it." This light is applicable to a variety of purposes. The colors of furniture, dresses, etc., are rendered unusually vivid, and photographs can be taken in ten seconds. It is free from injurious fumes, and consequently does not affect paint, gilding, or articles of delicate color. It is also easily manufactured and very cheap.

METTERNICH.—This veteran statesman sees the coming whirlwind, and has done an act of rather an undiplomatic kind, but which the crisis must excuse. He has just revealed, in an autograph note to the Emperor Napoleon III., for the purpose of repelling the charge made against Austria of having been the life and soul of the European coalition against his great uncle, the actual fact of a secret proposal made *after* the disastrous retreat from Moscow, when France seemed on her last legs, for a relinquishment of hostilities on the part of Kaiser Franz and a peace as far as Vienna was concerned, abandoning to the kingdom of Italy any claim to Lombardy, in return for the renewal of the Campa Formio Treaty, securing Dalmatia and the coast of Istria to Austria. The part Murat and Prince Schwartzenberg played in the transaction is dwelt on, and the willingness of his Imperial master to support the husband of Maria Louisa on the Imperial throne of France is set forth. All this is done "by permission," and an authentic copy of the archives forwarded, showing its acknowledgment at Wilna, in 1812, by the Duc de Bassano, acting for Napoleon I.—*Paris correspondent of the Globe.*

“WASHINGTON, THE BEACON LIGHT.”

“I HAVE the pleasure,” said his Honor, ex-Governor Bradish, in the Academy of Music, on the evening of the fourth of March, 1859, “of introducing to this great assembly, America’s favorite son, the Hon. Edward Everett!” A burst of enthusiastic welcome and applause followed the announcement. We have the pleasure also, and the honor, of introducing to our numerous patrons and readers of the *ECLECTIC*, not the original indeed, but a full-length portrait of the great American orator, so life-like and graphic that we hope the reader, if he will please to listen with attentive ears, will fancy he hears the eloquent words vibrating from the lips of the speaker, just as he uttered them on the memorable evening of the fourth of March. At least we have done our best, and enlisted the artistic skill of Mr. Sartain to accomplish so desirable a result; and if our readers, as they gaze upon the life-like lineaments of the renowned original, do not fancy they hear the language of Mr. Everett’s oration on the character of Washington, we hope it will not be thought to be our fault.

No American voice, perhaps no human voice, has reached the ears of so many Americans, or of so many human beings, as the voice of the original whose portrait adorns our present number, on whose lips countless thousands, in many parts of our land, have hung and listened with delight to the portrayal of the character of the “Father of his Country.”

On the occasion referred to, a brilliant and crowded assembly had convened. The immense and gorgeous edifice was filled to its utmost capacity. Rarely, if ever, has New-York witnessed such an assembly of character, talent, intellect, influence, moral worth, beauty, and accomplishment as was convened to grace this occasion, and to do honor to the orator and his subject.

The occasion was appropriately inaugurated by military display and martial music attending and escorting the ora-

tor to the platform. As the orator, leaning on the arm of the military chieftain of the occasion, approached the platform from the orchestra, in full view of the immense assembly, amid the strains of stirring music, the whole scene and impressive panorama was redolent of exciting and absorbing interest. The orator took his seat. Then the angel of Silence spread his wings for a few moments over the vast congregation. The Rev. Dr. Potts addressed the throne of grace, invoking the divine benediction. Then the orator arose and began his utterances prefaced by loud cheers.

We hope to be pardoned, if need be, for placing this little descriptive framework around the portrait and the occasion. The generous and noble efforts of the Hon. Edward Everett in the Mount Vernon cause, form a part of our national history, and are worthy of all praise. We desire to present the orator in life-likeness amid the scenes of these labors—to aid the recollection of those who were privileged to hear him, and to impart some just impression to the minds of those who, residing at a distance, may not have seen his face or heard his voice.

By the kind permission of Mr. Everett, at our request, Mr. Sartain was present, and chose the moment, the position, and the gesture of the uplifted arm, when the orator uttered the following language in allusion to Washington, pointing upward to him as “the Beacon Light.”

After hastily enumerating the great points of the prosecution and auspicious close of the Revolutionary War, and the formation of the Constitution, he proceeded: “Heaven forbid that we should ascribe all the glory of all these great events to any one man, even though that man be Washington. Heaven forbid that we should do such injustice to the great and good men, in every part of the country, North and South, with whom he was associated, and on whom he ever leaned for support; but I say no more than each and

all of those great and good men would have said; no more than many of them did say in substance, on fitting occasion, when I declare that the character of Washington was the Beacon Light, which guided our fathers over all that dark and tempestuous sea. Beacon Light, did I say? It was more and higher. The storm might rage, the ocean might heave from its depths, the eternal hills might tremble on their rocky thrones, the bewildered needle itself might break its mystic faith with the mariner, but all the while there was one

'As constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.'

We hope this brief sketch may add interest and value to the portrait of the distinguished original, whose name and character will ever stand high in American annals. The portrait was taken twice in ambrotype, by Mr. Brady, and the engraving afterwards corrected from life by Mr. Sartain, through the kindness of Mr. Everett—to whom we owe our thanks—and which we hope will prove as gratifying to our readers as it is pleasurable to us.

From the Leisure Hour.

S I B E R I A N G E M S .

IN the district around the Oural are found many stones of great value and beauty—emerald, amethyst, beryl, chrysoberyl, topaz, rose-tourmaline, and garnet—all highly interesting to the crystallographer in their natural state, and much more so to the ladies when cut into gems.

The capital of the Oural is Ekaterinburg, situated on a beautiful lake, from which there is a charming view of the town. The towers, spires, and domes of its eight churches, a monastery, and a convent, rising over the numerous public and private buildings, produce a most pleasing effect; while in the distance are seen the pine-clad hills of the Oural. Nearly in the center of the town stand the mechanical works belonging to the government, which are built on an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery and tools from the best makers in England. The entire arrangement of this establishment has been carried out for about fifteen years under the superintendence of a good practical English mechanic, who executed the whole of the excellent machinery of the Mint, in which copper money to a large

amount is coined annually. The furnace for smelting gold is in a building connected with the Mint, to which all the precious metals found in the Oural are brought, smelted, cast into bars, and then sent to St. Petersburg.

Near these works stands the building (the Granilnoi Fabric) in which the jaspers, porphyries, aventurine, and other stones found in the Oural are made into columns, pedestals, vases, and tables, unrivaled in workmanship either in ancient or modern times. The machines used are turned by water-power; the whole establishment belongs to the Crown, and is worked by peasants.

The jaspers are found in a great variety of colors, the most beautiful being deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray and cream-color; also a ribbon jasper, with stripes of reddish brown and green. The porphyries are equally fine and varied, comprising some of the most brilliant colors. Orlite is also a splendid stone, of a deep pink color, with veins of yellow and black; when made into vases it is semi-transparent. Malachite is used in

making tables and various other articles. The vases formed from it, Mr. Atkinson (to whose interesting Travels in Siberia we are indebted for these particulars) states, are usually of a most classic design; this, with the rich materials in which they are executed, gives them a magnificent effect; but to be able fully to appreciate such works, they must be seen in the splendid collections at the imperial palaces in St. Petersburg.

Most sumptuous jasper tables are made at this establishment, inlaid with different colored stones in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. In 1853, Mr. Atkinson saw one of them in Ekaterineburg, on which four or five men had been employed for six years. Nor is this an uncommon occurrence. The cost of labor alone (even if the materials were to be had) would effectually prevent such work being executed in England. But in Russia, wages are excessively low; and Mr. Atkinson himself saw a man engaged carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled any where in Europe, whose wages were three shillings and eightpence a month, with two poods (thirty-six pounds) of rye-flour per month to make into bread; meat he was never supposed to eat. Another man was cutting a head of Ajax after the antique, in jasper of two colors—the ground of dark green, and the head a yellowish cream-color—in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. It was a splendid production of art, and would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia. He also, poor fellow! received his three shillings and eightpence a month and his bread. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife and one pood for each child, on which they live and look stout. Other workmen were cutting the emerald, topaz, amethyst, aquamarine, and various stones, into different shapes, which they do with perfect accuracy and in good taste.

The lapidaries of Ekaterineburg deserve most honorable mention; they have brought their art to great perfection in cutting the various stones found in Siberia, and some of them may vie with the best workmen in Europe. Mr. Atkinson says: "The government employs a great number of its serfs in this establishment, in the machine and other shops. None

of them can be said to be 'poor,' if by that word is meant want of bread; for black bread they have, and salt; this, with a drink made from rye, is the food of hundreds who work hard for twelve hours in the day, and receive for their labor *fourpence*. The Russian peasants have, undoubtedly, great imitative genius, and nothing daunts them. Men are brought from a village, never having seen any mechanical operations before, and are taken to the shop. One is told he must be a blacksmith; he goes to his anvil without the least hesitation, and begins his work; another is ordered to be a fitter in the machine-shop; he seats himself at his bench, looks at the work his neighbor is doing, takes up his file, and commences his new and to him wonderful occupation; so they go on through many branches."

All precious stones, wherever discovered in Siberia, are the property of the Emperor; but it is not always the case that they find their way into the Imperial jewel-case, as the following instance shows. About twenty-five or thirty years ago, several fine crystals of emerald were discovered by some children, while playing near the village of Takovaya, and were tossed about in the cottage for a considerable time before their character was recognized. At length they were sent to Ekaterineburg, and were most splendidly cut in the Granilnoi Fabric. They proved to be gems of rare beauty and great value, and were secretly sent into Germany, where they were bought by a prince of one of the reigning families. Some years afterwards, his consort, on some great occasion, visited the Emperor of Russia, and while staying at St. Petersburg, wore these magnificent and rare gems. They were of such surpassing beauty as to attract the notice of the Empress, who admired them very much, and inquired whence they were obtained. To the great astonishment of her Imperial Majesty, she was told they came from Siberia. This caused a great sensation. Without giving time for any communication to be made to Ekaterineburg, the Emperor sent an officer to search the works, and the houses of all persons connected with the establishment there. He found in the house of the director several gems of great value, which the latter declared were there for safe custody. This was disbelieved, and without any

investigation, the accused was sent to prison, and after many years' confinement died there.

Amethysts of great brilliancy, and beryl, are occasionally discovered in several parts of the Oural; some exceedingly fine crystals of a blue, yellow, and rose color; those of the latter kind are rare, and when perfectly transparent, of considerable value. Chrysoberyl is met with in the same locality as the emerald; occasionally very fine crystals are obtained, and cut into beautiful gems. Topaz is found in one or two localities, sometimes six inches long, perfectly transparent, and sold at a very great price. Pink topaz is rare. Mr. Atkinson says: "Up to this time, only five small crystals have been met with at one of the gold mines in the South Oural, and one of these was presented to me: I deeply regret to say that it is either mislaid or has been lost on my journey."

Our readers will learn with interest that English mechanics have been employed in the Oural from a very early period, in its mining operations. Several of them, Mr. A. tells us, have become celebrated for their eccentricity, and their names will be handed down through many generations in connection with the works. He relates a tragical history of the fate of one of these adventurous spirits. In the reign of the Emperor Paul, a young mechanic, named Major, was engaged by the Russian government, and sent to Ekaterineburg to superintend a small mechanical establishment. In this town Major spent a long life, and constructed many machines, which, rude as they were, proved of essential value in the mining districts. Peasants were sent to him from the different villages, who had never in their lives seen any mechanical tools except an ax and a saw. When he entered upon his duties he scarcely knew a word of the Russian language, which of course added much to his difficulties. However, as years rolled on, he acquired some knowledge of it. German he also learned by coming in contact with the miners, many of whom were from the Hartz Mountains. He likewise contrived to add a little French to his stock. His pay being liberal, and living cheap, he was enabled to keep a good establishment; and, being kind to the workmen, he gained their esteem and that of the officers who served under him, while his

eccentricity amused them all. He had at length established a sort of jargon of his own, most strange and peculiar. In giving his instructions, he would begin in Russ, add a few words of German, then a scrap of French, and finally glide into an English sentence, which he concluded with an impetuous volley of threats in case of disobedience.

When the Emperor Alexander visited the Oural, he was greatly pleased with the works Major had established, and, as a token of his satisfaction, presented him with a piece of land containing about twenty English acres, with all the minerals it contained, and gold was known to be deposited there. This imperial act of bounty proved fatal to the unhappy Englishman, who built for himself a house on his land, and a few years later began to excavate and wash the gold sand, usually obtaining more than two poods of gold a year, at a very small cost of labor. This was worth about £3500. He had gone on in this way for several years, living at his country house with very few people about him, and often having no domestic except an old woman. At length an unusually productive year occurred; the quantity of precious metal he had obtained during the summer was accurately known to the workmen, each day's produce being weighed, entered in a book, and delivered to Major every evening. He deposited it in an iron box which stood in his cabinet, the key of which he carried in his pocket. That year there were more than three poods of gold in the box. The time was approaching when this treasure would be sent to the smelting works at Ekaterineburg, to be cast into bars, and forwarded to the mint at St. Petersburg, when, one Sunday evening, Major and his old housekeeper being alone in the house, a noise was suddenly heard near the entrance door. The old dame rose to see what was the matter; but scarcely had she left the room when she was seized and thrown down a staircase. Major, hearing the noise, rushed to the door of his cabinet with a candle in his hand, when a blow fell from an ax upon his head, and he never breathed again.

After this, the murderers possessed themselves of the box and the gold, with which they made off, closing the doors after them. It was not till the morning of the third day that this terrible tragedy

was known, when one of the officers of the machine works came to consult Major on business of importance. Search being made, the ghastly remains of the murdered man were found, his hand still grasping the candlestick. The old woman was discovered in a state of unconsciousness, though still living.

A strict investigation was made, and suspicion fell on some of the workmen, who were seized and examined, but it was clearly proved they were innocent. A strict watch was kept on the movements of certain men who were rather suspicious characters. One of these, a small merchant, was taken and searched. On examination, however, he proved to the satisfaction of the police that he was ninety versts distant on the morning of the murder. He was accordingly set at liberty. Years passed over, and all hopes of penetrating the mystery were given up. It happened, however, that the quantity of gold stolen from the mines had become

so enormous, that the government determined to discover how it was effected. An officer of police was dispatched to the neighborhood, and after a long and skillful course of maneuvering, he contrived to effect the purpose for which he was sent. In the course of his investigations also, he came upon a clue which led to the discovery of the murderer of poor Major, who was no other than the merchant who had been in the first instance tried and acquitted. This man had long been engaged in the gold-smuggling, in association with those who stole it from the mines. The murder was clearly proved against him and some accomplices, and they were sentenced to the horrible punishment of "running the gauntlet,"* and died immediately after. The band of gold stealers was broken up, and the officer of police returned to St. Petersburg to receive a reward for his arduous and really dangerous labors.

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THE CRADLE OF HISTORY.*

CRADLE of history, land of fables and myths, starting-point of many a form of civilization, no corner of the world except Palestine can boast of more interesting remembrances than the widely diversified region south of Caucasus. Here, in the highlands of Armenia, where the whole surface has been broken up by volcanoes and upheavals among the latest of the great geological convulsions of earth's crust, somewhere in this district was man's primeval dwelling. Of the identity of the Euphrates and Tigris with two of the rivers of Paradise, the student of Scrip-

ture can have no doubt; and when we learn that the Phasis rolls down gold, and that the Araxes passes by a primitive *Cush*, (Shusha,) there ought not to be much doubt of the identity of Pison or Gihon either. (Gen. 2 : 11-13.) The sacred writer's description, compared with the still existing general features of the country, however modified its relieve has been, conveys the impression of a mountain-circled lake with four rivers issuing from it: two to the south, one to the Euxine, and one to the Caspian. The name,

† *Ritter's Porth to the History of the Races of Europe. Regions of Caucasus and Pontus.* Berlin.

* "To run the gauntlet" is to walk between the lines formed by a regiment of soldiers, consisting of 3000 men, each man striking the culprit with a rod.

Eden, is preserved in Haiadan of Armenian tradition; Hadenech of Zoroaster, who was himself born at Ourmiah, probably the Ur of Abraham, certainly the mystic land of the Persians. Sir H. Rawlinson and Mr. Loftus identify Ur with Mugeyer, on the right bank of the Euphrates. It is possible that spot may have been the site of a city called Ur; but the scriptural Ur of the Chaldees must have been on the left of the Euphrates. It was "beyond the river." (Joshua 24: 2, 3.)

In these same highlands human history was begun over again; for the ark rested upon Ararat, and the children of Noah first spread themselves at its feet. There is a commemoration of the fact in the name of the town of Nakchivan, on the Aras, the ἀποβατήριον of Josephus; for it means *first habitation*. It was doubtless the purpose of God, in bringing the race back to its cradle, to make men feel more deeply the renewal of his mercies, and of their own responsibilities. Ararat is just within the frontier recognized by the Treaty of Turkmanchai, (1828.) It is sacred in the eyes of all the neighboring populations; but has a rival in Elbrous, the Albordj of Persian mythology, and the highest summit of Caucasus: the latter is the sacred mountain of the ark, the olive, and the dove, in the traditions of all the tribes who live within sight of its everlasting snows.

It was here that the Greeks learned their mysteriously evangelical myth of Prometheus. It was meet that the impersonation of man suffering for his presumption, and woman's curiosity, yet expecting a Redeemer, should be associated with the rocks of Caucasus and the ruins of Eden. The *Guamli*, the peak of Prometheus, is a lofty and peculiarly pointed *needle*, as it would be called in Savoy; a conspicuous object in the landscape from almost every part of Mingrelia. When Pompey commanded an army in Colchis, he visited this mountain with his companion, the literary Greek, Theophanes.

In Hesiod there is no indication of the place where Prometheus was supposed to suffer; and Æschylus puts it vaguely in Scythia. Hence, Mr. Grote and others suppose the tradition was not identified with the region of Caucasus until a later period; but this is a mere hypothesis. That a myth, recalling the great catastrophe and the great promise at the dawn

of human existence, should be found in the neighborhood of the scenes amid which the Book of Genesis places that catastrophe, can hardly be accidental. Mr. Grote forgets what he himself says elsewhere, that legends of the Argonauts, older than Æschylus, make those wanderers, as they pass the Caucasus, see the eagle that gnawed the liver of Prometheus nailed to the rock, and hear the groans of the sufferer himself.*

It was hence that the various tribes that peopled Central and Northern Europe proceeded in their earliest emigrations. Remnants of many of them in the valleys of Caucasus are like marks to show that they had passed; others left but a name behind them. Here, for instance, was Asgard, the mystic city of the Scandinavians, Asa Land, their paradise from which Odin led their ancestors. Herodotus mentions an Asia on the Kuban. Pliny reckons the Asæi among the Scythian tribes. Dubois found no less than three localities called Asa on the calcareous spur to the north-west, among the Tcherkesses. The Sea of Azof is also a memorial of that name. The very appellation of the whole continent is another. The chain of Caucasus was so called from a combination of Kogh ("mountain") and As.

Between the two kindred nations of the Tcherkesses and the Lesghians, in the very central valley of the north of Caucasus, an Indo-Germanic tribe is inserted like a wedge. It is a people called Osses, or Ossetes, by the Russians and Georgians; but who call themselves Iron, and their district Ironistaun, while they transfer the name Assi to certain Tcherkesses. Russian missionaries were sent to this people in 1745. They voluntarily declared themselves subjects of the Czar; and as they lived upon the valley of the Terek, and possessed the important Pass of Dariel, the connection with them greatly facilitated the intercourse of Russia with Georgia, and the final subjugation of that country. This Ossete tribe, now only about twenty-six thousand strong, are supposed to be the last representatives of a people who once played an important part in the valley of the great chain, and in the plains at its feet. It was the Medish colony which the Scythians, according to Diodorus, transplanted into Sar-

* Grote's *Greece*, vol. i. p. 323.

matia; and of which the famous Georgian Chronicle of Vaktang V. says, that it was located in the north of Caucasus seven centuries before the Christian era. Klaproth found about seven hundred Ossete words having affinity with modern Persic, which, together with the name this little people gives itself, confirms the fact of its being partially descended from the Medish colony. Klaproth found also about two hundred and forty words related to Lett or Courlandish. This circumstance is the more remarkable because there are some singular coincidences of manners and superstitions between the Ossete and the Lithuanian peasant. Among both people, for instance, a man struck dead by lightning is supposed to be very dear to heaven. He is buried on the spot where he fell; a black goat is killed as a sacrifice, and the skin of the animal is stuffed, and suspended to a pole over the tomb of the new saint, who, it is supposed, has been summoned by Elias.

Lithuanian is well known to be closer to Sanskrit than any other language in Europe, which would be explained if the ancestors of the Letts had really crossed the Caucasus at a later period than their other Indo-European brethren. Lithuania Proper was civilized by Varangian adventurers, which accounts for the Runic Gothic words to be found in it; but in the principalities of the Baltic, the Letts, mixed up with the great Slavonic race, were civilized by Finnish tribes, who were dominant on the shores of the Baltic, in the ninth and tenth centuries of our era, under the designations of Esths, Lives, and Cours. The Isle of Oesel, then called Isle of the Cours, (*Kurresaar*), has the equivocal celebrity of giving origin to the word "corsair."

But we have not yet done with the associations suggested by what we can surmise of this handful of mountaineers, who know nothing of their own history. In Arrian, the tribe inhabiting the principal central passage of the mountains are called Alans. That writer was charged by the Emperor Hadrian to defend against their incursions the whole country lying south; so that they must have been there much stronger than they are now. The name Alan continued to be used until the tenth century, when that of Ases was substituted for it; and, finally, the present mistaken term, Osses. It is extraordinary that Roger Bacon, who confounds the Alans

with the Magyars, was at the same time aware of their relationship to the Letts and Lithuanians. The Georgians put Osseth on the Terek, and Alaneth on the Kuban. Again, the historian Ammianus Marcellinus, who was an officer in Julian's guards, calls the Caucasus the "mountains of the Alans," identifies this people with the Massagetæ, and makes them inhabit the whole northern plain from the Kuban to the Caspian. The idea of the identity of Alans and Massagetæ is at least consistent with other indications. Thus the Massagetæ, when they drove the Scythians and Cimmerians before them, came from the east of the Caspian Sea. They were therefore, so placed as to be probably known to the Chinese; but, just at that epoch, certain warlike tribes wandering between the Altai mountains and the Caspian are called Olana and Alani in the annals of the Chinese. About 380 B.C., there was a great break-up of the populations. The Sarmatians moved up the Volga and the Don, and assumed the preponderance which had successively belonged to Tchouds, Cimmerians, and Khazars. In Strabo's time, the Sarmatian Jazyges and Roxolani had passed the Don, changing its name, as well as those of all the rivers in the south of Russia; the Ossete word for water, *don* or *dan*, henceforward entering into the composition of them all. Dubois suggests that the name Jazyges probably implies a mixture of an Arian with a Circassian tribe. The Tcherkesses call themselves Adighes. The Georgians change it into Djikhes; and Strabo into Zyghes.

The most reasonable conclusion to be drawn from all this jumbling of names and races is, that the old Medish colony became associated with more numerous tribes of Arian stock, north of Caucasus, tribes coming chiefly from the east; and that a small remnant of this mingled people remained like a medal commemorating its existence in the upper valley of the Terek, while the great body were scattered over Europe with various fortunes, and in various degrees of intermixture with other barbarian hosts. See Roxolani, (Russian and Alan,) Vandals, (Vend and Alan,) Lithuanians, (Lett and Alan,) Catalans, (Goth and Alan.) The names come suddenly into notice, or as suddenly die out; and their application is now widely extended, and now limited to some microscopic community. The apparent mystery is to be generally explained by the fact that the strongest tribe

used to impose its name upon a whole confederacy, but that only until the confederacy was broken up, or until the relative strength of some other tribe increased. Moreover, the civilized nations of antiquity were always confusing and misinterpreting the designations of their barbarous assailants, and transmitting their mistakes to each other.

A branch of the Tchoud or Finnish race would seem to have first inhabited the north-east shore of the Euxine; then came the Cimmerians, and the Fins retreated partly to the mountains, partly withdrew to the shores of the Baltic. The Cimmerians, in their turn, were broken and dispersed by the Khazars, another Scythian tribe; some of them remained as slaves in the hands of the conquerors; others made their way to Jutland and England, etc., Cimbri, Cambri, Cumbri; others fought their way through the Pass of Gagra into Asia Minor, and ended by settling at Sinope; but they drew after them the Scythian invaders who so cruelly wasted Media and a great part of Western Asia, from B.C. 633 to about 605. This is the story of Herodotus and the Georgian Chronicle. Niebuhr, with his usual exaggerated skepticism, rejects it altogether, because it is said the Scythians came through the Gates of Derben, and it is improbable that they should have so mistaken their way if they really pursued the fugitive Cimmerians. Let this last idea be supposed a popular mistake, founded on the fact of the contemporaneous appearance of the two nations: it throws no discredit upon the fact itself, for which there is the testimony of all antiquity.

The Khazars of the Georgian Chronicle are the Katiars of Herodotus, and are called a Scythian tribe; but it must be remembered that this name was as widely and as loosely applied by classical antiquity as the term "Indian" by ourselves, and involves no near affinity of race. Thus we have seen the name originating with the Finnish ancestors of the Tcherkesses, yet, as Mr. Grote observes, Herodotus and Hippocrates look upon the Sarmatians as a branch of the Scythian family. Jornandes calls the Khazars Agazires; and with the Byzantine writers they are the eastern Turks. They submitted to Attila in the fifth century, and may have formed part of the Magyar invasion of the tenth century; in any case they disappear from history about that period on the banks of the

Lower Volga. The foundation of the Varangian monarchy of Ruric contributed to their absorption or emigration. It was those Khazars who, on their return from Asia, as the story goes, found their slaves married to their wives, and had to force the rampart of Akkos, defended by the slaves and their children. This was probably the current caricature of an attempt at revolt by the vanquished remnant of the Cimmerians.

The great Scythian irruption was the first known invasion of Asia by the nomades of the north. The remembrance of the recent infliction was the starting-point of some of the most remarkable predictions of the prophet Ezekiel; for prophecy at all times had its reason and foundation in the then present wants, fears, or desires of the people of God. Since the Scythians attacked Egypt, they must also have wasted Palestine just at the time that it was being crushed under the iron heel of the King of Assyria. The prophet sees in those terrible northern invaders, and in their end, the type of other enemies of the kingdom of God, who should come like them from the ends of heaven, and, like them, finally perish. See chapters 38 and 39. Archbishop Newcome's translation of 38: 2 is the best: "Son of man, set thy face against Gog, of the land of Magog, prince of Rhos, Meshech, and Tubal, and prophecy against him." The Arabs, and present Mohammedans generally, have borrowed from the Hebrews the expressions Gog and Magog for all the nomades of the north without distinction. If Magog has been rightly identified with the Mæotes, Mates, Sarmates, then it would follow that a Slavonian element was predominant among these barbarians.

This is the first time the name Russ occurs in any shape. Bochart says, that the river Araxes was once called Rhos, but we know not on what evidence. If this name was really first given in these localities to a Slavonic tribe which afterwards moved up into Europe, and imposed its name upon the great people who bear it now, it would, indeed, be an extraordinary coincidence that the Russians should have pushed their frontier exactly to the banks of the river from which originated the designation of their parent stock in its primitive insignificance.

Meshech, as has been already said, is the mountainous district of Meskhia. Tubal Josephus takes for the Georgians; but

that people themselves, and the Armenians, say they are both descended from Togarmah (Gen. 10: 3,) a tradition which is doubtless not founded on real national remembrances, but on suppositions subsequent to their conversion to Christianity. Scholars who accept this idea quote in its support Ezek. 27: 14, "The house of Togarmah were merchants of horses;" which would very well suit Armenia. To whatever people the name of Tubal applies, it goes along with Meshech in secular as well as sacred literature. The Moschi and Tibareni of Herodotus paid tribute to the Persians together. Again, in the army of Xenophon, the two peoples wore the same kind of armor, and obeyed the same chief. Gomer, in Ezek. 38: 6, of course stands for the Cimmerians.

When Greek mariners first ventured as far as the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, they found in Colchis a civilization superior to their own, as is shown by the myths of the voyage of the Argonauts, and the wanderings of Ulysses. Circe is represented as living in a palace of marble, the seats of her palace covered with linen and purple, and her table of solid silver. Like the Norman at a later period, the Greeks first visited as pirates shores that they were afterwards to colonize; and they directed their galleys thither because the inhabitants were richer than themselves. To this day the gold dust rolled down by the Engour, and other rivers of the country, is collected by means of sheepskins, fastened, with the woolly side out, to hurdles, and laid upon the bed of the stream. Hence the fable of the golden fleece.

Mr. Grote will not allow that there was any sprinkling of historical or geographical fact in the legend of the Argonauts, or, at least, if any, that it can be recognized, and thinks the mythic voyage was connected with Colchis only in those ages when the shores of the Euxine were studded with Greek cities. It is evident that the Grecian mariner and colonist carried his religious and patriotic fancies along with him, and was ever ready to localize them anew in the countries he visited. It was this tendency that in a late age fixed the Sirens off the coast of Naples, the Cyclops in Sicily, the goddess Circe at the Italian promontory of Circeium, and placed the extreme point of the wanderings of Ulysses in the far West, after former generations had placed it in what was to them

the far East. But, for this very reason, just because the late traditions imply a real contact of the Greeks with the regions which they fill with their picturesque imaginations, we infer that the older traditions do the same. The Argo, with its crew of heroes and semi-gods, we believe to be a corrupt resemblance of the ark: the early Greek pirates, when they wished to exalt their exploits, associated them with this sacred remembrance, and selected for their theater a land rich enough to tempt them, and yet at such a distance as to be surrounded with mystery, and to be reached only by the boldest.

Æetes, the father of Medea, or the brother of Circe, according to the different versions, is doubtless the Ihaos of Georgian tradition, who was said to be the brother of their own ancestor, Karthlos. Ihaos was called Haik by the Armenians. He is represented as having rebelled against Nebrod, (Nimrod,) the first King of the inhabitants of the earth, and killed him in battle. The situation of Colchis makes it very comprehensible that it should have appeared to the sailors at the mouths of the rivers to be the palace of Aurora, the land of the rising sun.

The name Colchis appears to have arisen from a misapprehension of the Georgian word *kolaki*, "capital," just as the Turks called Constantinople Stamboul, from a misapprehension of the modern Greek way of saying *to the city*. The Cyclopiæ remains of Nakolakevi between the Tskenis-kali and Rion indicate the site of a large and very ancient city, which Dubois thinks must have been the very one so famous in Greek story. Procopius calls it Archæopolis; and in historical ages it never has had the importance which its extent shows it must once have possessed.

The scenes of Ulysses' adventures are all along the coasts of the Black Sea. Twenty years before Balaclava attained its celebrity of 1854-5, Dubois recognized in it the port of the lofty city of the Læstrygons,

"By rocks
Uninterrupted flanked on either side,
Of towering height, while prominent the shores
And bold, converging at the haven's mouth,
Leave narrow pass."—*Cowper's Odyssey*, x.
106-110.

There is not in the whole Black Sea a natural harbor answering that description but one; and the description is complete

even to Balacava's only spring, "the crystal fountain named Artacia," whither the daughter of Antiphates repaired. It seems strange, it is true, to see that small harbor called "a capacious port;" but we must remember how the wants of the Greeks in that respect were different from ours. The founders of Cherson, in the same neighborhood, selected for its port, not the harbor of the present Sebastopol, nor even the Bay of Kamiesh, but the insignificant Quarantine Bay. Strabo says of Balacava: "After the old Chersonesus is a port with a narrow entrance; it was there chiefly that the Tauri, a Scythian nation, established their pirate den, (*ληστήρια*,) attacking all who ventured on their territory; it is called the port of Symbols." (Genoese, *cembalo*.) The name *Læstrygon* is evidently from *ληστής*.

From this the tempest-tossed wanderers were driven to a low coast, the isle of *Æea*: "there dwelt Circe, dread goddess, skilled in magic song, sister of sage *Ætès*." Here we are certainly in Colchis, writes the able archæologist we have so often quoted: this broad river that receives the fleet of Ulysses, the thick forest that covers the shore, and the stags that find shelter in it, this vast palace hidden in the trees, as *Nakolakevi* is to this day. The wine is still as tempting, the honey as fresh, the women sit embroidering as they did in the days of Homer; and that there may be no mistake about the position of *Æea*, the poet places there the palaces of Aurora, whence the hours issue in succession with song and dance, and where the bright sun rises.

Circe sends Ulysses to consult a seer in the infernal regions. When the hero supposes he has traversed the entire empire of Neptune, he reaches

"The oozy shore, where grow the poplar groves,
And fruitless willows wan of Proserpine."—
Od. x. 611, 612.

"The course of ocean's vast profound,
The city there of the Cimmerians stands
With clouds and darkness veiled, on whom
the sun
Deigns not to look with his beam-darting
eye."—*Od.* xi. 13–17.

Herodotus and Strabo place the Cimmerians in the Peninsula of Kertch and Isle of Taman, at the extremity of the Euxine, which must have appeared to Homer the utmost limit of ocean. It is a gloomy, foggy country, such as the

Greeks, with their characteristic exaggeration, would call one of perpetual darkness. Here Ulysses was to find one of the mouths of the infernal regions; an idea suggested doubtless by the springs of black naphtha in the Isle of Taman, and the volcanoes which, with loud explosions, eject torrents of boiling mud.

Scylla and Charybdis were not in the Straits of Messina then; for the poet says, the ship *Argo* had alone escaped them. They were the *Symplegades* in the Bosphorus, near the entrance to the Black Sea, rocks which were a terror to inexperienced mariners in extreme antiquity.

The properly historical period of the countries adjoining the Black Sea and of the navigation of its waters, begins with the close of the seventh century, B.C., when the first colonies were founded on its shores by the enterprising Greeks of the Asiatic side of the Archipelago. These Milesian cities became in time very flourishing. Passing over many names of minor importance, we distinguish *Olbia*, at the mouth of the Bog, which exported the corn of the agricultural Scythians in exchange for the wines and fruits of Greece; *Tunais*, upon the Don, where the caravans from India and Siberia met, exported the furs of the one, the cottons and spices of the other. *Phanagoria*, at the mouth of the Kuban, possessed a harbor at that time opening at once upon the Euxine, the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and the Sea of Azoph; it was the emporium of all the peoples north of Caucasus, and proudly chose the lion of Cybele for its emblem. *Panticapæum*, (Kertch,) the queen of the Bosphorus, was the mother city of the last two, participated in their trade, and added to it the corn of her peninsula and the salt of her lagoons; the griffin was her emblem. On the eastern coast the chief colony was that of *Dioscurias*, now Iskouriah in Abkasia. According to Strabo, the costumes of one hundred nations were to be seen in its marts, and the Romans at one time employed one hundred and thirty official interpreters there; but when this all-conquering people became masters of the caravan route to India by Phanagoria, Dioscurias was neglected, and speedily decayed. The city of *Phasis*, at the mouth of that river, exported flax, hemp, linen, pitch, timber, honey. *Cherson* was built by the Dorian Greeks on the site of the present cemetery of Sebastopol.

The influence of the Greek colonists gradually civilizing the population around them, made them for that reason formidable to their involuntary instructors, and kings of indigenous origin finally reigned over Panticapæum and several other cities. The wonderfully rich tomb of Koul-Oba, near Kertch, belonged to one of the Leuconides, a dynasty of this sort. They imitated the Greeks in the arts of war and of luxury, but retained the sanguinary funeral rites of their ancestors; for, upon inspection of the tomb when it was opened, it was evident that the queen and a slave had been put to death to be buried with the deceased king.

When the Sarmatians became dominant in Russia about 380, the Scythians of the Crimean steppe and the Tatars of the mountains united, and for many generations tormented the Greeks and semi-Greeks of the Cimmerian Bosphorus and of Cherson. Skilurius, King of the Scythians, whose capital was Simferopol, made himself particularly formidable, until the Greeks in despair threw themselves upon the protection of the celebrated Mithridates, King of Pontus, the sixth of the name. Mithridates soon tamed the Tauro-Scyths, and reigned over the whole eastern arc of the Black Sea from 74 to 63 B.C. Beaten successively by Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, this enterprising monarch fled northward by the Pass of Gagra, and took refuge in the Crimea, while his Georgian and Armenian allies paid the penalty of their alliance with him. Pompey does not seem to have thought of pursuing the defeated enemy to his retreat; but the latter, ardent and indefatigable, formed the daring project of marching through the wild tribes of Getæ and Sarmatians, inducing them to join him, and then throwing himself, with these accumulated masses, upon the Roman frontier, and penetrating, if possible, into Italy itself. This scheme, which would have anticipated the invasion of the barbarians by five centuries, was too much for the courage or patience of Mithridates' followers; his own children declared against him, and he killed himself in the acropolis of Panticapæum. The rock over the Strait, which is called the chair of Mithridates, marks the spot where the acropolis stood. Souvaroff shed tears over the ruin that passes for the tomb of the indomitable and unfortunate monarch; but his remains were

really sent by his son Pharnaces to Pompey as a sign of submission, and they were buried at Sinope.

Colchis and Abkasia remained for many centuries tributary to the declining Eastern Empire. The Greeks of Constantinople often treated them very badly; yet fear of the Persians, and attachment to Christianity, secured their allegiance. The Persians even brought elephants into the country in the course of their repeated endeavors to subdue it. The bloody campaigns that took place during the reigns of Khosroes and Justinian, and which ended with the victory of the natives and the Romans, are described by Procopius.

In the eleventh century a Mingrelian dynasty inherited the throne of Georgia, and both countries were for some time united. The Russian princes at Kief, and the Georgian at Kutais, rose to eminence at the same time. The same Greek Emperor sent workmen to Jaroslaw and to Bagrat IV., to help them to build their respective cathedrals, and, of the two, that of Kutais was the finest.

On the fall of Constantinople, Abkasia, Mingrelia, and Imeretia were disputed by Turks and Persians. The former built and secured some fortresses on the coast — Poti, Suchum, Kaleh, etc.; but the reigning families acknowledged the nominal sovereignty of Persia. By consenting to transfer their allegiance to a Christian power, they have since brought upon themselves the yoke of a harder master, and lost their independence altogether.

The history of Georgia Proper was compiled from old chronicles by order of Vaktang V., between the years 1703 and 1721. It was afterwards translated into Russian, and thence by Jules Klaproth into German. From this Chronicle it appears, as might have been expected, that civilization was developed in the valley of the Kur much later than on the other side of the Lekhi ridge. The people only learned to build with lime from a Persian governor, after the great Scythian invasion, and only ceased to be cannibals under Pharnavuz in the third century B.C. It is said, that in the reign of Cyrus twenty-eight Chinese families settled in Georgia, and among them that of the Orbelians, whose history presents as many vicissitudes as that of a whole nation, and who are still one of the first families in the country.

Limestone rock, which is easily hewn

and excavated, favored the ancient habit of living in crypts in Georgia, as well as in Persia, Abyssinia, Nubia, Egypt, Thrace, Italy, Sicily. "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence," said the prophet to the Troglodytes of Idumea. (Jer. 49 : 16.) The excavated temples of Ellora and others similar in India are gigantic developments of this tendency. It continued very late, indeed, in Georgia; the Troglodyte city of Vardsia, near the source of the Kur, has a palace of Queen Tamar, three Christian churches, shops, stables, wine-presses—in short, all the appliances of civilized life. Ouplostsik is much superior and more extensive than Vardsia, but has no churches, for it was excavated previous to Christianity.

Armenia became Christian about A. D. 287; Georgia and Iberia about 318. The Georgians west of Lekhi received the Christian religion from Constantinople; those to the east of it from Armenia; and they followed the fortunes of their Armenian brethren until the tenth century. At first, Arsacide princes reigned in both countries: when this family was exterminated in Persia itself by the Sassanides, the latter made war on Georgia and Armenia too, conquered them, and committed awful atrocities to bring the inhabitants back to fire-worship, but in vain.

When the schism of the Armenians took place, the Georgians remained faithful to Greek orthodoxy. Persia, now conquered by the Arabs, began to persecute in the cause of Mohammedanism, as it had done formally in that of the religion of Zoroaster. From A. D. 630 onward there was a century of frightful suffering caused by this new fanaticism. Two princes, David and Constantine, died as martyrs for their faith about A. D. 730. So did Artchil, an aged monarch, in 781. At last, the Sassanide dynasty of Georgia became extinct in 787. The Bagratides, who succeeded them, paid tribute to the Persians. This family were descended from a Jewish captive at Babylon. The Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, in his book of the Imperial administration, says, they boasted that Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, was an ancestress of theirs.

In 1008, Bagrat III. united in his person the sovereignty over the Geor-

gians in both basins and over Abkasia. He favored literature and architecture. But a terrible time was at hand—the invasion of Armenia, and afterwards of Georgia, by the Turks Seljucides. Togril Bey sacked Erzerum in 1049; Alp Arslan took Kars in 1064. The danger seems to have roused the courage of the Georgians. The heroic David III. conqueror of Turks and Tartars, reigned from 1080 to 1126. Half a century later, George III. left the kingdom to his daughter, the celebrated Tamar, Queen of the Caucasus: she married a Russian prince, but had to divorce him on account of his profligacy. The costumes and portraits of all those monarchs of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are to be seen in the frescoes of the old church of Gelati.

Tamar's daughter, Roussoudan, being discovered in an intrigue with one of her guards, put a bold face on the matter, ordered to prison her royal consort, who had remonstrated rather too indiscreetly, and had the two handsomest men she could hear of brought into her presence, that she might choose for her second husband the one she liked best. This abandoned woman poisoned herself in 1247, and her dominions were divided.

In bright contrast with such a character stands Prince Demetrius, who, in the plain of Mongau, A. D. 1289, gave himself up a voluntary victim to the cruelty of Arghoun Khan, that he might thereby purchase the departure of the Mongols, and a respite for his people. But a more dreadful enemy than Arghoun was coming. Timur took Tiflis in 1385, and committed frightful ravages. Many Georgian princes at this time perished by the hands of Turks and Tartars. George VII. who succeeded in 1396, reunited the different kindred nations, but at his death had the folly to divide them among his children. After this there was a sad succession of intestine wars, massacres, parricides, eyes put out, and licentious queens, the country being all the time the battle-field of Turks and Persians.

When the royal family had fallen into utter discredit in 1414, the Dadian, or hereditary cup-bearer, a powerful noble, seized the scepter, and his descendants held it, paying a slight tribute to Persia, until the evil day when they were persuaded to tender their allegiance to Russia, with what result we have already seen. Russia's first appearance south of

the Caucasus was in 1722, when Peter the Great, under pretense of helping the Shah against his enemies, seized the Mohammedan provinces of Daghistaan and Ghilan. Russia was soon afterwards compelled by Nadir Shah to evacuate those provinces. It was in 1783 that Heraclius King of Georgia, with the princes of Imeretia and Mingrelia, recognized the paramount sovereignty of the crown of Russia, the Czarina on the other hand guaranteeing the kingdom to him and his heirs forever. In 1800, *with a view to compose the troubles* which had arisen in Georgia, the Czar Paul published an ukase incorporating it with the Russian Empire. We observe that the wife of the late representative of the dethroned family, the widowed Princess Dadian, was *invited* to spend the winter of 1857-8 at St. Petersburg, with her young son.

Having detained the reader so long in Transcaucasia, we must be brief in what we have to say of the Crimea, the last region we shall notice.

The Tauric Peninsula is a miniature of Caucasus, not to say of the whole of Asia. That is to say, it consists of a mountain chain running from east to west, sloping off slowly in the steppe to the north, and rising abruptly over the sea to the south. The steppe, though bare of trees, is not unfruitful, and could support far more than its present population; it was from it that Panticapæum and Theodosia procured the corn that made them the granary of Athens in Demosthenes' time. The narrow strip between the mountains and the sea is eminently rich, producing excellent wine and fruits, that are sent to Moscow, and even to St. Petersburg. The imperial domain of Osiauda, near Livadia, that of Aloupka, belonging to Count Woronzof, that of Oursof, laid out by the Duc de Richelieu in 1817, and many others that might be named, present magnificent specimens of this rich vegetation as a foreground to grand sea views. The most remarkable summit is that called by the Tartars Tchatyrdagh, that is, Tent Mountain, from its shape; it is the ancient *Trapezium*.

The chain dies away and nearly disappears towards Sebastopol, being only represented by the abrupt line of elevation, some two hundred feet high, of which the cliff to the north of Inkermann, and the northern shore of the harbor of Sebastopol, are the extremity. Thus, by

one of those singular relations of the surface to the substance of things, by which mere trifles sometimes become symbols of deep import, the Russians on Mackenzie's farm, and the allies in the valley of the Tchernaya, were each of them in their proper territory; the barrier between North and South lay between them, but at its *minimum*, just high enough to give the Russians a strong position. The Greek colonies in the Crimea and in Provence were like each other in being practically breaches on the frontier of those northern and southern worlds, separated elsewhere by stupendous walls.

Almost all the wandering tribes of Asia who have ever invaded Europe, took the Crimea in their way. Some came directly across the Straits of Yenikalé; others crossed the Don, turned south to feed their flocks in the peninsula, pillage, oftener exterminate, its inhabitants, and then continued their course along that verdant table-land between the Dnieper and the Bog which Herodotus calls the *sacred way*, until the vast marshes of Pinsk oblige them to turn to the south-west. It would be difficult to judge even approximately how many times the whole population of the peninsula has been either totally exterminated, or driven away to seek a home in some less exposed country. Cimmerian, Scythian, Taur, and Greek begin the list. The Alans invaded the Crimea in 62 A.D. Goths settled there in the second century. The Huns passed like a torrent in 376, annihilating the cities of the Bosphorus; but the Goths remained behind, and became Christians. We hear of Khazar invaders in 679, of Petchenegues in 882, of Komans in the eleventh century. The Genoese colonized in the Middle Ages like the Greeks formerly. The Nogay Tartars came so late as the year 1237, and must have laid heavy hands on the predecessors, so few of them remain. The present Tartar population is estimated at only 312,000, of whom those of the plains are pure Nogays, those of the mountains are mixed with Cimrick, Tauric, Gothic, Greek, and Genoese blood. There are about 50,000 modern Greeks, Germans, Russians, and Jews.

The vicissitudes through which one building has passed, may serve to illustrate the multiplicity of these changes. The church of Soudak was first a Tartar mosque, secondly a Greek church, thirdly a Genoese Catholic cathedral, then a Turk-

ish mosque; lastly it has become a Russian church.

The Tauri are supposed to have been either a Cimric or a Scythian race, obliged to take refuge in the mountains and on the southern coast. The name, in a great many Oriental languages, signifies, like the Celtic *tor*, a "tower or rampart," and thus could be applied to them as mountaineers. They were remarkable, even in pagan antiquity, for their cruelty. The unhappy mariners thrown by shipwreck within their power, were sacrificed without mercy to their virgin goddess, who was apparently identical with Ligho, or Lidho, of the Lithuanians and Letts, since the festival of each was celebrated at midsummer, but whom the Greeks assimilated to their Artemis. All the temples of this goddess were built on precipices advancing over the sea, that the victims might be thrown down headlong after their immolation; hence the word *aia*, "holy," frequently forms part of the name of those headlands, as Aiaoudagh, the ancient Krionmetôpon, where Iphigenia was said to have been priestess; the Tartar village at its foot is still called Parthenith. The story of the hind's being substituted for Iphigenia is of course a myth, signifying the cessation of human sacrifices. There was another Tauric sanctuary on the rocky promontory, where the monastery of St. George now stands; in the late war it was from this spot that the electric cable of the Allies was laid; the great modern instrument for uniting distant nations proceeded from those rocks that had been stained with the blood of every hapless stranger. We presume it was purposely, for the sake of the contrast, that the ancient Church substituted the festival of St. John for that of this sanguinary goddess.

The Tauri, it is said, used to cut off the heads of their prisoners, and stick them upon poles as an ornament over their houses. The Ossetes of Caucasus, and the Lithuanians, had the same custom, and they still exhibit in this way the heads of animals.

The crypts of Inkermann are attributed to the Tauri, but they have been sadly spoiled in getting stones for the aqueduct of Sebastopol. Further north, an entire little rocky mount, called Tepekermann, is excavated to such an extent that it looks like a pigeon-house. Dubois counted ten stories on one front.

It has been observed that all the tumuli which have been opened in the Crimea belong to Ionic, not Doric, colonies; but this may have arisen from the greater connection of the former with the Scythians, rather than from a difference in the customs of the two Greek families.

The vases of the Museum of Kertch, which our officers in their ignorance and levity permitted our sailors and soldiers to destroy, would be an irreparable loss, if the most valuable part of the collection had not been previously removed to St. Petersburg. They exhibit, some of them, very favorable specimens of Grecian art at a distance from the mother country. Both the great abundance of remains, and the costumes depicted, show that they must have been of local manufacture. Funeral urns have on one side the representation of various particulars of private or of public life, and these are very well and carefully done; the other side, in a more rude and conventional style, represents the mysteries of Ceres, as we know by comparing them with the designs upon the altar of that goddess, in the shape of a truncated cone, which was found at Panticapæum. Among the emblems are the strigillus, indicating purification, sacred cakes with mystic bars, crosses, points, and crescents, etc. The initiated hold a white stick in their hands. Astarte was also worshiped in the Crimea, and Anerghé, the goddess of the sacred fire from *ner*, in Cuthic, "fire."

In the thirteenth century, the Genoese built Caffa, on the site of the ancient Theodosia, which had been destroyed by the Huns nine hundred years before. It was finally taken by the Turks in 1475. The same year saw the last of the petty dukedom of Mangoup, or Mangothia, a relic from the time that the Goths had been masters.

Cherson long survived the cities of the south-eastern extremity of the peninsula. It is said that Lamachus, one of her citizens, whose son had married a daughter of the King of the Bosphorus, engaged to betray the city to that king. His own wife, Gycia, set fire to his house, and burned it over the heads of the conspirators. When the grateful towns-people told Gycia to choose her reward, she asked them to promise to bury her within the walls of the city, which was contrary to all precedent. They promised; but some years afterwards Gycia, suspecting

that the remembrance of her services was getting faint, pretended to die, that she might test the fidelity of her fellow-townsmen. She sat up on the bier, as they were carrying it out of the gate, and reproached them bitterly for their ingratitude and breach of faith. When Dubois visited the Crimea in 1834, a heap of rubbish near the Quarantine Bay was shown him as the spot where the house of Lamachus had stood. When a city has slept for ages, and its very stones have gone to build another, so minute a tradition is rather suspicious.

One has a strange impression upon reading descriptions of the neighborhood of Sebastopol written previous to the late war. How little did the writers imagine the feelings which in another generation would be suggested by places that possessed for them a merely antiquarian interest! Dubois's work, in particular, is very elaborate, and the maps in his two folio volumes of atlases and panoramas very detailed. It was with surprise we learned that none of the allied commanders were acquainted with them until it was too late; we have heard on good authority that the French generals now say they might have been of most material service.

Cherson was taken by Vladimir the Great in 988. The citizens defended themselves very stoutly, says the old Chronicle of the monk Nestor; and the Prince swore he would not give up the siege if he had to stay there for three years. While he was thus hardly pressing the inhabitants, a certain Athanasius shot into his camp an arrow having these words written upon it: "Thou canst turn away the current of the springs which are behind thee to the east; the waters of our tower come from thence." At this news Vladimir lifted up his eyes to heaven, and cried aloud: "If this be true, I promise to receive baptism." Along with the baptism he received the royal hand of the Princess Anna, sisters of the Emperors Basil and Constantine.

The Nogay Tartars were tributary to the Porte; the Khan was named or deposed by it at will. The official method by which the envoy of the Sultan always announced to a Khan his deposition, was the throwing a pair of boots at his head before the assembled Divan! Our readers know that the Crimea enjoyed the benefit of Russian protection for nine

years before it was appropriated in 1783. Krim Gherai, one of the last Tartar rulers, was a noble and chivalrous character, as the representatives of moribund dynasties are so often wont to be.

Russia engaged to let Baktchiserai and Karassou-bazar remain exclusively Tartar towns; whether she considers herself bound to adhere to this condition since the Tartars recently allowed their sympathies for the Porte to appear, we know not. Both towns manufacture cutlery on a tolerably large scale. Baktchiserai is celebrated for its palace of the Khans, and its one hundred and nineteen fountains. The "fountain of tears" inspired the muse of the unfortunate Pouchkine.

What changes the waters of the Black Sea have seen! First, the light galleys of the Tcherkess and the Greek pirate; then the more numerous vessels of the Greek colonists plying their peaceful traffic, the corn-trade of Greece, and great part of the Indian trade of the whole world; after that a lull; then the Indian trade of the Middle Ages, increasing with the increasing wants of Europe; but the Turk chases the Genoese, and the way round the Cape of Good Hope is discovered, and all is silent upon the lately busy waters, as they had not been for twenty centuries. After an interval, the rising commerce of Russia and the Principalities begins to disturb that stillness, and great ships, with arms antiquity had not known, plow the waves; then the war, that "other holy Moscow," the allied fleet before Sebastopol. At last, peace; and Europe determines that on that favored sea there shall be war no more.

But what frequent and deadly changes the lands around have seen! In few corners of the world have the children of men hunted each other down more repeatedly and more remorselessly. No where else were the mutually destructive energies of the human race more concentrated. We speak of all the countries we have been reviewing. And yet, when the great struggle before Sebastopol brought together armies actually more numerous than all the peaceful inhabitants of the peninsula taken together, how few of those mighty hosts bethought them of the sepulchers beneath their feet, of the scenes that blood-stained soil had already witnessed! In a letter published at that time in the *Liverpool Mercury*, a young English officer tells his friends that

his brother-officers had just had private theatricals—the first time, he fancied, such a thing had ever been witnessed in the Crimea. And the dunce wrote within gun-shot of the place where a Greek city had flourished for fifteen centuries!

We have imposed upon our readers a sort of steeple-chase though space and time, like the phantom-steed of the Irish peasant's tale, who carries the traveler he has enticed upon his back, a wild ride through bog, bush, brake, and every

imaginable trial of patience. Our excuse must be that attention is being more and more directed towards the long-forgotten East. We have no reason to regret an unfortunate choice of theme. It is our own fault—it is certainly not that of our subject—if we have taken no hold upon the imagination of our readers, or if we have failed to show that the countries through which we have been hurrying, are as interesting in an historical point of view as they are important in the political.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

L I F E B Y T H E B L U E - H A I R E D S E A .

Will you come and live by the sounding sea
And hear the great waves roar?
Yes, come, cast in your lot with me
On this black basaltic shore.

The crested waves are rolling past,
While the steadfast rocks remain;
The Atlantic tide is swelling fast;
But the tide will sink again.

Will you come and live by the silent sea,
And watch the dazzling sheen,
See the ripples clap their hands for glee
Where the raging waves have been?

Yes, come and see while others sleep,
When the sea-fowl erst are soaring,
The thousand thousand flocks of sheep
Which Boreas drives before him.

Come sail on the peaceful shining sea,
And sink in my boat to sleep.
The summer breeze shall blow for thee,
While calm pervades the deep.

Come, gaze on the calm bright sea and sky,
Which like one mirror seem;
In silver mist the mountains lie,
Like headlands in a dream.

Or, when the sun drops down to rest,
Come see ere the daylight die,
The zephyrs herd small clouds to the west
Across the golden sky.

Come stray where the waves have sunk to rest
While night invests the sky;
And watch yon star on the great sea's breast,
While its mate shines up on high.

Come hear what the surges say to thee,
And the loud Atlantic roar;
Hear whispers from the gentle sea
As it tumbles to the shore.

What does the zephyr sing to thee,
And the ripples on the tide,
That clap their little hands for glee?
"That thou must be my bride!"

Yes, come and be a wife to me,
And still the stormy main;
For woe has been my tidal sea,
But the tide will sink again.

Calm shall pervade both sea and sky,
And calm our life shall seem,
In golden mist our goal shall lie,
Like Beulah in the dream.

We both shall sail the shining sea,
We both shall sink to sleep,
While the breeze shall waft both thee and me
O'er life's inconstant deep.

Or if the All-Father should deem best
This petition to deny,
The one shall rest on the great sea's breast,
While the other shines on high.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

A S S I Z E S U N D A Y .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

It was a bright afternoon in the early part of March, a Saturday, and the bell of Riverton Cathedral tolled out for service, as the clock chimed the three-quarters past two. In the sitting-room of a small house, just outside the precincts of the cathedral, lay a lady on a curious-looking couch. A lace cap shaded her delicate features, and she had rich, loving brown eyes and damask cheeks. She had an affection of the spine, and required to lie there a great portion of her time. Her eyes were full of tears, but at the sound of a footstep she hastily dried them.

A boy came in—her boy—slender, and tall for his age, which might be about sixteen. He was wonderfully like his mother: it was the same exquisite face; the soft dark eyes, the bright complexion, and the pure features.

"Are you going, Henry?"

"The bell has begun, mamma."

He advanced to his mother to give her his farewell kiss; and then he noticed something strange in her face. "Mamma, how hot you are! You look as if you had been crying!"

"As I have, dear child. And it was very foolish of me, for crying will not alter things."

"What is it?" he hastily inquired.

"Nothing new; only the old troubles over and over again. Your papa's ill-health prevents him doing any thing, and expenses go on just the same, and bills accumulate. Never mind, dear; you can not mend matters; so do not let them trouble you. There is a note somewhere for you to read: I think Lucy put it on the mantel-piece."

Henry looked, and saw a note, which he unfolded and began to read. Mrs. Arkell continued:

"They want you to spend Monday with them, you see; and as it will be the judges' holiday, you can get leave from college and do so. They——"

She was interrupted by a cry of pain. "Mamma! what does it mean?"

Mrs. Arkell started up and clasped her hands. "O Henry! you have opened the wrong note! What has Lucy done?"

He had indeed seen a note not meant for him to see. A threatening lawyer's letter, that if the "£10" were not paid by that night, execution would be proceeded with on Monday. Henry Arkell turned sick.

But he controlled his emotion, and spoke calmly. "Does it mean a prison for papa?"

"Lucy must have left out the wrong note," Mrs. Arkell continued, in deep distress. "Henry, you ought not to have read it."

"It can not be helped now, mamma. Does it mean a prison?"

"Perhaps it does, dear: I scarcely understand it myself. It means great distress and confusion."

He could hardly speak for consternation: the embarrassments of the family—unavoidable, and so to speak, honorable embarrassments—had, in a great measure, been kept from him. "What will be done? Papa must borrow it from Mr. Arkell."

"I do not think he will: your papa says he will not apply to him again. If you only knew how much, how often, we have to borrow from Mr. Arkell—kind, generous Mr. Arkell!—you would not wonder at your papa's shrinking from it."

"Is it this that has made you worse lately, mamma?"

"These things generally. But for Mr. Arkell we could not have got through the winter at all. Child," she added, bursting

into tears, "in spite of my firmly-seated trust, these petty anxieties are wearing me out. Every time a knock comes to the door, I shiver and tremble, lest it should be people come to ask for money which we can not pay. Henry, you will be late."

"Plenty of time, mamma. I timed myself one day, and ran from this to the cloister-entrance in two minutes and a half. Are you being pressed for much besides this?" he continued, touching the letter.

"Not very much for any thing else," she replied. "That is the worst: if that were settled, I think we might manage to stave off the rest till brighter days come round. If we can but retain our home! several times it would have gone, but for Mr. Arkell."

"Oh! if I were but old enough to help!" he uttered, clasping his hands with an action of despair.

"I was wrong to speak of this to you," she sighed: "and I am wrong to give way, myself. It is not often that I do. How could Lucy have made the mistake? Cheer up, Harry," she added, with a cheerful look: "God never sent a burden, but he sent strength to bear it: and we have always, hitherto, been wonderfully helped. Henry, you will surely be late."

He slowly took his elbow from the mantel-piece, where it had been leaning. "No. But if I were, it would be something new: it is not often they have to mark me late."

Henry Arkell kissed his mother, and walked out of the house in a dreamy mood, and with a slow step; not with the eager look and quick foot of a school-boy, in dread of being marked late on the cathedral-roll. As he let the gate swing to, behind him, and turned towards the way which led to the back, or cloister-entrance, of the cathedral, a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

Henry turned, and saw a young, tall, aristocratic man, looking down upon him. In spite of his mind's trouble, his face shone with pleasure.

"O Mr. St. John! Are you in River-ton?"

"Well, I think you have pretty good ocular demonstration of it. Harry, you have grown out of all knowledge: you will be as tall as my lanky self, if you go on like this. How is Mrs. Arkell?"

"Not any better, thank you, sir. I am so very pleased to see you," he continued:

"but I can not stop now. The bell has been going ten minutes."

"In the choir still? Are you the senior boy?"

"Senior chorister, but not senior boy yet. Prattleton is senior. Jocelyn went to Oxford in January."

"Harry, I must see your medal. I heard of your success."

"Oh! I'll fetch it out in a minute: it is only in the parlor."

He ran in, and came out with a medal of gold, hanging to a blue ribbon. Mr. St. John took it in his hand.

"The Dean displayed taste," was his remark. "Riverton Cathedral on one side, and the inscription to you on the other."

"My name had to be put in afterwards, you know, when it was found I had gained it."

"I am glad you did gain it, Harry," said Mr. St. John, looking kindly at him. "There; put it up, and be off. I don't want you to be marked late through me."

There was not another minute to be lost, so Henry slipped the medal into his jacket-pocket, and flew away. Mr. St. John, a gentleman of high birth, whose family lived near the Cathedral, had once been a college boy himself.

There was a bad practice prevailing in the college-school, but only resorted to by the senior boys; it was that of pledging their goods and chattels. Watches, chains, silver pencil-cases, books, or any thing else available, were taken to Rutterley, the pawnbroker's, without scruple. Of course, this was not known to the masters. A tale was told of Jones tertius having taken his suppliance to Rutterley's one Monday morning; and, being unable to redeem it on the Saturday, he had lain in bed all day on the Sunday, and sent word to the head-master that he had sprained his ankle. On the Monday, he limped into the school, apparently in excruciating pain, to the sympathy of the masters, and intense admiration of the senior boys. Henry Arkell had never been guilty of this practice, but he was asking himself, all college time, why he should not be, for once, and so relieve the pressure at home. He possessed a fine gold watch, the gift of a friend: it was worth, at his own calculation, twenty pounds, and he thought there could be no difficulty in pledging it for ten. "It is not an honorable thing, I know," he rea-

soned with himself, "but the boys do it every day for their own pleasures, and surely I may, to assist my father. I will do it: and nobody shall be any the wiser."

Service was over in less than an hour, and he left the Cathedral, by the front-entrance. Being Saturday afternoon, there was no school. The streets were crowded, for it was what is called in the local phraseology "Assize Saturday;" that is, the judges were expected in, to open court, preparatory to holding the assizes. The high sheriff and his procession had already gone out to meet the judges, and many gazers lingered in the streets, waiting for their return. Henry hastened through them, on his way to the pawnbroker's. He was possessed of a sensitive, refined temperament; and, had he been going into the shop to steal, he could not have felt more shame. The shop was partitioned off into compartments or boxes, so that one customer should not see another. If Henry Arkell could have but known his ill-luck! In the box contiguous to the one he entered, stood Alfred Aultane, the boy next below him in the choir, who had stolen down with one of the family table-spoons, which he had just been protesting to the pawnbroker was his own, and he would have it out on Monday without fail, for his godfather the counselor was coming in with the judges, and never failed to give him half a sovereign. But that disbelieving pawnbroker obstinately persisted in refusing to have any thing to do with the spoon, for he knew the Aultane crest; and Mr. Alfred stood biting his nails in mortification.

"Will you lend me ten pounds on this?" asked Henry, coming in, and not suspecting that any body was so near.

"Ten pounds!" uttered Rutterley, after examining the watch. "You college gentlemen have got a conscience! I could not give more than half."

"That would be of no use: I must have ten. I shall be sure to redeem it, Mr. Rutterley."

"I am not afraid of that. The college boys mostly redeem their pledges; I will say that for them. I will lend you six pounds upon it, not a farthing more. What can you be wanting with such a large sum?"

"That is my business, if you please," returned Henry, civilly.

"Oh! of course. Six pounds: take it, or leave it."

A sudden temptation flashed across Henry's mind. What if he pledged the gold medal? But for his having it in his pocket, the thought would not have occurred to him. "But how can I," he mentally argued, "the gift of the Dean and chapter! But it is my own," temptation whispered again, "and surely this is a righteous cause. Yes: I will risk it: and if I can't redeem it before, it must wait till I get my money from the choir." So he put the watch and the gold medal side by side on the counter, and received two tickets in exchange, and eight sovereigns and four half-sovereigns.

"Be sure keep it close, Mr. Rutterley," he enjoined; "you see my name is on it, and there is no other medal like it in the town. I would not have it known, that I had done this, for a hundred times its worth."

"All right," answered Mr. Rutterley; "things left with me are never seen." But Alfred Aultane, from the next box, had contrived both to hear and see.

Henry Arkell was speeding home, when he heard sounds behind him. "Iss—iss—I say! Iss!"

It was Aultane. "What became of you that you were not at college this afternoon?" demanded Henry, who, as senior chorister, had much authority over the nine choristers under him.

"College be jiggered! I stopped out to see the show; and it isn't come yet. If Wilberforce kicks up a row, I shall swear my mother kept me to make calls with her. I say, Arkell, you couldn't do a fellow a service, could you?"

Henry was surprised at the civil friendly tone—never used by some of the boys to him. "If I can I will," said he. "What is it?"

"Lend me ten bob, in gold. I *must* get it: it's for something that can't wait. I'll pay you back next week. I know you must have as much about you."

"All the money I have about me is wanted for a specific purpose. I have not a sixpence that I can lend: if I had, you should be welcome to it."

"Nasty, mean wretch!" grunted Aultane, in his heart. "Won't I serve him out!"

The cathedral bells had been for some time ringing merrily, giving token that the procession had met the judges, and was nearing the city, on its return. Aultane tore away, and met the advancing

heralds, sounding their trumpets, who were followed by the javelin men, their fine horses two abreast and restive from the snail's pace to which they were condemned. After them came sundry officials in carriages, and then appeared the emblazoned equipage of the high sheriff, its four steeds, richly caparisoned, prancing and pawing. Both the judges sat in it, fully robed, with the sheriff, and his chaplain in his gown and bands. A plain carriage or two, and a crowd of horsemen followed; and thus their lordships were escorted to the guildhall, the sweet bells still ringing melodiously. O poor creatures! those within the dark walls of the city and county prisons close by, conscious that those bells heralded in their doom, perhaps that of death. What a contrast it was! those hopeless men, in their gloomy cells; with the pomp and ceremony, the curveting horses, the decorated carriage, the array of liveried attendants bearing their glittering javelins, and the proud blast of the trumpets; all collected to welcome the two robed men, who were to judge them!

II.

It was Assize Sunday. A dense crowd collected early round the doors of the cathedral, and, as soon as they were opened, rushed in, and took possession of the edifice, leaving vacant only the pulpit and the lock-up seats. It was the custom for the Bishop, (if in Riverton,) the Dean and Chapter, and the forty king's scholars, to assemble just inside the front-entrance and receive the judges, who were attended in state to the cathedral, like they had been attended into Riverton, the previous evening, the escort being now augmented by the mayor and corporation, and an overflowing shoal of barristers.

The ten choristers (who were also of the king's scholars) were the first to take up their standing at the front-entrance. They were soon followed by the rest of the king's scholars, the surplices of the whole forty being primly starched for the occasion. They had laid in their customary supply of pins, for it was the boys' pleasure, during the service on Assize Sunday, to stick pins into people's backs, and pin women's clothes together, the density of the mob permitting full scope to the delightful amusement, and preventing detection.

The thirty king's scholars bustled in from the cloisters two by two, crossed the body of the cathedral to the grand entrance, and placed themselves at the head of the choristers. Which was wrong: they ought to have gone below them. Henry Arkell who, as senior chorister, took precedence of all when in the cathedral, (but not when out of it, and that was a somewhat curious rule,) told Prattleton, the senior boy, to move down. Out of the cathedral, Arkell was under Prattleton, the latter, as senior boy, being head of all.

Prattleton declined. "Then we must move up," observed Henry. "Choristers."

He was understood: and the choristers moved above the king's scholars.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Prattleton. "How dare you disobey me, Mr. Arkell?"

"How dare you disobey *me*?" was Henry Arkell's retort. "I am senior here, and you know it." It must be understood that this sort of clashing could only occur on occasions like the present: on ordinary Sundays and on saints' days the choristers and king's scholars did not come in contact in the cathedral.

"I'll let you know who's senior," said Prattleton. "Choristers, move down; you juniors, do you hear me? Move down, or I'll have you hoisted to-morrow."

"If Mr. Arkell tells us, please, sir," responded a timid junior, who fancied Mr. Prattleton looked particularly at him.

The choristers did not stir, and Prattleton was savage. "King's scholars, move up and shove."

Some of the king's scholars hesitated, especially those of the lower school. It was no light matter to disobey the senior chorister in the cathedral. Others moved up, and proceeded to "shove." Henry Arkell calmly turned to one of his own juniors.

"Hardcastle, go into the vestry, and ask Wilberforce to step here. Should he have gone into college, fetch him out of the chanting-desk."

"Remain where you are, Hardcastle," foamed Prattleton. "I dare you to stir."

Hardcastle, a little chap of ten, was already off, but he turned round at the words. "I am not under your orders,

Mr. Prattleton, sir, when the senior chorister's present."

A few minutes, and then the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce, in his surplice and hood, was seen advancing. Harcastle had fetched him out of the chanting-desk.

"What's all this? what hubbub are you boys making? I'll flog you all to-morrow. Arkell, Prattleton, what's the matter?"

"I thought it better to send for you, sir, than to have a disturbance here," cried Henry Arkell.

"A disturbance here! You had better not attempt it."

"Don't the king's scholars take precedence of the choristers, sir?" demanded Prattleton.

"No, they don't," returned the master. "If you have not been years enough in the college to know the rules, Mr. Prattleton, you had better return to the bottom of the school, and learn them. Arkell, in this place you are head. King's scholars, move down, and be quick over it: and I'll flog you all round," concluded Mr. Wilberforce, "if you strike up a dispute in college again."

The master turned tail, and strode back as fast as his short legs would carry him: for the Dean and Chapter, marshaled by a verger and the bedesmen, were crossing the cathedral; and a flourish of trumpets, outside, told of the approach of the judges. It was the Reverend Mr. Wilberforce's week for chanting, and he would hardly recover breath to begin.

The choristers all grinned at the master's decision, save Arkell and Aultane: the latter, though second chorister, took part with Prattleton, because he hated Arkell: and as the judges passed them in their flowing scarlet robes with the trains held up behind, and their imposing wigs, so terrible to look at, their bows were much more gracious than those of the king's scholars. The additional mob, teeming in after the judges' procession, was unlimited, and a rare field had the boys and their pins that day.

The hubbub and the bustle of the morning passed, and the cathedral bell was again tolling out for afternoon service. Save the dust, and there was plenty of that, no trace remained of the morning's scene. The king's scholars were already in their seats in the choir, and the ten choristers stood at the choir entrance, for they always waited there to go in with

the Dean and chapter. One of them, and it was Mr. Wilberforce's own son, had, made a mistake in the morning, in fastening his own surplice to a country-woman's purple stuff gown, instead of two gowns together; and, when they came to part company, the surplice proved the weakest. The consequence was an enormous rent, and it had just taken the nine other choristers and three lay-clerks five minutes and seventeen pins, fished out of different pockets, to do it up in any way decent. Young Wilberforce, during the process, rehearsing a tale over in his mind, for home, about that horrid rusty nail that would stick out of the vestry-door.

The choristers stood, five on a side, and the dean and chapter would pass between them when they came in. They stood at an equidistance, one from the other, and it was high treason against the college rules for them to move an inch from their places. Arkell headed one line, Aultane the other, two facing each other. Suddenly a college boy, who was late, came flying from the cloisters and dashed into the choir, to crave the keys of the school-room from the senior boy, that he might procure his surplice. It was Lewis, junior; so, against the rules, Prattleton condescended to give him the keys: almost any other boy he would have told to whistle for them, and marked him up for punishment as "absent." Prattleton chose to patronize him, because he had recently struck up a violent friendship with Lewis, senior. Lewis came out again, full pelt, swinging the keys in his hand, rather vain of showing to the choristers that he had succeeded in obtaining them, just as two little old gentlemen were advancing from the front-entrance.

"Hi, Lewis! stop a moment," called out Aultane, in a loud whisper, as he crossed over and went behind Arkell.

"Return to your place, Aultane."

Mr. Aultane chose to be deaf.

"Aultane, to your place," repeated Henry Arkell. "Do you see who are approaching?"

Aultane looked round, in a fluster. But not a soul could he see, save a straggler or two, making their way to the side-aisles, and two insignificant little old men, arm-in-arm, close at hand, in rusty black clothes and brown wigs. Nobody to affect him.

"I shall return when I please," said he, commencing a whispered parley with Lewis.

"Return this instant, Aultane. I order you."

"You be ——"

The word was not "blest," but the reader is at liberty to substitute that. The little old men, to whom each chorister had bowed profoundly as they passed him, turned, and bent their severe yellow faces upon Aultane. Lewis, junior, crept away petrified; and Aultane, with the red flush of shame on his brow, slunk back to his place. They were the learned judges.

They positively were. But no wonder Aultane had failed to recognize them, for they bore no more resemblance to the fierce and fiery visions of the morning, than do two old-fashioned black crows to stately peacocks.

"What may your name be, sir?" inquired the yellower of the two. Aultane hung his head in an agony: he was wondering whether they could order him before them on the morrow and transport him. Wilberforce was in another agony, lest those four keen eyes should wander to his damaged surplice and the pins. Somebody else answered: "Aultane, my lord."

The judges passed on. Arkell would not look towards Aultane: he was too noble to add, even by a glance, to the confusion of a fallen enemy: but the other choristers were not so considerate, and Aultane burst into a flow of bad language.

"Be silent," authoritatively interrupted Henry Arkell. "One word more, and I report you to the Dean."

"I shan't be silent," cried Aultane, in his passionate rage. "There! Not for you." Beside himself with anger, he crossed over, and raised his hand to strike Arkell. But one of the sextons, happening to come out of the choir, arrested Aultane, and whirled him back.

"Do you know where you are, sir?"

In another moment they were surrounded. The Dean's wife and daughter had come up; and following them, sneaked Lewis, junior, who was settling himself into his surplice. Mrs. Beauclerc passed on, but Georgina stopped. She was uncommonly fond of chattering to the college boys.

"You were quarreling, young gentlemen! What is the grievance?"

"That beggar threatened to report me to the Dean," cried Aultane, too angry to care what he said, or to whom he spoke.

"Then I know you deserved it; as you often do," rejoined Miss Beauclerc; "and

I only wonder he has not reported you before. You should have me for your senior, Aultane."

"If he does go in and report me, please tell the Dean to ask him where his gold medal is," foamed Aultane. "And to make him answer it."

"What do you mean?" she questioned.

"He knows. If the Dean offered him a thousand half-crowns for his medal, he could not produce it."

"What does he mean?" repeated Miss Beauclerc, looking at Henry Arkell.

He could not answer: he literally could not. Could he have dropped down without life at Georgina's feet, it had been welcome, rather than that she should hear of an act, which, to his peculiarly refined temperament, bore an aspect of such utter shame. His face flushed a vivid red, and then grew white as his surplice.

"He can't tell you," said Aultane; "that is, he won't. He has put it into pawn."

"And his watch too," squeaked Lewis, from behind, who had heard a confused hint of the affair from Aultane.

Henry Arkell raised his eyes for one deprecating moment to Miss Beauclerc's face, and she was struck with their look of patient anguish. She cast an annihilating frown at Lewis, and, raising her finger, haughtily motioned Aultane to his place. "I believe nothing ill of *you*," she whispered to Henry, as she passed on to the choir.

The next to come in, was Mr. St. John. "What's the matter?" he hurriedly said to Aultane, who had not a vestige of color in his cheeks or lips.

"Nothing, thank you, sir."

Mr. St. John went on, and Lewis skulked to his seat, in his wake. Lewis's place was midway on the bench on the decani side, seven boys being above him and seven below him.

The Dean and canons came in, and the service began. While the afternoon psalms were being sung, Mr. Wilberforce pricked the roll, a parchment containing the names of the members of the cathedral, from the Dean downwards, marking those who were present. Aultane left his place and took the roll to the Dean, continuing his way to the organ-loft, to inquire what anthem had been put up. He brought word back to Arkell, "The Lord is very great and terrible. Beckwith." Aultane would as soon have exchanged words with

the yellow-faced little man sitting in the stall next the Dean, as with Arkell, just then, but his duty was obligatory. He spoke sullenly, and crossed to his seat on the opposite side of the choir; and Arkell rose and reported the anthem to the lay-clerks behind him. Mr. Wilberforce was then reading the first lesson.

Now, as it happened, there was only one base at service that afternoon, he on the decani side, Mr. Smith, the other had not come; and the moment the words were out of Arkell's mouth, "The Lord is very great, Beckwith," Mr. Smith flew into a temper. He had a first-rate voice, was a good singer, and being inordinately vain, liked to give himself airs. "I have a horrid cold on the chest," he remonstrated, "and I can't do justice to the solo; I shan't attempt it. The organist knows I'm as hoarse as a raven, and yet he goes and puts up that anthem for to-day!"

"What is to be done?" whispered Henry.

"I shall send and tell him I can't do it. Harcastle, go up to the organ-loft, and tell—— Or I wish you would oblige me by going yourself, Arkell: the juniors are always making mistakes. My compliments, and the anthem must be done without the base solo, or he must put up another."

Henry Arkell, ever ready to oblige, left his stall, and proceeding to the organ-loft, delivered the message. The organist was wroth: and but for those two little old gentlemen, whom he knew were present, he would have refused to change the anthem.

"Where's Cliff this afternoon?" asked he, sharply, alluding to the other base.

"I don't know," replied Henry. "He is not at service."

The organist took up one of the anthem-books, with a jerk, and turned over its leaves. He came to the anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" a solo for a treble voice.

"Are you prepared to do justice to this?" he demanded.

"Yes, I believe I am," replied Henry. "But——"

"But me no buts," interrupted the organist, who was always very short with the choristers. "'I know that my Redeemer liveth. Pitt.'"

As Henry Arkell descended the stairs, Mr. Wilberforce was concluding the first lesson. So instead of giving notice of the

change of anthem to Mr. Wilberforce and the singers on the cantori side, he left that till later, and made haste to his own stall, to be in time for the soli parts in the Cantate Domino, which was being sung that afternoon in place of the Magnificat. In passing the bench of king's scholars, a foot was suddenly extended out before him, and he fell heavily over it, striking his head on a stone step. A sexton, a vergier, and one or two of the senior boys, surrounded, lifted, and carried him out.

The service proceeded; but his voice was missed in the Cantate: Aultane's proved but a poor substitute.

"I wonder whether the anthem's changed?" debated the base to the contre tenor.

"Um—no," decided the latter. "Arkell was coming straight to his place. Had there been any change, he would have gone and told Wilberforce and the opposites. The organist is in a pet, and won't alter it."

"Then he'll play the solo without my accompaniment," retorted the base, loftily.

Henry Arkell was only stunned by the fall, and before the conclusion of the second lesson, he appeared in the choir, to the surprise of many. After giving the requisite notice of the change in the anthem to Mr. Wilberforce and Aultane, he entered his stall: but his face was white as the whitest marble. He sang, as usual, in the "Deus misereatur." And when the time for the anthem came, Mr. Wilberforce rose from his knees to give it out. "The anthem is taken from the burial service."

The symphony was played, and then Henry Arkell's voice rose, soft and clear, filling the old cathedral with its harmony, and the words falling as distinctly on the ear as if they had been spoken. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." The organist could not have told why he put up that particular anthem, but it was a remarkable coincidence, noticed afterwards, that it should have been a funeral one.

But though Henry Arkell's voice never faltered or trembled, his changing face spoke of bodily disease or mental emotion; one moment it was bright as a damask rose, the next of a transparent whiteness. Every eye was on him, wondering at the

beauty of his voice, at the marvelous beauty of his countenance: some sympathized with his emotion; some were wrapt in the solemn thoughts created by the words. When the solo was concluded, Henry, with an involuntary glance at the pew of Mrs. Beauclerc, fell against the back of his stall for support; he looked exhausted. Only for a moment, however, for the chorus commenced. He joined in it; his voice rose above all the rest in its sweetness and power, but as the ending approached, and the voices ceased, and the last sound of the organ died upon the ear, his face bent forward, and rested without motion on the choristers' desk.

"Arkell, what are you up to?" whispered one of the lay-clerks, the tenor, from behind, as Mr. Wilberforce recommenced his chanting.

No response.

"Nudge him, Wilberforce; he's going to sleep. There's the dean casting his eyes this way."

Edwin Wilberforce did as he was desired, but Arkell never stirred.

So Mr. Tenor leaned over and grasped him by the arm, and pulled him up with a sudden jerk. But he did not hold him, and the poor head fell forward again upon the desk. Henry Arkell had fainted.

Some confusion ensued; for the four choristers below him had every one to come out of the stall before he could be got out. Mr. Wilberforce momentarily stopped chanting, and directed his angry spectacles towards the choristers, not understanding what caused the hubbub, and inwardly vowing to flog the whole five on the morrow. Mr. Smith, a strong man, came out of his stall, lifted the lifeless form in his arms, and carried it out to the side-aisle, the head, like a dead weight, hanging down over his shoulder. All the eyes and all the glasses in the cathedral were bent on them, and the next to come out of his stall, by the prebends, and follow in the wake, was Mr. St. John, a flush of emotion on his pale face.

The Dean's family, after service, met Mr. St. John in the cloisters. "Is he better?" asked Mrs. Beauclerc. "What was the matter with him the second time?"

"He fainted. But we soon brought him to, in the vestry. Young Wilberforce ran and got some water. They are walking home with him now."

"What caused him to fall in the choir?" continued Mrs. Beauclerc. "Giddiness?"

"It was not like giddiness," remarked Mr. St. John. "It was as if he fell over something."

"So I thought," interrupted Georgina. "Why did you leave your seat to follow him?" she continued, in a low tone, to Mr. St. John, falling behind her mother.

"It was a sudden impulse, I suppose. I was unpleasantly struck with his appearance as I went into college. He was looking ghastly."

"The choristers had been quarreling; Aultane's fault, I am sure. He lifted his hand to strike Arkell. Aultane reproached him with having"—Georgina Beauclerc hesitated, with an amused look—"disposed of his prize medal."

"Disposed of his prize medal?" echoed Mr. St. John.

"Pawned it."

St. John uttered an exclamation. He remembered the tricks of the college boys, but he could not have believed this of his favorite, Henry Arkell.

"And his watch also, Lewis, junior, added," continued Georgina. "They gave me the information in a spiteful glow of triumph. Henry did not deny it; he looked as if he could not. But I know he is the soul of honor, and if he has done any thing of the sort, those beautiful companions of his, have over-persuaded him; possibly to lend the money to them."

"I'll see into it," cried Mr. St. John; and he forthwith hastened to Mr. Arkell's. Henry was alone in his room, lying on the bed. "After such a fall as yours, how could you be so imprudent as to come back to the choir, and take the anthem?" he began.

"I felt equal to it," replied Henry. "The one, originally put up, could not be done."

"Then they should have put up a third, for me. The cathedral does not lack anthems, I hope. Show me where your head was struck."

Henry put his hand to his ear, then higher up, then to his temple. "It was somewhere here—all about here—I can not tell the exact spot."

As he spoke, a tribe of college-boys was heard to clatter in at the gate. Henry would have risen, but Mr. St. John laid his arm across him.

"You are not going to those boys. I will send them off. Lie still and go to sleep, and dream of pleasant things."

"Pleasant things!" echoed Henry Arkell, in a tone full of pain. Mr. St. John leaned over him.

"Henry, I have never had a brother; but I have almost loved you as such. Treat me as one now. What tale is it those demons of mischief have got hold of, about your watch and medal?"

With a sharp cry, Henry Arkell turned his face to the pillow, and lay there in distress.

"I suppose old Rutterley has got them. But that's nothing; it's the fashion in the school; and I expect you had some urgent motive."

"O Mr. St. John! I shall never forget this day's shame; they told Georgina Beauclerc! I would rather die this moment, here, as I lie, than see her face again."

His tone was a wail of anguish, and Mr. St. John's heart ached for him; though he chose to appear to make light of the matter.

"Told Georgina Beauclerc; what if they did? She is the very one to glory in such exploits. Had she been the Dean's son, instead of his daughter, she would have been in Rutterley's sanctum three times a week. I don't think she would stand at going, as it is, if she were hard up."

"Oh! why did they tell her! I could not have acted so cruelly by them. If I could but go to some far-off desert, and never face her, or the school, again!"

"If you could but work yourself into a brain-fever, you had better say; for that's what you are likely to do. As to falling in Georgina Beauclerc's opinion, which you seem to estimate so highly, (it's more than I do,) if you pledged all you possess in a lump, and yourself into the bargain, she would only think the better of you. Now I tell you so, for I know it."

"I could not help it; I could not, indeed. Money is so badly wanted at home; and mamma said the daily worry was wearing her out. I saw a letter, pressing papa for ten pounds, to be paid before to-morrow, or else——" He stopped in confusion, having said more than he meant; and St. John took up the discourse in a careless tone.

"Money is wanted badly every where. I have done worse than you, Harry, for I am pawning my estate, piecemeal, to the Jews. Mind! that's a true confession, and has never been given to another soul; it must lie between us."

"It was yesterday afternoon when college was over," groaned Henry, "I only thought of giving Rutterley my watch; I thought he would be sure to let me have ten pounds upon it. But he would not; only six; and I had the medal in my pocket; I had been showing it to you. I never did such a thing in all my life before."

"That is more than your companions could say. How did it get to their knowledge?"

"I can not think."

"Where's the——the exchange?"

"The what?" asked Henry.

"How dull you are!" cried Mr. St. John. "I am trying to be genteel, and you won't let me. The ticket. Let me see it."

"They are in my jacket-pocket. Two." He languidly reached forth the pieces, and Mr. St. John slipped them into his own.

"Why do you do that, sir?"

"To study them at leisure. What's the matter?"

"My head is beginning to ache?"

"No wonder, with all this talking. I'm off. Good-by. Get to sleep as fast as you can."

The boys were in the garden and round the gate still, when he went down.

"Oh! if you please, sir, is he half-killed? Edwin Wilberforce says so."

"No, he is not half-killed," responded Mr. St. John. "But he wants quiet, and you must disperse, that he may have it."

"My brother, the senior boy, says he must have fallen down from vexation, because his tricks came out," cried Prattleton, junior.

Mr. St. John ran his eyes over the assemblage. "What tricks?"

"He has been pawning the gold medal, Mr. St. John," cried Cookesley, the second senior of the school. "Aultane has told the Dean; Bright Vaughan heard him."

"Oh! he has told the Dean, has he?"

"The Dean was going into the deanery, sir, and Miss Beauclerc was standing at the door, waiting for him," explained Vaughan to Mr. St. John. "Something she said to Aultane put him in a passion, and he took and told the Dean. It was his temper made him do it, sir."

"Such a disgrace, you know, Mr. St. John, to take the Dean's medal *there*," rejoined Cookesley. "Any thing else wouldn't have signified."

"Oh! been rather meritorious, no doubt," returned Mr. St. John. "Boys."

"Yes, sir."

"You know I was one of yourselves once, and I can make allowance for you in all ways. But when I was in the school our motto was, Fair play, and no sneaking."

"It's our motto still, sir," cried the flattered boys.

"It does not appear to be. We would rather, any one of us, have pitched ourselves off that tower," pointing to it with his hand, "than have gone sneaking to the Dean with a private complaint."

"And so we would still, sir, in cool blood," cried Cookesley. "Aultane must have been out of his mind with passion when he did it."

"How does Aultane know that Arkell's medal is in pawn?"

"He does not say how. He says he'll pledge his word to it."

"Then listen to me, boys: my word will, I believe, go as far with you as Aultane's. Yesterday afternoon I met Henry Arkell at this very gate; I asked him to let me see his medal, and he fetched it out of the house to show me. He is in bed now, but perhaps if you ask him to-morrow, he will be able to show it to you. At any rate, do not condemn him, until you are sure there's a just reason. Fair play's a jewel, boys: fair play forever."

The boys were breaking into a cheer for Fair play and Mr. St. John; but the latter put up his hand.

"I thought it was Sunday. Is that the way you keep Sunday in Riverton? Disperse quietly."

"Poor lad! I'll clear him," muttered Mr. St. John, as he went towards his home. "I see how it was: he made a noble sacrifice to relieve his father. As to Aultane, I don't understand how he could have fathomed it, unless he was in the pawn-shop himself. He is a mean-spirited coward. To tell the Dean!"

Indeed, the incautious revelation of Mr. Aultane was already exciting some disagreeable consternation amongst the seniors; and that gentleman, himself, already wished his passionate tongue bitten out, for having made it.

The following morning early the school flocked up, in a body, to the judges' lodgings, to beg what was called the judges' holiday. The custom was, for the

judges to send one of their cards out, and their compliments to the head-master, asking him to grant it: and the boys' custom was, as they tore back again, bearing the card in triumph, to raise the whole street with their cheers and shouts of "Holiday! holiday!" causing not a few alarmed sleepers to dart out of bed and throw up the windows, in dread belief that the town was on fire. But there was no such luck on this morning: the judges, instead of the card and the request, sent out a severe message—that from what they had heard yesterday in the cathedral, the school appeared to merit punishment, rather than holiday. So the boys went back, dreadfully chapfallen, kicking as much mud as they could over their trousers and boots, for it had rained in the night, and ready to buffet Aultane as the source of the calamity; while the lie-a-bed-late folks slumbered on in peace.

That same morning, before nine, Mr. St. John was by Henry Arkell's bedside. "Well, how's the head?"

"It feels light—or heavy; I hardly know which. It does not feel as it ought. I shall get up presently."

"All right. Put on this when you do," said Mr. St. John, producing the watch. "And put up this in your treasure-place, wherever that may be," he added, laying the gold medal beside it.

"Oh! Mr. St. John! You have——"

"I shall have some sport to-day. I have wormed it out of Rutterley; and he tells me who was down there, and on what errand. Ah! ha! Mr. Aultane! so you peached to the Dean: wait till your turn comes."

"I wonder Rutterley told you any thing."

"He knew me: and the name of St. John bears weight in Riverton," smiled he who owned it. "Harry, of course you will not go to school to-day."

"It is the judges' holiday."

"The judges have refused it, and the boys have sneaked back like so many dogs with their tails scorched. I am not at the bottom of that mischief yet: something's wrong. Don't attempt to go to school, Harry, or to college either. Good-by. Oh!—should I drop you a line or a message, asking you to send me the medal to-day, you will do so."

Henry looked surprised. He caught Mr. St. John's arm as he was departing. "How can I ever thank you? I do not

know when I shall be able to repay you the ten pounds: not until——”

“You never will,” interrupted Mr. St. John. “I should not take it if you were rolling in gold. I have done this for my own pleasure, and I will not be cheated out of it.”

At eleven o'clock, immediately after morning service, Mr. Wilberforce and the nine choristers having reëntered the school-room, the Dean and Mr. St. John walked into it. The master pushed his spectacles to the top of his brow, and rose in astonishment.

“Have the goodness to call up Aultane,” said the Dean, as he advanced to the master's desk.

“Senior, or junior, Mr. Dean?”

“The chorister.”

“Aultane, senior, walk up,” cried the master. And Aultane, senior, walked up, wishing himself and his tongue, and the Dean, and all the rest of the world, especially those within sight and hearing, were safely boxed up in the coffins in the cathedral crypt.

“Now, Aultane,” began the Dean, “you preferred a charge to me yesterday against your senior chorister: that he had been pledging his gold medal at Rutterley's. Have the goodness to substantiate it.”

“Oh! my heart alive, I wish he'd drop through the floor,” groaned Aultane to himself. “What will become of me? What a jackass I was!”

“I did not enter into the matter then,” proceeded the Dean, for Aultane remained silent. “You had no business to make the complaint to me on a Sunday. What grounds have you for your charge?”

Aultane turned red and white, and green and yellow. The Dean eyed him closely. “What proof have you?”

“I have no proof,” faltered Aultane.

“No proof! Did you make the charge to me, knowing it was false?”

“No, sir. He *has* pledged his medal.”

“Tell me how you know it. Mr. St. John knows he had it in his own house on Saturday.”

Aultane shuffled first one foot, then the other; and the Dean failing explanation from him, appealed to the school, but all disclaimed cognizance of the matter. “If you behave in this extraordinary way, you will compel me to conclude that you have made the charge to prejudice me against Arkell; who, I hear, had a serious charge to prefer against you for ill-be-

havior in college,” continued the Dean to Aultane.

“If you will send to the place, you will find his medal is there, sir,” sullenly replied Aultane.

“The shortest plan would be to send to Arkell's, and request him to dispatch his medal here,” interposed Mr. St. John.

The Dean approved of this, and Cookesley and Vaughan were dispatched on the errand. Henry was out, but Mrs. Arkell looked in the place where the medal was kept, found it, and sent it by them.

“Now, what do you mean by your conduct?” sternly asked the Dean of Aultane.

“I know he pledged it on Saturday, if he has got it out to-day,” persisted the discomfited Aultane, who was in a terrible state, between wishing to prove his charge true, and the fear of compromising himself.

“I know Henry Arkell could not be guilty of a despicable action,” spoke up Mr. St. John; “and hearing of this charge, I went to Rutterley's to ask him a few questions. He informed there *was* a college boy at his place on Saturday, endeavoring to pledge a table-spoon, but he knew the crest, and would not take it in—not wishing, he said, to encourage boys to rob their parents. Perhaps Aultane can tell the Dean who that was.”

There was a dead silence in the school, and the look of amazement on the headmaster's face, was only matched by the confusion of Aultane's. The Dean, a kind-hearted man, would not examine further.

“I do not press the matter, until I hear the complaint of the senior chorister against Aultane,” said he aloud to Mr. Wilberforce. “But a few extra tasks, by way of present punishment, will do him no harm.”

“I'll give them to him, Mr. Dean,” heartily responded the master, whose ears had been so scandalized by the mysterious allusions to Rutterley's, that he would have liked to treat the whole school to “tasks” and something else all round. The Dean and Mr. St. John left the room, the former carrying the gold medal.

“You see what a Tom-fool you have made of yourself!” grumbled Prattleton, senior, to Aultane, as the latter returned to his desk, laden with work. “That's all the good you have got by splitting to the Dean.”

UNEARTHING A BURIED CITY IN SHROPSHIRE.

MR. T. WRIGHT, the well-known scholar and archæologist, gives the following account of the excavations now being made at Wroxeter, in Shropshire, the site of the Roman Uriconium: Uriconium was without doubt one of the earliest Roman cities in Britain, for it is mentioned in Ptolemy, and was no doubt a place of importance, for it covered a space of ground which, within the town-walls, (distinctly traced by a continuous mound which covers the remains of them,) is nearly two miles long by one mile in its greatest breadth. The ground which covers the town has fortunately been very little disturbed, and the results of our first excavations give good grounds for the hope that the lower parts of the buildings of the whole town will be found under it. About the centre of the area a large mass of Roman masonry, above twenty feet high, and of considerable extent, stands above ground, and has been known from time immemorial as the "Old Wall."

We began digging to the north of this wall, and came upon what appears to have been some large public building. In the middle of it a square inclosure, about forty feet wide by more than two hundred long, was paved with small and narrow red bricks, set very neatly in herring-bone fashion, and would appear, by the number of roof-tiles scattered about, to have been at least partially covered. It was, perhaps, a place of public meeting. It lay not quite east and west, and was separated in its length by strong walls from a passage fourteen feet wide on each side. At the eastern end of the passage to the north were found two or three tessellated pavements of very fine work, which would seem to have belonged to small rooms. The northern wall of this passage was evidently the outside of the building, as the workmen came upon a street running parallel to it, and paved with small round stones, in the manner of those of some of our old English towns. To the east of the passage and large room, a square

inclosure without pavement was found, which, from the appearance of the walls, I imagine to have been an open court. Further east other walls were traced, which have only yet been partially explored. The passage on the south of the large apartment has the appearance of an open alley, bounded part of its length by the "Old Wall," and partly by a continuation of that wall, which was found under ground, and in which are openings, or door-ways, each approached by a step formed of one large mass of stone. One of these steps is very much worn by the feet.

These doors led into a new series of rooms and courts, and at a very short distance to the south the excavators came upon the unmistakable remains of rich dwelling-houses. The first of these was a large room, about thirty-five feet by twenty-five, the hypocaust of which (a very remarkable one) is in good preservation, but the floor has been broken up. Another hypocaust was found adjoining this to the east, and other apartments of more or less interest have been partially opened to the south of the "Old Wall."

The workmen have come upon a massive flight of stone steps, leading down to a very nicely arched entrance to the hypocausts. In a square space at the foot of these steps rubbish seems to have been thrown by the "last of the Romans," and a great number of coins, objects of various kinds in bronze, iron, lead, glass, pottery, etc., were found among it. The bottom of this staircase was from ten to twelve feet below the surface of the soil. I will not attempt to enumerate the objects of various descriptions which have been found during these incipient excavations, and which are to form a local museum. Quantities of stucco from the walls show the fresco painting remarkably fresh, and in tasteful patterns. One piece has a fragment of an inscription in capital letters about two inches high. Quantities of window-glass were strewed about the floors, all rather thick—about

the thickness of our common plate-glass, so that the windows of the Roman houses must have been well glazed. I will mention as another peculiarity that the houses seem generally to have been roofed with micaceous slate, set lozenge-shaped, so that from a distance, when seen in the sunshine, (as it occupies a beautiful elevation rising from the river Severn, and commanding the vale of Shrewsbury,) the Roman city must have glittered like a

city of diamonds—such as are sometimes described in Eastern romances. Traces of burning are met with every where; a quantity of burnt wheat was found in one of the rooms, and human bones have been found scattered about, belonging, I should think, to four or five individuals, besides the skull of a very young child, all which would seem to speak of a massacre at the time Uriconium was taken and ruined by the invaders.

From Titan.

THE ABBEY CRAIG AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

WITHIN the human period of the geologist, or during a late epoch in pre-Adamite history, the German Ocean united its waters with those of the Atlantic by a narrow inland sea, now denoted by the course of the river and firth of Forth. Of this old ocean, the board or sea-margin is distinctly traceable in several places on both sides of the carse or vale of Stirling. On portions of this sea-board, elegant villas are now being raised at the town of Stirling, and in the northern or upper part of Bridge of Allan village. The little hamlet of Causeway-head, at the south-western base of Abbey Craig, rests on the sloping margin of table-land formed by the ancient ocean. Three crags project amidst the level of Stirling carse, situated about one mile apart from each other. These had formed islets in the gulf; such as Inchkeith and Inchcolm in the existing estuary of the Forth. Of these islets of the old ocean, the most westerly is Craigforth; it is composed of a rich ferruginous ore, and is beautifully covered and surrounded by plantation. Stirling rock, though out of the line of

the other two—being situate farther to the south—may be described as the central crag; and along its sloping ridge stands the old country-town to which it gives name, surmounted by the older castle, and associated with so many tales of regal pomp and courtly chivalry. Abbey Craig, so named from its proximity to the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, an erection of the saintly David I., stands to the eastward of the other two; it retains much of its original aspect, being sparingly wooded, and save at the eastern base, untouched by the tool of the artificer; it is about one third higher than Craigforth, and is forty feet more elevated than Stirling Rock. The view from the summit is, we should say, almost unparalleled. Nor, to give effect to this opinion, is it necessary to attach to it a story which, though sometimes associated with it, is in reality connected with Demyat, an adjacent mountain in the Ochils. The story is any how worthy of being related. The proprietor of Demyat, about the middle of the last century, was traveling on the Continent in quest of beautiful and ro-

mantic scenery. In Italy, and as some will have it, on the cone of Mount Vesuvius, he met with an English gentleman who likewise was on a tour of pleasure. Descanting on the beauties of Italy, and the interesting prospect presented from Vesuvius, the Englishman remarked, that the most imposing view in the world was to be obtained from a mountain in Scotland. On inquiring the name of the mountain, the English gentleman mentioned Demyat. "Then," said the astonished Scotsman, "I must return home to inspect the only part of my estate which I have not yet visited." He fulfilled his intention; and having ascended the hill, he ever afterwards took great delight in relating the incident, and in corroborating the opinion of his Mount Vesuvian acquaintance. The view from Abbey Craig is more circumscribed than that which, in the morning of a fine summer day, is to be obtained from Demyat. It is not on this account the less interesting. The mind fails to comprehend the breadth of the Demyat prospect, and the effect is consequently bewildering. The most exquisite landscape painter, perched on the cairn-peaked summit of Demyat, would be completely at a loss to select a point for his pencil, where all is so sublime and imposing. His hand would become paralyzed. The panorama is so broad that the eye can hardly rest on any single object, while the spot is too elevated (fourteen hundred feet) to command distinctly any particular portion of the surrounding scenery. The crags in Stirling plain appear so many gigantic mole-heaps. Abbey Craig seems a rough piece of muirland rising awkwardly amidst a garden of vegetation. A prospect quite comprehensible and greatly more pleasing is presented from Abbey Craig itself. A plain of the richest variety of landscape, and teeming with fertility, is guarded on the north and south by undulating hill-ridges and pastoral heights, add bounded on the distant east and west by magnificent mountain ranges. Westward, the stupendous Grampians, crested by the lofty Benlomond, raise their majestic forms against the horizon. Eastward, the view terminates on the sloping hills of Cleish and Saline. The scene beneath is singularly enchanting. It has certainly never been contemplated by the poet or painter without emotion. Every point is replete with interest. The most fastidious scenery-

hunter would be gratified with such a combination of hill and dale, wood and water, ancient ruin and modern villa, landward culture and heathy sterility. On the west is Craigforth, foliage-clad and standing forth in isolated majesty. There, a little to the north-west, is "the lofty brow of Ancient Keir," celebrated by the poet—the seat of a poet—and the most poetical in its decorations of all Scottish country-seats. Bridge of Allan, just two miles distant, ensconced under the umbrageous shelter of the wooded Ochils, is a picture of cleanliness and comfort. The undulating Ochil heights, "ever beauteous, ever new," extend their picturesque masses far to the north-east. Immediately beneath the crag, and on the sloping base of the Ochils, is Airthrey Castle, with its fine park and lake, once the seat of the noble Robert Haldane, now of the ennobled House of Abercromby. Villages fringe the base of the Ochils far as the eye can reach, and the silvery Forth reposes serpent-like in the center of the plain, having on both its banks a succession of elegant country-seats. On a peninsula formed by the river stands the hoary Tower of Cambuskenneth, rejoicing in its seven centuries of age. Southward, a few miles, are seen the Gillies Hill and the district of Bannockburn.

But the associations of the place surpass even the glories of the prospect. Around is the battle-field of Scottish liberties, while the crag seems a high altar, reared by Nature's hand and consecrated a memorial of the nation's victories. In Airthrey Park was fought the engagement which gave the Scots supremacy over the ancient Picts. Wallace stood on the crag, as he surveyed the southern hosts crossing Kildean Bridge, on the way to destruction and death. On the crag's summit might have been heard the shout of victory raised by the army of Bruce, after the glorious achievement of Bannockburn. At Sheriffmuir on the north, one bloody day terminated the first attempt of the House of Stuart to regain possession of a throne forfeited by crime. Stirling and its castle are fraught with reminiscences of stirring deeds. Every spot on the plain has been the scene of contention, and the present beauty of the prospect has doubtless been enhanced by carnage, which once imparted to the district an aspect of desolation.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ARABS OF OLD TIME.

"YOUTH and maiden crowned with rose,
Whence have ye wandered?" "Whence the
wind blows."

"Whither advance ye?" "Where the sun
glows."

"Where is your bright home?" "Nobody
knows;
Fancy is ours, and love and song,
As heart by heart we wander along."

"Youth and maiden, ye who seem,
Simple and bright as the wandering beam,
Say, sweet phantoms, what may you deem
Of this little life of passion and dream?"

"What is the world we wander through?
A grave? A mart for the mammon crew?
Or a place roofed with gold and blue—
A temple reared for the good and true.

"And what is this Life that unaware
We make unto?—a prison lair?
A battle-plain to do and dare,
And reach the summits crossed with care?"

"Ah! life is a cot on a lonely lea,
From out whose little window we
Catch some faint glimpse of the shining sea,
And golden hills of Eternity.

"When opes the year we take the charm
Of rural days by field and farm,
When over leagues of pasture warm
The spring cloud stretches a rainy arm.

"And when along the streamlets flow
The gelid moons of April glow,
We watch the blue hills shine in snow,
The violet round the oak-root blow.

"By sweet rose-thicket and garden-mound,
We rest, when summer, in splendor drowned,
Swings o'er the perfume-breathing ground,
Her aureate censer, burning round

"With odors, through the long-drawn day;
Nor care how Old Time rolls away,
Dreaming beneath the sultry gray,
On yellowing heaps of fragrant hay.

"On autumn days through woods we tread,
Mornfully musing over the dead,
Whose smiles we see in the evening red,
With hope in our hearts, and heaven o'erhead.

"Oh! far away from the cold world's sight,
By a fire of leaves in the forest night;
A flask of wine makes fancy bright,
As we revel and sing in its fairy light:

"No king we serve, or priest who shone
By stately shrine or golden throne:
Our hearts are all the priests we own,
And poets are our kings alone.

"Thus as we wander on, we win
A radiant sphere, that 'mid the din
And clangour of a world of sin,
Still rounds its orbit from within.

"All beauty's ours that meets the sight,
All seen is won, of dark and bright,
By day the guest of the golden light,
The first star shuts our eyes at night.

"Ever awake with the dawn, whose glow
Hallowed our cradles long ago;
Ever asleep with the stars that slow
Over our tomb in time shall go.

"As thus 'mid visions mournful or gay
Wend we up the eternal way;
Still to the Ruler of Worlds we pray
That we may die the self-same day,

"Like twin birds that heaven designed
To sing and voyage, free as the wind;
Like twin birds whose sepulcher shrined
In moss and foliage none may find.

"Through friendly seasons toward our goal,
Through leaves and snows and winds we roll
On the star-bright Heavenly Pole,
On to the country of the Soul.

"Where is our home, then, would'st thou
know?
Not in the world's vain realm of show:
'Tis in our *hearts*, twin hearts that glow
Through day and dark wherever we go.

"Traveler, adieu; across the wide
Strange realm of passion, care, and pride,
Like evening shadows side by side,
On to the world of Light we glide.

"Traveler, adieu; life rises o'er
The round of earth, like morning hoar,
That springs from the dark to sink once more
To its golden rest on the starry shore."

From Titan.

DRAWBACKS TO SOCIAL DISTINCTION.

THE first class of *millionaires* rise superior to rules; but, generally speaking, a calling of any sort is against a man, with the exception of the aristocratic professions, and even these had better be avoided, for we incline to think that gentlemen *par excellence* should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine and flourishing, replied: "They ought, for they have nothing else to do."

By aristocratic professions, we mean the clergy, the bar, the higher walks of medicine, the army, and the navy.

With reference to the present topic, the clergy must be laid out of the account; for the times are gone when a Duchess de Longueville could exclaim, on hearing that her favorite cardinal had missed the papal throne: "Oh! how sorry I am! I have had all other ranks of churchmen—curates and vicars, deacons and archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals—for admirers, and if *he* had but gained the election, I should actually now have a pope."

With regard to the bar, the accomplished author of *Human Life* makes one of his favorite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawing-room. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feels pulses as gracefully, as he may; but there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick-room may afford a rich field for *coquetterie*. "I remember," says the Doctor in *Human Life*, "being once the confidant of a brother physician,

who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. "Could I but see those flounces again," said he, "I might yet be happy."

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection: "Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Sailors are favorites from their frankness and gallantry, and they have discarded the roughness which used to characterize them; but their mode of life is by no means calculated to give their manners the highest finish. One of the writers before us expatiates on the sensation produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder.

On the subject of personal appearance—another preliminary consideration of moment—the American and English writers have done little more than copy or amplify a chapter in the *Code Civil*.

"Art. 1. Before leaving your house to go to a ball or *soirée*, consult your glass twenty times, and scrupulously scrutinize each part of your *toilette*; thus assuring yourselves that there is nothing in contradiction to *your age* or the exterior that nature has given you.

"Art. 2. All men can not be as handsome as Adonises; but they may at least endeavor not to appear uglier than they can help.

"Art. 3. If you have little eyes, without lashes, and bordered with red, wear blue spectacles. A man may have bad eyes; it is absurd to have them very bad.

"Art. 4. If you are diminutive, ugly, without grace or *tournure*, give up all

intention of presenting yourself in society. You would be the butt of a thousand pleasantries. All the wit in the world would not save you."

Without altogether denying the wisdom of these admonitions, and fully admitting to the noble author of *Don Juan* that,

"Some how those good looks
Make more impression than the best of books,"

we must, notwithstanding, take the freedom to state that plain men, nay, ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success amongst the fair. Harry Jermyn, who carried all before him in his day, is described in Grammont's *Memoirs* as of small stature, with a large head and thin legs; and the redoubtable Prince de Condé had equal or greater disadvantages of person to contend against. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face; a strong proof, if true, of the sagacity of the French proverb: "*Avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles*;" for if ever man exceeded the privilege *dont jouissent les hommes d'être laids*, (the phrase is De Sévigné's,) it was Wilkes. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*: Mirabeau's, for example, who desires a female correspondent who had never seen him, and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox. We rather think the whole philosophy of the matter is to be found in the concluding line of Spenser's description:

"Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by;
Oh! who does know the bent of woman's fantasy?"

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gérard, the famous French painter. When a very young man he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, (the distinguished leader of the Girondists,) and, in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial counselor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but, in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that, on Gérard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gérard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we part with him according to his merit."

A NICE POINT IN ETIQUETTE.

It is related of George IV. when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question whether he was right in making this exception is gravely discussed by one of these lawgivers, who finally decides in the Prince's favor: "To salute a beggar without giving him any thing would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince."

THE TOUCHSTONE OF GOOD MANNERS.

All agree in terming the salute *la pierre de touche* by which any given person's proficiency in good breeding may be estimated; and Gioja has devoted a long chapter to it, in the course of which he gives some amusing examples of its varieties and modifications during different periods and in different quarters of the globe. In some countries they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. In some of the

South-sea islands they spit in their hands. and then rub your face for you ; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe we nod, bow, courtesy, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss ; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be pursued. Our Italian authority confines himself to the philosophy of the subject. The French, English, and American are more precise. The passage in the *Code Civil* runs thus :

“There are a thousand modes of saluting, and the salute must be respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar, according to the person to whom it is addressed.

“A fashion borrowed from our neighbors over the water is beginning to gain ground in Paris. *We mention it as the only refinement in politeness to be found amongst them.* It is *dandy*, when you meet a lady elsewhere than in a room, not to salute her till she has given some token of recognition.

“When, after the salute, you engage in conversation with a superior or a lady, you should remain hat in hand, until invited, once, at least, to put it on.

“*The ladies salute indifferent acquaintances by an inclination of the head, and friends by a movement of the hand. Happy the man for whom a rapid glance supplies the place of form !*”

The Philadelphian Solon copies most of this without acknowledgment, and proceeds :

“If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebræ of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a bishop.

“It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.

“Some ladies courtesy in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion : they should always bow.

“If an individual of the lowest rank, or without any rank at all, takes off his hat to you, you should do the same in return. A bow, says La Fontaine, is a note drawn at sight. If you acknowledge it, you must pay the full amount. The two best-bred men in England, Charles II. and George IV. never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects.”

THE GREAT AUSTRIAN WAR.

FOR many months past, the Moloch god of war has been martialing his mighty hosts for the battle. The political skies of Europe grow daily darker, and ominous of conflict and carnage. The storm-clouds are black. The lightnings begin to play and glitter upon their bosom. The ears of the world seem to be listening for the coming sounds of its distant thunders. Doubtless the next steamer will bring to these Western shores its first boomings. In this aspect of things we take from the *London Times* of April 23d, the following news of the coming struggle :

“Good Friday of 1859 will be hereafter the epoch of departure whence veterans, now only youthful conscripts, shall com-

mence the story of the great Austrian War. Just as we look back upon the blood-spilling contest of principles and passions which divided Europe in the last ten years of the last century ; just as we note the particular points of difference which grew and widened and smoldered and flamed till the world was wrapped in the roaring fires, and the vision of all men was darkened by the smoke—so, as there is too much reason to fear, will the men of the succeeding age scan those acts of state which, winged by a swifter agency than our fathers knew, are passing momentarily before our eyes, and deduce how rapidly arose the great unnecessary war which lasted — what prophet shall

dare to say how long? The solemnities of the Holy Week, are neglected by the hurrying away of armed men to meet others upon an appointed spot for slaughter. The festivities of Easter will, possibly, be checked by the cries of men in conflict, and by the sorrows that wait upon victory as well as upon defeat. In our secure and secluded island we listen only to the echoes of instant preparation that are now passing like the fiery cross through the other countries of Europe. "The French army is in full march to the frontiers of Piedmont." General Della Marmora telegraphs from the banks of the Ticino that *the Austrian army has made a significant movement on the strategic line of the Ticino, and that an attack at any moment may be apprehended*. The Court of Vienna, so late as yesterday, reiterates its declaration that all other proposals must be subordinate to the summons already addressed to Sardinia. The Imperial manifesto which is to accompany the declaration of war against Sardinia has already been prepared. Austria, mistress of the position, is ready by act of state and deed of war to initiate the sanguinary drama upon which the curtain is about to rise.

How completely a few days have changed the positions of the parties to this mighty difference. So late as Monday last, when Lord Derby from his place in the House of Lords directed such bitter remonstrance against the Emperor of the French, it was believed that it was France who was poisoning the thunderbolt, and that it was from her only that we had occasion to fear, lest the sound should come and the fire should fall. But now, within the last forty-eight hours, Austria has occupied the eyes of Europe, striding forth as the aggressor and the challenger, occupying the arena marked by tacit consent as the spot of conflict. Austria, whether in prudence, or in ambition, or in obduracy, has shown herself more ready for the fray even than the Power which was the origin of the quarrel. France seems to have been taken by surprise. Whether it was that the Emperor believed that all he desired would be obtained from Austria's fears, or whether he trusted to his own fertility in peaceful assurances and to the agency of the *Moniteur* to delay the conflict to a more convenient season; or whether he has calculated ill, or has been negligently served, it is impossible now

to say; but certain it is that Austria has the start, and France is straining to overtake her. While Austria is maneuvering on the Ticino, France is still only sending troops to Dauphiny. While Austria is present to follow up her decisive menace by an irresistible attack, France is only collecting her defensive levies at a distance from the position of her jeopardized ally.

Austria is, as we have said, at this moment mistress of the position. She has an army on the Ticino before which, if put in motion, the forces of Sardinia must melt away into the fortresses of Alessandria and Genoa, or must be hopelessly scattered. Miracles do happen, undoubtedly, now and then; 40,000 men have beaten 200,000 men; but sane men do not reckon on the repetition of such incidents in the Nineteenth Century, and between regularly disciplined European troops. *It would be fanatical to suggest that Sardinia can hold her own for a week against the hosts about to be let loose upon her. The flood of spoilers will sweep over the land. Turin must be occupied, although probably not held.* The power of the Piedmontese monarchy will be shut up in the few fastnesses which Sardinia contains, and the real struggle will not begin until Austria has struck a blow which will be heard throughout Italy. As a belligerent Power, she is wise in her generation; but she is not wise in her generation if she is seeking unnecessarily to become a belligerent Power. If she believed that there was no hope of permanent peace, that the French Emperor was resolved upon war, and that she was only being kept fainting under the weight of her arms, waiting till it should suit the convenience of the Emperor to overwhelm her; if she, moreover, is willing at this moment, when her promptitude has given her the choice of an offensive policy, to make those reasonable retractions which the interests of humanity and the public opinion of Europe require of her—then it will be difficult to say that she is entirely wrong in having sought to precipitate a crisis in which she was bleeding to death. But if this is a first forward step in an aggressive and a defiant policy—if Austria seeks to enter Sardinia as the armed apostle of absolutism and of ultra-montane priestcraft; if she has taken up her old-world mission of binding the bodies and coercing the minds and con-

sciences of all human beings born in Italy, then the fact of her having been the first to commence this war, will be no unimportant item in the great indictment which will be pressed against her. But, whatever may be *her* ultimate intentions, she has by her precipitancy done the Emperor of the French this great good: Whereas, three days ago, all Europe looked upon him as an Imperial robber, seeking occasion to let loose his prepared armies upon a peace-loving neighbor, the world will see in this sudden start and in the hasty and unready preparations of Napoleon III., some evidence that *after all his menaces he had not intended to provoke the combat which Austria has now commenced.*

The great question for us to consider, however, is not how Austria stands, or at what pace France hastens, or even how soon Sardinia can be overrun, but what is the position and policy of England. Lord Derby has said that: "If war breaks out, whatever be the consequence, our neutrality, as long as it may last, must to a certain extent be an armed neutrality, enabling us to take our part on that side, whatever it may be, which the honor, the interests, and the dignity of the country may indicate as best deserving our support." These words, coupled with others bearing upon the occupation of the shores of the

Adriatic, tended to a scarcely ambiguous intimation that if the events of the impending war should lead French troops into the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom, England would appear as a combatant in the *mêlée*. We ventured to comment upon those words in a tone of remonstrance. Now that the event appears more probable, and its preceding circumstances almost certain, we think it right to reiterate our protest against engaging England, either by alliance, or menace, or guarantee, so as to draw her into this purely Continental quarrel. Surely we are not going to commit over again the faults committed by our fathers, and to burden ourselves with debts and obligations too great for ourselves or our sons to bear in the pursuit of some chimerical notions as to what we should like to see occur among our neighbors. We say, *at all risks, and at all events, keep England out of this struggle between two dynastic Powers.* What have we, a free constitutional people, to do with a struggle between two despots, one of whom represents the principles of absolute power and priestly dominion, and the other the despotism delegated by pure democracy? If it must be so, let them fight; no English statesman can suppose that by weakening each other they can become more dangerous to us.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

WE place on our pages a very brief biographical sketch of the original of the portrait which adorns our present number, as a matter of interest to our readers. It is hardly a bare outline of a life of eminent usefulness and high honor. We gather it from an European volume in our possession, which, though it touches lightly, briefly, and imperfectly where a volume could hardly do justice, we feel a delicacy in venturing to add more.

EDWARD EVERETT, D.C.L., was born in April, 1794, at Dorchester, Mass., and was graduated at Harvard University in 1811; and after a brief trial of the study

of the law, entered the Divinity School, acting at the same time as Latin tutor. He had been scarcely two years engaged in the study of theology when he was invited to succeed the Rev. J. S. Buckminster, who at his death was regarded as the most eloquent pulpit orator in America, and was the pastor of one of the largest and wealthiest congregations in Boston. Mr. Everett was at this time only nineteen years of age, but it is said that he amply justified the confidence reposed in him, and fully sustained the high reputation of the Brattle-street pulpit for intellect and eloquence.

Before he was twenty he had published an elaborate *Defense of Christianity against the Work of G. B. English entitled The Grounds of Christianity Examined*. His close attention to his ministerial duties soon began to affect his health; and he, in 1815, exchanged his pastoral office for that of Eliot Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Harvard University, permission being accorded him to visit Europe for the benefit of his health, and to prepare himself for his professional duties.

Being shut out from Germany by the disturbed state of the continent, consequent upon Napoleon I.'s escape from Elba, Mr. Everett came to England, where he staid till after the battle of Waterloo, when he proceeded to Göttingen. There he resided for about two years, studying the German language, and making himself acquainted with the methods of instruction adopted in that and other German universities. In 1817 he proceeded to Paris, thence the next year to England, and in the winter of 1818 to Rome, where he availed himself of the literary treasures of the Vatican; and, being in frequent intercourse with the leading artists and archæologists of Italy, he studied the arts and literature of ancient and modern Rome. In 1819 he visited Greece, Turkey, etc., his way being smoothed by letters of introduction furnished him by Lord Byron; he afterwards visited Austria, Hungary, etc. He returned home, after an absence of about five years and a half, a ripened scholar, and with an enlarged acquaintance with men and manners; and he carried into the discharge of his duties at the university all the advantages he had thus derived, giving to his prelections an unusual breadth and scope, together with decided practicability of purpose. In 1820 he added to his occupations that of conducting the *North American Review*, and under his editorship it attained a much higher celebrity than any similar work had previously obtained in America, and came to be received in Europe, as the exponent of the current literary culture of the States. During the four years that he remained its editor, Mr. Everett is said to have furnished no less than fifty articles to the pages of the *North American Review*, many of them of a very learned, and others of a very important character.

Although at first known merely as a divine and a scholar, Mr. Everett, like most of his countrymen, early took a share in political discussions. In the *Review* he found many opportunities of making his sentiments known, and his masterly style of public speaking procured him to be in great request for the delivery of those favorite semi-poetical, semi-political flourishings of the American people called "Orations." At length in 1824 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and he continued to be a member of Congress till 1836, when he was chosen Governor of Massachusetts; an office to which he was reëlected at the three following annual elections.

When General Harrison became President of the United States in 1841, he appointed Mr. Everett his minister to the English court, and this distinguished post he held for nearly five years, with credit to himself and his government, at least equal to that of any other American minister who ever resided here. In England Mr. Everett in fact gained the esteem of all with whom the duties of his office, or the courtesies of society, brought him into connection; and whilst here the University of Oxford marked its opinion of his scholarship and the general sense of his merits by bestowing upon him the degree of D.C.L. On his return to America Mr. Everett was immediately elected President of Harvard University, an office he retained till 1849, when ill-health compelled him to resign it. He was in 1853 elected member of the Senate for Massachusetts.

Mr. Everett is regarded as one of the first scholars, most eloquent orators, and accomplished and liberal-minded statesmen of America, and his high public and private character gives additional weight to his intellectual eminence. He published in 1826 a volume of twenty-seven *Orations and Speeches* delivered by him on various public occasions; which in a second edition in 1850 he extended to two volumes. His subsequent discourses, many of which attracted great notice when delivered, his critical and miscellaneous essays, and various short poems, remain at present in a fugitive form. A *Biographical Memoir of the Public Life of Daniel Webster*, by Mr. Everett, is prefixed to the *Works* of Mr. Webster.

B E A U T I F U L W O R D P A I N T I N G .

WE feel quite sure of gratifying some thousands of our readers whose names have been added to our list since November, 1856, when we published the very eloquent address of Mr. Everett, delivered at the dedication of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N.Y., by reproducing the following beautiful word painting which forms a brief part of that remarkable production which we have never heard surpassed from human lips. It is a fitting accompaniment to the portrait of its eloquent author. Its utterance on the occasion referred to, stirred the hearts of some five thousand hearers, and brought down a storm of applause which made the immense tent under which that great assembly was convened, vibrate and wave in unison with the hearts within it. Among many other beautiful things the orator said :

“The great object of all knowledge is to enlarge and purify the soul, to fill the mind with noble contemplations, to furnish a refined pleasure, and to lead our feeble reason from the works of nature up to its great Author and Sustainer. Considering this as the ultimate end of science, no branch of it can surely claim precedence of astronomy. No other science furnishes such a palpable embodiment of the abstractions which lie at the foundation of our intellectual system : the great idea of time, and space, and extension, and magnitude, and number, and motion, and power. How grand the conception of the ages on ages, required for several of the secular equations of the solar system ; of distances from which the light of a fixed star would not reach us in twenty millions of years ; of magnitudes compared with which the earth is but a foot-ball ; of starry hosts, suns like our own, numberless as the sands on the shore ; of worlds and systems shooting through the infinite spaces, with a velocity compared with which the cannon-ball is a way-worn, heavy-paced traveler !

“Much, however, as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present even to the unaided sight scenes of glory which words are too feeble to de-

scribe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston ; and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapt in darkness and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, mid-summer night, the sky was without a cloud, the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with a spectral lustre but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day ; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east ; Lyra sparkled near the zenith ; Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south ; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

“Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible ; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest ; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together ; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens ; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray ; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes ; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky ; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance, till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of the day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.”

D E M I S E O F P R O F . O L M S T E D .

ANOTHER light of science and learning has been quenched. Professor Denison Olmsted, of Yale College, has finished his life and very useful labors in the field of science, and been gathered to his fathers. He had been ill for some weeks with inflammation of the stomach, which terminated his valuable life at four o'clock on the morning of May 13th. He was a good man. We have known him from our earliest recollections, kind, amiable, obliging, carrying about with him always a warm and generous heart. We received from him only a few weeks ago a characteristic letter, full of kindly reminiscences of college life after his entrance on his professorship in Yale College, when as a student he invited us to occupy his rooms and aid him as a humble assistant in his philosophical lectures and experiments for two years—which it was our privilege to do. We subjoin a brief though imperfect sketch.

Professor Olmsted has been of the most distinguished of the Faculty of Yale College, and his reputation as a man of science has extended not only over our own country, but through Europe. As a citizen of New-Haven, he was valued and respected, and among the successive classes of young men, in whose education he has assisted, he was regarded with an affectionate regard which outlived the usual college association, and became a part of maturer life.

Professor Olmsted was born in East-Hartford, Conn., on the sixteenth of June, 1791, and had therefore nearly completed his sixty-eighth year. He graduated at Yale College in 1813, in a class which produced a large number of distinguished men. George E. Badger, of North-Carolina, U. S. Senator and Secretary of the Navy; David B. Douglas, President of Kenyon College and Professor at West Point; Alexander M. Fisher, the talented predecessor of Prof. Olmsted in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Lieut.-Governor Hawley; Senator Kane, of Illinois; Judge Longstreet, of Georgia; Prof. Mitchell,

of the University of North-Carolina, and Dr. Sumner, of Hartford, were members of the same class. Among such classmates, Prof. Olmsted took a leading position, and two years after his graduation he was recalled to Yale to fill the office of Tutor. While occupying this position he was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the University of North-Carolina, which office he retained for several years, and during the time he made extensive explorations and surveys of the mineral regions of the State, thus inaugurating the system of State Geological Surveys, which has been somewhat extensively adopted.

In 1825 he was called to the professorship of Mathematics and Natural History in Yale College. In 1836, the Professorship was divided, and Prof. Olmsted became Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. He received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the New-York University in 1845.

Prof. Olmsted's contributions to the scientific and literary journals of his day, have been very numerous and valuable. They embrace a wide range of topics, and all show the marks of industrious study and eminent literary ability. He has published many interesting memorial sketches of men eminent in the walks of learning and science. His remarkable papers embodying the results of observations and researches on the shooting star shower of Nov. 1833, gained him great credit, and the important conclusion at which he then arrived—that these meteors are of *cosmical* and not of *terrestrial* origin, has now become the well-settled doctrine of modern science.

In the field of popular education, and in making the results of science practical, Prof. Olmsted's labors are worthy of special mention. By his pen, by the public lecture, and by other means, he has done much for the advancement of school and academical education.

The text-books of which Prof. Olmsted was the author, are numerous, and have enjoyed a wide circulation. They relate

chiefly to Astronomy and Natural Philosophy, and are characterized by exactness of statement, clearness of arrangement, and a thorough knowledge of the wisest methods of unfolding the subject.

The private character of Prof. Olmsted was spotless. He was distinguished for his purity and integrity, and for his love

of truth. In his manners he was affable and courteous, and ever accessible. Above all, he was through a long life a humble and devoted Christian. The faith and hope of his earlier days supported him in all his trials, brought peace and comfort to the closing scenes, and cheered him with the prospect of a blissful immortality.

T H E L A T E L A D Y M O R G A N .

WE regret to announce the death of Lady Sydney Morgan, which took place at Lowndes street on the thirteenth. It is not a little remarkable that her last work—the story of her life—should have been completed only a few months before that life was finally closed; and the circumstance will give an additional interest to the auto-biography itself. The deceased lady has outlived her time, while the scenes in which she took part are matters of history, and the people with whom she associated those of a by-gone generation. In reading her life the allusions to public events long since past made it difficult to realize that she was still among us, while the freshness and vivacity with which she recounted her adventures vivified the events of which she spoke to a degree that made her work valuable as a contribution to history, independently of the interest that attached to it on account of the writer herself. Miss Owenson was born in Dublin about the year 1783. Her father was a musician of no insignificant merit, while his intellectual gifts enabled him to introduce his daughter into the cultivated society of which she subsequently became so eminent a member. Her first girlish efforts were directed to poetry. At fourteen she produced a volume of miscellaneous verses, and afterwards a series of songs set to Irish airs. When only sixteen she had published two novels, which, although favorably spoken of at the time, produced no very important effects; but the *Wild Irish Girl*, published in 1801, at once raised her to a conspicuous position in the world of letters. This book passed through seven editions, and introduced its authoress to the highest society. She first met Sir

Charles Morgan, a physician of some note, at the house of the Marquis of Abercorn, and they were soon afterwards married. Her next work of importance was *France*—a critical review of the social state of that country more than a book of travels. This achieved immense success, and led to a decision on the part of the French Government to refuse the talented authoress reëmission to the country. This was, however, disregarded, and Sir Charles and Lady Morgan staid for some time in Paris on their way to Italy, moving in the first circles of that capital, and receiving unbounded adulation from every side, anecdotes of which Lady Morgan relates in her *Diary* with great gusto and an amusing *naïveté*. *Florence Macarthy*, her second great novel, was published in England during her stay in France, and contributed in no small degree to add to the writer's fame. To enumerate all her books would be somewhat tedious; the three which we have mentioned, together with the *Diary* just published, are the most important. Lady Morgan, although receiving large sums for her works, was not wealthy, and a well-bestowed pension of £300 a year was conferred on her during the Ministry of Lord Grey. In the enjoyment of this she had lived to the age of nearly seventy-six, retaining her full mental vigor to the last. The letters contained in the *Diary* have given an insight into her character, which induced a warmer feeling than mere respect for her talents, and the regret which her immediate friends will feel at her loss will be sincerely shared by all who have read her life and appreciated her character.

L I T E R A R Y M I S C E L L A N I E S .

THE PRECIOUS STONES OF THE HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS, With Illustrative Selections in Prose and Verse. By AUGUSTA BROWN GARRETT, author of *Musical Compositions*, etc. Pages 330. New-York: Sheldon & Company. 1859.

THIS neat and attractive volume abounds in gems of thought, upon which the pious mind will love to dwell in its hours of retirement from the world, and from which to gather strength for the duties and trials of life, and its pilgrimage here on earth. The title of the book, regarded in its spiritual sense, will give a clue to its sentiments and articles.

MY THIRTY YEARS OUT OF THE SENATE. By Major JACK DOWNING. Illustrated with sixty-four original and characteristic engravings on wood. Pages 458. New-York: Oaksmith & Company, 114 William street. 1859.

THESE letters of the renowned Major Downing began to make their appearance in public in 1830 and onward, and have doubtless created more amusement and laughter, and made more political faces relax into a broad grin and outbursts than any single book of the age. The author had a rare talent in this line of literature, and made a good use of it. The laughter-loving may like to laugh over again when they look at the illustrations.

THE HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, CALLED METHODISM, CONSIDERED IN ITS DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONAL FORMS AND ITS RELATIONS TO BRITISH AND AMERICAN PROTESTANTISM. By ABEL STEVENS, LL.D. Vol. I. From the Origin of Methodism to the Death of Whitefield. Pages 480. New-York: Published by Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberrystreet.

THIS is a good book, and the rapid sale of seven thousand copies already shows the estimate in which it is held. The history of a denomination which has excited so much religious and reforming influence, can hardly fail of interest to every intelligent and serious mind.

WORKS OF MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE: COMPRISING HIS ESSAYS, JOURNEY INTO ITALY, AND LETTERS. WITH NOTES FROM ALL THE COMMENTATORS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES, etc. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. A new and carefully revised edition, edited by O. W. WIGHT, in four volumes. Pages 492, 533, 510, 573. New-York: Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau street. 1859.

THIS is a very beautiful edition of Montaigne's works. The arrangement of the volumes, the typography is neat, and the whole aspect of the work is very creditable to the taste of the enterprising publishers, and must invite many readers to enrich their libraries with its literary treasures. We are glad to see the works of this wise old Gascon Essayist in such an attractive dress. The pen of William Haz-

litt always puts a finish on every thing which it takes in hand. This edition will be found to be, we think, the most accurate and desirable of any hitherto published; and the copious index at the end will be found to be a great desideratum. We wish the publishers ample success in bringing this new and corrected edition before the American public.

THE new volume of the Philobiblon Society, issued to the members this week, contains eight hitherto unpublished letters from the author of *The Seasons*, to the author of the ballad of *William and Margaret*.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT COIN ON THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FARM.—In a field, called the Hospital Field, on the estate of his Royal Highness Prince Consort, three boys were employed to collect the loose stones. One of them picked up something on the surface of the earth, which, upon further investigation, proved to be a leaden case, containing upwards of one hundred and fifty silver coin, principally half-crowns, of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., most of them being in admirable preservation. The coins were collected and forwarded to her Majesty, and the lads suitably rewarded.

PRICE OF A MASS.—At the convent of St. Laurent, about a mile out of Rome, there is a privileged altar—that is to say, every mass said at this altar has the privilege of drawing one soul completely out of purgatory. It consequently enjoys a great reputation, and is much sought after by the faithful. One day the abbot found his convent 6000 masses in arrear—that is, he had received payment for 6000 masses at a crown each, more than had been said. He repaired to his Holiness Gregory XVI., and begged him, since he was omnipotent, to grant that a single mass should draw the whole 6000 souls out of purgatory. The Pope considered awhile, then wrote a rescript to the desired effect. The abbot embraced the feet of the holy father, expressed his gratitude, and was about to retire, when Gregory XVI., called him back, saying—"A mass of 6000 crowns; such a mass is fit for a pope, I will say it myself;" and in verity the following morning he repaired to the convent of St. Laurent, performed the mass, and the abbot had to hand him over the 6000 piastres, equal to about £1200. — *Jewish Chronicle*.

AUSTRIAN ORDER FOR THE FLOGGING OF WOMEN.—The Turin papers published a decree, taken from the official *Provincial Bulletin of the Acts of the Government of Lombardy*, issued on the seventh March, 1859, concerning the infliction of corporal punishments on women condemned or prosecuted. The following is the principal paragraph of the decree: "On the occasion of a demand that has been presented, the Minister of Justice, in accordance

with the Ministries of the Interior and of Finance. Determines that, for the punishment by blows with a rod of prosecuted or condemned women, the wives of the jailers, (prison-guards,) or the maid-servants of the same who may be found most adapted to the office, are principally to be employed, with a retribution of twenty sous of the new coinage (about 5d.) for every execution."

THE colossal statue of Victory, now being placed in the garden of Apsley-house, is, as we are informed, part of a design for the monument to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral in honor of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, as proposed by Baron Marochetti.

THE Montrose monument to Joseph Hume is about to be inaugurated. It consists of a statue, said to be a faithful likeness, resting on a massive pedestal. The High street of Montrose has been selected for its reception.

FALLING LEAVES.—Alas! alas! we poor mortals are often little better than wood ashes, there is small sign of the sap, and the leafy freshness, and the bursting buds that were once there; but, wherever we see wood ashes, we know that all that early fullness of life must have been. I, at least, hardly ever look at a bent old man, or a wizened old woman, but I see, also, with my mind's eye, that Past of which they are the shrunken remnant, and the unfinished romance of rosy cheeks and bright eyes seems sometimes of feeble interest and significance, compared with that drama of hope and love which has long ago reached its catastrophe, and left the poor soul, like a dim and dusty stage, with all its sweet garden scenes and fair perspective overturned and thrust out of sight.—*George Eliot*.

WE observe that the furniture at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, the residence of Wordsworth, is announced for sale by auction on the fifth and sixth May. Mrs. Wordsworth is dead, and the home that was the poet's is broken up.

CRIMEA AND WATERLOO.—During the whole of the war in the Crimea (says the *Naval and Military Gazette* of last week) there were not so many officers killed and wounded as on the crowning day of Waterloo. The number of officers killed and wounded in the Crimea, was seven hundred and sixty-eight; the number at Waterloo being eight hundred and sixty-two.

WHAT A STIFF NORTH-EASTER DID FOR US.—Napoleon the first had assembled at Boulogne one hundred and sixty thousand men, the finest army he ever commanded, the same with which in eighteen months he humbled Austria, Prussia, and Russia, winning the bloody battles of Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, and triumphing over eight hundred thousand enemies in arms. For the transport of this army there was assembled at Boulogne, Ambleteuse, and its neighborhood, not a few hundred crazy boats, as our fathers persuaded themselves, but two thousand three hundred gun-boats, most of them flat-bottomed, it is true, but capable of both maneuvering and fighting; for Admiral Verhuel weathered Cape Grisnez with the Dutch division in the teeth of an English squadron. So admirably calculated were all the arrangements of detail, as a trial of skill and an exercise of promptitude, one hundred and thirty-two thousand men

were repeatedly got on board in the space of two hours. Napoleon was convinced that he only wanted four-and-twenty hours' naval superiority in the Channel, to be master of the fate of England. He may have been wrong in reckoning upon so certain a triumph; but one thing is sure, that he was as near as possible to obtaining the wished-for condition of momentary naval superiority. In August, 1805, Villeneuve, who had sailed off to the West-Indies, in order to acquire the opportunity of returning and appearing in the Channel unexpectedly, had succeeded in giving Nelson the slip, and was lying with twenty-nine French and Spanish ships-of-the-line at Ferrol: Admiral Lallemand was awaiting his arrival with five more at Vigo. Their instructions were to force the blockade of Brest, where Ganteaume with twenty-one ships was shut up by Lord Cornwallis with eighteen, and Villeneuve left Ferrol for that purpose, on the fourteenth of August. At that moment Sir Robert Calder, having touched at Brest, was coming down the Channel with eighteen sail, and Nelson was making his way to Portsmouth, where he arrived August 18th, to refit before recommencing the chase. Had Villeneuve proceeded straight to Vigo, and thence to Brest, he would to all appearance have escaped meeting either Calder or Nelson; and then Cornwallis, with his eighteen vessels, would have had to defend himself against fifty-five, the united squadrons of Villeneuve, Lallemand, Ganteaume. Napoleon's far-sighted combination was defeated by a stiff north-easterly breeze that began to blow after Villeneuve had left Ferrol; it gave the unfortunate admiral, who was already disheartened, the excuse to seek Cadiz instead of Brest; and a few weeks later the battle of Trafalgar put an end to all serious thoughts of invasion.—*London Review*.

COUNT CAVOUR.—The last *Westminster Review* has an elaborate article on Italian affairs. It views the position and prospects of Sardinia in a favorable light. The genius of his minister it warmly eulogizes. It gives one side of a character, at least, with vigor and distinctness:

While with marvelous conscientiousness the King strictly confined himself to his constitutional prerogative, Piedmont, as by a miracle, saw herself endowed with the very man calculated to perfection for a Minister under the peculiar circumstances of the time. Possessed of that rare and highest constitution of mind which allies a courage at need rising into audacity with an intimate appreciation of prudence and circumspection, Count Cavour is, in our conviction, undoubtedly the greatest statesman of our age, and on a level with the greatest on record. The representative of one of the oldest and haughtiest families of Piedmont, counting amongst its ancestors St. Francis de Salis. His father was so identified with every thing most objectionable and most arbitrary in the order of government before 1848, that the whole unpopularity of its system seemed to find its concentrated expression in the animosity prevalent against his person. Early the young Cavour had, however, shown signs of independent convictions, in consequence of which he had for a period seen fit to withdraw himself from the territory of Piedmont. During this time he traveled much in France and England, observed institutions and political life, and contributed valuable articles, especially on matters of political economy, to a *Review* which then appeared in Geneva. . . . During the perilous times of 1848 and 1849,

Count Cavour found occasion, in debates momentous to his country's safety, to unfold the admirable temper of his talents, and step by step to acquire the esteem of his fellow-citizens. And now his personal influence is of an intensity rivaling the sort of influence once exerted by Mazzini. All the legislation which has distinguished Piedmont in the last ten years—all the policy it has pursued—all the public works of stupendous magnitude it has raised—in short, every thing connected with the present state of that country—presents itself to the mind as the deed of Cavour's inspiration. The result is, that the man once so decried and aspersed is now honored with a perfect devotion. Vittorio Emmanuele commands the sincere respect of Italy; but Cavour commands its unhesitating faith. His name, grown to be a household word in every hamlet, except in some of the remoter provinces of Naples, has become an organization for the Liberal party in place of the old Carbonari bond, and Cavour has now been elevated to that pedestal on which, amidst the incense of mystic aspirations, Mazzini was once worshiped as a prophet. Let it not be supposed that we write one word without due consideration when we affirm that, at the present conjecture, the word whispered by Cavour in his Cabinet at Turin, would be enough to make the moderate Liberal party throughout Italy rise at once without a moment's hesitation as to the consequences; such is the unbounded confidence reposed in the sovereign worth of his wisdom.

KING JAMES ON FARTHINGALES.—They then adjourned to the Banqueting-ball, King James having ordered proclamation against farthingales, which, he declared, "took up an unreasonable portion of the room in his court." The proclamation was really needed; for in one of the preceding masques in honor of this marriage, the ladies had stuck fast in the galleries, and could not enter the hall. The interdict caused by this comical incident, which occurred more than once in the reign of James I., is gravely quoted as one of the King's tyrannical laws. However, by favor of the royal forecast, the passages of Whitehall were, on this occasion, kept clear of these formidable circles of stiffened brocade.—*Miss Strickland's English Princesses.*

MEYERBEER'S THUNDER.—The following anecdote is current in the musical circles of Paris: It is known with what impatience the public awaited the first representation of the *Pardon de Ploermel*, but the first performance was delayed by a singular caprice of the composer. At one of the most dramatic periods of the work a violent storm bursts forth, and is, of course, accompanied by thunder. The manner in which the Opera-Comique represented the storm did not satisfy Meyerbeer, and he wandered about listening to every noise that was made in the hope of hearing something that came up more closely to his idea of a thunder-peal. At last one morning, in passing before a house in course of demolition, the falling of the stones and mortar to the ground, through a long wooden trough, gave precisely the sound which he wanted. He hastened to the theater, and ordered a long square funnel to be made of boards, and sent down through it a quantity of stones. "The sound is too hard," said the composer, "we must have smooth lead or iron. Grape shot would do admirably." "But it is impossible

to obtain them," said the manager, "without permission from the Government." Meyerbeer replied that he would undertake to procure them, and he wrote the same day to Marshal Vaillant, Minister of War, on the subject. The Marshal is said to have been much amused at the letter, and to have replied that all the stores of Vincennes were placed at the composer's disposal. The shot thus obtained produces, when rolled down the wooden trough, the thunder which is heard each night the piece is performed.

GALLANTRY TO WOMEN IN RUSSIA.—Gallantry to women does not seem to be cared for even by the highest classes in Russia. In proof of this we cite an incident wherein the actors are of the greatest of their class. The scene is in the "Chambre d'or," and the days those of the late Czar Nicholas:

"In this Chamber and the adjoining ones, it is the delight of the younger Grand Dukes to drive their Imperial mother in an easy wheel-chair. On one of these occasions, just as the brothers, side-by-side, were propelling the Tzaritza at unwonted speed, and were entering the Chambre d'or, whom should they meet, coming from his cabinet *d'affaires*, in an opposite direction, but their Imperial father, and what was more, their Czar—and what was of more importance still in that Czar's eyes—their General! The young Grand Dukes fully understood the nature of the 'fix' they were in, for to pull up stock-still in a second, like Circassian or Cossack blood-horses, was impossible, and to pass their superior officer without stopping to make the necessary salute, which is rather a lengthy affair, was equally impossible, for the indignity of arrest would assuredly have followed such a breach of military discipline, and that was not be thought of for a moment: so leaving the impetus-propelled chair to its fate, they faced about, 'head up, arms down, heels together,' until their General—who could scarcely refrain from laughter—he is said to have indulged in a loud peal at the other end of the gallery—had passed out. The Empress, meanwhile, made the entire trajet of the Chambre d'or, the impetus having only expended itself as she neared the ranges of chairs which flanked the apartment and where she received the dutiful apology of her 'yunker' sons with her usual affability."

The young Grand Dukes, in fact, risked breaking their mother's neck rather than fail to salute their General! Not after this fashion did Cleobus and Biton honor their mother, Cydippe, when they harnessed themselves to her chariot, and drew her tenderly to the Temple of Juno, at Argos, at whose threshold they were blessed by the gods, and died. But they were pagans!—*Review of Six Years' Travel in Russia.*

THE DESTROYER OF ARMIES.—The statistics of the Chef d'Etat Major quoted by Carnot, who was War Minister, give the numbers of the invading army which crossed the Niemen on the twenty-fourth June, at 302,000 men, 104,000 horses. On the advance to Moscow, was fought the great battle of Borodino. In this battle there were put *hors de combat*, that is, killed and wounded, on the side of the Russians no less than thirty generals, 1600 officers, and 42,000 men. While the French, according to Marshal Berthier's papers, subsequently taken at Wilna, had in killed

and wounded forty generals, 1800 officers, and 2,000 men. The French, however, claimed the victory, inasmuch as the Russians fell back after the battle, and left the French in possession of the ground. The cold began on November the seventh; but three days before the cold began, namely on the fourth of November, there remained of the mighty host that had crossed the Niemen but 55,000 men, and 12,000 horses; 247,000 men had perished or become ineffective in one hundred and thirty-three days. Of the 55,000 men, however, plus any reinforcements they may have met on the way, 40,000 men returned to France, showing how few men were lost in this disasterly retreat, either by the severity of the winter, or the harassing attacks of the enemy. But even if three fourths of the wounded at Borlino had died, and allowing for those killed in minor actions and operations, there would remain nearly 200,000 men who perished by insufficient commissariat—by want of forethought. The Count de Segur, the historian of this campaign, considers that the genius of Napoleon had culminated before he undertook this expedition, famous among the world's disasters, and that constant prosperity had led him to look on success as so certain, that he neglected the means of attaining it. Any way, here is an instance under the greatest of generals, that it is not the enemy, however numerous or skillful, who effect the destruction of armies. It is fatigue, exposure, want of food, want of shelter, want of clothing, want of sanitary prevention.—*Westminster Review*.

AN UNLIMITED PAPER SUPPLY. — Dr. Collyer, whose reputation amongst paper-makers is assured from his successful application of beet-root refuse in their manufacture, has recently alighted upon an important discovery, whereby full fifty per cent will be saved in the manufacture of paper, made either from wheat, or oat-straw, flax-waste, or other similar refuse material. The insuperable difficulty which has attended the use of raw fibrous substances, lies in the existence of the siliceous cortex which envelopes the fiber; to get rid of the silex has been the object long desired and sought after; for this desideratum being accomplished, the remaining fiber of common straw is equal, for the paper-makers' purposes, to the best linen rags; in fact it honestly produces a stronger paper. Separation of siliceous matter may be effected, as our readers are aware, by the use of strong alkaline solutions, accompanied with great heat; but this process involves a certain waste of concentrated caustic alkali, which is a costly material. Dr. Collyer, has, however, happily discovered a simple inexpensive method, which entirely removes the silex, after the use of a weak alkaline solution and a process of boiling under a moderate pressure. The straw or flax refuse, before being boiled, is submitted to the action of a machine, especially invented for the purpose by his gentleman. This machine opens out the fiber, disintegrates the siliceous cortex, and prepares it for the production of pulp, from which can be made the best-class writing and printing papers, at one half the present cost. The whole expense of preparing one ton of straw pulp, bleached for conversion into the finest writing, printing, or book paper, will not by this process exceed £22 per ton, or 2½d. per pound; and we obtain the whole cost of making the substance

into a paper, which is now practically worth 5½d. per pound, (exclusive of Excise duty,) equal to that used by the leading London journals.—*English paper*.

THE twenty-sixth session of the Scientific Congress of France will be held this year at Limoges. The Congress will open on the twelfth of September, and the meetings will continue for ten days. There will be five sections, representing severally—the Physical Sciences, Agriculture, and Commerce, Medicine, History, and Archæology, and Literature. The terms of membership are ten francs, which entitles each member to a copy of the volume relating to the business of the session. Among the subjects to be discussed, special attention will be directed to the celebrated Limoges enamels, and other works by the old Limousin artists. The prospectus promises a very instructive and agreeable *réunion*; and as Limoges is within a short distance of very beautiful scenery, autumn tourists may be glad to have so good an opportunity to visit that interesting old town.

CURIOUS BOOKS fetch still a high price in Paris. At a late sale of some of the books belonging to M. Franck, the publisher, a copy of the *Rationale* of Durandus, printed by Schoyffer of Mayence, on vellum, (1459,) and in bad condition, fetched 4600 francs, £184—a fine copy of Justinian's Institutes, from the same press, and on vellum (1468,) 5400 francs, £216—a fine copy of the Decretals of Gratian, from the same press, also on vellum, (1472,) 2900 francs, £116.

STARTLING STATISTICS ON MARRIAGE.—A table inserted in a paper in the *Assurance Magazine* exhibits results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, twenty to twenty-five and twenty-five to thirty, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At thirty it is nearly four times as great; from thirty to thirty-five it is five times as great; and it increases, until at sixty the chances of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is curious to remark, from this table, how confirmed either class becomes in its condition in life—how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his settled habits and solitary condition; and, on the other hand, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of thirty, the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability of thirty-five is not much more than half that at thirty, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterwards.

NAPOLEON AND THE SUTTLERS.—The second volume of *The Correspondence of Napoleon I.*, contains an order of the day issued by him when commanding in Italy, which shows that the young general was not disposed to treat with much tenderness the class of ladies who followed the camp. The order was to this effect: All women who have not the permission of the commissariat are required to leave the division within twenty-four hours; in default of doing so they will be arrested, smeared over with black, and exposed for two hours in the public square. The general-in-chief is informed that the disorders which prevail are attributable to these abominable women, who incite the soldiers to pillage.—*Bulletin*.

PROPOSED ENLARGEMENT OF PARIS.—By an imperial decree, Paris is about to become a colossal city. In its actual limits, there are at present 1,174,316 souls; the suburbs contain 351,189 inhabitants; so that the future population, when Paris is extended, is at once raised to 1,524,505. Paris was already the most populous city on the continent. Vienna has only 475,000; St. Petersburg, 550,000; Berlin, 430,000; Madrid, 260,000; Lisbon, 284,000; Naples, 480,000; Constantinople, 630,000; Milan, 160,000. London is the only European city more populous than Paris will be when the change of limit is effected—but London is nearly doubly so.—*The Builder.*

A STEAM-ENGINE TRAVERSING THE STREETS.—On Wednesday morning, the 10th, some astonishment was created among the drivers of the numerous vehicles in the Westminster road, London, by the appearance of a locomotive under steam moving through that crowded thoroughfare; and soon after midday a traction-engine, drawing a truck, to which was affixed a placard, informing the numerous gazers that it was loaded with twenty-five tons of iron, passed through the York-road. The engine was managed by Mr. Bray, the originator of it, and turned the corners without any difficulty. Messrs. Maudesly have more than one of these engines in their employ, which they use for communicating between their several wharves in Lambeth, New-Cross, etc.

SMUGGLING BY MEANS OF CRINOLINE.—A letter from Verviers states that a lady who arrived there a few days ago by a railway train from Prussia wore a crinoline of such ample dimensions as to excite the suspicions of the custom-house officers. A search consequently took place, and the fashionable portion of female attire was found to have very skillfully attached to its ample folds not less than one hundred and seventeen pairs of white stockings, which the wearer intended to smuggle into Belgium. The stockings and crinoline were confiscated, and the lady handed over to the law authorities for prosecution.

At the last Council of Ministers at Madrid, Queen Isabella of Spain signed a decree permitting a Universal Exhibition in 1862. Both industrial and agricultural produce and objects of art will be represented on this occasion, and the inhabitants of all the continental and colonial possessions of Spain, as well as of Portugal, Brazil, and the states of South-America will be invited to send in contributions. The grand jury of the exhibition is to be presided over by the King Consort.

A ST. PETERSBURG letter says: "Curious experiments in a new system of lighting, with portable and compressed gas, have just been made in one of the barracks, and have perfectly succeeded. The gas was prepared at Paris, and brought here in cylinders; and, though the cylinders remained several weeks at the Custom-house, the gas did not suffer any injury. The new system is not only cheaper than the existing one, but produces a finer light."

In the streets of Leicester, one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who, staggering against his reverence, said: "I have been spinning it out." "Yes," said the Dean, "I see you have, and now you are reeling it home."

ACCORDING to an official estimation of the diamonds of the crown of France, their value is twenty-one millions of francs. In that amount the Regent is set down for twelve millions.

THE COURT.—On the fourteenth the Portuguese Minister had an audience with her Majesty, when he presented for the Prince of Wales and Prince Alfred the insignia of the Order of the Tower and Sword; the necessary official announcement appeared in Tuesday night's *Gazette*, giving the Queen's permission to their Royal Highnesses to wear these decorations.

A GERMAN *savant* has taken the pains to count the number of hairs existing in three heads of hair, of different colors. He found in a blonde 140,400 distinct hairs, in a brown 109,440, in a black 102,960, and in a red 88,740. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of the blonde tresses that they owe their silken softness.

THE result of the census made at the conclusion of last year, shows Berlin to have 463,645 inhabitants, exclusively of the garrison and their wives and children. There are now no fewer than 15,338 Jews in Berlin, who form a very rich, educated, and intelligent community.

THE Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg will open an Art Exhibition in the course of this Spring, to which artists of all nations are invited. All the works of art have to arrive at St. Petersburg by the twenty-eighth of this month.

A SALE of all the various revolutionary journals, filed during the famous year 1848, in Paris, had been announced in all the papers some days back. The auction has been forbidden.

AN Algiers Museum is establishing at the Palace de l'Industrie, at Paris, where all the trophies and ethnographic curiosities of Algiers will be exhibited and preserved.

It is affirmed that the Emperor of Russia has granted a concession for the establishment of a telegraphic communication overland, with America, through his Arctic dominions, and will *advisedly* supplement the *concessionaire* with money and means.

ACCOUNTS from Rome state that the contractor for the line from Civita Vecchia to Rome has bound himself to open it to the public on the first of April. Locomotives may, in a few days, pass over the entire line. Surveys have been made of the proposed line from Rome to the Adriatic, and the works are to be immediately commenced.

OUT of 9995 elms which, three years ago, adorned the Champs Elysées, in Paris, 3500 are dead, and 2000 in a dying state. Upwards of 800 are stated to have perished by gas exhalations.

ANOTHER volume from the pen of the late Hugh Miller is in the press. It is entitled a *Sketch-Book of Popular Geology*, being a series of lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh.

AN American agent is said to be now in treaty with Mr. Dickens, for a tour of readings through the United States. It is said that a guarantee for £30,000 has been offered.



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CONTENTS OF THE JULY NUMBER.

EMBELLISHMENT—VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

1. THE COURT OF WEIMAR AND ITS CELEBRITIES,	Westminster Review,	289
2. EARLY CHRISTIAN MONACHISM,	London Review,	305
3. INTUITIONALISM AND THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT,	North British Review,	312
4. AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND ITALY,	Edinburgh Review,	326
5. WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION,	Dublin University Magazine,	349
6. ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS,	Eclectic Review,	366
7. THINGS NEW AND OLD,	Dublin University Magazine,	375
8. TOMBS AND THEIR LESSONS,	Eclectic Review,	380
9. AN HOUR AGO, OR TIME IN DREAMLAND,	Dublin University Magazine,	388
10. THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN,	Dublin University Magazine,	397
11. THE GRAVESTONE IN THE CLOISTERS,	Colburn's New Monthly,	403
12. THE DEAD MOTHER,	Sharpe's London Magazine,	414
13. POPULAR ASTRONOMY,	Eclectic Review,	415
14. VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA,		422
15. GREAT SPEECH OF M. KOSSUTH,	London Times,	424
16. LITERARY MISCELLANIES,		435

EDITOR'S NOTE.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, whose fine portrait adorns our present number, stands now, doubtless, at the head of all native Italians, and, next to the Emperor Napoleon, is the most important personage in Italy on the side of the allies. His character as king—his courage—his devotion to the emancipation of Italy from the Austrian yoke—his position and martial bearing as commander of the Sardinian army—invest his portrait with more than usual interest. We hope our readers will fancy him mounted on a noble white charger, with sword drawn, and gleaming in the bright rays of an Italian sun, and waving his brave army onward to the battle and conflict with the foes of Italy. A biographical sketch will be found in the letter-press.

We invite our readers, in the first article, to make a mental visit to the Court of Weimar, with the confident assurance that they will return instructed and interested. Next, they will complete their review of Christian Monachism with profit. They will then explore, in company with a gifted mind, the Limits of Religious Thought. We next invite them to a careful survey of the warlike relations of two empires and Italy. We caution the reader against being carried over to the Austrian side of the question by the warped and unworthy views of the writer on that side, with which we have no sympathy. Womanhood, its Mission, will be found a more genial and instructive theme than the quarrels of empires. Italy for the Italians presents a view more just and true. Things New and Old is worth perusal. Tombs and their Lessons is redolent of impressive eloquence. The Last Victim of the Scottish Maiden will excite historic nerves. An astronomical gaze will interest. The great Speech of the renowned Hungarian will present many powerful and eloquent thoughts, full of giant strength of the great mind that uttered them. May he yet be Governor of Hungary, when freed from the Austrian yoke. Other articles of less note, but not devoid of interest, will invite the reader's attention, and render his literary July excursion both pleasant and agreeable. We again exceed our monthly measure by some six pages. We regret *the exclusion of book-notices*. Will make room in our next.

Duke William, born in 1598. He was one of eleven brothers, among whom was that Bernard, so famous in the Thirty Years' War, and the unfortunate John Frederic, whose strange and tragic story still lives in the recollection of his countrymen. Like his brother, John Frederic offered his sword to the Protestant cause; but the singularity of his character, and the dark reports already attached to his name, made him rather shunned than sought by his companions in arms. It was rumored that he had devoted himself to forbidden studies, and the faith in witchcraft and demonology was at that time so universally diffused, that the tale found easy credence. Far from seeking to destroy this impression, John Frederic did his best to confirm it. Shutting himself up in his hereditary castle, he devoted his days and nights to the study of Paracelsus, Cornelius Agrippa, and other necromantic writers, in the hope of discovering the awful secrets of magic; his name became a by-word, and nothing but his rank and position saved him from the fate of a sorcerer. In the year 1625 he entered the service of King Christian of Denmark, then at the head of the Protestant cause, in whose ranks his younger brother, the famous Bernard, had already enlisted. But a dispute with a Danish officer, in which his violent and unjustifiable conduct excited general indignation, soon brought about his dismissal. Burning with rage, he abandoned the Protestant cause and faith, and joined the Imperial army, where he was well received. Ere long, however, he was compelled to fly in consequence of a duel in which he ran his adversary through the body, and falling into the hands of the enraged Protestants, was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with fetters, as at once a renegade, a traitor, a maniac, and magician—attributes, one alone of which would have sufficed to render him an object of universal horror and detestation. The Court of Weimar claiming him, he was given up to it on condition of his being kept in close custody—a condition rigorously fulfilled. Caged like a wild beast, conscious that he was the object of general hatred and terror, the mind of the wretched captive, already deeply shaken, completely gave way, till, in a fit of despair or insanity, he declared he had entered into a pact with the devil, had signed it with his blood, and hourly

expected his deliverance by the Prince of Darkness. What passed on a certain awful night in the captive's chamber has never been revealed to human ear; but the next morning the wretched man was found dead on the floor, bathed in blood. The report was industriously spread that the foul fiend, enraged by his disclosure of their secret intercourse, had destroyed the wretched prisoner, as he had destroyed Faust, and so many others who had pledged their eternal weal, and that in the dead of night unearthly howlings had rent the air, and that the very walls had trembled as though shaken by an earthquake. But the immediate reception of the guards, who had watched the captive, into the Duke's service, the lavish bestowal of presents on the captains and officers, and the absence of all investigation, seem to point to a more probable, though scarcely less horrid, solution of the gloomy tale. However this may be, the popular belief, as usual in Germany, inclined to the supernatural version of the story. The building which had been the scene of the tragedy was shut up, and such was the terror with which it was regarded, that an inhabitant of Weimar would have gone miles out of his way rather than pass it after sunset. At length, in 1817, it was pulled down, and its place supplied by modern houses, to which is attached no such fearful mystery. This crime of fratricide, if indeed it was committed by the Duke of Weimar, is strangely in contrast with his general character—that of an honest, open-hearted man. He reigned peacefully for twenty years; his successor was so deeply engrossed by theological pursuits, that he found little time for the duties of government; holding religious conferences, and examining his hearers on the state of their consciences, instead of attending to public affairs. His grandson, Ernest Augustus, was one of the most singular characters of the day, and occupies some amusing pages in the memoirs of the Margravine of Baireuth, who met him at her father-in-law's court in 1732. He was carried off by a fever, when his son, the father of Carlé Auguste, had attained his eleventh year; and that Prince likewise dying at the age of one-and-twenty, his widow, Amelia, became Dowager Duchess of Weimar.

Amelia of Brunswick was born the fourteenth of October, 1742. The Court of

Brunswick was at that period the most highly cultivated in Germany, and the Princess enjoyed the advantages of a careful and solid education. Her youth, however, was far from happy. Her father, stern, cold, and haughty, regarded his children, especially his daughters, as mere household appendages, to be disposed of as best suited his personal convenience and his political interests. The strict etiquette on which he insisted, not only deprived the young girl of all the delights of intimate friendship with those of her own age, but exercised a chilling influence even over the heart of her royal mother, and introduced itself like a dark specter between parent and child. In 1756 she was given in marriage to the Duke of Weimar. It was a union in which the heart had little share. "I was married as princesses generally are," she said; nevertheless, she could not but rejoice at her deliverance from the harsh treatment to which she had been subjected under the parental roof, and which, it appears, went even to the length of blows. Her gentle sweetness gained the confidence and affection of her not very congenial spouse, so as to render her married life at least supportable, if not happy. In 1757 she became the mother of Carl Auguste. A year later her husband died, leaving her *enciente* with her second son, Constantine. By the Duke's will, Amelia's father was appointed Regent and guardian of mother and children; but at the expiration of a twelvemonth, the fair widow was declared of age by the Emperor, and invested with the sole regency of her little realm.

Her position was a difficult one for a young, lovely, and inexperienced woman; but the zeal and earnestness with which she applied herself to her new duties went far to supply the place of the knowledge of affairs and practical wisdom in which she was necessarily deficient. The following document, found among her papers after her decease, will give some idea of her thoughts at this momentous epoch of her existence, and proves that it was not only in the family of Frederic William of Prussia that princesses were subject to corporeal chastisement:

"MY THOUGHTS.

"From childhood my lot has been nothing but self-sacrifice. Never was education so little fitted as mine to form one destined to rule

others. Those who directed it themselves needed direction; she to whose guidance I was intrusted was the sport of every passion, subject to innumerable wayward caprices, of which I became the unresisting victim. Unloved by my parents, ever kept in the background, I was regarded as the outcast of the family. The sensitive feelings I had received from nature made me keenly alive to this cruel treatment; it often drove me to despair; I became silent, reserved, concentrated, and thus gained a certain firmness, which gradually degenerated into obstinacy. I suffered myself to be reproached, insulted, *beaten*, without uttering a word, and still as far as possible persisted in my own course. At length in my sixteenth year I was married. In my seventeenth I became a mother. It was the first unmingled joy I had ever known. It seemed to me as though a host of new and varied feelings had sprung into life with my child. My heart became lighter, my ideas clearer; I gained more confidence in myself. In my eighteenth year arrived the greatest epoch in my life. I became a mother for the second time, a widow, and Regent of the Duchy. The sudden changes which one after another had taken place in my existence, created such a tumult in my mind, that for some time I could scarcely realize what had occurred. A rush of ideas and feelings, all undeveloped, and no friend to whom I could open my heart! I felt my own incapacity, and yet I was compelled to find every thing in my own resources. Never have I prayed with truer or deeper devotion than at that moment. I believe I might have become the greatest of saints. When the first storm was over, and I could look within and around with more calmness, my feelings were, I confess, those of awakened vanity. To be Regent! so young! to rule and command! It could not be otherwise. But a secret voice whispered, Beware! I heard it, and my better reason triumphed. Truth and self-love struggled for the mastery; truth prevailed. Then came war. My brothers and nearest relations were crowned with laurels. Nothing was heard but the name of Brunswick. It was sung alike by friend and foe. This roused my ambition. I, too, longed for praise. Day and night I studied to render myself mistress of my new duties. Then I felt how absolutely I needed a friend in whom I could place my entire confidence. There were many who courted my favors; some by flattery, other by a show of disinterestedness. I seemed to accept all, in the hope that among them I should find the pearl of great price. At length I did find it, and it filled me with the same joy which others experience at the discovery of a treasure. If a prince, and the individual he selects as a confident, are both noble-minded, the sincerest affection may exist between them; and thus the question is decided, whether or no princes can have friends."

These extracts prove how deeply the young Duchess felt the responsibility of

her new position. She soon displayed talents for government which, in a wider sphere of action, might have given her a name in history. The state of the little Duchy was lamentable; the treasury was empty, agriculture was neglected, and the people were discontented. With the aid of her faithful ministers she succeeded in restoring something like order to the exhausted finances, established schools and charitable asylums, and left untried no means of promoting the general prosperity. Disgusted by the wearisome etiquette of which her youth had been a victim, she banished all that was not absolutely indispensable to the due maintenance of her dignity; while in her love of literature she succeeded in drawing round her a galaxy of genius which recalled the Court of Ferrara in the days of Alfonso. The first who answered her call was Herder. After spending some years at Bückeburg, one of the innumerable little principalities into which Germany was then divided, he accepted her proposal to settle at Weimar as chaplain and superintendent of the schools she had established there.

Few men have possessed greater virtues, or faculties more lofty and varied than Herder. Like Lessing, he may be regarded as one of the pioneers of the German intellect. But his temper was too uncertain, his sensibility too morbidly keen, to permit him to live on very good terms with those around him. He was perpetually imagining some offense where none was intended, and lending every word and action an import of which their authors probably had never even dreamt. He reminds us of an instrument of exquisite tone, in which, by some fault of mechanism, a slight but oft-recurring jar mars the delicious harmony. Perhaps his frequent attacks of ill-health, his position, which never exactly suited his taste or his temperament, may in some degree account for the fits of irritability and hypochondria which at times darkened his noble nature. These defects, however, did not prevent him from being generally loved and admired both as a writer and a man. A poet, in the highest sense of the word, perhaps he was not, for in the creative faculty he was deficient; but no man had a deeper sense of the beautiful, or keener powers of analysis and criticism. Indeed, whatever the defects of his works, they are forgotten amid their many beauties. In every line we trace a pure, noble, lofty

spirit, the love of God and man; a mind equally removed from incredulity and bigotry. "He was inspired," says Edgar Quinet, one of his warmest admirers, "by something nobler than love of fame, by a sincere and constant desire to promote the best and highest interests of humanity."

Wieland played a more conspicuous part than Herder at the little Court of Weimar. When he first made his appearance, he was at the very zenith of his popularity, the pride and darling of his countrymen. His *Oberon*, indeed, on which his celebrity principally if not entirely rests, the only one of his numerous productions which still maintains its place among the classic works of Germany, was not yet composed, but his poem of *Musarion*, in which Goethe delighted, and the classic romance, the *Agathon*, now almost forgotten, sufficed to raise him to the very pinnacle of literary fame. The latter, indeed, had called forth the unmingled praises of the severe Lessing, who, in his *Dramaturgie*, declared it, without contradiction, "the most remarkable work of its era." Carl Auguste was then in his sixteenth year. The high and varied endowments, and the private virtues of Wieland, decided the Duchess on selecting him as the preceptor of the young prince. The appointment, indeed, was not unopposed, for spotless as was Wieland's life, his works were by no means equally immaculate; and it was but too easy to point out passages, both in the *Agathon* and *Musarion*, strangely at variance with that sound and lofty morality which ought to form the basis of every education, more especially that of one born to rule the destinies of his fellow-men. But the Duchess, who, despite her unsullied purity, was somewhat tainted by the philosophy of the day, and who held the delusive though plausible theory, that no license of tone, or warmth of coloring, could injure any really heathful and high-toned mind, cast these objections to the wind. We have Wieland's well-known honor as guarantee that he never betrayed the sacred trust reposed in him. But there were not wanting many who attributed that tendency to licentious habits—which was the only stain upon Carl Auguste's many virtues—if not to the instructions of his tutor, at least to the persual of his works, the evil effects of which even his example could not suffice

to neutralize. The emolument offered to Wieland was so small as to appear almost ludicrous in our eyes. He was to receive 1000 gulden, or £90 per annum, for three years, to be followed by the magnificent pension of 300 gulden, or £23 per annum for life. But in this world every thing is comparative. The £90 went further in Germany in the eighteenth century than £300 would in England at the present day.

The tastes of the inhabitants were simple. The price of all the necessities of life was comparatively small.* Schiller, some years later, declared that he could live charmingly at Jena for 300 florins, or £60 per annum, with wife and children; that he had a servant who, when necessary, could perform the part of a secretary, for 18s. quarter, and a carriage and horses for £60 per annum. Thus Wieland's salary, with what he gained by his literary labors, was sufficient for his wants and those of an increasing family. The close intimacy between the Duchess Amelia and her son's tutor was broken only by death. Nor could even the more brilliant glory of a Goethe or a Schiller eclipse his in the estimation of this devoted friend.

In 1776 the Duchess resigned the reins of government to Carl Auguste, then eighteen years of age, and set out for Italy, that land which had ever been the darling dream of her existence.

"My son," were her last words on quitting her little capital, "I confide to your hands the happiness of your subjects; be it your care as it has been mine." In many respects Carl Auguste was no ordinary man. Frederick the Great, who saw him at the Court of Brunswick in 1771, when he was but fourteen, declared he had never beheld a youth who at an early age justified such lofty hopes; and in 1775, the Prince-primate Dalberg, writing to Gorres, observes: "He unites an excellent understanding to all the frankness and true heartiness of his age; he has a princely soul such as I have never yet seen. Taught both by precept and example to place little value upon empty pomp and splendor, he carries his dislike to all courtly forms and ceremonies to an even exaggerated degree." How early and how well Carl Auguste

had learnt to value genius, is evident from the discourse he addressed to his Council in his nineteenth year, in which he expressed his intention of inviting Goethe to his Court. "The judgment of the world," observes the young prince, "may perhaps censure me for placing Dr. Goethe in my most important university, without his having passed the grades of professor, chancellor, etc. The world judges according to its own prejudices; but I do not act like others for the sake of fame, or the approbation of the world, but to justify myself before God and my own conscience."

Occasionally the thoughtlessness and reckless love of pleasure, which in his earlier years contrasted so strangely with the Duke's loftier qualities of head and heart, may have led him astray; but his nature was essentially generous and noble; his ear ever open to the cry of the suffering and distressed, his hand ever ready, so far as his means allowed, to aid them. In 1774 the Duke left Weimar to celebrate his union with the Princess Louise. On his way through Frankfort, Goethe, already celebrated as the author of *Gotz von Berlichingen* and *Werter*, was introduced to him. Fascinated by the charm of his genius, by the grace and gayety of his manner, the Duke invited him to visit his Court; and Goethe, only too happy to escape from Frankfort, and from the vicinity of the fair Lili—that bright being he had, at least as he imagined, once so passionately loved, but whom he had, as usual, discovered was not a meet partner for his glorious destinies—at once accepted the proposition.

It was arranged that the Duke's chamberlain, Herr Von Kalb, who having lingered behind at Strasburg to execute some commissions for his master, was to arrive at Frankfort on a certain day, should call for the new guest. But days and weeks passed on, and no Von Kalb made his appearance. Goethe's father was a burgher of the old school, and thoroughly disliking kings and princes, had always been exceedingly averse to the project. He now insisted that the whole affair was a hoax, and urged his son to wait no longer, but to set off at once on his long-proposed journey to Italy, and Goethe at length consented. In the journal he now commenced, which, however, was carried on only for a very brief period, we find certain expressions

* Beef was 4 kreutzers (a penny farthing) per pound; wood 6 gulden, or 11s. a load, (it is now 28 gulden;) and every thing in proportion.

which induce the belief that his resolutions to break off his marriage with Lili were aided by a dawning inclination for another, Augusta Stolberg, sister to the two counts of that name. "How shall I call thee," he writes, "thou whom I cherish as a spring blossom in my heart? Thou shalt bear the name of fairest flower. How shall I take leave of thee? Comfort—for it is time—the full time. A few days, and already—oh! farewell! Am I, then, only in the world to involve myself eternally in involuntary guilt?"

The meaning of these last words is not very apparent, unless it be that Goethe's feelings towards Augusta were of a warmer nature than has generally been supposed. The correspondence is altogether of the most romantic cast; and many of the letters, written long before Goethe's engagement with Lili was broken off, sound not a little strange from a man passionately attached and already affianced to another. "My dearest," he writes, in one of the earliest of these epistles, "I will give you no name, for what are the names of friend, sister, beloved, bride, or even a word which would comprehend all these, in comparison with my feelings? I can write no more." To this he added his silhouette, entreating she would send him hers in return; the receipt of it seems to have filled him with delight. "How completely is my belief in physiognomy confirmed," he writes; "that pure thoughtful eye, that sweet firm nose, those dear lips. Thanks, my love, thanks. Oh! that I could repose in your heart, rest in your eyes." It is true that Goethe had never seen Augusta, and that her rank as Countess rendered a union with her in those days almost impossible; so strict was the line of demarkation between the nobles and burghers, that even Goethe's already brilliant fame would not have enabled him to surmount the barrier. Nor, perhaps, did the idea ever take a tangible form; but it seems pretty certain that this half-ideal, half-romantic passion for one whom imagination invested with every conceivable perfection, tended somewhat to cool his affection for the gay open-hearted young creature, who, while loving him with truth and tenderness, was too much accustomed to homage to hang upon his every word and look as Fredricka had done, and Augusta seemed inclined to do.

Goethe proceeded to Heidelberg, and from thence was about to depart to Italy when the long-expected messenger from Weimar arrived, and he set off post-haste for the little capital of which he was henceforth to be the brightest ornament. His appearance was the signal for *fêtes* and rejoicings, and he himself seems to have given free vent to the spirit of youthful gayety and love of pleasure which at this time possessed him.

The author of the *Musen Hof*, who is nevertheless one of his warmest admirers, declares that his *immediate* influence over the young Duke was not peculiarly beneficial, as he led him into dissipations prejudicial alike to his health and domestic happiness, and certainly the letters of his cotemporaries—of Bottiger, Ber-teuch, Knebel, nay of Madame von Stein herself—seem to have corroborated this assertion. "Goethe," says the latter, "causes a terrible commotion here; all our happiness has disappeared. A ruler dissatisfied with himself and every one about him, risking his life constantly in mad follies, with little health to sustain him, a mother annoyed and vexed, a wife discontented," etc. It is evident that the strange mode of existence in which the Duke and Goethe indulged, and the infelicity of the royal pair which seems to have been the result, must have attracted general attention, since it reached the ears of Klopstock, and induced the aged poet to address a letter to Goethe on the subject, which, like most advice of a similar nature, served only to displease all parties.

We will not enter further into this much-vexed question. At all events, Goethe soon grew weary of a mode of life so little in accordance with the higher aspirations of the poet's soul. He gradually retired more and more from the noisy pleasures of the court, spending a considerable portion of his time in the quiet retirement of his garden pavilion. A new and all-engrossing passion had likewise its share in withdrawing him from pursuits unworthy of his nobler nature. He loved, not indeed for the first, second, or third time, as his annals attest, but with a warmth, a tenderness, and above all, a constancy, which neither the fair, innocent, and trusting Fredricka, nor the bright and graceful Lili, had been able to inspire. And yet the woman to whom was reserved the triumph of

fettering for ten long years the heart of one of the most gifted and most inconstant of mortals was no longer in the early bloom of womanhood; she had attained her thirty-third year, and Goethe was but twenty-eight. Beautiful in the strict sense of the word she had never been, but there was a mingled grace, sweetness, and dignity in her glance and demeanor which exercised a singular fascination on all around her. Goethe, the young, the gallant, the admired of all admirers, was at once enthralled by her spell. "I can only explain," he writes to Wieland, "the power she exercises over me by the theory of the transmigration of souls. Yes! we were formerly man and wife. Now, I can find no name for us, for the past, the future." Unluckily, Charlotte von Stein was already the wife of another, the mother of six children. That she returned the passion of her adorer can not be doubted; but if we are to believe the assurance of her son, in his preface to Goethe's letters to his mother, and the testimony of many of her contemporaries, among others, that of Schiller—she never transgressed the strictest bounds of virtue. She had been indoctrinated with the questionable morality of the eighteenth century, and was married while yet a girl to a man infinitely her inferior in all mental endowments, and for whom she had little sympathy or affection. She was thrown, by her position as lady of honor to the Dowager Duchess, into the constant society of the young and brilliant genius—already the day-star of his age and country. Proud in conscious virtue, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that she could not prevail on herself to break an intercourse so replete with every charm of intellect and fancy, to refuse an homage so flattering alike to her heart and her vanity, if she permitted herself to be the Laura of this new Petrarch:

"Indeed," observes Frederick von Stein, "if this correspondence proves that emotions even dangerous in their warmth were not far distant from this intercourse, it also serves to place in a still stronger light the virtue and prudence of the woman who, while keeping her young, gifted, and ardent lover within the limits of the strictest reserve, still contrived to reconcile him to her severity, by sincere sympathy in all his trials, both mental and material, by fully comprehending his glorious vocation, and by soothing him with most sincere and lasting friendship."

More than one German author, especially Adolphe Stahr, in his well-known work *Weimar and Jena*, has actually censured Madame von Stein in no measured terms for refusing to accede to Goethe's entreaties that she would obtain a divorce from her husband, the father of her children, against whom she had no just cause of complaint, and become his wife—that is, when he found it impossible to induce her to listen to a suit of any other description. Upon this refusal is thrown the whole responsibility of the poet's subsequent *liaison* with Christina Vulpius. These authors seem never even to imagine that there may be some slight fault on Goethe's side; that if Madame von Stein was blamable in admitting him to an intimacy endangering her peace of mind, if not her conjugal fidelity, he was not perfectly justifiable in seeking with all the eloquence of genius to win the heart of a woman already bound by the most sacred ties to another. But Nemesis was not forgetful. The connection which in a moment of ennui and weariness Goethe formed with Christina Vulpius—a connection which he had not the courage or cruelty to break, and which he ultimately confirmed by marriage—embittered his latter years, and could not but exercise an unfavorable influence on his whole nature. Would not Fredricka or Lili have been a more genial companion than Christina Vulpius for that great poet of whom his native land is so justly proud? Who could have dreamt of such a bride for the beautiful gifted Apollo, as Adolphe Stahr calls him, when he first set foot in the dominions of Carl Auguste!

Weimar, consecrated to all lovers of poetry, scarcely deserved the name of a town when Goethe first lived there. Schiller, in a letter to Körner, calls it "something between a town and a hamlet." Goethe laughingly observed one day to his friend Zetter, when the latter spoke of building a theater for the people: "How is it possible to talk of the people of Weimar in this little residence, where there are ten thousand poets and five hundred inhabitants?"

The park did not then exist. A few trees alone waved on the spot now so beautifully diversified with verdant wood and grassy lawn. On the Curplatz, now covered with stately houses, stood nothing save the straw-thatched huts of the Weimar peasants; one thing only have we to

regret in the changes which have gradually transformed an insignificant village into a stately city. On the esplanade, which as late as 1770 was the favorite promenade of the good inhabitants, stands a dwelling so humble as scarcely to attract attention among the more conspicuous buildings around. It is the house of Schiller. Here, in this modest retreat, did the author of *Wallenstein* spend the latter years of his existence. He purchased it at the high price, as he called it, of 4000 gulden, £360. He entered it on the twenty-ninth of April, full of delight at possessing one spot on earth he could call his own. A heavy domestic calamity soon came to damp this joy. Within a few days he received a letter informing him of the death of his mother, that mother to whom he was so devotedly attached. The blow was a heavy one. Amid every change of place and scene, domestic joys and sorrows, amid fame, homage, toil and suffering, his heart had ever clung with inexpressible fondness to the home of his childhood, and above all to the parent who had watched over his infant years.

"Would," he writes to his sister, "that I had been able to aid you in tending our beloved mother during her last illness. O dear sister! now our parents are sunk to rest, the most holy bond which united us is torn asunder. It makes me unspeakably sad, and I feel desolate though surrounded by the loved and loving. Yet I have you too, my sister, to whom I can fly in joy and sorrow. Oh! let us now, there are but three of us remaining in the paternal house, cling close to each other. Never forget you have a loving brother. I remember vividly the days of our youth, when we were all in all to each other. Life has divided our destiny; but confidence and affection may at least remain unalterable."

It is scarcely possible to enter without a feeling of deep emotion that humble dwelling, where so many glorious works of genius were brought forth, where one of the purest and noblest spirits that ever breathed on earth passed away. Three years only was Schiller permitted to inhabit this lowly but pleasant abode, so modest that even Goethe's house, though not particularly splendid, looks like a palace in comparison. The middle story in which the family resided, is let; only the room which Schiller himself inhabited is shown to the visitor, the town having at length purchased the house. In the center stands the table on which he was in

the habit of writing, that very table which, as he informs his friend Körner, "cost two carolines," a heavy sum for his narrow finances at that period. It is of the very commonest wood, and so low as perfectly to explain his unfortunate habit of bending over it when composing. One drawer was always filled with half-rotten apples, the smell of which was peculiarly agreeable to the poet. The walls are covered with green paper; the furniture is of light mahogany, covered with leather. A little guitar, a few bad-colored prints of Palermo, the bed in which Schiller breathed his last, a portrait taken from his bust, and a second painted after death—these complete the picture. When Schiller resided at this cottage, it had nothing but green trees around and upland shades before it.

Improvements, however, so far as the Duke's finances allowed, went on rapidly under the supervision of the almost ubiquitous Goethe. The park owes its origin to a tragic incident which occurred about the beginning of 1780—the suicide of a young and blooming girl, Christel von Lasberg, who in despair at the infidelity of her lover, destroyed herself on a spot Goethe was compelled to pass on his way to and from the ducal castle. This affected him painfully, the more so as his *Werter* was found in her pocket, though it appeared that this was but an accidental coincidence. At first he resolved on erecting a monument to her memory, but abandoned this project, "because," as he said, "one could neither pray nor love there." But the gloom of the spot, overhung by dark pine trees, and peopled by such terrible recollections, became intolerable to Goethe, and he determined to try and lend it a more cheerful aspect. To this end he had some of the trees cut down, the rocks planted with shrubs and flowers; this suggested the idea of further changes, which at length resulted in that beautiful park which is now the principal ornament of Weimar.

"The Duke and Goethe," says Wieland to Merck, June third, 1778, "came back yesterday afternoon from their trip to Leipzig, Dessau, and Berlin. In the evening I went with my wife and both my eldest girls to see the exercise-grounds opposite Goethe's garden, and arranged according to his own plans; thence I proceeded to the so-named 'Star' to show my wife the new *Poemata*, which has been made by the Duke, after Goethe's designs, and is laid

out with wonderful skill, to represent a wild, solitary, yet not completely sequestered assemblage of rocks, where Goethe and the Duke often dine together with some goddess or half-goddess. We met both with the fair Corinna Schröder, who with her exquisite attic elegance, her lovely form, her simple yet inexpressively-graceful attire, looks like the very nymph of this sequestered spot."

The words "in the society of some goddess," let us into something of the secret origin of the Weimar scandal. There were other pleasures, however, of a less objectionable character:

"Last Saturday," writes Wieland to Merck, August twenty-first, 1779, "we drove to Goethe's, who had invited the Duchess Amelia to spend the evening with him in his garden, to regale her with all the poems he had composed during her absence. We dined in a charming solitary spot. When we rose from table, and the doors were thrown open, we beheld before us a scene which resembled a realization of a poet's dream. The whole banks of the Ilm were illuminated quite in the taste of Rembrandt, a wondrous enchanting mixture of light and shadow, which produced an effect beyond all description. The Duchess was delighted, so were we all. As we descended the little steps of the hermitage, and wandered along the banks of the Ilm, amid the rocks and bushes which unite this spot with the Star, the whole vision changed into a number of small pictures, 'au Rembrandt,' which one could have looked on forever. The carnival time," he continues, "has brought with it its usual gayeties, and we have done our best to make the ordinary court malady, 'ennui,' as brilliant as possible."

The limited finances of the little court somewhat interfered with these courtly amusements. Carl Auguste often found himself in difficulties, which neither his own skill nor that of his counselors could suffice to remove. When tormented by some of these petty annoyances, or fatigued with the cares of state, he would retire to a little country-house, where, dismissing all his train, he would remain alone.

"It is just ten o'clock," he writes to Knebel; "I am sitting at the window, and writing to you. The day has been exquisitely beautiful, and this my first evening of liberty I have enjoyed to the utmost. I feel so far removed from the affairs of earth, so completely in a better, a higher sphere. Man is not destined to be the miserable 'phlister' of this every-day life. Never do we feel so noble, so elevated, as when we behold the sun sink to rest, and the stars rise, and know that all this is created for its

own sake alone, not for that of man, and yet we enjoy it as though it were all made for us. I will bathe with the evening star, and draw in new life. Till then farewell. I come from my bath. The water was cold, night already lay upon its bosom. It seems as though I had plunged into the cold night itself when I took the first dip, all was so calm, so holy. Over the distant hills rose the full moon. All was silent, and the intense stillness made me hear, or fancy I heard purer sounds than those which really reached the ear."

The individual to whom this letter is addressed enjoyed, next to Goethe, the confidence and affection of the Duke. Knebel, better known as the friend and companion of poets and princes than by any celebrity of his own, was one of those peculiarly constituted natures which seem destined to act rather in calling forth the powers of others, than in displaying their own. These perhaps are, on the whole, the happiest. Free from those feverish impulses, that burning thirst for fame which so often torment more highly gifted spirits, they can enjoy to the full the productions of genius without envy or regret. They, too, are poets; but they are content to find poetry in life and nature, in the summer flowers, in the murmur of the fountain, in the whispering of the breeze, instead of attempting to give it form and shape in verse. They compose, but only for the amusement of a leisure hour, yet no men have had more influence on the great minds of their age. Most rare and valuable are such spirits, sufficiently gifted to appreciate the lofty endowments of genius, to sympathize in all its varied moods and sublime aspirations, and yet content to play the humble part of confident and admirer. Such a man was Knebel. His literary works, though not absolutely devoid of merit, have been long since forgotten, but the ascendancy he exerted over the intellect of the great men of his country and his time has associated his name lastingly with theirs.

Descended from a Flemish family, he was born at Wallenstein, in Ottingen, 1744. One of his ancestors having paid the penalty of his religious opinions by a cruel death under Philip II., the family had fled from the land of their birth, and taken refuge in Germany. Stern, harsh, and unbending, Knebel's father was feared rather than loved by his son, and the youth always attributed his timidity in

after-life to the severity exercised towards him in childhood. His delicate and somewhat fastidious tastes seemed continually in the way. At the university they rendered the rude habits of his companions insupportable. When he entered the service of Frederick the Great he found the want of education and literary taste among his brother officers still more intolerable. He felt like an automaton, deprived of all individuality of action; and despite the royal notice, with which he was occasionally honored, he grew sad and dispirited.

Knebel spent ten years in the Prussian service—ten long and weary years, as he calls them. In 1772 he obtained his discharge with a small pension, and a letter of introduction to the young Duchess of Weimar from the Crown Prince, in whose regiment he had served. By her he was graciously received, while by Wieland, who had already resided at Weimar, as tutor to the young Duke, he was warmly welcomed. In 1773 he was himself appointed professor of mathematics to Carl Auguste and his brother. Shortly afterwards he accompanied the princes on a visit to some of the courts of Germany, and afterwards to Paris. Knebel was delighted with the novelty of all he beheld, and especially with the grace of French manners. "They may say what they like," he wrote to Wieland, "the French are an agreeable and amiable people; no where else does one find so much urbanity." "I saw a good deal of Diderot," he adds in a subsequent letter. He expressed his amazement that Mendelssohn was not admitted to the Royal Academy of Berlin. Though royalty still seemed to reign supreme, the revolutionary spirit was already abroad. "Many young men of distinguished talent," says Knebel in his letters, "repeated to me continually that henceforward all must be equal—nobles, peers, burghers, and peasant, and *such like trash*." He was not keen-sighted enough to discern through the bright and glowing atmosphere that surrounded him—the dark clouds, big with the mighty changes, already slowly looming on the verge of the horizon, so soon to cover all with its gloomy folds and to burst in thunder over Europe.

Next to Goethe and Knebel, the most intimate friend of Carl Auguste was his chamberlain, Frederick von Einsedel. Born 1750, he commenced his court ca-

reer as page; he was then promoted to the rank of chamberlain to the Dowager Duchess Amelia; in 1770 he was named privy councilor. Himself gay, joyous, and light-hearted, he had while page played prank upon prank, which had already become proverbial in the court chronicles of Weimar. In after-life his gladsome temperament, his frank and open manners, and generous nature, secured him the lasting favor of his royal master. His very failings served as subjects of amusement rather than anger. His constitutional laziness varied by fits of feverish activity, and his strange absence of mind, during which he might be *robbed* of hat, gloves, or watch, without his ever perceiving it, diverted the ennui to which, despite the presence of a Goethe, or a Herder and a Wieland, this little court seems to have been peculiarly subject. Einsedel, however, must have had merits of a higher order than mere harmlessness and good-humor, or he would scarcely have been admitted to the intimate friendship of Herder and Schiller. "He is an excellent, unaffected man," writes the latter to Körner, in 1803, "and far from devoid of talent." Einsedel's private life however, was any thing but immaculate, and some of his adventures might serve as a curious illustration of the times and the atmosphere in which he lived. He had become desperately enamored of a Madame von Wertheim, who, yielding to her passion, abandoned home, husband, friends, and country, to follow her seducer. Not completely dead, however, to the shame of thus publicly violating all her holiest duties, she had recourse to one of the most extraordinary stratagems ever devised by a romantic female head. She took advantage of the fainting fits to which she was occasionally subject, to feign death. With the connivance of her attendants, she contrived to steal out of the house unperceived, while a doll was buried in her stead. She then proceeded with her lover to Africa, where he proposed exploring certain gold mines by which he expected to make his fortune. The affair turned out a complete failure, and Einsedel returned poorer than he went, with his fair and frail companion. Great was the amazement and indignation of husband and friends on beholding the resuscitation of her they believed long since buried in the vaults of her ancestors. But in German courts in the eighteenth

century such affairs were not regarded as involving any very great amount of moral turpitude. The Court of Weimar indeed was virtue itself, compared with those of Dresden, of Wurtemberg, and Hanover; but even *here* "excess of love" was held as sufficient excuse for every sin. There was a strange mixture of the maudlin and licentious. French immorality grafted on German sentimentality. A separation was obtained, and Madame W. became the wife of her lover. Einsedel lived to the age of seventy-eight, and died in 1828.

In 1796 Weimar received a new visitor in the author of *Hesperus*. The mingled *naïveté* and singularity of his demeanor, his animated and poetic language, full of thoughts and images at once tender and ironical—for he spoke as he wrote—his enthusiastic belief in the progress of humanity, charmed Herder to such a degree, that he wrote to Jacobi: "Heaven has given me in Jean Paul a treasure which I dare not hope I merit. He is all intellect, all soul, a melodious sound from the mighty golden harp of humanity, that harp of which so many chords are snapped or broken." By Goethe he was more coldly received:

"It was with apprehension, almost with terror," he writes to his friend Otto, "that I entered the abode of Goethe. Every one depicted him as cold and indifferent to all earthly things. Madame von Kalb had told me that he no longer admired any thing, not even his own works. Every word, she said, is an icicle, especially to strangers, whom he is with difficulty persuaded to admit to his presence. His house struck me. It was the only one in Weimar built in the Italian style; from the very staircase it is a museum of statues and pictures. The god at length appeared; he was cold; he expressed himself in monosyllables only, and without the slightest emphasis. Tell him, said Knebel, that the French have just entered Rome. 'Hein,' replied the god. His person is bony, his physiognomy full of fire, his look a sun. At length our conversation on the arts, and on the opinions of the public, perhaps also the champagne animated him, and then at length I felt I was with Goethe! His language is not flowery and brilliant like that of Herder; it is incisive, calm, and resolute. He concluded by reading, or rather performing, one of his unpublished poems, a composition truly sublime. Thanks to this, the flames of his heart pierced their crust of ice, and he pressed the hand of the enthusiast Jean Paul. How shall I describe his mode of reading? It was like the distant roar of thunder mingled with the soft dripping of a summer shower. No! there is no one in the world like Goethe! We must be friends."

This desire was not destined to be fulfilled. The author of *Quintus Filein* was too diametrically opposed, not only as a writer but as an individual, to the poet of *Faust* or *Tasso* to allow of any real or lasting intimacy.

One of the most eccentric and most troublesome personages of the little Court of Weimar was Constantine, the Duke's brother. He possessed neither the intellectual endowments nor the generous nature of Carl Auguste. Knebel, who was appointed his tutor in 1782, had in vain endeavored to inspire him with loftier tastes. An unfortunate *liaison* with a beautiful girl, Carolina von S——, produced so much scandal, that the Duke sent him from Weimar, on his travels to Italy, accompanied by the Councilor Albrecht von ——, a talented and excellent man, but apparently not a very amusing companion. Constantine soon grew weary of so grave a Mentor. Arrived at Paris, he plunged, despite his companion's admonitions, into all the dissipations of that brilliant capital, and ere long fell into the snare of a clever actress, Mademoiselle Darsaincourt, whose wit, intrigue, and beauty completely enthralled him. Yielding to her counsel, he got rid of the perpetual presence of his guardian by assigning him, under some pretext, a place in another carriage, while his mistress took hers beside him. He then set off, not for Italy, but to London.

Poor Albrecht, from a sense of duty, followed him, but finding his admonitions utterly useless, returned in despair to Weimar. In vain did Carl Auguste call his brother; he disregarded his commands. Of his life in London little is recorded, but it is probable that it was not of a very reputable nature. At length, in 1803, his resources failing, he set out for Germany. Somewhat embarrassed how to dispose of his companion, he dispatched her beforehand. Carl Auguste, however, would not permit her to set foot in his dominions, and she was forced to return to France, despite the entreaties and remonstrances of her despairing lover.

"This last catastrophe," writes Carl Auguste to Knebel, January fifth, 1784, "has been of service to Constantine, apparently at least. The society here endeavored to prove its adherence to me by openly blaming his conduct, and shunning his company, so that he was left to almost complete solitude. This decided condemnation was very painful to him, and made him feel

how essential is a certain degree of exterior decency at least to procure a reception in good society, and that even his rank could not protect him from contempt and neglect. He has now adopted an appearance of respectability, fulfills more exactly the ordinary duties of life, and performs his part well enough to be regarded as an educated member of society. I am seeking to obtain his admission into the Saxon service."

Constantine died in 1803.

Amid this circle of genius, wit, fancy, and gallantry, sometimes verging on libertinism, stood the Duchess Louise, like one of those pure, calm, beautiful, though somewhat stiff and stately figures of Holbein or Vandyke, among the loose and lovely groups of a Rubens or a Lily. Endowed with every grace of mind and person, seemingly formed to enjoy and bestow felicity, united to one of the most charming and noble-minded princes of the age, Louise was still unhappy and alone. The circumstances which led to this sense of isolation were trifling in themselves; yet in such a position as that of the young Duchess, they sufficed to darken all her prospects of domestic bliss. Educated with the utmost severity, accustomed to the observance of the most rigid etiquette and the strictest reserve, Louise found herself suddenly transplanted into an atmosphere diametrically opposite to that in which her whole existence had hitherto been passed. We have seen how completely, both in private and public life, the Duchess Amelia and her son had thrown aside those wearisome observances which in other German Courts were still held as necessary appendages to royalty, and which the young Louise had learned to regard with almost superstitious reverence. At Weimar, on the contrary, all was simplicity, gayety, equality, and fraternity. In their desire to do away with the useless incumbrances imposed by their rank, the Duke and Duchess had in fact unconsciously gone a little too far, and infringed something of that strict decorum which is one of the best safeguards of royalty.

Louise was surprised, pained, even shocked. Her high and perhaps exaggerated sense of what was due alike to the bride and the Princess, was perpetually wounded. The charms of intellectual intercourse with such men as Goethe, Herder, Wieland, and Schiller, the gay good-humor of her thoughtless but really noble-

minded consort, the grace and sweetness of her mother-in-law, would have reconciled most women to the sacrifice of some of their early prejudices. But Louise, with all her lofty qualities, was wanting in that flexibility of character which could alone have secured her felicity under existing circumstances, and though she never by word or deed expressed her feelings, her pallid cheek, her saddened mien, her cold, reserved manner, too plainly showed what passed within. If Carl Auguste had passionately loved his young wife, all might have been well. But Louise's was a nature so utterly antagonistic to his own, that he never fully understood her, or at least not till too late. Her timidity and reserve prevented her expressing her sentiments, while her daily increasing silence and coldness chilled her husband, and led him to believe he was utterly indifferent to her. Nay, he conceived an equally erroneous opinion of her intellect as of her heart. "She is incomprehensible," he wrote to his friend Knebel; "before her marriage she lived quite alone in the world, without ever finding a being who answered her expectations of what friends ought to be, without exercising a single talent which would have softened her nature. She runs the risk of becoming completely isolated, and losing all that grace and amiability which form the principal charm of her sex." These words speak volumes. They explain the clouds which from day to day grew darker over the domestic horizon of the royal pair. Louise felt that her husband neither understood nor appreciated her as she was conscious she deserved to be appreciated. Wounded alike in her affections and her pride, too timid to remonstrate, too haughty to complain, she withdrew more and more from his society, till at length, though living together, the two consorts became almost strangers to each other. "The young Duchess," observes Knebel, "shone like a darkened star in a hazy atmosphere. The first meeting did not produce very favorable impressions on either side, and she certainly had in part reason to complain of the want of 'convenances' in her court. She endured much with infinite patience, and maintained her dignity with unvarying consistency. The characters of the two Princesses, which did not quite agree, gave rise to much disunion. That this exercised a painful influence on those who surrounded

them may easily be supposed. Nevertheless the prudence of their 'entourage,' the moderation of the Duchess, and the desire of her mother-in-law to love and be loved, prevented any violent outbreak." Even the powerful bonds of parental love did not suffice to draw the royal pair closer together. For many years, indeed, the Duke had cherished another passion; he loved a beautiful and gifted actress, Caroline Jägernau. With a virtue and self-denial rare in her class and time, she had long repelled his entreaties, though her heart pleaded his cause. Louise was no stranger to this attachment; it scarcely sought concealment. It had often rent her heart and embittered her existence, but she knew the passionate temperament of her husband; she felt that Caroline, with whose gentle and generous character she was well acquainted, might save him from worse seduction.

Affection, womanly pride, religious principle, all opposed such a compromise of her own paramount claims and duty. But, as with Burger's Dora,* Louise's devoted tenderness overcame every other consideration. She not only did nothing to prevent or oppose the *liaison*; she wrote the fair actress to entreat her to listen to the Duke's suit. However we may wonder at such a course, we are bound to render justice to the unselfish motives which inspired it. Louise did not, like Caroline of England, give her lord a mistress in order to rule him more easily, or less ostensibly, through her influence. It was to save him from worse courses, to confer on him a happiness she felt she had not been able to bestow. Caroline yielded, yet not without a struggle. She was elevated to the dignity of Madame von Hagendorf, and presented with a superb estate in Saxony. Her influence over Carl Auguste was boundless, and ended only with his life. It is to her credit that she never abused her position, and that she always preserved a most perfect fidelity to her royal lover. She was a blonde, with light hair, and features and complexion of surpassing beauty. The Duchess treated her happier rival with the delicacy and kindness natural to her own pure and noble soul, both before and after the death of the Duke. How Carl Auguste's mother regarded this *liaison*, we

are not informed. Between herself and her daughter-in-law there was too little congeniality of taste or character to admit of intimacy or confidence, yet that Amelia fully appreciated the lofty virtues of her son's wife can scarcely be denied. On her return from Italy the Dowager Duchess resided at the Belvidere, or her jointure house some little distance from Weimar, where, in the society of the gifted men she had drawn to her son's court, and the enjoyment of innocent and intellectual pleasures, she passed the remainder of her days. Her health, which had latterly shown many symptoms of decay, sank completely beneath the terrible incidents of 1806—the death of her brother, the Duke of Brunswick—the ruin of her ancestral house, and the danger which impended over the land of her adoption. She died in 1807.

But the events which overwhelmed the sensitive nature of the Dowager Duchess only called into action the noble qualities of her daughter-in-law. When Weimar was threatened by the victorious army of the Conqueror—when all deserted a town which seemed doomed to destruction, the Duchess Louise remained firm and unshaken at the post which she believed Providence assigned her.

Her lord, on whom Napoleon had vowed vengeance, had been forced by prudence to fly. Her children, in her maternal tenderness, she had sent to a place of safety, her troops were scattered, her friends trembling and defenseless, but still Louise, Duchess of Weimar, remained firm and unshrinking in that town, which every instant might become a prey to the flames—in that palace which was so soon to receive the presence of the imperious victor, among the people of whom she had always been the friend and protector, and of whom she was now the guardian angel. "When," says Falk, in his personal reminiscences of Goethe, "the people learnt that the Grand Duchess was still in the Castle, their joy knew no bounds. When they met, they threw themselves in each other's arms, exclaiming: 'The Grand Duchess is here.'"

Nor were they mistaken in the sense of safety with which her presence inspired them. The Duchess received the conqueror (who had previously announced his intention of passing the night of the fifteenth of October at the Castle) at the head of the grand staircase. Pale, but

* See *Poets and Poetry of Germany*. By MADAME DE PONTÉS. Vol. ii. p. 337.

calm and dignified, she awaited the approach of the terrible emperor, on whom the fate of her people depended. Napoleon turned towards her with an angry mien, "Qui êtes-vous, Madame?" "The Duchess of Weimar, sire," was the answer. "Je vous plains," replied Napoleon, abruptly; "I must crush your husband." Then turning rudely away, "Qu'on me fasse diner dans mes appartements," he exclaimed, and left the Duchess without addressing her another word. But Louise would not suffer herself to be discouraged. The following morning she requested another interview—it was granted.

Night had brought counsel. The conqueror, though still haughty and imperious, condescended at least to lend an ear to her remonstrance and appeal. Unmoved by his darkening brow and impatient gestures, she defended with all the eloquence of a noble nature, the conduct of the Duke in adhering to the Prussian cause, as commanded alike by honor and necessity. She painted in vivid colors the personal friendship which bound him to Frederic William, the marks of affectionate interest he had received from that monarch, and inquired with generous indignation whether "it was in the hour of peril and misfortune that he could desert his friend and ally?" She pictured the fearful condition of the land—the stain that would ever rest upon the fame of the victor if the city were, as he threatened, abandoned to pillage. Struck and impressed despite himself, Napoleon relented so far as not only to give strict orders that the town should be respected, but to rescind his repeated declaration that the Duke should never again set foot on his native soil. True, the conditions appended to this concession were rigorous enough. Carl Auguste was to quit the Prussian camp within twenty-four hours. In vain the anxious wife endeavored to obtain some delay. Here Napoleon was inflexible; and Louise, finding her efforts useless, retired to take instant measures to inform her lord of what had occurred. She dispatched messengers in all directions, for the exact spot where he was to be found was not known.

Next morning Napoleon returned the visit, accompanied by all his principal officers. Desirous, it would seem, of effacing all recollection of his former harshness, he expressed the deepest re-

gret for the excesses committed by his soldiery, lamenting the cruel necessity of war, and declaring *that it had been forced upon him*. "Croyez-moi, madame, il y a une Providence qui dirige tout, et dont je ne suis que l'instrument," he repeated. On descending to his apartment, he exclaimed: "Voilà une femme à qui nos deux cents canons n'ont pas pu faire peur."

Perhaps political considerations induced Napoleon to prolong the term originally fixed for the Duke's return to Weimar, and to admit some modification of the severe conditions he had imposed. No entreaties or remonstrances, however, could obtain any reduction of the contribution of 200,000,000 francs, a fearful burthen on a country already so terribly impoverished. All that the Duchess could do to alleviate the sufferings of the people she did. Her private purse was drained to aid their necessities, and it is even said that she disposed of many of her jewels for the same purpose. This noble conduct found its reward in the adoration of her people, in the increasing regard of her lord, in the admiration of Europe. "She is the true model of a woman," writes Madame de Staël, "formed by nature for the very highest position. Equally devoid of pretension or weakness, she awakens at the same time, and in an equal degree, both confidence and veneration. The heroic soul of the olden days of chivalry still animates her without in the slightest degree diminishing the gentleness of her sex."

Though in the latter years of their union a sincere if not ardent friendship had succeeded the coldness of early life, Louise was not destined to be beside her husband at the hour of his death. He had undertaken a journey to Berlin to visit his grand-daughter, the Princess Marie, who had lately married the Prince of Prussia. On his return he was suddenly seized with illness, and died at Graditz, near Torgau, fourteenth June, 1828, at the age of seventy. Alexander Humboldt had been his constant companion during the latter days of his life, and with him he conversed hours together, on all those subjects in which he had ever felt so lively an interest.

"In Potsdam," says this gifted man, in a letter to Chancellor Müller, "I spent many hours alone with the Grand Duke on the sofa. He

drank and slept alternately, drank again, rose to write to his consort, then again sank to sleep. He was cheerful, but very much exhausted. During the interval he pressed me with the most difficult questions on physics, astronomy, meteorology, and geology, on the transparency of a comet, the atmosphere of the moon, the influence of the spots on the sun, on the temperature, etc. In the midst of our conversation he would fall asleep, and was often uneasy. When he awoke, he would quickly and kindly entreat forgiveness for his want of attention. 'You see, Humboldt, it is all over with me.' All at once he would commence a desultory conversation on religion. He complained of the increase of fanaticism, the close connection of this religious tendency with political absolutism, and the oppression of all the free movements of the intellect. 'Besides, they are false and treacherous,' he exclaimed, 'all they try for is to render themselves agreeable to princes, to receive stars and ribbons. They sneaked in with their poetical love of the middle ages.' Soon, however, his indignation appeased itself; he began to speak of all the consolation he had found in the Christian faith. 'That is a truly philanthropic doctrine,' he observed, 'but from the very commencement it has been deformed.'"

It was on occasion of this letter of Humboldt that Goethe pronounced his well-known eulogium on Carl Auguste:

"The Duke was a born nobleman; he had taste and interest for every thing good and great. He was but eighteen when I came to Weimar: but even then the bud and blossom showed what the tree would become. He soon chose me for his friend, and evinced the sincerest sympathy in every thing I did. My being nearly ten years older than himself was favorable to our intimacy. He would sit whole evenings beside me in deep conversation on nature, art, or any thing else that was worth his attention.

Often did we converse thus till nearly midnight, and it not unfrequently happened that we fell asleep beside each other on the sofa. Fifty years did we continue this intercourse. There are many princes capable of speaking admirably on subjects of interest; but they have not the real love of them in their hearts, it is only superficial. And it is no wonder, when we remember all the distractions and dissipation attending a court life to which a young prince is peculiarly exposed. He must notice every thing, and know a bit of this and a bit of the other; but in this way nothing can take deep root in the mind, and it requires a really powerful nature not to turn to mere empty smoke in such an atmosphere. The Grand Duke was a man, in the full sense of the term. He was animated by the noblest benevolence, the purest philanthropy, and from his whole soul desired to do the best he could. His first thought was always his people's happiness; his own was the very last.

"His hand was ever open, and ready to aid noble individuals, and noble aims. There was much that was divine in his nature. He would fain have showered happiness on all mankind.

"He was by nature taciturn; but the action followed close upon the words. He loved simplicity, and was an enemy to all coddling and effeminacy. He never drove out except in a drosky, which really hardly kept together, wrapt in an old gray mantle and a military cap. He loved traveling, but not so much to amuse himself as every where to keep his eyes and ears open, and observe every thing good and useful, that he might introduce it into his own country. Agriculture and manufactures owe him no common debt of gratitude. He did not seek to win the favor of his people by fine words; but the people loved him, because they knew his heart beat for them."

Carl Auguste was buried, by his own desire, in the same vault in which Schiller already reposed, and where Goethe himself was one day to sleep beside him.

From the London Review.

EARLY CHRISTIAN MONACHISM.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160.

WHEN Anthony bequeathed his mantle to his disciples, he fore-tokened the successively quickened propagation of that order which inherited "a double portion" of his own "spirit." The feeling which had gathered strength around his cell was borne towards the birth-place of Christianity by the enthusiastic young Hilarion, a native of Thabatha, about five miles from Gaza. There, on the border of the southern desert, he sprang from idolatrous parents, "like the rose," says Jerome, "which flourishes on a thorn." A mysterious wilderness furnished the scenes which first opened on his infant senses, and excited his earliest thoughts; while the days of mental training were spent among the schools of Alexandria. His superior genius was soon brought out, and his moral dignity became as remarkable as his native elegance. An early convert to Christ, he was proof against all the temptations of the outer world, and gave himself unreservedly to the service of the Church. When the fame of Anthony's piety reached him, he started at once for the desert; where, deeply impressed with his first interview with the saint, he took the garb of a recluse, and for two months was a devout observer of the hermit's teaching and example. He was now a mere youth of fifteen; but he had chosen his course. Alone, unprovided, and with no defense but the grace of his Redeemer, he turned towards his native land in search of a retreat. On the way from Egypt to Gaza, about seven miles from the city, was a salt-marsh near the sea-beach—a lone and dismal spot, where the stillness was unbroken except by the noise of the waves and the voice of blood. It was a scene of frequent murder and rapine; and was still the haunt of wild and banded robbers. Here, however, deaf to warning from relatives and friends, he took up his religious abode; and hoped to be saved from death

by learning to despise it. He formed a narrow cell about five feet in high; and there, as in a sepulcher, clothed in sack-cloth or a rough cloak, he struggled against the warmth and pride of his youthful nature. His delicate frame was subjected to heat and cold; and temptations to bodily indulgence were met by sterner discipline and more frequent devotion; until the fire of his soul seemed ever to renew the lustre of his eye, and his speaking features expressed that sense of inward power which made him the wonder of his country and his age. It is said, that even the bandits who prowled around him were overawed and restrained, and in his presence confessed the majesty of virtue. Some circumstances in his life wear a doubtful aspect, though his biographer so zealously proclaims them as miraculous. Nothing, however, shows more strikingly the purity of Jerome's mind than the unsuspecting simplicity with which he classes among Hilarion's miracles, what should rather, perhaps, be viewed as the evidence of his infirmity, or the fruit of his transgression. The struggles of the young ascetic must have been severe. But they were not without success. He lived to secure not only the expressed esteem of Anthony, his model and guide, but tokens of respect from Syria and Egypt, and even from the German and Saxon Christians of north-western Europe. He had diffused an ascetic enthusiasm through his beloved Syria; and, after forty-eight years of labor, had gathered around him two or perhaps three thousand disciples. The zeal of the apostate Julian was subsequently indulged in the destruction of his monastery; but the spirit which he had awakened was not so easily crushed; and long after the Emperor's attempt to restore heathenism had failed, Hilarion was remembered as the father of Christian Monachism in Palestine. Meanwhile the

system developed itself in its greatest variety and power on the banks of the Nile. After Anthony and Paul, it was nourished in its higher spirituality chiefly under the teaching and influence of the Macarii; two venerated men, whose names were supposed to be a happy allusion to the blessedness of that mode of life which they so successfully recommended, and of which they were such pure and eminent examples. One, and perhaps the younger, was a native of Alexandria, where he continued to reside, and where, by his cheerful piety and affable manners, he persuaded large numbers of even young men to retire into monastic seclusion. The other, born in Upper Egypt, in the province of Thebais, during the first year of the fourth century, was called "the Egyptian." He was probably one of Anthony's disciples; and his character was distinguished from that of his Alexandrian namesake by its greater austerity and reserve. At an early age he was so remarkable for gravity and sound judgment, that he was known as "the young-old man." He was ordained a presbyter at the age of forty. During the fiery persecution of the orthodox Christians which was raised by Lucius the Arian bishop, he, with the other Macarius, in company with many of their friends, was banished to a pagan island; the inhabitants of which were converted to Christ during their stay. As soon as the storm of trial was hushed, he returned to the favorite solitude which he had chosen in early life, and now settled in the wilderness of Sceta; where he was honored as the founder and president of a large congregation of hermits, who gathered around him, and occupied the caverns and cells of the saltpeter mountain. Here, and in the neighboring deserts, he spent sixty years; taking the lead in a course of labor and self-denial, which so kept his "body under" that his skin, it is said, would not sustain the ordinary appendage of a beard.

In his ninetieth year, on the fifteenth of January, 391, he was released from the flesh which he had taken such pains to subdue, and left the scene of his humiliation for a sphere of greater purity and freedom. The fifty homilies which, on respectable evidence, are ascribed to him, had, perhaps, at one time, in part, if not entirely, an epistolary form; as there is fair reason for supposing, either that they

are one and the same document with the letter which it is said he addressed to the monks of his charge, or that the letter is now incorporated with them. It is not difficult to trace in the pages of Macarius some reflections of his character; nor will they fail to afford an insight into Monachism, as it was found under his oversight. His style is without affectation; and though he sometimes deals in allegory, and more frequently in comparison, his figures, for the most part, would be familiar to his disciples, and are clearly used with a sincere desire of making his lessons plainer. His thoughts are sometimes sublime. He always speaks from his heart. He is full of Christ, clear in his views of salvation by faith, the necessity of regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and the blessedness of that perfect love which holds the soul in communion with God. His familiarity with the sacred writings is remarkable; and his frequent use of them is apt, intelligent, and reverent. In one respect, especially, he is truly apostolic; he writes in the light of the future, under a realizing impression of unseen things, and in gracious friendship with the spiritual world. Nor can his addresses be read without growing affection for the author, as a Christian eminent for simplicity, patience, gratitude, and submission to the Divine will; one who came very near to Christ's standard of childlike humility; a man habitually devotional; rigid in self-discipline, but generous and kind to all; free from cant; and, in short, a sincere and earnest seeker of full conformity to the mind of his Lord. The minds of his monks seem to have been agitated at times with questions in philosophy and religion, very similar to many which occupy more modern thinkers and seekers of truth. It is interesting to find indications that the teacher and many of his disciples must have been intelligent observers of human life; while they were neither blind to the beauties of nature, nor entirely unacquainted with the arts and sciences of their times. And though it is clear that Macarius, like St. Paul, might say to his flock, "And I, brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ;" yet, they had not learnt to aim merely at the sustenance and glory of their order; but spiritual good was looked at as the great object of the ascetic institute; and the doctrine with which they

were made most familiar was, that without faith in Christ they could not reap the benefit of a religious retreat. They all enjoyed a freedom of devotional expression which sometimes threatened to result in discord; the pious excitement of some breaking forth at times in a style which was disagreeable to the more sober and quiet souls. It may be inferred also, that they had no fixed rules which prevented any brother from consulting his own taste or capacity in the choice of his daily occupation, whether manual, contemplative, or studious.

Under this dispensation of liberty, there sprang up occasionally those little jealousies, against the pernicious effects of which the more pure and leading spirits had frequently to guard their fellow eremites. Monastic life could not linger at this stage of its development. It was to undergo a more regular and systematic shaping. This began under the hand of Pachomius, the father of Christian *cœnobia*, or convents. The eremites who had gathered around Anthony, the Macarii, and Hilarion, in order to secure the benefit of their teaching and example, had formed their own cells, each in the neighborhood of his own master's retreat; and the inmates of each scattered cluster of huts were united only as they were disciples under the same superior. These societies were known as *lauræ*, a term applicable to the place of their abode, large open spaces, or broad streets. Pachomius introduced cloister-life in its more compact form; and brought monks together into connected buildings, which were distinguished as *cœnobia*, or monasteries; and in which the community was more completely organized under the eye of the archimandrite, or abbot. The author of this plan was cotemporary with Macarii, and was a native of Upper Egypt, where he was born of heathen parents. In early life he had been pressed into the army, and had fought under Constantine against Maxentius; but even the circumstances of a soldier's life could not wear away the impressions which Christianity had fixed in his heart; he made, at length, a public profession in baptism; and, obtaining his release from military obligations, he retired, and placed himself under the guidance of Palemon, a venerated hermit. For twelve years he sought consolation amidst the austerities of his chosen solitude. The earnest prayers of his sincere

heart were not cast out. He was taught the secret of love to God, and under the gracious influence of that principle he was constrained to devote himself to the work of saving and guiding the souls of his fellow-men. He thought he heard the voice of an angel calling him to reconcile men to God. Under a warm impulse he opened his mission on Tabennæ, an island in the Nile, between the provinces of Tentyra and Thebes. Here he founded his model *cœnobia*. Three thousand brethren were soon enrolled; and though before his death no less than seven thousand were under discipline, it continued to advance until the first half of the fifth century, when its regulations were observed by fifty thousand monks. The monastic rule which is ascribed to him, bears testimony to his discrimination and judgment; and is interesting, as a sketch of the first attempt to regulate the daily particulars of conventual life. The few letters and moral precepts which bear his name indicate pure simplicity of character. In habitual observation of his own heart and mind, and in close communion with truth, he seems to have acquired a spiritual discernment, which minds less hallowed than his own might sometimes misunderstand; for it is said, that he was accused before the council of Diospolis of divining the secret thoughts of men. The synod honorably absolved him, after hearing his declaration of God's enlightening and consoling mercy to his inner man. The fourth century closed just as his earthly career was at an end. He departed, leaving many spiritual children to cherish the memory of his paternal care, his methodical oversight, his rigid example, and his pious discourse. The form of Monachism which was represented by Pachomius soon became more clearly distinguished from the societies which followed the order of the Macarii, by its identity with a distinct theological school. The influence of Origen's writings and example had originated two parties at least, whose different views and opposite bent led them to wide separation, and finally into hostile relations. On the one side, were those whose sympathies were with Origen; and who, being for the most part of higher mental culture, were the more speculative, spiritual, mystical, and contemplative, adopting the allegorical mode of interpreting the sacred volume: on the other, were the less culti-

vated minds, who clung to the letter of the word, ascribed human forms and passions to the Divine Being, entertained gross views of the Redeemer's kingdom, and, indeed, were the primitive models of 'Fifth Monarchy men.' The anchorets of Sceta were ranged as Origenists, and sought for spiritual food in the teachings of the transcendent father. Pachomius, on the contrary, favored the more material notions of the Anthropomorphitæ and Millenarians; and warned his monks against the writings of the Alexandrian scholar, as being more dangerous than those of open and entire heretics. There were a few choice souls, who strove to keep themselves in a medium course, and to prevent a scandalous clashing of extremes; but their judicious and amiable endeavors were in vain. A controversy ensued, which gradually involved many excellent and leading spirits.

Among those who stood out from the crowd, and whose names are recorded as writers and actors in this theological feud, was found Evagrius of Pontus, a disciple of the Macarii, whose views he sustained, and in whose spirit he lived. He had been ordained a deacon, at Constantinople, by Gregory Nazianzen; and came with him to Egypt; where he remained for many years, a recluse of the Scetic desert; and where he wrote, *The Monk*; or, *Active Virtue*; *The Gnostic*; *The Refutation*; or, *Selections from the Scriptures against tempting Spirits*; *Six Hundred Prognostic Problems*; and verses addressed to *Monks in Communities*, and to *the Virgin*. All these were pronounced excellent, and were read widely both in the East and the West. The fact that he offered a poetic effusion to *the Virgin*, might indicate the rise of spiritual gallantry among the more refined votaries of the celibate; and, if his verses were popular, Mary's name was already gathering to itself that peculiar charm, which afterwards opened her way to so lofty a place in the monastic system. Evagrius was matched on the other side by one who was equally earnest and, perhaps, more deeply read, though not so judicious or acute. This was Epiphanius, a native of Palestine, but trained in Egypt in the narrower style of intellectual culture. In later life, he had the benefit of discipline under Hilarion; and was thus more fully prepared for teaching and transmitting the opinions and manners of his party,

among the monks of a cloister which he founded near his birth-place, and which for some time was under his care. About the year 367, he was elected Bishop of Salamis in Cyprus, where his writings and conduct secured a wide reputation. Without much prudence, he entered into the strife of the day, in a rough, unconnected, and inaccurate style; and first battled with John, Bishop of Jerusalem, then got up a council in Cyprus for prohibiting the use of Origen's Works; contended, even in Constantinople, with the saintly Chrysostom; and ventured, at last, to enter the list against the Empress Eudoxia, whose strong sense and quiet sarcasm were more than equal to his forward zeal. He died at sea, just as he had passed his "threescore years and ten." Among the leading men of the spiritualists, the four "Long Brothers" must not be overlooked: Dioscurus, Ammonius, Eusebius, and Euthymius, who were as distinguished by their influence as they were eminent in stature. The secret of their power was in their inflexible honesty, combined with hearty and unflinching faith in the system of their choice. It was so important to enlist their fresh and virgin energies, that the ecclesiastical authority of Alexandria seemed unscrupulous as to means, in its efforts to draw them around its seat; but they were true to their elect calling. Purity in the desert was to them more sweet than the stained honors of a metropolitan church. Alexandrian policy succeeded better in its attempts on the societies of the other school; at least in the case of the poor old Serapion; who, with his grosser creed, had vied with Origenists in the rigid purity of his life. Persuaded, at last, to confess that his views of the Divine nature were mean and incorrect, he knelt with those who devotionally celebrated his conversion; but unable to realize the presence of God without a sight of the usual symbol, he cried in distress, "They have taken away my God; in whom shall I trust? to whom shall I pray?" thus indicating the close relation between unworthy notions of God, and virtual idolatry.

At length, the controversy involved the celebrated Jerome, who brought into it all his characteristic zeal and power, sustained by the results of the hard biblical studies which he had chosen as an ascetic discipline. He was not wise enough, however, to prevent his struggle for or-

thodoxy from showing that he was capable of undignified excitement, sensitive vanity, ill-concealed pride, and too much fondness for contention and rule. He had abandoned the classic authors in favor of holy writ, in obedience, as he says, to the warning of a vision; and having had his attention turned to the writings of Origen, while on a visit to Constantinople, he conceived the design of promoting more widely the thorough study of the Scriptures by a revision of the Latin version, and even a new translation of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew. In his monastic retreat at Bethlehem, and amidst a large number of youthful ascetics who sought his guidance, he performed a service for the West, which answered to the benefit with which Origen had enriched the Eastern Church. It was natural that he should avail himself of the treasures which Origen had bequeathed; and that, without adopting his doctrinal system, or, perhaps, fully mastering it, he should manifest, here and there, in his writings, the influences of that scholar over his mind. Not that there was much spiritual sympathy between Origen and Jerome. They were of different bent. When some western zealots of the more literal school had raised an excitement at Jerusalem, about the supposed prevalence of heresy among the admirers of Origen; Jerome, though he had professed some attachment to the author of the *Hexapla*, and had even translated some of his homilies, found little difficulty in providing against the coming storm, by siding with the alarmists, and claiming shelter under the orthodoxy of Rome. His friend Ruffinus was inclined to the opposite course. There was a severance, a short reconciliation at the altar, and then a wider breach. The two old friends seemed to forget all former affections, and to renounce all the dignity of scholarship and religion, that they might the more painfully scandalize the followers of Him who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again." "Alas!" cries the more amiable Augustine, "that I can not meet you, and, in the dust at your feet, implore you to cease the unchristian warfare; each for his own sake, for the sake of each, and on account of others, especially the infirm ones for whom Christ died!"

Grievous as was the strife in this case, the agitation in another part of the field took a turn, the melancholy issues of

which touch the heart with more tender sorrow. Theophilus, Bishop of Alexandria, while professedly favorable to the followers of Origen, offered his mediation, in order, if possible, to effect the restoration of peace between them and their opponents. His style of interference however, was injudicious. Indeed, his character was not equal to his task. His attempt was understood as an unfair use of his authority, in order to proselyte; and he was soon invaded in Alexandria by an excited mob of fanatical monks; who denounced him as an atheist, threatened him with death, extorted from his lips a public tribute to their peculiar notions, and required him to pass sentence of condemnation on the memory and writings of Origen. This was not difficult for one to whom the people had given the title of "The Buskin that suits either foot." Theophilus thought it right to obey for the time the superior force, reserving the right of expressing other views under different circumstances. The times, however, did not call him to retract what expediency had constrained him to declare; but various influences from without tended to bring his temper into accordance with his latest creed. He now sided with Epiphanius and Jerome; and even excited the anthropomorphite monks to more bitter enmity towards his former friends. Decrees of council were issued from Alexandria, forbidding the perusal of their favorite author; and when they hesitated to obey, the prefect of Egypt, at the call of the Bishop, sent the military upon them; and the defenseless communities were broken up, and mercilessly hunted through the solitudes which no longer offered them a home. Their only hope now was in Constantinople; and, encouraged by Chrysostom's reputation for truthfulness, justice, and love, they resolved in an appeal to the imperial court. The gentle Bishop received their representatives kindly, and courteously interceded with Theophilus on their behalf. But the wily Alexandrian stood on his dignity, and opened a litigation from which the peaceable Chrysostom endeavored at length to withdraw. At this point, the monks seized an opportunity of laying their case before the Empress Eudoxia; and their petition was that Theophilus might be called before the Episcopal Tribunal of the metropolis. Even the gay Eudoxia valued the prayers of monks; and perhaps felt that she need-

ed their intercessions, and that it would be, therefore, wise to grant their request. Their suit was gained, and Theophilus was cited to appear. From this moment, his controversy was no longer with the monks, but with Chrysostom, whose downfall he resolved to effect. Nor would his rage allow him to be scrupulous in the choice of means. Opportunity was soon at his command. The bold rectitude of Chrysostom's administration, and the faithfulness and power of his public and private testimonies against fashionable wickedness, had irritated many envious men among the clergy, and awakened the deep resentment of those whose conscience had failed to master their love of sin; and when the Empress appeared to side with these, there was a ready combination against the devoted preacher. Theophilus was soon a correspondent and co-worker with his kindred spirits; until, having secured the sanction of Eudoxia, he gathered a packed council, before which the object of his aversion was summoned, on various charges, grounded on his seeming neglect of some ecclesiastical forms. The accused denied the competency of the tribunal; and, having repeatedly refused to appear, was formally deposed. A subsequent threat of forcible expulsion from his diocese induced him quietly to withdraw, and submit to be conveyed into exile. His first banishment lasted but a few days; for the conscience-stricken Empress was constrained to recall him. After two months, however, his pulpit thunders again aroused the spirit of his imperial mistress; and by the agency of the watchful Theophilus, he was finally degraded. Sent first to the borders of Armenia, and then banished into deeper suffering among the barbarians on the farther frontiers of the empire, he sank under the hardships of the journey, and closed his career with his favorite sentence on his lips: "Blessed be the Lord for all things!"

Thus fell one of the purest dignitaries of the Church; victimized by ecclesiastical craft, in vicious association with courtly vice and imperial passion. One of the brightest lights of Christian genius and eloquence was quenched by the storm in which infant Monachism renewed its strength. There came a lull of the tempest, but Chrysostom was gone. The martyrdom of such a man necessarily left a shadow on this period of monastic his-

tory. At the same time, ascetic life was now at a deeply interesting point of its development; was unfolding a wonderful capacity, and giving prophetic tokens of its future power. In its principle a violation of natural order and Christian freedom, it had nevertheless nurtured some of the noblest specimens of spiritual piety, could exhibit Christian character in all the stages of its formation, and indeed might show within its range all the phases of religious life. The gems of Christian thought and feeling, which have been caught up and preserved for us by such men as Palladius, and the other early ecclesiastical historians, are enough to show that, amidst the motley groups whose ascetic experiments so sadly failed, there were some whose sincerity Divine Providence and grace were combined to honor; and who, having passed through many fearful stages of acquaintance with themselves, could at last say with Nilus: "Where shall we find defense or help, but in reliance on Christ alone, our most compassionate Lord? The remembrance of our most dearly beloved Master presents itself to us in our despondency, like a benevolent, peace-bringing, friendly angel; and deep-rooted, unshaken faith in him banishes all our fear and shame, fills the heart with joy, and brings the wanderers back to union and fellowship with God."* Besides these happily embalmed examples of that sincere earnestness which pressed to its goal in spite of the principles on which the race was begun, there must have been many, many others, whose recluse life of successive agonies and joys passed away, like the occasional rain-streams which lose themselves in the desert lake, without leaving a trace on the wilderness through which they had struggled. The memory of fanatical extremes and wild error seems to be more tenacious of life. And the legends which still excite the fears of wandering Arabs, may be traced to the days of incipient Monachism when it exhibited within its range the earliest types and earnestness of every disorderly thought, and irregular feeling, and fantastic expression, and extreme conduct, that was ever to test the claims and virtues of the Church; or astonish, amuse, or curse the world, during the Christian era. To study the scene, is to be saved from surprise at any

* Lib. iii. epist. 284.

thing that may open upon us under the name of religion. It is to be confirmed, too, in the truth of the proverb: "There is no new thing under the sun." Here are all the transformations which might be expected among the crowds who adopted the monastic rule from motives as various as the classes from which they sprang. There is the water-carrier, figuring as an abbot; the runaway slave, enforcing ascetic discipline upon former masters; the shepherd, trying his defensive powers against fiends instead of wolves. There is the raging victim of spiritual pride; the imbecile, who has literally annihilated self; the incoherent dreamer, whose untrained wits have been bewildered and lost among theological speculations and prophetic visions; and the beast, who has flung away his false principles of holiness, and given himself up to filth. There, too, is the maddened selfishness, which had formally renounced its lucre, without ceasing to love it; the towering pride, raging for "the sides of the north;" and the morbid sentiment, darkling like hell under a sense of hopelessness. These were all at large in the desert, which was an asylum, among whose patients every shallow and graceless physician might almost be pardoned for ascribing to religion that madness which, in so many cases, results from the want of it. In an age and under a system so remarkable for variety of mental and moral phenomena, we are not surprised to find a strange and curious diversity in the modes of religious expression. There was the Eusebius style of combating Satan, with the head held down by a short chain from an iron collar to an iron girdle. There was Heron's pattern of piety, in a run of thirty miles through the hot desert, with a continuous repetition of Scripture texts; an imitation of which we have seen, within our own island, by a modern sect, whose members have been sometimes taken with what they call "running glory." There were those who affected the heavenliness of Ptolemy, and would quench their thirst with nothing but dew, collected on their mountain perch, in vessels of earth. There were the Symeons, adoring and being adored on the tops of their pillars, setting an example which Irish saints probably attempted to follow, as far as their climate would allow, in the upper story of their "round towers;" from which their exalted spirits flitted at last without

leaving an antidote for antiquarian strife. There were some that whirled after the old fashion of religious dances; and some that crouched; some that grazed; and many from whom the self-whippers of the middle age may have inherited their zeal for a "baptism of blood." Nor were there wanting savage swarms, who horrified their generation with their use of "the clubs of Israel;" as many have done since, by wielding what they called "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The contemporary efforts to justify all these forms of ascetic life were almost as curious as the phenomena themselves. "Asprinces," it was said, "after certain periods change the emblems on their coins, choosing sometimes the lion, at others stars or angels, for the die, and endeavoring to give a higher value to the gold by the striking character of the impression; so God has made piety assume these novel and varied forms of life, like so many new characters, to awake the admiration not only of the disciples of the faith, but also of the unbelieving world."* Instead of commanding the admiration of all the faithful, these extravagances called up a corrective system, which eventually reduced the chaos to some consistency and order. The fact, that the wild disorders were, for the most part, among those who adhered to the earlier style of hermit life, affords some reason for the struggle which now arose between the rival claims of Anachorets and Cenobites. It was soon felt and seen that the organized community had the advantage in the cultivation of both active and passive virtues. The monastic brother rose superior to the solitary recluse. The communities of monks and nuns, which arose and flourished under the successors of Pachomius, became the types of the eastern monastery. Many of the monastic buildings of the Greek Church, still retaining their primitive altars, answer, all but entirely perhaps, to those which were reared in many parts of Asia under the eye of such men as Basil. Athanasius laid the foundation of a still more gorgeous system in the West. Jerome, Ambrose, and Martin of Tours, helped to develop its proportions, until Benedict opened the grand succession of those orders; by which it was brought to its commanding form in the Latin Church. Its subsequent magnificence af-

* Theodoret. See Neander, vol. iii. p. 364.

fords the most impressive evidence of its failure as a system. Its continued violation of the most distinctive attributes of human nature is the recorded secret of its failure. Its principle of poverty has ever outraged man's original conception of property; as a celibate, it is directly opposed to the social nature of man; and its law of solitary striving for religious perfection is antagonistic to the first principle of Christian communion and spiritual intercourse. But as is the sin, so is the punishment. The magnificent ruins which still adorn so many of our

lovely valleys, tell us of the miserable issue of secret discipline; and even now bear silent witness, that the profession of poverty frequently ended in the most insatiable avarice and cupidity, while vows of perpetual virginity resulted in unbounded licentiousness. That which began with a sincere desire for perfect purity, ended in the diffusion of licensed corruption. The lesson is solemn. Nor will the Church of Christ ever cease to find an interesting and beneficial study in that system which, for many ages, held together so much good and evil.

From the North British Review.

INTUITIONALISM AND THE LIMITS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.*

THE icy and rigid Rationalism of last age has dissolved in the heat of a warmer season, and of late we have had a time of wading deep in melted matter; and now we are in an atmosphere of sultriness and dimness, of haziness and dreaminess. It is universally acknowledged that the logical processes of definition and reasoning can do little in religion; and those who, in days by-gone, would have appealed to such forms, are, in these times, betaking themselves to something livelier—to Feeling, Belief, Inspiration—or, in one word, to Intuition, which looks at the truth or object at once, and through no interfering process or dimming medium. In last age, certain of our "excelsior" youths were like to be starved in cold; in this age, they are in greater danger of having the seeds of a wasting disease fostered by lukewarm damps and gilded vapors.

The clearest views, they show, are those which we obtain by gazing immediately

on the object. Have not, they ask, the seers and sages of our world, poetic and philosophic, seen farther than other men by direct, and not by reflected or introspective vision? Does not our own consciousness witness that we get the farthest-reaching glimpses when we are wholly engrossed in looking out at things, without being at the trouble to analyze our thoughts? There are moments when all thinkers, or certain thinkers, have seen farther than in their usual moods; and this, by overlooking all interposing objects, and gazing full on the truth. Some seem to have experienced ecstasies, in which, being lifted above themselves and the earth, and carried—whether in the body or out of the body, they know not—into the third heavens, they behold things which it is not possible for man to utter. An entranced minute of such bursting revelation is worth, they say, hours or years of your logically concatenated thought. The soul is then carried as to a great height—above the clouds that rise from the damps of earth—like unto Mount Teneriffe, from which ardent gazers thought they saw land lying to the far west, ages before the practical Columbus actually set foot on America. As

* *The Limits of Religious Thought Examined.* The Bampton Lectures for 1858. By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B.D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College; Tutor, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford.

there are sounds—such as the sighings of the stream—heard in the stillness of evening which are not audible in the bustle of the day, so there are voices heard in certain quieter moods of the mind which can not be discerned when the soul is being agitated by discussion and ratiocination. As there are states of our atmosphere in which remote objects seem near, as there are days in which we can look far down into the ocean and behold its treasures, as the night shows us heavenly lights which are invisible in the glare of common day; so there are day moods and night moods in which we look into great depths, and see the dim as distinct, and behold truths glittering like gems, and brilliant as constellations. At these times it looks as if a veil or cloud were removed, and we see—as it were by polarized light—the inward constitution of things which usually expose but their tame outside; and we gaze on naked truth without the robe which it commonly wears, but which conceals what is infinitely more lovely than itself. Our eye can then look on pure light without being blinded by it; and we stand face to face with truth and beauty and goodness, and, in a sense, with God himself.

This is a view very often presented in the present day; and it should be admitted at once, that it is by spontaneous, and not by reflective thought, that the mind attains its clearest and most penetrating visions of things. Our mental powers operate spontaneously and act most faithfully when we are taking no notice of them, but are influenced by a simple desire to discover the truth; when the mind is in its best exercises, the interposition of metaphysical introspection and syllogistic formulæ would tend only to dim the clearness of the view. It may be allowed further, that there are times in every man's thinking, when great truths come suddenly upon him—times when he feels as if he were emerging at once from a tunnel into the light of day. These are states to be cherished, and not curbed. But it is of vast moment that we understand their precise nature, and the value to be attached to them, and the restrictions to be laid upon the confidence we put in them.

First, In these visions, clear or profound, there are commonly other processes besides simple intuition. Almost always there is involved in them the gath-

cred wisdom of long, and varied, and ripened experience; very often there are analyses more or less refined, generalizations of a narrower or wider scope; and not unfrequently ratiocinations, passing so rapidly, that the processes are not only not analyzed, they are not even observed. When Archimedes broke out into such ecstasy on discovering a law of hydrostatics; when the thought flashed on the mind of Newton, that the power which draws an apple to the ground is that which holds the moon in her sphere; when Franklin identified the sparks produced by rubbing certain substances on the earth with the lightning of heaven; when it occurred to Watt that the steam which moved the lid of a kettle might be turned to a great mechanical purpose; when the Abbé Hauy, in gathering up the fragments of a crystal, which had accidentally fallen from his hands, surmised that all crystals were derived from a few primitive forms; when Oken, on looking at the bleached skull of a deer in the Hartz Forest, exclaimed, "This is a vertebrate column"—every one acknowledges that there was vastly more than intuitional power involved: there were presupposed large original talents of a peculiar kind in each case, habits of scientific research, and long courses of systematic training and observation; while at the instant there were the highest powers of comparison and computation in exercise. It will be readily allowed that there was a similar combination of native gift, of accumulated experience and connected ratiocination, implied in the discoveries made by Adam Smith and others in political and social science. But we go a step farther, and maintain that the grand views of moral and religious truth, which burst on the vision of our greatest philosophers, were the result of rays coming from a thousand scattered points. When Socrates unfolded to an age and nation deprived of the light of revelation such elevated doctrines regarding a superintending Providence, and the intimate relation between virtue and happiness; when Plato showed that man participated in the Divine intelligence, and that the forms of nature partook of the ideas or patterns which had been in or before the Divine Mind from all eternity; when Leibnitz developed his grand theory of a preëstablished harmony running through the mental and material universe—there

were inactive exercise profound reflection, long observation of human nature and of the ways of God, searching analyses, and a cultivated moral vision. We are sure that there is a similar union involved in those far-reaching glimpses which more obscure men have had, at their better moments, of great moral or spiritual verities regarding the nature of man, and the character and dealings of God.

The leap of waters at the cataract of Niagara is on the instant, yet it is not after all a simple process: antecedent to it there have been rains falling from heaven, and these gathered into a river and acquiring momentum as they move on, and a precipitous cliff formed for their descent; and in the fall, water, rock, and atmosphere mingle their separate influences. The flash of lightning across the sky is instantaneous, yet it is the produce of long meteorological operations, in which probably air, moisture, sunlight, electricity, and an attracting object, have each had its part; and it is only on the whole gathering to an overflow that the convulsive effect is produced. There must have been a similar collection of strength and combination of scattered influences in those sudden leaps which certain minds have taken; as when Augustine abandoned paganism, and Luther left ritualism; and there are the same in those movements of the spirit of man in which it penetrates to immense distances without our being able to follow it through all the intermediate space, and illumines as it passes the densest masses of darkness. It is the business of physical science to explain the one set of processes; and it shows that they are the result of a conspiracy of agencies. It is the office of psychological science to explain the other set of operations; and it can show that there is involved in them a variety of original and acquired endowments. A number of different rays have met in the production of this pure white light. The views are so wide-ranging, because all the inlets of the mind are open to receive impressions.

Secondly, In all these higher visions there is apt to be a mixture of error. The glittering lustre in which the objects are seen, is apt to dazzle the eye, and prevent it from taking too narrow an inspection. The rapidity of the mental process is favorable to the concealment of hastiness of inference, to which we are led by the

influence of inferior motives—acting like concealed iron upon the ship's compass. With the desire to discover the truth, there may be united the personal vanity, or the idiosyncrasies of the individual, or the prejudices of the pledged partisan, or the proud and self-righteous temper, or a spirit of contradiction. How often does it happen, in such cases, that the conceits of the fancy or the wishes of the heart are attributed to the reason, that high feeling is mistaken for high wisdom, that what is dark is supposed to be deep, that what is lovely is supposed to be holy! In the region to which they have betaken themselves, objects seem gigantic because perceived in the mist—as they look through the openings in which persons mistake gilded clouds for sun-lit islands, or mountains based on the earth and piercing the sky.

Besides the error which may be in the original vision, there are apt to be additional mistakes when the individual would unfold it and put it into language. As Aurora Leigh says:

“It may be, perhaps,
Such have not settled long and deep enough
In trance, to attain to clairvoyance—and still
The memory mixes with the vision, spoils
And works it turbid.”

The intuitionist often has a genuine feeling; and, when he confines himself to a simple description, his statement, if not altogether free from error, may be a correct transcript of what has passed in his own mind, and may have as vivifying an influence upon others as it has had upon himself. The glow which radiates from such men as Coleridge, when tracing the correspondences between subject and object, or Wordsworth as he sketches the feelings awakened by the forms and aspects of nature, or Ruskin, as we gaze with him on the higher works of art, steepens all attendant minds in its own splendor—as the gorgeous evening sun burnishes all objects, clouds as well as landscapes, in its own rich hues. The intuitionist ever succeeds best in poetry, or in prose which is of the character of poetry, and might, if the father of it choose, be wedded to immortal verse. But when he attempts, as he often does, a systematic exposition, scientific, or logical, or philosophical, or theological, of his sentiments, there may now, with the errors of the original writing, be mingled the mistakes that arise

from an unfaithful transcription. Every one knows that to feel and to analyze the feelings are two very different exercises; and it often happens that those who feel the most intensely, and even those who think the most profoundly, are the least capacitated for unfolding the process to others. In attempting to do so, they often mix it up with other elements, and the product is a conglomerate, in which truth and error are banded together without the possibility of separating them. In unwinding the threads, they have tangled them; and they become the more hopelessly entangled, the greater the strength which they exert in unraveling them. The pool may—or quite as possibly may not—have been originally pure; it has certainly been rendered altogether turbid by the mud stirred up in the attempt to explore it. As the author of *Hours with the Mystics* says: "This intuitional metal, in its native state, is mere fluent, formless quicksilver: to make it definite and serviceable, you must fix it by an alloy; but then, alas! it is *pure* reason no longer, and, so far from being universal truth, receives a countless variety of shapes, according to the temperament, culture, or philosophic party of the individual thinker."

These visions, raptures, and ecstasies are most apt to appear in philosophy and theology; and it is there they work the most mischief. The intuitionist is ever placing things in their wrong category, dividing the things which should be joined, or mixing the things which should be separated. His analogies overlook differences; his distinctions set aside resemblances. His limitations are like the mad attempts of Xerxes to chain the ocean. His definitions are like the boundings of a cloud—while he is pointing to them they are changed; indeed his whole method is like a project to make roads and run fences in cloudland. In metaphysics, he represents as essences what are in fact nothing but attenuated ghosts, created by his own oppressed vision as it looks into darkness. The Neo-Platonists pretended to see the One and the Good by ecstasy; what they saw was merely an abstract quality separated from the concrete object. They tried to raise up emotion by the contemplation of the skeleton attribute, but in this they did and could not succeed, for it is not by abstraction that feeling is excited, but by the presentation of an individual

and living reality. The attempt in the present age, by certain metaphysical speculators, to call forth feeling by the presentation of the True, the Beautiful, the Good, must terminate in a similar failure. It is not by the contemplation of truth, but of the God of truth; not by the contemplation of loveliness, but of the God of loveliness; not by the contemplation of the good, but of the good God, that feelings of adoration and love are called forth and gratified.

There are still greater perils attending the indulgence of these inspirations in matters of religion. The intuitionist is tempted to ascribe to some higher influence the idea which arises simply from the law of association or organic impulse; to attribute to intuition what is mere floating sentiment—to pure reason what is the product of habit or of passion—nay, to God himself what springs from the fallible human heart. The height to which the soul is carried in these elevations is apt to have a dizzying influence; and not a few have fallen when they seemed to themselves to be standing most secure. Some, pretending to a heavenly mission, have yielded at once to the temptation which the true Messenger withstood; and, without a promise of one to bear them up in their presumption, have cast themselves down from the pinnacle to which they were elevated, and been lost amidst the laughter of men. Some have claimed for their own conceits the inspiration of Heaven; and have come to deify their own imaginations, and to sanctify their schemes of ambition, by representing them as formed under the sanction of God.

Thirdly, The error is to be detected by a careful reflex examination of the spontaneous process of intuition, or, what is more frequent, of the intuition with certain conjoined elements. That error may creep into these visions and raptures, is evident from the circumstance, that scarcely any two inspirationalists agree even when pretending to have revelations on the same point; and when they do concur, it is evidently because of the dominant authority of some great master. How, then, are we to decide among the claims of the rival sages, or seers, or doctors, or schools? Plainly by inquiring which of them, if any, are in fact under the influence of a native intuition; and this is to be done by an inductive inquiry into the nature of our intuitions, and by

trying the proposed dogma or feeling by the tests, thus discovered, of intuition.

In no other department of human investigation, except speculative philosophy and theology, will an indiscriminate appeal to intuition or feeling be allowed in the present day. Mathematics admit of no such loose method of procedure. The fundamental principles of that science are, no doubt, founded on intuition; but then it is on intuitions carefully enunciated and formalized, and the whole superstructure is banded by rigid logical deduction. Physical science will not tolerate any such anticipations except at times in the way of suggesting hypotheses, to be immediately tried by a rigid induction of facts, and accepted or rejected only as they can stand the test. In political science there is a necessity for the weighing of conflicting principles, and room for clearness of head and far-seeing sagacity; but in these operations mere intuition has a small share, and is not allowed to pass till it is carefully sifted. It is surely high time that intuition were prevented from careering without restraint in the fields of philosophy and theology, and that rules were laid down, not for absolutely restraining it, but for confining it within its legitimate province.

The sole corrective of the evil, the only means of separating the error from the truth, is to be found in a cool reflex examination of the spontaneous process. This is needed, even when the idea is one which has occurred to our own minds, to protect them from the self-deception to which all are liable, to provide them with a safety-lamp when they would enter dark subterranean passages; or with a chart when they would venture on a sea of speculation; or with a compass to tell the direction when they would go out beyond the measured and fenced ground of thought into a waste, above which clouds forever hover, and where are precipices over which multitudes are forever falling. Needed to guard us even in our personal musings, it will surely be acknowledged that it is still more necessary when others demand our assent to their proffered visions, lest what we pick up be

"Like cast-off nosegays picked up on the road,
The worse for being warm."

Not that this review of the spontaneous thought should set out with the fixed purpose of rejecting all that has been sug-

gested; on the contrary, it should retain and carefully cherish all that may be good, and cast away only what can not stand a sifting inspection. But the testing, in order to accomplish these ends, must proceed on certain principles. So far as the spontaneous exercise professes to be guided by an induction of facts, it must be tried by the canons of the logic of induction. So far as it involves ratiocination, the approved rules of reasoning must determine its validity. So far as it claims to be intuitional, metaphysical science is entitled to demand that the principle involved be shown to be in the very constitution of the mind, self-evident, necessary, universal; and further, that its determinate rule be specified and formalized, so that we may see whether it covers the case in hand.

In moral subjects, *first thoughts* are often the best, because formed prior to the calculations of selfishness. They may not, however, always be the best; for they may proceed from passion, which, in fallen man, is as spontaneous and quite as quick as any moral impulse. As a general rule, neither the *first* nor the *second* thoughts are the best; but the *last* thoughts of a studious course of reflection, in which both first and second thoughts are reviewed, that which is good in each being preserved, and that which is evil rejected. The same remark holds good of the exercises of the intellect. The first views of the truth are frequently the freshest and the justest. It has been remarked, that the first view of the new-born infant discloses a resemblance to father or mother which the subsequent growth of the child effaces; and there is often a similar power of penetration in the first glance of the intellectual eye, directed towards a truth presented for the first time: the prominent features are then caught on the instant, and correspondences are detected which disappear on a more familiar acquaintance, being lost sight of among other qualities. But while these original glimpses are often very precious, and are to be carefully noted and registered, it is equally true that first impressions often contain large mixture of error. At these times of intense rapture and ardent longing, the mind seizes eagerly on what presents itself, and is incapable of drawing distinctions, and may utterly neglect other aspects, which are only to be detected by longer and more familiar acquaintance. Hence the need of cool reflection to come after, and retain only what

can be justified by the rules of logic. As the first looks of the infant reveal features which are subsequently lost sight of, so the last look of the dying will call up once more likenesses which had escaped our notice in the interval. Let there be a similar holding of all the true analogies caught in the first look in those last looks, which after many a survey, we cherish and retain forever of the objects which excite our interests and claim our regards.

Verily these intuitionists must be made, by some scientific process, to consume their own smoke, which is so polluting the atmosphere. We have a work before us eminently fitted to lay an arrest on this speculative spirit, whether it founds on a formal rationalism or a loose intuition.

Mr. Mansel is known to all who take an interest in such studies, as one of the greatest living logicians and metaphysicians in our country. In respect of learning, we know no English-speaking philosopher to be put on the same high level. In all his writings there is an acuteness equal to that of the Doctor Subtilis or the more illustrious of the schoolmen. With these are conjoined a modesty, a candor, a love of truth, and a reverence for divine teaching, which win our confidence, and endear him to every genuine mind. Albeit only in middle age, he is already an extensive author. His *Notes to the Logic of Aldrich*—whose musical pieces and whose church-architecture the students of Oxford are impudent enough to prefer to his *Artis Logice Rudimenta*—are so learned and acute, that we only wish he had hung them on a better pillar; as Sir William Hamilton says, "La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson." His *Prolegomena Logica*, some of the doctrines of which were first expounded by him in this *Review*, have carried certain questions in metaphysics to as advanced a stage as they have reached in this country. We agree with him, that logic is, in a sense, dependent on psychology; at the same time, we would give a somewhat different account of the relation. The laws of thought, which logic unfolds and applies, are in the mind *a priori*, and independent of our observation of them; but they act spontaneously, and are not before the consciousness as laws; and we can discover and express them only *a posteriori*, and by an induction of their individual actings.* But the great

merit of the work lies in drawing attention to certain differences in the meaning and interpretation of our intuitive convictions. It is now generally admitted, that necessity is at least one characteristic (self-evidence seems to us a prior one) of fundamental truths; and Mr. Mansel has shown that it is needful to distinguish between different kinds of necessity, such as logical and metaphysical, thus contributing to what should be the metaphysical work of the coming age the exact expression and interpretation of these intuitions of the mind. His *Article on Metaphysics* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, carries us over the whole wide subject. We should have wished to dwell on its numerous excellences, especially in regard to the place which it gives to our consciousness of self and conviction of personality; but this would require a whole article, and we have other interesting matter before us at present; some of the more important points in which we agree with and differ from him will come out as we review the *Bampton Lectures*. Mr. Mansel has likewise minor works. He has a *Lecture on the Philosophy of Kant*, containing important strictures on that great thinker, but adopting, as it appears to us, too many of his principles, and expecting the Kantian philosophy to effect a good in this country which it has failed to accomplish

of Europe: *System der Logick von Ueberweg*, and *Essais de Logique par Waddington*. In the latter, Hamilton's views as to induction and consciousness are examined. Among works of Religious Philosophy, Dr. Scheukel's *Die Christliche Dogmatik vom Standpunkte des Gewissens aus dargestellt*, and Dr. Ulrici's *Glauben und Wissen*, are worthy of special commendation. The former is especially noteworthy, as treating fully of a topic so often discussed by British philosophers since the days of Butler, the nature of Conscience, and is peculiar in representing the conscience as (too exclusively, we think) the religious organ. In a long article in the last number of the leading philosophical journal of Germany, *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und philosophische Kritik*, conducted by Fichte, Ulrici, and Wirth, Dr. Ulrici formally gives his adhesion to the doctrine of Dr. McCosh, (the article is a review of the *Method of Divine Government*,) as against the *a priori* speculation of Germany, and maintains, that while the soul proceeds on fundamental (*a priori*) principles, it is at the same time unconscious of these principles, and needs therefore observation and classification, in short, induction, in order to their discovery. The article closes with expressing a wish to have the intuitions of the mind, in regard to their "nature, rule, and limits," carefully unfolded in the inductive manner. Surely this is not without significance, as coming from Germany.

* The following works on Logic, lately published, have deservedly a name on the continent

in Germany, where thinkers, starting with his critical method, declined to stop where he paused. He has a letter on the *Conception of Eternity* in which he shows that Mr. Maurice has set aside the laws of thought in his view of the world to come. He has a pamphlet on the *Limits of Demonstrative Evidence*, in which he exposes some of the excesses of Dr. Whewell, who makes a number of truths *a priori* which are evidently *a posteriori*; but perhaps has himself been guilty of defects, in not admitting that the demonstrations of mathematics have an objective value in regard to bodies so far as they have extension, and that we have a native conviction of power, which has a similar but more limited objective value in regard to body as exercising force. He has an admirable lecture on *Psychology as the Test of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*. And now we have these *Bampton Lectures*, which will raise him to a high rank as a Christian philosopher. The notes give evidence of extensive reading of works ancient and modern, British and continental. In the *Lectures* themselves, the inevitable dryness and technicality of certain discussions is relieved by apothegms of profound practical wisdom and bursts of noble eloquence. The work may be regarded as an application to theology of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy of the Unconditioned. Every deep and influential system of philosophy has had its religious or irreligious applications by the founder of the system or his disciples. The philosophies of Plato, of Aristotle, of Zeno, of Descartes, of Locke, of Leibnitz, of Hutcheson, of Butler, of Kant, of Schelling, and Hegel, have all been carried by the men themselves, or their admiring followers, into religion—in some cases to do little good to the cause of sacred truth, the simplicity of which they served to corrupt. We have now, in these Lectures of Mr. Mansel, the philosophy of Hamilton in its supposed religious aspect. Its value is represented as being chiefly negative in arresting rash speculation, both in favor of religion and against it. Mr. Mansel applies it to cut up by the roots the Rational theology, which sprung up in Germany posterior to Kant, and which has of late come over to our country from that thinking-shop of Europe. It is now nearly thirty years since Sir William Hamilton published his tremendous criticism of the Philosophy of

the Unconditioned. This work of Mr. Mansel does for Rational theology what the work of Hamilton did for the theories of the Absolute. No systematic attempt has been made to repel the battering-ram assaults of the Scottish metaphysician; and we scarcely expect that the supporters of a speculative theology will ever venture to meet, one by one, the equally acute arguments of the English divine.

"It is to a philosopher of our own age and country that we must look for the true theory of the limits of human thought, as applicable to theological, no less than to metaphysical researches—a theory exhibited, indeed, in a fragmentary and incomplete form, but containing the germ of nearly all that is requisite for a full exposition of the system. The celebrated article of Sir William Hamilton on the Philosophy of the Unconditioned, contains the key to the understanding and appreciation of nearly the whole body of modern German speculation. His great principle, that 'the Unconditioned is incognizable and inconceivable, its notion being only negative of the Conditioned, which last can alone be positively known or conceived,' has suggested the principal part of the inquiries pursued in the present work."—*Preface*.

We are not to understand from this modest admission that the author is a slavish follower of the late distinguished Edinburgh philosopher, whom all thinkers are so constrained to revere. In several points he separates from Hamilton, and in all of these we thoroughly concur with Mr. Mansel. Hamilton has established "truths that awake to perish never"—truths which will go down through all time, for a while in an isolated stream, with rocky, sharp-cut banks, and then mingled with the great river of truth which is ever gathering accessions as it flows on. But there has been a general feeling among all, except a few devoted pupils, that he has overlooked some of the deepest intuitive convictions of our constitution, or referred to them, under the name of "beliefs," only to decline to discuss them. He is emphatically the Kant of Scotland and of the nineteenth century. In Germany, thinkers were not satisfied with the dry forms and categories of Kant, which kept men at such a distance from living realities, and are, in fact, no more the full exhibition of our mental constitution than the bones are of our bodily frame, and they would no more abide there than they would in a room of skeletons; and so, taking with them certain of the prin-

ciples of the critical method, they stuffed the bones and formed a figure of gigantic dimensions, put convulsive life into it, and called it Realism. We believe that, in like manner, the youth of the coming, ay, even of the present age, and that even in Edinburgh, will not be satisfied with Hamilton's negations, relations, and conditions, but will strive to get nearer realities—may we hope in the inductive, and not in the *a priori* or critical method.

We are glad to find Mr. Mansel taking great pains, in all his greater works, to show that we have a knowledge of self. It is thus announced in *Prolegomena Logica*, p. 129: "I am immediately conscious of myself seeing and hearing, willing and thinking. This self-personality, like all other simple and immediate presentations, is indefinable; but it is so because it is superior to definition. It can be analyzed into no simpler elements, for it is itself the simplest of all; it can be made no clearer by description or comparison, for it is revealed to us in all the clearness of an original intuition." The doctrine is stated and defended at length in the article on Metaphysics, where (p. 618) he speaks of the consciousness of personality as "an ontology, in the highest sense of the term." And now, in these *Lectures*, p. 348, he says: "This conscious self is itself the *Ding an sich*, the standard by which all representations of personality must be judged, and from which our notion of reality, as distinguished from appearance, is originally derived." This seems to us to be the true doctrine, and is very different from that of Kant, who, by making our very knowledge of self *phenomenal*, (as opposed to *real*), and affirming that the mind in its knowledge superinduces on the object something not in the object, opened an outlet which allowed all the pantheistic extravagances of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel to flow out. When we return to the natural doctrine, and suppose that the mind has an immediate knowledge of self, as *a thing in itself*, and that attached to this there is a necessary conviction of personality, we have laid an arrest on every form of Pantheism.

We are glad to find too, that, in common with nearly all who have referred to the subject, Mr. Mansel does not concur in Hamilton's doctrine of causation. He criticises it in the article in the *Encyclopædia*, (p. 601,) and in these Lectures

describes it as unsatisfactory, (p. 381.) If Hamilton's doctrine of causation be disallowed, so must also we suspect his doctrine, never fully expounded, of substance and property; for, as Locke again and again says, and as Kant admits, power is involved in our idea of substance. Mr. Mansel further (*Bamp. Lect.* p. 311) criticises Hamilton's doctrine of creation being "an evolution." "All that is now *actually* existent in the universe, this we think, and must think, as having, prior to creation, *virtually* existed in the Creator." We agree with Mr. Mansel that this statement scarcely accords with the principles of his general system, but it shows how defective the view of causation which could have issued in such a declaration.

When Mr. Mansel has taken these steps in advance of Kant, and, we believe, of Hamilton too, we regret that he has not gone a little farther in the same direction. If we have an intuitive knowledge of self, why not suppose that we have likewise an intuitive knowledge of body—at least of body in its primary qualities, let us say, of our organism as extended. The only satisfactory theory of man's mental acquirements is that which makes him begin, not with ideas or phenomena, but with knowledge, and this a knowledge of things, of things presenting themselves, of self and body presented to self. Mr. Mansel admits this in regard to self. But surely consciousness testifies that our knowledge of the object body, is knowledge quite as certainly as our knowledge of the subject mind; and that we know the one (body) to be reality, quite as much as we know the other to be a reality. It is at least quite in the spirit of Hamilton to put the two—our knowledge of the object and the subject—on the same footing: not that either knowledge is absolute, but both are positive, and not simply phenomenal or relative. We know both self and body presented to self as having an existence independent of our knowledge of them, or of the mind contemplating them. He who deos not bring out this is overlooking some of the essential features of our original and intuitive convictions.

Mr. Mansel has dissented from Hamilton's theory of causation. We do not regard his own as full and complete; yet a single step in advance in the direction in which he is going would conduct him to the right result. He affirms that we know

self—he affirms that we know self as a person: let him just add, that we know self, in certain exercise of it, as a power—and we have a result, supported by consciousness, and fitted to extricate metaphysics from a host of difficulties. The universal statement is, that we do not know mind except by its properties; but what are properties, at least certain properties, but powers? If this view be correct, then we are not at liberty, with Mr. Mansel, (p. 173, etc.,) to call cause an “unknown something” which “still remains absolutely concealed.” The language of Mr. Mansel, as applied to personality, may be transferred to it: “It is undefinable, but it is because it is superior to definition. It can be analyzed into no simpler elements, for it is itself the simplest of all; it can be made no clearer by description or comparison, for it is revealed in all the clearness of an original intuition.”

On yet a third point we are inclined to think that the philosophy both of Hamilton and Mansel is deficient: we refer to their account of man’s conviction in regard to the infinite. So far as we have perused the writings of philosophers and divines, we think we are justified in representing the great body of profound thinkers, as maintaining, on the one hand, that the finite mind of man can not comprehend the infinite, while, on the other hand, the mind has some sort of intuitive conviction in regard to infinity. Even Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel, while they hold that man’s conception of infinity is a mere impotence and a negation, do yet fully allow that man has a belief in infinity. Mr. Mansel says, (p. 64,) “We feel that God is indeed, in his incomprehensible Essence, absolute and infinite;” and again, more fully, (p. 67,) “We are compelled by the constitution of our minds to believe in the existence of an Absolute and Infinite Being.” Now we could have wished that these eminent men had stated precisely the nature of this belief, feeling, conviction; that they had shown how it stands related to our cognitions, and that they had vindicated its validity and authority. Till this is done, it will ever be felt by many to be unsatisfactory to represent our conception as a mere impotence and a negation, and then to hand us over to a belief of which no account is given. It appears to us that our belief in the infinite, like our belief in every thing

else, proceeds on a cognition. We have a knowledge (limited) of such objects as space and time, and we can rise to a positive, though of course partial, knowledge of God; and in regard to these objects, we are “compelled by the constitution of our minds” to believe them infinite. We go a step farther: this belief is a belief in something—ay, and in something apprehended, or it would be a belief in *zero*. It is the office of psychology to bring out the precise nature of this apprehension. It will be felt to be a most inadequate conception: never do we feel our creature impotency more, than when we try to form a conception of the infinite. Yet there is an apprehension, and a positive apprehension, to which the belief is attached. We apprehend, say, space and time stretching away farther and farther; but to whatever point we go, we are constrained to believe in a space and time beyond. There is thus a positive belief attached to a positive apprehension; and both the one and the other native and necessary. Such a conception, with its attached beliefs, is very inadequate; but still it is sufficient to enable us to think and speak about infinity intelligibly and without a contradiction.

The reference in these passages to “beliefs” leads us to point out another oversight in this work of Mr. Mansel, and in the philosophy of Hamilton so far as it has been given to the public. Sir W. Hamilton says: “By a wonderful revelation we are thus, in the very consciousness of our inability to conceive aught above the relative and finite, inspired with a belief in the existence of something unconditional, beyond the sphere of all comprehensive reality.” (*Discuss.* p. 15.) He speaks of a horizon of faith beyond the domain of knowledge, and Mr. Mansel frequently uses similar language. Always after limiting with terrible stringency our cognitive power, this whole school is ever referring us to a circumambient region of faith, dark or at least unexplored; and, on conducting us to its verge, they leave us to find our way as best we can, or as we please. As Kant saved himself from the nihilism of the Speculative Reason by an appeal to Practical Reason, and as others in Germany tried to secure the same end by faith or feeling, so the school of Hamilton, after so limiting our cognitive power that they seem to land us in nescience, hastens to call in faith to save

us from an issue from which the mind draws back with shuddering. We know what followed in Germany—one set of men attacked the Practical Reason and the Faith with the criticism which had been employed against the Speculative Reason; while others turned Faith or Feeling to purposes which they were never meant to accomplish. In order to prevent such consequences on the destructive or constructive side from issuing out of Hamilton's philosophy, we must have these obscure and mysterious "faiths" brought out to view, and their nature, value, and limits explained. If this is not done, some will allow themselves to remain in the coldness of nescience and negation rather than go out into a region of darkness, while others may allow themselves in the most extravagant beliefs; and it will turn out that nothing has been gained by expelling the intuitionist from the field of cognition, if you allow him to run or ride, to drive or fly, at pleasure in the region of faith. Our beliefs are as essential a part of our mental constitution as our cognitions or conceptions. It is the business of psychology, and of metaphysics too, to unfold our native beliefs as well as our knowledge and notions. The beliefs so gather round our cognitions, that it is impossible for us to have a full or clear view of the latter if we do not determine accurately the nature of the former. As much error and confusion have arisen in theology and religion from the abuse of our native faith as of our native knowledge. We are convinced that there are tests wherewith to try and limit our belief, just as there are tests to try our intuitive knowledge; nay, we believe that the tests which restrain the one are substantially the same with those which restrain the other. But as man has constitutional beliefs, and as these are so liable to abuse, being so restrained by one party and not at all restrained by another party, we desiderate that this work on the "Limits of Thought" be followed by another on the "Limits of Native Faith."

There are two distinctions borrowed from Kant, frequently employed by Mr. Mansel, to which we must here refer, as being liable to great abuse. One of these is the distinction between "form" and "matter;" a phraseology which has been employed in so many and incongruous senses by Aristotle, by Bacon, by Kant,

and by logicians, that, like the word "idea," which has also assumed so many suspicious *aliases*, it were better to banish it from the kingdom of mind altogether, and send it back to the material world from which it came. As used in the Kantian sense, the distinction implies that the mind imposes on the object, or "matter," a "form" not in the object itself. The whole idealism of Fichte, of Schelling, and Hegel is shut up here, and must fly out as soon as this Pandora's box is open. For if the mind in cognition may add one thing, why not two or ten things—why not all things? The only way of escape from these consequences is to return to the natural system, and to suppose that the mind is so constituted as to know the object—say self or body presented to self—not absolutely, or in all its qualities and relations, but still the object so far, and within certain limits.

Out of this has arisen another Kantian distinction also liable to be perverted. As stated by Mr. Mansel, it is the distinction between the regulative and speculative use of knowledge: "The highest principles of thought and action to which we can attain are regulative, and not speculative." "They do not tell us what things are in themselves, but how we must conduct ourselves in relation to them," (p. 141.) Again, "How far the knowledge we can attain of God represents God as he is, we know not, and have no need to know," (p. 146.) "Action, and not knowledge, is man's destiny and duty in this life," (p. 149.) Now, we maintain with Aristotle, that man was "organized for knowledge." We acknowledge that human knowledge can not furnish grounds for the speculations which the German metaphysicians and their followers in this country have built on it. This can be shown by an inductive inquiry into the nature of that knowledge. Still this knowledge is not nescience, but knowledge positive and trustworthy so far as it goes. Any further knowledge of the same object possessed by other beings, such as angels, would not set it aside, but simply add to it. All existing objects might be represented as polygons—some perhaps with a hundred sides, some with a thousand, and the Supreme Being with an infinite number; and of these man may see only a few, perhaps a half-dozen or a dozen, still what he sees is real; the knowledge may not be sufficient to enable him to construct the mathe-

matics of the figure, or to discover all the relations of side to side and side to center ; still what he sees are real sides of the very thing, and, if he could see other sides, or all the sides, it would not even modify his first knowledge, but simply enlarge it.

We are now in circumstances to judge of the philosophy of the Conditioned in its reference to theology. And, first, let us view it in its bearing on Natural Theology. Sir W. Hamilton declares that "the only valid argument for the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul, rests on the grounds of man's moral nature," (*Discuss.* p. 623.) And Mr. Mansel concurs: "The speculative argument is unable to prove the existence of a Supreme Being," (p. 103.) Hamilton, like Kant, was obliged to hold this view in logical consistency. For Hamilton has unfortunately given his adhesion to Kant in regard to causation, which the latter represented as a form or category imposed by the mind on things, as a mere law of thought, and not of things. We acknowledge that it is a law of thought, but it is a law of thought in reference to things. On discovering an effect, we are intuitively convinced that it must have had a cause, and that if the effect be a real thing, so must also be the cause. We are not unfolding all that is in the intuitive conviction, we are not interpreting it aright, if we do not make it embrace all this. When we take this view of causation, the argument from the traces of order and design can be fully vindicated, quite as much so as that from man's moral nature. Indeed, if the argument from causation be rejected, that from man's moral nature may be repelled on the same grounds ; for if the intuition in regard to causation has no objective value, we may suppose that our conviction in regard to moral good is quite as impotent.

All this, we admit, does not prove that God is infinite or supreme ; and we rather think that no man of note ever said that it did. In establishing this further truth, we must take along with us man's intuitive conviction as to infinity. Kant and Hamilton are precluded from this by their defective view of man's conviction on this subject. When viewed under these aspects, the deficiencies of the philosophy of the Conditioned come out very prominently to the view. It does not enable us to give an exposition of certain great

truths which the Bible presupposes, such as that a God exists, the invisible Maker of the visible universe.

Viewed in its reference to Christian divinity, the philosophy of the Conditioned is fitted to serve, and, as used in these pages, it is made to serve, some important purposes. No doubt it deprives us of some of the internal evidences in favor of Christianity which divines have been accustomed, and, we think, legitimately, to advance ; this it does because of such oversights as those we have pointed out. But, on the other hand, it delivers us from an immense amount of rash speculation, whether as employed in Dogmatic or Rational Theology. There always will be, and there always should be, a systematic divinity ; but, provided always that no portion of revealed truth be pared away, we have no objections to see it relieved from many of the old logical distinctions with which it has been shackled, and from being identified with abstruse metaphysical principles, which certain schools of philosophy affirm and others as stoutly deny. It is certain that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up. But in exciding the exploded logic and philosophy of former ages, it might be as well to resist, at the same time, the introduction of the German distinctions of Kant and Schleiermacher, lest they too become antiquated in next age, or possibly even in this age.

In the first of these *Bampton Lectures* there is a definition of Dogmatism and Rationalism ; and it is shown how the one is apt to err by forcing reason into accordance with revelation, and the other by forcing revelation into accordance with reason. In the second Lecture Mr. Mansel points out with great distinctness the two opposite methods by which a Philosophy of Religion may be attempted ; the one, the objective or metaphysical, based upon a supposed knowledge of the nature of God ; the other, the subjective or psychological, based on the knowledge of the mental faculties of man. He enters on a criticism of the first. It is here that his searching review bears the closest analogy to the formidable assault of Hamilton on the Philosophy of the Absolute. He labors to show that the fundamental ideas of Rational Theology—the Absolute, the Infinite, the First Cause—involve mutual contradictions ; and that there are further contradictions involved in the

coexistence of the Absolute and Relative, the Infinite and the Finite. We are not sure that we can concur in all the strong statements made on this subject by the school of Hamilton. Some of them are advanced in the very manner of the Eleatic Zeno, when, in order to shut men up into the doctrine that all things are one and immovable, he tried to show that there are contradictions in the idea of motion. Ever since Kant propounded his Antinomies, or supposed contradictions of reason, it has been the delight of the schools ramifying from him to multiply contradictions. It appears to us to be possible both to think and speak about motion, and about the Infinite, the Absolute, and the First Cause, without landing ourselves in contradictions. There are native convictions collecting round all these subjects, and as long as we keep to them and give the exact expression of them, we are not landed even in seeming inconsistencies. We admit freely, that whenever we pass beyond the limited portion of truth thus intuitively revealed, we are landed in darkness and in mystery—any assertions we make will in fact be meaningless, and rash assertions may be contradictory on the supposition that they have a meaning—but then the contradictions do not lie in our native convictions, but in our unwarranted statements; it can be shown that the Antinomies of Kant are not real contradictions in the *dicta* of reason, but merely in his own mutilated account of them, derived from criticism, and not from induction. Not a little confusion is produced in these discussions, by looking on infinite and cause as if they were entities, whereas infinity and power are merely attributes of an entity, say of God. We never could see even the appearance of a contradiction between the idea of an infinite space and an infinite God on the one hand, and a finite piece of matter and a finite creature on the other. The supposed contradiction arises only when we make unwarranted statements about the one or the other. The real mystery arises only when, not satisfied with the fact of the existence of both, we put unmeaning questions about the *how*, or about some unknown bond of relation. The following is the account which we are inclined to give of what Mr. Mansel has actually done in the second lecture: With an acuteness which we have never seen surpassed, he shows how we land ourselves

in darkness whenever we, who know but in part, make assertions as if we knew the whole, and how those who would construct a Rational Theology out of the ideas of Infinity and First Cause, land themselves in positive contradictions. As he says in another Lecture:

"Reason does not deceive us if we only read her witness aright; and reason herself gives us warning when we are in danger of reading it wrong. The light that is within us is not darkness, only it can not illuminate that which is beyond the sphere of its rays. The self-contradictions into which we inevitably fall when we attempt certain courses of speculation, are the beacons placed by the hand of God in the mind of man to warn us that we are deviating from the track which he designs us to pursue; that we are striving to pass the barriers which he has planted around us. The flaming sword turns every way against those who strive in the strength of their own reason to force their passage to the tree of life."—P. 198.

In the third Lecture he examines the Philosophy of Religion as constructed from the laws of the human mind. He enunciates four conditions of all human consciousness. Knowing the abuse made of them by Professor Ferrier, we are suspicious of conditions laid down so rigidly, and without a previous induction. We acknowledge no conditions of consciousness, except those laws of human intelligence which can be discovered by a careful and cautious observation, which, in discovering the existence of the laws, will also discover their limits. The conditions are: distinction between one object and another; relation between subject and object; succession and duration; and personality; all of which he endeavors to show are inconsistent with an idea of the Infinite or Absolute. It appears clear to us that there are native convictions attached to all these subjects, namely, the difference between things made known to us; the difference between self and not-self; time; and personality; what we desiderate is to have these stated fully and cautiously, not as conditions, but as facts. When these convictions are properly enunciated, all appearance of contradiction between them and the native conviction which the mind has of the Infinite will disappear. Every man has a necessary conviction of his personality; but there is no seeming contradiction between this and our conviction, that there is an infinite God. I am led to look on God as a person; and if personality be

viewed as an attribute, there is really no inconsistency in supposing God to possess the further attribute of infinity. We deny that "the only human conception of personality is that of limitation," (119.) This statement might come consistently from a Kantian, who, starting with a number of other and artificial forms, has most inexcusably overlooked personality as a native conviction. But Mr. Mansel has told us that personality is revealed in all the "clearness of an original intuition." Transfer this indefinable attribute to God, and transfer at the same time our intuitive conviction as to infinity to God, and we can see no incongruity. A mystery may arise, we admit, when we travel beyond our convictions. Mr. Mansel has shown how those who would construct a Rational Theology out of these mysteries land themselves in hopeless contradictions.

In the fourth Lecture he expounds what he regards as the two principal modes of religious intuition, which are a feeling of dependence, and a sense of moral obligation. The former is represented as implying a Personal Superior, and prompting to prayer; while the latter implies a Moral Governor, and gives a sense of sin and of the need of an expiation. Mr. Mansel is now on ground which we rejoice to see him occupying; and we can go along with him freely and buoyantly without our being forever in terror of running on a bristling barrier, or of being crushed in the collision of a contradiction. It is here we find him showing that the mind has a belief in the Infinite, and a "conviction that the Infinite does exist, and must exist." Right heartily do we concur in his exposition of moral obligation, and of the great truths involved in it; we only wish that he had been equally fearless in his interpretation of our intellectual intuitions. In regard to the feeling of dependence, we may be permitted to say, that while we look on it as native, we regard it as issuing from a combination of different convictions ever pressing themselves on us. Feeling or emotion, we might show, is always attached to an apprehension of something; and we think we can specify the apprehensions which give rise to the feeling of dependence. All that we see or know on earth points to a higher cause. Providence, in particular, is impressing us with our dependence on arrangements made independent of us.

Our sense of obligation points to a Being to whom we are at all times responsible, and to whom we must at last give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they have been good or evil. Our sense of sin and of want ever prompt us to look out for one who may supply what we need. Nor is it to be omitted, that the conviction we have of the infinite is ever prompting us to bow before one who is inconceivably above us. The feeling of dependence seems to us the result of such deep convictions as these. We can, therefore, agree with Mr. Mansel in thinking that Schleiermacher has by no means given the right account of it; and we have to thank him for his criticism of the fundamental position of the Schleiermacher philosophy and theology.

We have already noticed the distinction between speculative and regulative truth; it is drawn by Mr. Mansel at the close of the fourth and in the fifth Lecture. Our doctrine on this subject is, that man does know truth positively, but that he knows truth only "in part," and ever errs when he supposes that his knowledge is absolute. And hence we can agree with nearly all that he says so ingeniously as to the analogy between man's constitution and the mode in which instruction is given in the Bible, so adapted to man's finite comprehension. The two are in unison, in that both imply that man's capacity of knowledge is limited. The inspired writers "prophecy in part" to beings who can "know but in part."

In the sixth Lecture we have admirable parallels between our ignorance as to religious truths and our ignorance in regard to philosophic truth. "Reason gains nothing by repudiating revelation; for the mystery of revelation is the mystery of reason," (p. 178.) We thank him for the rebuke administered to those who look on the mode of procedure by natural law as involved in our idea of God.

In the seventh Lecture he speaks of human morality as being relative, not absolute. At the same time he insists (p. 200) that there is an "absolute morality," that there is "a higher and unchangeable principle" embodied in these human and relative forms. We ask him how he knows this, or how he can prove this? For if the mind's "forms" may modify morality in one thing, why not in others?—why not in all, till we are landed in moral nescience? We save our-

selves from these consequences by declaring, that man's convictions of morality are at once positive and limited—positive as distinguished from relative, and limited as distinguished from absolute. Man's moral cognition being thus limited, we agree with all that Mr. Mansel says about our not being in a position to judge of God's judgments which are unsearchable, and his ways which are past finding out.

In the eighth and last Lecture he gives a summary of the Christian Evidences, internal and external. We are inclined to give a larger place to the internal evidences than he is able to do, in consequence of his imposing such terribly stringent limits to the objective value of our intuitive convictions. We, too, have a limit which we impose; it is, that the internal principle appealed to, be shown to be in the constitution of the mind, and be rigidly inducted. We most heartily concur in all that he says, so admirably and so devoutly, in closing, as to the difficulties of revealed religion arising from the limited nature of our faculties, and as forming part of our training and discipline in this present life.

There are perplexities in philosophy as well as in theology, which the human intellect can not make straight any more than it can square the circle. We who dwell in a world "where day and night alternate," we who go every where accompanied with our own shadow, can not expect to be absolutely delivered from the darkness. Man is so constituted that he can admire, and love, and even trust, in that which is so far mysterious. The mind is not averse to go out at times into the dim, the ancient, the mingling of light and shadow. It avoids instinctively the open, uninteresting plain, where all is seen and discovered by one glance of the eye, and finds more pleasure in losing itself amid a variety of hill, and dale, and forest, where we catch occasional glimpses of distant objects, or see them in dim perspective. The soul of man never has been satisfied with a cold and rationalistic creed, but has rather delighted to luxuriate amid the doctrines of the Word, which win and allure us by the exhibition of the light and love of God, and yet awe us by the shadow of infinity which falls upon us.

Human logic has endeavored at times to construct a religion, but has failed in all its attempts, as this age is prepared to

acknowledge. But Intuitionism is just as incapable of forming a religion as the logical understanding. All attempts hitherto made are confessed failures. There was at one time an expectation that something better than the old faith of the Bible might come out of the philosophies of Schleiermacher, or Schelling, or Hegel; but we rather think that the last hope of any such issue has vanished.

It was also long thought by some, that certain men of genius, who had borrowed from the German metaphysicians, such as Goethe, Coleridge, and Thomas Carlyle, must have something to unfold new and important, and fitted to satisfy the deeper wants of the soul, but in this way they have been disappointed. Such men as Francis Newman, Theodore Parker, and Emerson, have followed so erratic and meteor-like a career that few would desire to follow them, and have arrived at results which the heart feels to be unsatisfactory, and this all the more, inasmuch as the scanty creed which they retain is liable to be assailed on the same grounds as the tenets which they have abandoned. Intuitionism has thus had its trial in the age now passing away, as Rationalism had in previous ages; and both have been found utterly insufficient.

In Oxford, since Pusey, Manning, Keble, Wilberforce, and Newman (men of strong but diseased minds) originated the medieval High Church movement, the wheel of opinion has taken one full half-turn. It has unfortunately not brought those who are mounted on it any nearer to a thorough submission to Scripture. As in Roman Catholic countries the rampant superstition leads to skepticism, which again, when its hideousness is discovered, tempts men to flee back to superstition, so in Oxford the High Churchism of last age, brought in to repel at one and the same time Rationalism and Dissenterism, has ended in this age in Intuitionism. We rather think that there will now be found in Oxford few young men of ability, under thirty years of age, professing Puseyism, while not a few of the more impulsive are high Intuitionists. But, as the opposite sides of the wheel have a point of union in the centre, so the opposite parties have a bond of connection, in an unwillingness to allow the common doctrines of Natural Theology and to submit to a literal interpretation of the Word; and so they agree with each other,

after all, in not a few things; as in going elsewhere than Scripture for their religion—in the last age to the Church, in this age to a showy intuition; we may add, in their attachment to stained glass, fine music, and imposing forms, and in their antipathy to the evangelical party in the Church and beyond the Church. In these circumstances, we are gratified beyond measure to find one of Oxford's most learned sons declaring—

“No man has a right to say, ‘I will accept

Christ as I like, and reject Him as I like: I will follow the holy example; I will turn away from the atoning sacrifice: I will listen to his teaching; I will have nothing to do with his mediation: I will believe him when he tells me that he came from the Father, because I feel that his doctrine has a divine beauty and fitness; but I will not believe him when he tells me that he is one with the Father, because I can not conceive how this unity is possible.’ This is not philosophy which thus mutilates man; this is not Christianity which thus divides Christ.”

From the Edinburgh Review.

AUSTRIA, FRANCE, AND ITALY.*

THE incidents which have agitated Europe and alarmed diplomacy from the 1st of January to the 1st of April, are of so momentous a character, that although it is not within our province to trace from day to day the course of events, we seize the first opportunity to examine with some detail the causes of a state of things which was till lately unforeseen, and the consequences which still threaten to affect the relations of several of the great Powers of Europe.

As if by some prearranged signal, the festivities of the Tuileries, on a day usually devoted to peace and good-fellowship, were disturbed by a remark which, in the conventional language of courts, indicated something more than coldness between France and Austria. With elec-

tric rapidity the commotion spread. A more warlike speech at Turin responded to the Imperial declaration at Paris. A strange marriage, secretly negotiated and abruptly solemnized, seemed designed to cement the policy of the House of Savoy with the fortunes of the Bonapartes. Italy was flushed from one end of the peninsula to the other by the promises of her champions, and the impetuosity of a southern population is only restrained by the belief that the cause of national independence has at last found an Italian prince to lead it, and a powerful ally to defend it. France became alarmed at the prospect of hostilities which certainly had not been provoked by any affront to her own honor or interests; Germany united and indignant; England strenuously opposed to any infraction of the peace of Europe; Austria was compelled to take the most active measures for the defense of her own territories and rights; Russia watched from afar, not without latent satisfaction, the occurrence of dissensions which left her free to pursue whichever course of policy she might prefer. Such was the state of Europe within a very few weeks of the commencement of this year, when

* *L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie.* Paris: February, 1859.

La question Italienne, Etudes du Comte Charles Catinelli, ancien Chef d'Etat Major de l'Armée Anglo-Sicilienne, sous Lord William Bentinck. 8vo. Bruxelles et Leipzig: March, 1859.

Italy; Remarks made in several Visits from the year 1816 to 1854. By the Right Honorable Lord Broughton, G.C.B. 2 vols. London: 1859.

the pamphlet appeared, which we have placed at the head of this article, professedly and avowedly emanating from the head of the French Government, or from a writer in his immediate confidence, for the express purpose of making known to France and to the world the view entertained in the closet of the Tuileries on what is termed the Italian Question.

But whilst the arguments of this writer, and a variety of other incidents betokening active military preparations in Piedmont and France, could not fail to excite the liveliest apprehensions of war, the language of the pamphlet was so far guarded that it pointed to a settlement of the state of affairs in Italy by diplomatic means, rather than to an actual and immediate rupture. Availing himself of this reservation in favor of peace, Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador in Paris, having obtained permission from the English Cabinet to proceed to Vienna, urged upon the Emperor of Austria and his Ministers the expediency of entering into negotiations on this subject, which was backed by the Russian proposal of a Congress. The Court of Vienna had prepared to meet the peril with alacrity, but it also met the provocation, which had not been spared it, with imperturbable coolness and temper. Well armed at every point to repel a hostile attack—well supported in all her essential rights by treaties which have been established for upwards of a century in the public law of Europe—Austria could without the smallest sacrifice of dignity concur with the other Powers in considering what arrangements, if any, may be devised to obviate the danger of a revolutionary war and foreign interventions in Italy. The Emperor of the French, on the other hand, though foiled in the warlike objects which he appeared at one time to contemplate, and compelled by the determined attitude of Europe and the unanimous repugnance of France to modify the support which had been held out to the ambitious policy of M. de Cavour, may lay claim to the credit of having brought before a European Congress questions which deeply affect the welfare of that country. Something is gained if the suggestions of the writer of this pamphlet, or any other suggestions of a more practical character, can be discussed amicably instead of being carried violently: and his result, if it be attained, is mainly due to the judicious

and persevering intervention of Lord Cowley. But though the question may thus have entered on a second and more tranquil phase, we can not jump at the conclusion that its difficulties are removed: Austria is not become less tenacious of her rights—or France less eager for foreign influence and renown—or Italy less dissatisfied by her condition, which indeed has been sorely aggravated by the false and mischievous agitation of her pretended friends. The aspirations of Italian nationality, the abrogation of territorial treaties, the civil reorganization of the Papal Government, are not subjects which a Congress of independent and jealous States can easily agree upon; nor are such controversies easily settled with a threat of invasion behind them.

As to the value of these objects in themselves, there is, we apprehend, but little difference of opinion in this country. We are not insensible to the glory and the grief of Italy, and we should rejoice to witness that resurrection of her national greatness which her poets and historians have been proclaiming to mankind for five hundred years. The beauty of her natural gifts and the genius of her people have, throughout that period, protested against her political condition; and even the prolonged peace, which has brought to other European nations the blessings of increasing civilization, has only awakened the Italians to an increased sense of their divisions and their wrongs. But if these evils are in part attributable to the ambition and territorial pretensions of foreign Powers, it must in justice be remembered that they are also the result of the passions and divisions of the Italian people. "We ourselves," said Count Balbo in his *Hopes of Italy*, "have called in the Greeks against the Goths, the Lombards against the Greeks, the French against the Lombards, the Germans against the French—Angevins against Suabians, Aragonese against Angevins, French against Aragonese, Austrians against French, French against Austrians repeatedly, with no other result than that change of servitude which is the worst of servitudes. France has always been called in against Germany, and Germany against France—one being equal to the other as to the danger of having to bear their yoke, save that the yoke of Germany has always lasted longer than that of France."

The bad governments Italy has for ages endured are commonly imputed to foreign rulers or foreign influence predominating in various parts of the peninsula. But are these bad governments the consequence of foreign dominion, or is foreign intervention the consequence of bad government? To a certain extent, a country in this unhappy condition treads in a vicious circle, and foreign dominion perpetuates the internal vices of government which introduced it; but the origin of foreign interference lies in the absence or decline of that union and strength which are the basis of national independence. At the present time, as in past ages, the most odious and tyrannical governments of Italy are not foreign but Italian governments—the Papacy, which exercises so considerable an influence over Italy and the world, is essentially Italian—the execrable cruelties which lately cast upon the shores of Ireland Poerio and his unfortunate comrades in the dungeons of Naples, were the deeds of Italians on their fellow-countrymen—and no government which has ever existed, south of the Alps, has found any want of Italians to be the instruments of misgovernment and oppression. Hatred of the foreigner is an excellent rallying cry, for it expresses a universal sentiment. But if the foreigner were expelled, every other question which can embarrass governments and divide nations would still remain; and we see no reason to believe that these questions would be settled without long and furious contests, leading to the reintroduction of that foreign domination which was, in the first instance, expelled. Indeed the question, as it is now presented to the world, is whether Italy is to be permitted to advance in the course of self-improvement under the ægis of constitutional monarchy, as it is established in one portion of the peninsula, or whether the effort for her emancipation is once more to be based on a foreign intervention, which all her wisest and noblest patriots have condemned.

The tenth section of the pamphlet before us distinctly asserts that Italian nationality can never be worked out but by the latter course. Here, then, we at once join issue with those who confound the liberal policy of England and English statesmen towards Italy, with that policy which bears the stamp of the French Empire. It may suit the purpose of the ruler

of that empire to encourage the belief, that as we entertain a common desire for the improvement of the condition of the Italian States, so we are disposed to pursue that object by similar means. But the fact is altogether otherwise. The views entertained by the liberal statesmen of England and by the Emperor of the French, for what is termed the liberation of Italy, are not only different but opposite—not only dissimilar, but incompatible. England holds that to restore the States of Italy to their true position in the world, they must look first of all to themselves, to the gradual development of their own institutions, to peace and legality, without which there can be no freedom, and to the education of a generation of citizens better qualified than their forefathers have been to work out the laborious task of political union and national progress. Nor are these the opinions of dispassionate foreigners only. They are shared and corroborated by the highest Italian authority. Thus in the Marquis d'Azeglio's *Programma per l'opinione nazionale* we find these words:

“The opportunity of reconquering our independence is perhaps remote. We await in calm activity, not applying ourselves to disturb, inconsiderately, the repose of others, but to reform our institutions in that shred of Italy which is left to us, and to render ourselves more capable of profiting by such opportunities as Providence may vouchsafe to us.”

Again, in the debate on the last Sardinian loan, Count Solar della Margherita said, with true sense and patriotism:

“To speak candidly, gentlemen, if, since 1849, we had quietly attended to the development of our institutions; if we had made it our chief care to promote science, art, and commerce within our own limits; if we had not extraordinarily increased the taxes; if we had not held out allurements to the factions in all parts of Italy, and evoked hopes which for eight centuries have been nourished in vain; if we have thought more of improving our own lot than of censuring and causing anxiety to other governments, we should not have the name of agitators, nor should we see the plains of Lombardy inundated with Austrian bands; rumors of war would not arise on the shores of the Ticino.”

We are satisfied that these opinions are entertained by the great majority of

the Piedmontese themselves, who are threatened with bloodshed, bankruptcy, and perhaps destruction chiefly to gratify the passions of refugees from other parts of Italy and the military ambition of the Court of Turin. Savoy especially protests loudly against a policy which first imposes on her the burdens of an Italian war, and would then probably surrender her to France as the price of Italian conquest.

As long as the Piedmontese Government has the strength and resolution to confine itself within its rightful limits, and to maintain the principles of constitutional liberty within the King's dominions, a great and good example is shown to the world, and the sympathy and support of England are most cordially given to it. But, unhappily, the influence of the war party is exerted to produce results absolutely fatal to the cause of rational progress in Northern Italy. While we talk of freedom, they talk of territorial aggrandizement — while we advocate economy and free trade, they encourage the costly armaments of offensive war—while we maintain the rights of Piedmont to independence and self-government, they inflame the passions and the hopes of an excitable people with the cry of "Death to the Austrians," and a march on Milan. Above all, while we implore the men of Italy to keep for themselves at least that portion of their country which enjoys the blessings they are so justly proud of, they are told from Paris that their cause is hopeless without another foreign intervention.

"The *Italian Idea* has been since 1847, the motive and the cause of every act of the policy of Piedmont—the passion of King Victor Emmanuel, and the standard of the cabinet of Count Cavour. This idea has already produced all that it could produce, under the circumstances—military achievements, preparations for war, systems of defense, political manifestations against Austria; it can go no further in this direction without meeting war. Yet, Piedmont can not, without great danger, remain where she now is. She can not have put herself at the head of an Italian movement and then recede. Piedmont *must* find means to satisfy the hopes she has created, or forfeit all influence in Italy, and find herself overpowered by the passions which her own popularity still retains."—*Napoleon III. et l'Italie*, p. 80.

It may suit the purposes of a power not indisposed to engage in aggressive war,

to make what is termed the principle of "nationalities" one of the pretexts of a policy which has no better justification. The same principle has often been loudly invoked by the revolutionary party when it sought to overthrow the existing settlement of Europe. So, too, it is obvious that a Power bent on overleaping those barriers, and destroying those engagements which have maintained the peace of continental Europe for nearly half a century, speaks lightly of the force of the compact. The treaties which bind governments, and are the international laws of nations, are described by the author of the pamphlet before us as causes of danger rather than of security to the peace of Europe; and a state relying on these written engagements alone may find itself opposed, we are told, "by moral right and universal conscience." (P. 62.) Before we enter upon a more minute examination of the bearing of these propositions on Italy, we pause for a moment to consider them in their application to the policy of our own country.

If we at all understand the theory of nationality, which is of modern growth and uncertain application, it means that each political unity constituting a state is to be commensurate with one of those branches of the human family which have the same language, race, and national character, and that the rule of any one of these branches over fractions of another branch is to be regarded as an intolerable oppression. To this it may be replied, that in fact no state ever realized this condition. Even France, which approaches the nearest to absolute identity of national character, has her Alsatians, her Flemings, her Bretons, her Basques, her Provençals, her Corsica and Algeria. Germany with a considerable amount of family likeness in her population, has never constituted a true political unity, and includes several Slavonian provinces. Italy, with all her cry for unity, is subdivided by endless local distinctions; even the present dominions of the King of Sardinia consist of five portions intensely jealous of each other, namely, Savoy, Piedmont, the Lomellina acquired from Lombardy in 1734, Genoa, and Sardinia. The national union of Italy would require that Austria should give up Lombardy, Venice, and the South Tyrol; Switzerland, the Canton of Ticino; France, Corsica; and England, Malta. It is clear, that the

application of this principle would lead to the entire dissolution of the multifarious states which are properly called empires, and in particular of those of Russia, Austria, and Great Britain. Indeed, the Abbé Gioberti, one of the lights of modern Italy, argues that these composite states are monstrous anomalies, which must be of short duration; but his theory is contradicted by the entire history of mankind, and by facts of irresistible authority.

Of all the sovereigns now filling a throne, Queen Victoria is undoubtedly the ruler of the largest number of subject races, alien populations, and discordant tongues. In the vast circumference of her dominions, every form of religion is professed, every code of law is administered, and her empire is tessellated with every variety of the human species. Every where, no doubt, that ineradicable feeling prevails, which makes a man believe his own religion to be the true one, his own form the type of beauty, his own race and country the best in the world. But above and around them all stands that majestic edifice, raised by the valor and authority of England, which connects these scattered dependencies with one great Whole infinitely more powerful, more civilized, and more free than any separate fragment could be; and it is to the subordination of national or provincial independence that the true citizenship of these realms owes its existence. In the name of that right, we have crushed the Indian mutiny, and we refuse to entertain the prayer of the Ionian people, though they indeed do not even owe allegiance to the British Crown. In the name of that right, we have formed the people of these islands into a United Kingdom, though that union has cost us a secular contest with the disaffection of Ireland, and has not always been accepted on this side our northern border. But it is the glory of England to have constituted such an empire, and to govern it, in the main, on just and tolerant principles, as long as her imperial rights are not assailed. When they are assailed, the people of England have never shown much forbearance in the defense of them. Such being the fact, it is utterly repugnant to the first principles of our own policy, and to every page in our history, to lend encouragement to that separation of nationalities from other empires which we fiercely resist when it threatens to dismember our own. On the contrary, it

is our part to teach a different lesson—to remind the world that this heterogeneous empire is not so much held together by the force of England, as by the respect she has ever professed for national usages, the desire she feels to carry self-government to the furthest practicable limits, and to attach her possessions to the Crown, not by the severity, but by the lightness, of her control. If Austria had governed her provinces, from 1815 to 1848, on more liberal principles, it is possible that she might have accomplished similar results, and at times even her Italian subjects might perhaps have been conciliated. Since 1848, the case is different. The contests of that period have left implacable resentments. The policy of the new government has been centralising, and the well-meant endeavors of the Archduke Maximilian to conciliate the Lombards met with no success at Milan, and no countenance at Vienna. Whilst, therefore, we can not, as Englishmen, agree that a mere outcry for “nationality” is to be set against the law of treaties, or regarded as an expression of “moral right and universal conscience,” the violent and frequent recurrence of that cry indicates a failure of policy or a vice of system on the part of the dominant Power, which brute force can not cure, and which it becomes a wise and provident government to remove.

Similar reasons, in addition to those considerations of honor, truth, and fidelity, which are the sanction of all public obligations, bind us imperatively to the maintenance of treaties even when they are at variance with the liberal sentiments and free institutions of this country. To take a recent and memorable example; the war in which the arms and the diplomacy of France and England were lately engaged, was undertaken for no other object. The existence of the Turkish Empire in Europe and the government of its Christian populations by the sword of Islam, is a fact infinitely more injurious to the great interests of civilization and the rights of humanity than the possession of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by the House of Austria. But when Russia appeared as the armed champion of what she termed the rights *ab antiquo* of the Christians in Turkey, and when she threatened to overthrow the tottering dominion of the Porte, England and France did not hesitate to spend their best blood,

not certainly in support of Turkish despotism, but in defense of those treaties which Turkey had a right to invoke, and in opposition to the hostile intervention of a foreign power; and Sardinia herself joined her arms to theirs. The spirit of the Austrian government in the Italian provinces we heartily deplore. All things considered, it would have been better for Austria herself if England and the other Powers had not insisted in 1815 on her resuming the government of Lombardy, or if the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom had been erected into a distinct state; but that consideration is utterly insufficient to justify a deliberate breach of the public law of Europe.

The existence of territorial rights secured by treaties is sometimes attacked by unreflecting or dishonest politicians, as if the only object of such treaties was to place reluctant populations under the yoke of an oppressor, and to secure the possessions of mighty empires. Nothing can be more shallow and short-sighted than such an argument. Treaties serve, no doubt, to define the territorial rights of the strong, but they serve much more to protect the rights of the weak. Great powers might be able to hold their own by their military strength; but small states owe their very existence to the treaties they affect to denounce. In reality, treaties serve to restrain the former and to preserve the latter. France, Russia, and Austria are held within their boundaries by the compact of 1815, and by other engagements concluded under that compact. If that were removed, what would become of the independence of Belgium, the neutrality of Switzerland, the constitutional rights of Piedmont? The argument we urged, and urged we think with unanswerable force, against the incorporation of Cracow with the Austrian Empire, was, that in that case this principle was violated, and, like all other violations of right, it will one day tell with fatal effect on the authors of it. But there is no other instance in which the treaties of 1815 have been modified without the consent of all the parties to them. No doubt the principles which prevail in the Sardinian dominions are hateful to Austria; and every form of provocation has been used by the Italian party to induce her to strike the first blow. What restrains her? The law of treaties—the very treaties which appear so onerous to Victor Emma-

nuel and M. de Cavour because they unite Lombardy to Austria, are the same “title-deeds of Europe,” to which the court of Turin owes the possession of several provinces, and above all that sovereign independence within certain limits which no Power can assail with impunity. But the mere fact of the existence of the free constitutional monarchy of Piedmont, which has successfully planted the national flag of Italy on its own soil, gives a peremptory contradiction to the assertion that treaties are upheld in the interest of Austria alone; for in spite of the bitter hostility of that monarchy against Austria, and of two Piedmontese invasions of Lombardy, the Cabinet of Vienna has never attempted any coercive interference with her neighbor. Nor is it a small thing that under the protection of these very treaties the Piedmontese Government stands perfectly secure, its independent rights absolutely protected by the law of Europe. M. de Cavour has utterly failed, in our judgment, to show by his Memorandum of the first March any case whatever in which Austria has encroached upon any of the rights of Piedmont; and he would do well to remember that the other States of Italy are entitled to the same independence in their policy and their alliances, which he justly claims for the Crown of Sardinia. All governments are interested in protesting against such doctrines as he has put forward, by misstating facts, by mis-quoting history, to impugn existing territorial arrangements, and lead us step by step to the new “imperial map of Europe in 1860.”

Let us now briefly describe the engagements which define the territories of Austria and Sardinia in Italy, and those which exist between Austria and the other Italian States. By a secret article of the Treaty of Tœplitz, of the ninth September, 1813, in which Austria joined the Great Alliance with Great Britain and her allies, it was stipulated that the Austrian monarchy should be reconstructed on its former footing; and accordingly the ninety-third, ninety-fourth, and ninety-fifth articles of the Final Act of Vienna expressly recognize the restoration of Austria in all the territories north of the Po, which are minutely particularized and described in the ninety-third article. The one hundred and third article restored the Roman Legations to the Pope, reserving a right of garrison to Austria in

the fortresses of Ferrara and Comacchio. A treaty of the tenth June, 1817, between Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia, and Spain, expressly declared, by its fifth article, that "although the frontier of the Austrian States in Italy be fixed by the course of the river Po, it is, nevertheless, unanimously agreed that, as the fortress of Piacentia is an object of essential interest to the defensive system of Italy," Austria should continue to enjoy the right of garrison in that city until the reversions consequent on the extinction of the male Spanish line of the Bourbons should take place. On that event the Duchy of Parma falls to Austria, and that of Piacenza to Sardinia, in conformity with the arrangement concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748. By another convention between Austria and Sardinia of May twentieth, 1815, it was agreed that in the event of the reversion taking place, the town of Piacenza, with a radius of 2000 toises, falls to Austria in full sovereignty, and Sardinia is to obtain an equivalent elsewhere. Sardinia complains that, in opposition to the spirit of these engagements, Austria has already converted Piacenza into a place of war of the first class. These are the limits of the Austrian power in Italy as far as it rests upon the treaties common to all Europe.

The cession of Genoa to Sardinia and the delimitation of the Sardinian dominions in Italy is to be found in articles eighty-five to ninety of the same treaty, with the express addition that the convention of the fourth October, 1751, between the Court of Turin and the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa shall in all respects be observed. Tuscany was transferred to the branch of the imperial family which represented the House of Lorraine in the person of the second son of Maria Theresa, in consideration of the annexation of Lorraine to France by the peace of 1736, which was acceded to by Spain, Sardinia, and the Germanic body, and solemnly guaranteed by France. Modena, Reggio, and Mirandola were restored to the branch of the imperial family which represents the House of Este, those Duchies having been originally conferred on the third son of Maria Theresa, who married the grand-daughter of the Duke of Modena, by the treaty of 1753, concluded at Vienna under the mediation of King George II. These facts prove that the position of Austria herself

in Italy, and that of the *agnates* of the Austrian family in their respective dominions, is not the result of encroachment or conquest, or even of the treaties of 1815, but that it rests on inheritances, exchanges, and contracts, belonging, for upwards of a century, to the public law of Europe, and if these possessions are to be withdrawn from her, the rights and territories for which they were exchanged should be restored.

We pause for a moment to show the feeling and opinion which prevailed on these questions at the time these arrangements were made. When Lord William Bentinck landed at Leghorn in March, 1814, at the head of the Anglo-Sicilian army of about 15,000 men, he was animated by those sentiments towards the Italians which his own generous and liberal character readily conceived; and it was hoped that the arrival of a division in which so many Italians were engaged would incite the nation to join the general combination of Europe. "Italians!" said the British General in his proclamation from Leghorn of the fourteenth March, 1814, "hesitate no longer—be Italians, and let Italy in arms be convinced that the great cause of the country is in her hands! Warriors of Italy! you are not invited to join us, but you are invited to vindicate your own rights and to be free." This proclamation, though supported by an Anglo-Italian army, met with no response. The anxiety of the Italians, at that time, seems solely to have been directed to the recovery of their *local* independence. Colonel Catinelli, who was serving on the Staff of Lord William's army, relates that, having been employed in a British uniform to ascertain the disposition of the people in various places, he found that at Naples they wished for the Bourbons; at Rome and in the Legations, for the Pope; at Florence for the Grand Duke Ferdinand; at Modena, for the House of Este; and at Verona, for the Emperor Francis. At Milan, after the disturbances of the twenty-first April, Baron Trecchi, who went from Gonfalonieri on a mission to Lord William Bentinck, complained that the Lombards were "stupidly and blindly Austrian." Certain it is, that in all the arrangements sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna with regard to Italy, only one was imposed by force, or was at that time repugnant to the people—and that one

was the annexation of Genoa to Piedmont, which the citizens of that proud republic bitterly resented, and which to this hour they have not forgiven.

Throughout the debates in the British Parliament which took place on the return of Lord Castlereagh from Vienna, in March, 1815, not a single word of doubt or censure was pronounced by the liberal opposition on the restoration of the former governments of Central and Northern Italy. The retention of Venice by Austria was objected to, because Austria had obtained that territory from France, and on questionable grounds. But the whole force of the opposition, led by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons, and by Lord Buckingham, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Grey in the House of Lords, was directed against the "enormity" of the cession of Genoa to the King of Sardinia, in direct opposition to the will of his people and the promises of Lord William Bentinck. "The Genoese," Lord William had said in his dispatch of the twenty-seventh April, 1814, "universally desire the restoration of their ancient republic. They dread above all other arrangements their annexation to Piedmont, to the inhabitants of which there always has existed a particular aversion." On what grounds of policy was this measure justified? As early as 1805, Mr. Pitt had stated, in a paper addressed to Count Woronzow, his opinion that it was desirable that Genoa should be annexed to Piedmont, as constituting by their union the best bulwark that could be established for the defense of the Italian frontier against France; and Lord Liverpool added in debate, that, "as in consequence of the weakness of the King of Sardinia Bonaparte had been able to overrun and conquer Italy, the object was to place a barrier between France and Italy that would prevent such a consequence in future." The statesmen of that day did not foresee that a time might come when Sardinia would lend herself to France for the very purpose she was then engaged, by the acquisition of Genoa, to prevent.

It is important not to confound the strict rights established by the Congress of Vienna, which are necessarily recognized by all the parties to the general treaties of Europe, with the measures of policy which have at different times been taken by some of the Powers under subsidiary conventions. The treaty between

Austria and Naples of the twenty-ninth April, 1815, by which Naples bound herself to do nothing contrary to the system of the Austrian Government in its own Italian provinces, is one of these arrangements. The very terms of it are as absurd as they are unjust; for strictly applied they would extinguish the independence of the crown of Naples: but it can scarcely be said now to have any force or effect, and it ought unquestionably to be annulled. We pass over the interventions of the Holy Alliance and the Congress of Laybach in Piedmont and Naples, which certainly could not now be repeated, and which were condemned nearly forty years ago by public opinion throughout Europe. The treaties with the States of Central Italy rest on totally different grounds. In the event of the extinction of the secondary and tertiary lines of the House of Hapsburg Lorraine, the reversion in the Duchies is secured by repeated treaties to Austria, who has therefore a direct interest in the maintenance of these arrangements; for if the reigning branches in these states were annihilated, the territories they govern would lapse, *de jure*, to the Austrian Empire; and on this ground Austria claims the right of defending the heirs in possession. The treaty of the twelfth June, 1815, between Austria and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, is called a treaty of friendship, union, and defensive alliance, the prominent object of which is to provide as well for the internal tranquillity as for the external security of Italy. It establishes a reciprocal guarantee of the territorial possessions of both States, (precisely similar to our own treaties with Portugal;) insomuch that any attack on the Italian possessions of one of them is equally to be repelled by the other; the forces supplied by Austria being fixed at 80,000, and those of Tuscany at 6000 men. They are also to communicate to each other all that regards the tranquillity of Italy. A further convention was concluded between Austria and Tuscany on the twenty-second April, 1850, by virtue of which the temporary occupation of that state took place after the late revolution, and lasted till 1854. The Grand Duke was in fact recalled by the free will of his subjects, and they accuse him of a breach of faith in calling in the Austrians after the government had been restored by the Tuscans themselves.

In December, 1847, on the eve of that convulsion which spread in the following spring to almost every state in Europe, the Duke of Modena concluded a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Austria, "to cement the ties of friendship and kinsmanship between the sovereigns, and to devote their common efforts to the maintenance of internal and external peace and legal order in their dominions." Under this treaty, the contracting Powers agreed jointly to repel attacks from without. Austria obtained (by the second article) "the right of advancing the imperial troops into the Modenese territory, and of occupying the fortresses there whenever the interest of common defense or military caution require it." And in exchange for this power, Austria undertook to afford to the Duke of Modena the necessary support against any popular commotion in his dominions, which his own force should be unable to put down. The Duke of Modena further engaged not to conclude any military convention with any foreign Power without the previous consent of the Court of Vienna. Soon after the conclusion of his treaty, 2000 Austrians entered the Modenese territory. An identical treaty was shortly afterwards concluded between Austria and the Infant, Duke of Parma, then reigning.

These treaties constitute the principal danger at this moment to the peace of Europe, which they profess to protect, for they undoubtedly amount to a considerable extension of the military power and political influence of Austria beyond her own frontier, the line of the Po; and it may fairly be argued that they exceed the limitation imposed by the general treaty of tenth June, 1817, above referred to. They were concluded at a crisis when the tranquillity of the Peninsula was threatened by great and serious dangers, and at the urgent solicitations of the governments of these states. At the present time, indeed, Austria is not in the occupation of any one of these states beyond the Po, except Bologna and the citadel of Ancona, and from them she is ready to withdraw at the request of the Pope, and on the cessation of the French occupation of Rome. But Austria has placed herself by these engagements in the dangerous position of a great Power liable to be called upon by these lesser states to take military measures which would probably afford grounds for actual

hostilities on the part of Sardinia and France. The mere existence of such treaties can not be regarded as a *casus belli*, any more than the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, which placed the Porte under the exclusive protection of the Emperor of Russia, to the great dissatisfaction of the rest of Europe, could be regarded as a ground of war, unless it had been put in force. In the present temper of Italy, there can be no doubt that, if Austria did resolve to put these treaties in force, and to occupy the territories to which they give her access, such an advance would be denounced as an "invasion," which is the term Signor Farini has already applied to her previous occupations. To Austria, therefore, these treaties constitute an onerous and dangerous obligation, from which it is scarcely possible that she should derive any corresponding advantage. It would, therefore, have been in the highest degree conducive to her own security and welfare, if Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna, or any other consideration, had prevailed upon her to readjust these relations with the minor Italian States. Lord Palmerston elicited from Prince Metternich, in 1847, a most emphatic declaration of the respect of Austria "for the independence and territorial integrity of the states which compose Italy under the guarantee of the treaties of 1814 and 1815;" to which was added the assurance that "Austria recognized in every government the right to carry out the reforms and the ameliorations which it may judge calculated to advance the well-being of its subjects." (*Italian Papers*, vol. ii. p. 157.) This principle, and the rule of strict non-intervention in territories beyond her own frontiers, it is the obvious duty and interest of Austria to maintain, if she would avert the calamity of a counter-interference on the part of France.

With regard to the offensive and defensive treaties between Austria and the Duchies of Modena and Parma, Lord Palmerston recorded his opinion in a dispatch, dated December 27th, 1848, the very time when he is represented by the pamphleteer as most actively engaged in combating the rights of Austria in Italy. His words are remarkable:

"However much those treaties may in principle be objected to by other states, and especially by neighboring Italian states, as introducing the armed interference of a foreign Power into the internal affairs of the two duchies, yet those

treaties do seem to give the Austrian Government a right to send troops into those duchies if invited by their respective sovereigns; and, in fact, the main objection against those treaties lies in the circumstance that they do confer that right on the Austrian Government." (*Italian Papers*, part iii. p. 682.)

Even M. Emile de Girardin remarks in his pamphlet, bearing the ominous title of *La Guerre*, that in common justice to Austria she has at least the same right to conclude treaties of this nature with the sovereigns of neighboring states who are her kinsmen and allies, as France has to conclude treaties with Piedmont. To dispute the treaty-making power of sovereign states would be in fact to introduce endless causes of hostility, and to limit our own means of action; for if we succeed in persuading these very states to change their policy and adhere to a different system of alliances — a thing which has happened before, and may again — it is by treaties alone that such engagements could be maintained. We are far, therefore, from disputing the abstract right of Austria to conclude and maintain these treaties; but we hold them to be in the highest degree impolitic, and they aggravate her own difficulties by connecting her more closely with the Italian sovereigns, and rendering her more obnoxious to the hostility of the Italian people. There is moreover, a wide distinction between general treaties, negotiated at a European Congress, assented to by all states, forming the basis of European law, and conventions such as these, which are in fact separate agreements tending to modify the territorial limits of powerful empires. The former class consists of public engagements of paramount authority; the latter are subsidiary arrangements, which ought to yield whenever they trench on the rights of other states or the general interests of the world.

Having thus established what we conceive to be the fundamental principles that govern the policy of all the parties to the general settlement of 1815, in reference to these questions, we shall now proceed to notice in succession the heads of the pamphlet published in February last by the French Government. That pamphlet is not an ephemeral production. It bears the marks of long and careful deliberation, and if any doubt were entertained as to the authorship of it, we could

without difficulty point out passages of a striking similarity in the *Idées Napoléoniennes*, published by the present Emperor of the French in 1839, during his exile in this country. They are in fact the opinions he has entertained, with that fixity which is characteristic of his mind, for a long series of years. They were probably conceived at the time of his early connection with the Italian patriots in the movement of 1831; they were cautiously avowed in London; they were silently elaborated in the forced seclusion of Ham; they were indicated at the Congress of Paris at the close of the late war; and the publication of them to the world demonstrates, that in the opinion of their author, the time for their application had arrived. Circumstances have subsequently occurred which have rendered their application far more difficult than was imagined, but we are not yet satisfied that the same ends will not be pursued by other means and in another form.

The character of the Emperor Napoleon III. combines several qualities which are not commonly united — a mind bold, chimerical, and speculative, dwelling long on its own creations, tenacious in the extreme degree of conceptions which have scarcely the semblance of probability, but cautious and often hesitating in action. The incidents of his life have been so strange, his success so complete where it was most improbable, his career so much more like a tale of Aladdin's lamp than the ordinary and rational course of human events, that to his mind the most fanciful objects acquire consistency and probability — the most positive sometimes appear unreal. But though his confidence in his fortunes is great, it is not unbounded; he consults the hour as well as the man, and his resolution fluctuates for a time, as if it hung on the quivering needle of a compass or the trickling sand of an hour-glass. This tentative process might be traced by those who watched his conduct on a much smaller theater in the preparation for the attempts on Strasbourg and Bologne. The same course was followed throughout the proceedings which began on the tenth December, 1848, and ended on the second December, 1852, by placing on his head the imperial crown. The same course may be traced in his foreign policy, and in the design for changing the territorial division of Europe.

No doubt the wise and politic consideration he has met with from successive governments in this country has materially affected his conduct to other states. The chief obstacle to the execution of rash and aggressive projects lay in the certainty that they would at once cost him the alliance of England.

Hence, the very first section of this pamphlet attempts to show that the policy it advocates towards Italy is an English policy—that England is bound by her antecedents to support it, and that the intentions of the English Cabinet in 1847 and 1848 are to be regarded as the sanction of the schemes of France in 1859. This artifice, for as such we must regard it, falls to pieces before the general considerations we have already presented on the Italian policy of Great Britain. The support we have endeavored to give to the liberal cause in Italy was given to constitutional monarchy, to national institutions, and to territorial rights. We withhold our sympathy from the revolutionary party, whether it be represented by Mazzini or by an Imperial prince, from foreign intervention and from military aggressions, from whatever side they proceed. Nothing can be more disingenuous than to apply the language used by a British Minister, under circumstances of a totally different character, eleven years ago, to events brought about by an opposite motive. The pamphlet (p. 8) quotes two extracts from a despatch said to have been addressed by Lord Palmerston to Lord Ponsonby on the twenty-ninth October, 1848, for the purpose of showing that the British Government were of opinion that Austria could not permanently retain her possessions in Northern Italy, and that the wisest course for her to pursue would be to emancipate Lombardy, an opinion which was entertained at that time by the Archduke John himself. On turning to this despatch, which bears the date of November 11th, 1848, and not of the twenty-ninth October, we find with some surprise that the extracts made from it by the author of the pamphlet are essentially inaccurate, and that the principal argument used by Lord Palmerston on that occasion *has been suppressed altogether*.

Lord Palmerston was of opinion that the moment was favorable to a due calculation by Austria of the chances of the future, and for making an arrangement to release Lombardy from Austrian rule, by

establishing a separate viceroyalty or otherwise. The authority of the Imperial arms had been triumphantly reestablished in Lombardy and at Vienna. The Emperor therefore was free to take any course which a prudent policy might prescribe. But another circumstance was pointed out by the English Minister, as of great importance in the then state of affairs. France was on the eve of that election which placed Louis Napoleon at the head of the Republic, and the opinion which Lord Palmerston expressed on that contingency was in the following terms:

“Important changes may take place in France. The election which is coming on next month may bring other men into power in that country: with other men another policy may come in. Traditional maxims of policy, connected with a busier action in regard to foreign countries, may be taken up as the guide of the government of France. Popular feeling in that country, which at present inclines to peace, might easily be turned in an opposite direction; and the glory, as it would be considered in France, of freeing the whole of Italy up to the Alps from the domination to Austria, might reconcile the French nation to many sacrifices and to great exertions. Occasions for calling upon France to interfere in favor of Italian independence would not long be wanting, and would be amply afforded by the Lombards as soon as it was known by them that the French government and people were disposed to answer to their call. It is hardly possible to doubt that an efficient and powerful French army, aided and supported by a general rising of the Italians, would be too strong for the force which Austria could spare for operations in Italy; and the probability is, that in such a case Austria would lose every thing in Italy, even up the Alps.”—*Italian Papers*, 1848, p. 567.

Considering the state of Hungary in the autumn of 1848, and the recent overthrow of all authority at Vienna, this apprehension was not unreasonable, and Lord Palmerston thought that it would be prudent to meet the danger by a concession. But what was the danger? *That of a French intervention*. The evident object and intention of the British minister was to prevent that calamity; and in the various transactions in which we have been engaged with France, we do not hesitate to avow—what indeed needs no avowal—that one of the chief objects of this country has been to deter France from attacking the public treaties of Europe, and that our alliance has flourished in proportion to the respect which

she, in common with ourselves, has shown for those treaties.

It is true that England sought to lessen the disastrous consequences of the battle of Novara, which was fought by Charles Albert, in defiance of our earnest remonstrances; it is true that England has ever since taken the warmest interest in the welfare of the constitutional government of Piedmont; it is true that we encouraged and assisted her to join us in the Crimean war, and that at Paris, when France and Austria would have excluded the representative of Sardinia from the general proceedings of the Congress, on the ground that he was only entitled to take a part when the interests of his own country were under discussion, it was entirely owing to the energetic remonstrance of the British Plenipotentiary that M. de Cavour was admitted to the Conference on equal terms with the Great Powers.* He subsequently requited that benefit by joining his voice to Russia and France on all the questions which arose upon the interpretation and execution of the treaty, in opposition to the just demands of England, Turkey, and Austria. The union of the policy of Russia and of France—a union pregnant with disastrous consequences to the best interests of Europe—became from that moment an object eagerly pursued by the Sardinian Minister, and from Russia especially he received encouragement and support. In fact, at that moment the policy of Sardinia was already directed, not to the pacification of the East, but to future contest in Italy. Thus a combination was speedily formed at Paris, between our allies and the enemy we had just vanquished. Before many months had elapsed the Russian fleet, which had been annihilated in the Black Sea, found a Mediterranean haven in the Sardinian port of Villa Franca, and the closest intimacy has sprung up between these governments which have no common tie but their extreme animosity to a fourth Power.

We may here remark that M. de Cavour has more than once claimed the me-

rit of having brought what is called the "Italian Question" before the Congress of Paris: on this ground he was hailed with enthusiasm on his return to Turin, and honors were conferred on him throughout Italy. But the protocols of the Congress prove that whatever was said on the subject of Italy was said by Count Walewski and Lord Clarendon at the sitting of the eighth April, 1856, and that it related exclusively to the occupation of the Papal States by foreign troops, and to the reactionary violence of the King of Naples. Count Cavour's own short observations were judiciously confined to the same subjects. It is true that on the sixteenth April the Sardinian Minister did address a note on the general state of Italy to the English and French Cabinets, which has since been laid before Parliament, but that note formed no part of the proceedings of the Congress, and was probably intended chiefly to gratify the national party at Turin. This transaction is related with great accuracy in the third of Count Catinelli's very able and instructive "*Etudes*," which we strongly recommend to those who are desirous to know what can be said on both sides of the question. The visit of the King of Sardinia to this country after the war led to explanations which can have left no doubt on the mind of His Majesty as to the views entertained by British statesmen on the subject of territorial changes in Italy.

We now proceed to consider, with more brevity, the second head of the Imperial pamphlet, which is directed to prove that Germany, properly so called, has no interest in Italy; that German nationality is interested in casting off altogether the fragment of Italian nationality that adheres to the skirts of the empire; that Prussia, "which tends to become the head of the Germanic Body, has an immense interest in keeping Austria within bounds; and that, becoming her ally, she would lend a hand to her own abasement, and thus disavow the work of Frederick the Great." The tendency of these suggestions is too obvious to require comment. They have certainly deceived no one on the right bank of the Rhine; and they derive their sole importance from the intention they disclose to dissever, if possible, the Germanic Body; to speculate on the jealousies and divisions of Prussia and Austria; to flatter the former Power,

* We are surprised that M. de Cavour should have urged this precedent in support to his claim to attend the Congress now about to assemble. Piedmont has no claim to enter a conference of the *Great Powers*, though she had a claim to enter a conference of *belligerents* in 1856. The true precedent to follow is that of Belgium at the Conference of London in 1831.

in order to isolate the latter ; and to purchase the connivance of Germany in the spoliation of the House of Hapsburg. Happily for Germany, and for the world, it is not the policy of Frederick the Great which now constitutes the force and glory of the Prussian monarchy. That policy may still have been felt when Prussia withdrew from the contest against the French Republic by the Peace of Basle, and left Austria to continue the contest single-handed in three successive wars. But the year which followed Austerlitz, beheld Jena. We know, and Prussia knows, what was the end of that selfish and irresolute policy—degradation and defeat beyond all human endurance, which were not wiped out until the united armies of Germany fought once more in a common cause. Let it not be thought that Austria can stand without Germany, or Germany without Austria ; especially at a moment when France and Russia are in close alliance. All the German States are Confederates, whose existence, as regards foreign Powers, is indissolubly joined. As far as the opinion and influence of this country extend, the maintenance of a firm and intimate union throughout the Germanic Confederation is a cardinal point in the policy of England, for without that union peace can never be secure, and the independence of Europe can not be preserved.

We rejoice, therefore, to find that the effect of the passage in the Imperial pamphlet here referred to, and of the undisguised attempts of the Court of France to sow dissension in Germany, has been precisely the contrary of that which the author of this policy seems to have contemplated. For the first time since the great collapse of 1849, the German States and the German people have been stirred by a generous and gallant feeling of national union, which would rise, on further provocation, to the height of military enthusiasm. The young sovereign who fills the throne of the German Cæsars is brave and resolute, and, were the emergency to arise, we have no doubt his appeal would be heard beyond the limits of his own empire. Alliance with France would now be regarded in Germany as an inexorable degradation. The second Empire has no Bavaria, no Saxony, no Confederation of the Rhine, amongst its courtiers ; and the injudicious language employed at Paris has given to Austria twice

the strength she could herself bring into the field. For Prussia to stand aloof in such an emergency, or to place herself, as M. de Schleinitz has attempted to do in his circular dispatch, on the same footing as Russia or Great Britain, foreign and neutral Powers, would be to renounce the character of a German Power altogether. The answer of the minor German Courts to Austria is, on the contrary, eminently patriotic and judicious ; and the temporary check given to the warlike and aggressive policy of France is mainly due to the manifest determination of Germany to stand up as one man against the disturbance of the peace of Europe.

The third point in the pamphlet which attracts our notice, is the assumption that the policy of France is “ simply aiming at the consolidation of the peace of Europe by applying her power to remove the difficulties which threaten it.” The grand and necessary objects of the first Empire were, it is said, “ territorial and political defense, and moral expansion for the benefit of other nations,” so that the acquisitions of France on the Rhine, the Scheldt, the Pyrenees, and the Alps were only the outworks of the French Empire. The following passage must be cited as it stands :

“ The motives of the domination of the Emperor over Italy were explained by him in one of his memorable conversations at St. Helena. ‘ As for the Italians,’ said he, ‘ their agglomeration was already considerably advanced. All that was needed was time to ripen the union of their feelings and their laws. The annexation of Piedmont to France, and that of Parma, Tuscany, and Rome, were only temporary measures, with no other object than to superintend, protect, and advance the national education of the Italians.’ Nor was this ‘ generous idea a mere afterthought of the illustrious exile : it was the essence of his policy, as was proved by the official answer given in 1808 to M. Melzi, who headed the deputation charged to offer him the crown of Italy. That answer throws a beam of light upon this historical question. ‘ I have always,’ said he, ‘ intended to create Italian nationality free and independent. I accept the crown, and I will keep it, *but only as long as my interests require.*’ The campaigns of the Revolution and the conquests of the Empire were, therefore, a violent measure and a last expedient of strife and propaganda, but not a system. *The Emperor only made Germany and Italy French in order to prepare them some day to become German and Italian.* . . . If*

* The same idea is expressed almost in the same words by the Prince Napoleon Louis in his “ *Idées*

France, which desires peace, were forced to make war, Europe would no doubt be moved, but she need not be alarmed, her independence would not be at stake. This war, which fortunately is not probable, would have no other object, from the day when it becomes necessary, than to anticipate revolutions by affording just satisfaction to the demands of nations, and by protecting and guaranteeing the acknowledged principles and authentic rights of their nationality."—Pp. 22-7.

We acknowledge that we can not transcribe without astonishment a passage so outrageously repugnant to the truth of history. To speak of Napoleon I. as the protector and cherisher of nationalities—to describe his dominion over Europe as "an expansion of moral influence"—to suppose that he had annexed Italy and trampled on Germany only to teach the Italians and Germans to be men—to imagine that he ever intended to relax the gripe of his oppression on one single province of that vast and ill-gotten empire, is an extravagance which might be pardoned in the dreams of an enthusiast, but it assumes a different character when it is deliberately repeated under the sanction of his nephew and representative. Every recorded incident in the life of Napoleon I. repudiates such a construction. Every letter which comes to light proves the utter scorn with which he regarded the muttered curses of the foreign nations he had yoked to his car. Take the two remarkable volumes of his own correspondence during the first Italian campaigns, which, with singular candor, have been published by order of Napoleon III.—every page breathes the stern authority of revolutionary war. Take the letter addressed to King Joseph when in Naples and in Spain, in which that temperate ruler is admonished to strengthen his government by acts of violence and force, and to

crush every sign of national feeling among his subjects.* Take the long series of contributions of war levied on conquered, and even on allied, states—the plunder of churches and museums—the insults heaped on every independent and illustrious head, insults more deadly than the injuries they endured—the military murders of the Marquis Rodio at Naples, and Palm in Germany—the internecine war between the secret national societies which covered Europe and the imperial police—the universal and detested yoke cast upon all national thought, action, feeling, law, which burst at length with the crash of an earthquake and hurled the tyrant to the dust; and with these events fresh in our memories—for our fathers bore no inconsiderable part in resisting that dire oppression—we protest, in the name of all freedom and of every people, against the audacious assertion that the national rights and interests of mankind were to be secured by him who was their unrelenting oppressor. Once only, in his whole career, did the First Napoleon render a service to the nationalities of Europe, when he roused them to a pitch of unexampled union and vigor to throw off his intolerable yoke.

We are at no loss to select from the innumerable examples which refute this astonishing position, one or two striking instances of what French dominion under the Empire really was. Lord Broughton, whose interesting reminiscences of Italy are before us, shall supply them; and they might be multiplied to any extent. We have the more pleasure in taking these instances from Lord Broughton, because he visited Italy with Lord Byron directly after the war, and his sympathies were certainly not peculiarly hostile to Napoleon, or favorable to the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna.

The real object of the French Directory and of Bonaparte himself in the conquest of Italy in 1797 was to procure a territory which should be restored to Austria on condition of her assenting at the peace to the annexation of the Low Countries to the territory of the French Republic. By the secret article of Leo-

Napoléoniennes" of 1839, (p. 150.) The same passage also refers to the declaration to M. Melzi in 1808, quoted in the pamphlet. The identity of the two publications on this subject is complete. Melzi's own account of that interview, as recorded by Count Balbo in his *Speranze d'Italia* is widely different. Melzi proposed that Northern Italy should be placed under one ruler. Napoleon assented. Melzi went on to suggest that the House of Savoy should be that ruler. Napoleon smiled. Melzi persisted, and said it would conduce to the balance of power. "Who talks of the balance of power?" exclaimed Napoleon. A silence ensued. Melzi resumed, "I am wrong there; I ought to have spoken of *preponderance*." "Now you have it," rejoined the Emperor.

* Consult *Cesare Cantù Storia degli Italiani*, vol. vi. p. 251, for a lively picture of the atrocity of the French Government of Italy. In fact, the Emperor Napoleon only used the Italians to assist in the subjugation of the rest of Europe.

ben* signed on the eighteenth April, 1797, Austria ceded the territory beyond the Oglio, on condition of obtaining all the Venetian territory on terra firma, as well as Dalmatia and Istria, and in Bonaparte's dispatch to the Directory of the nineteenth April the spoliation of Venice is discussed and justified. But the scheme was not yet mature. In Bonaparte's letter to the Municipality of Venice, of May 26, 1797, (five weeks after their annihilation had been secretly decreed,) these words occur :

" Dans toutes les circonstances je ferai tout ce qui sera en mon pouvoir pour vous donner des preuves du désir que j'ai de voir consolider votre liberté, et de voir la misérable Italie se placer enfin, avec gloire, libre et indépendante des étrangers."

At this very time a plot was carried on by French agents for the overthrow of the Venetian Government, though a pretended treaty had been signed on the sixteenth May, at Milan, between the French General and the Venetian deputies. During the summer of that year Venice was occupied by French troops and administered by a French Commission, and on the eighteenth October the definitive treaty was signed which extinguished the independence of Venice and handed over the Queen of the Adriatic to Austria. Even the Directory were revolted at the cynical treachery of their General to the cause of Italy. Bonaparte himself replied to the last protest of the Venetian municipality that "the Venetian people were little fitted for liberty; if they were capable of appreciating it, and had the virtue necessary for acquiring it, well and good: existing circumstances gave them an excellent opportunity of proving it: let them defend it."

One other example of the protection afforded by the French Empire to Italian nationality. If there be any portion of the French administration in Italy which has been regarded from a distance with regret, it is the viceregal government of Eugène. The Ministers of the Italian Kingdom were honest and able; large numbers of the Milanese entered the public service; and Italian troops shared the glory of the Imperial armies. But though Lombardy had undoubtedly less to complain of under Eugène than under Austria,

after a time the French Government and its Italian adherents were not a whit less unpopular. The following passage from Lord Broughton gives a striking and apposite account of the state of things which actually prevailed :

"It is now well known, and no danger can result from the promulgation of the fact, that for some time previous to the downfall of Napoleon a widely extended conspiracy had been formed in his Italian provinces, having for its object the long-desired, unattainable independence of the Italian peninsula. The secret, if so it may be called, was in the breasts of no less than four thousand individuals, calling themselves Freemasons, and communicating by the masonic signs in use, not in France, but in England. These persons, although for ordinary purposes they acted with all the Freemasons of Italy, yet, for special political objects, were governed by rules and conducted by chiefs known only to themselves. Thus Prince Eugène was grand-master of Lombardy, but the private grand-master was the real head of the brotherhood, and of the project of which it was intended the viceroy should be the last to hear, and which was scrupulously concealed from every one supposed to be connected with French interests.

The battle of Haynau afforded the Italians the last opportunity of displaying their military genius beyond the Alps; and when General Zucchi, who commanded their contingent of the French army, returned to Milan, he proclaimed publicly that he was authorized to announce that Napoleon resigned the iron crown, released his Italian subjects and soldiers from their oaths, and left the whole of their armed force to work out the independence of their common country. This certainly was, if any, the time to secure that glorious object. Eugène and his council deliberated on a declaration proclaiming the union of all the states of Upper Italy, with Eugène for their constitutional monarch, and France for a permanent ally. The decree was written and preparations made for sending it to all the provincial prefects; but the Prince hesitated, and the decree was canceled. He was unwilling to convoke the electoral or representative bodies, fearful lest his influence, declining daily with the disasters of his imperial step-father, should prove too weak to place the crown on his own head. The patriot Freemasons also were inactive, partly because they were aware of divisions amongst themselves, and partly because they depended on the assistance of England to secure their liberties at a general peace. Some of the bolder malcontents, amongst them Pino, opened communication with Murat, who was advancing through the Roman States with designs unknown to others, and probably not determined upon by himself. The war came at last into Italy, and, according to approved precedents, the Austrians advanced with the assurance that they came to liberate the Lombards from a foreign yoke, and had no desire to regain

* *Correspondance de Napoléon I.*, vol. ii. p. 499.

their ancient Cisalpine possessions. An English general officer was charged to pledge the imperial word of Francis the First to that effect. In fact, the independence of Italy had been one of the conditions proposed to Napoleon at Dresden in 1813.* Not one of all the champions contending for the honor of imposing a master on this unhappy country omitted the usual ceremony of promising better days of freedom and happiness. The Austrian general, Nugent, and his English partisans, disembarked at the mouth of the Po and overran Romagna, and before they were repulsed by the French general, Grenier, near Parma, had time to proclaim themselves 'disinterested liberators.' Prince Eugène, in his proclamation of the fourth of February, (1814,) from Verona, declared that Murat had for the three past months promised to march to his aid. But Murat was now the ally of Austria; and advancing towards Lombardy, proclaimed by the mouth of his general, Carascosa, the independence of Italy. The English, Sicilians, Calabrians, and Greeks, who landed at Leghorn under the command of Lord William Bentinck, assumed the same generous character of liberators and friends, allies in the same pious enterprise—the final emancipation of all Italy from a foreign yoke. It must seem to us, who have seen the event, very strange that the most credulous of the patriot Italians should have indulged in any hopes not derived from the acknowledged prowess of their own Italian army; nor would they, perhaps, if Eugène had adopted a decided course, and raised the national banner. This, however, he did not do; he preferred, for the time, constancy to his great benefactor; and in his declaration of the fourth of February, 1814, from Verona, 'FIDELITY,' not 'LIBERTY,' was declared to be the watchword of all true Italians."

* Lord Broughton is wrong in this particular. The conditions proposed to Napoleon by Prince Metternich in August, 1813, contained not a word about the independence of Italy. They stipulated the restoration of the Illyrian provinces to Austria, but no change in any part of Italy, which would have continued to form part of the French Empire, or to be governed by French viceroys. (See the conditions in *Thiers*, vol. xvi. p. 217.) But at the close of 1813 an attempt was made by the Allies to detach both Eugène and Murat from the cause of Napoleon, by offering to the former the throne of Northern Italy, and to the latter that of Naples. Murat accepted the proposal, and signed a treaty with Austria on the eleventh of January, 1814, which he soon violated: Eugène from honorable motives, refused a similar offer. But it is certain that the proposal was made to the Viceroy in the latter part of November, 1813, by the Prince Thurn and Taxis, at Verona, in direct obedience to the instructions of Prince Metternich, and had he joined the coalition and adhered to it, the fate of Northern Italy would have been changed. But he persevered, and Lombardy was in fact reconquered by Austria at the battle of the Mincio, fought on the eighth of February, 1814. The whole transaction is accurately related by Count Catinelli. (*Storia*, p. 32.)

The account which follows of the revolutionary movements at Milan on the fall of the French Emperor is highly instructive and interesting. The cry was raised "*Patria e Indipendenza non Eugenio, non Vicerè, non Francesi!*" A paper was presented to the Senate, beginning with the words: "Spain and Germany have thrown off the yoke of the French; Italy has to imitate them." An Italian nobleman present thrust his umbrella through the portrait of Napoleon by Appiani. But the patriots were not satisfied with this bloodless insult; the populace rushed to the house of Prina, one of the Italian ministers of Eugène, seized him, half-stripped him, and threw him from a window. Still able to walk, he took refuge in a wine-shop near the Scala, whence he was torn by the mob, *who beat him to death with their umbrellas*. It was supposed that he retained some life for nearly four hours, says Lord Broughton; no mortal wound was found on his body; but he was dragged about by torch-light until ten at night, and was so much disfigured that no one could identify the corpse. Prina was a man of great talents, great courage, and great honesty. He had been Minister to the King of Sardinia and to the Cisalpine Republic. But he was preeminently the Italian Minister of Napoleon, and as the Minister of Napoleon he suffered, at the hands of the Milanese, a cruel and ignominious death.

These instances may suffice to show what was done by Napoleon I. for Italian nationality, and how Italian nationality repaid the agents of France.

We now approach a topic of more direct practical importance, since it is one on which this pamphlet propounds actual remedial measures, and on which the recent negotiations of the Great Powers have principally turned—we mean the condition of the government of the Papal States, and the evacuation of those States by the French and Austrian troops. It must, however, here be remarked that if the arrangement of what is termed "the Roman difficulty" was the real or the principal object which the French Government had in view, the language of this pamphlet, the armaments of that Power, the expectations held out to Sardinia in exchange for the hand of a Princess of the House of Savoy, and the perturbation caused by these events throughout Eu-

rope, are circumstances wholly disproportioned to the result. There was in fact no obstacle to the withdrawal of the foreign troops, which diplomacy could not surmount. As long ago as the Congress of Paris, France and England had loudly expressed their desire that the abnormal condition of the Papal territories should cease, and Lord Clarendon added that the problem which it was urgent to solve was to combine the withdrawal of the troops with the maintenance of order, and this solution was only to be found in the establishment of an administration which should rest on public confidence and not on foreign armies. Count Buol declared that he completely concurred in the language of the French Minister, and Baron Hübner added that it was the intention of the Imperial cabinet to withdraw its troops from the Legations as soon as such a measure seemed feasible. So far no *casus belli* could be found in a state of things which was as much to be deplored on the part of France as on that of Austria. The French troops entered Rome against the will of the people, for they entered it by a breach;* and they have for some time past remained there against the will of the Pope, whom, without conditions, they thought fit to restore. Pius IX. absolutely refused to submit to any conditions, and declared he would remain at Gaeta if he was not to return to Rome free and unfettered: France, therefore, knew what was to be expected. This occupation has lasted for nine years, and it certainly does not lie in the mouth of the authors of that expedition to represent the intrusion of foreign armies into Italy as a cause of war, or to complain that the Pope's government had not been induced to make reforms. The Emperor of the French probably retains

* We walked or rather clambered through this very "breach" made by the cannon-balls of the French, by which they entered Rome, just after them, and before the blood of the slain was dry, and walked among their graves outside the walls and into the camp of the army, in the city, frequently after its surrender in the summer of 1849. We counted thirty-six cannon-ball holes in the walls of the Spada Palace alone. In one room a lady was sitting at her breakfast-table pouring out coffee, when a cannon-ball passed through the window and cut her in twain. We picked up a cannon-ball and brought it away as a souvenir. Ruined vineyards, and beautiful gardens, and demolished palaces both within and outside the walls of Rome, gave us our first sad impressions of the horrors of war.—EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC

the same opinion which he expressed in his celebrated letter to Edgar Ney; but as long as it suited his own interests to conciliate the clergy and to seek the honor of a Pontifical coronation, all Europe knows that these opinions have not been inconveniently pressed upon the Vatican. The zeal of France in the cause of popular reform in these years has not been so great that she has any right to represent Austria as the sole impediment to progress. "Austria," says the writer of this pamphlet, "is condemned to oppose an inflexible resistance to every innovation. It is impossible to obtain her concurrence, and without it nothing can be done at Rome or at Naples, or wherever her power is feared." But what are the facts disclosed in this very pamphlet? In June, 1857, the French Government proposed to the Cabinet of Vienna certain reforms in the Papal States—the establishment of a consulta to vote the taxes, judicial reforms, and an amnesty. To this proposal the Austrian Government replied by a counter-project, differing, as we have reason to believe, in the mode of effecting these objects, but not in the objects to be effected. Meanwhile the French Government had found out that the scheme would have to encounter the most violent opposition at Rome and from the clerical party in France. The Emperor Napoleon therefore again desisted, and no more was said on the subject until this abortive negotiation was brought to light in this publication—the truth being that the negotiation was dropped not by Austria but by France herself. Lord Cowley obtained from the Court of Vienna assurances directly opposed to the assertions of the pamphlet. Austria is by no means indisposed to concur with the other Powers in recommending to the Pope and other Italian sovereigns such changes as may be practicable and beneficial.

The difficulties to be overcome before the government of the Papal dominions can be placed on a liberal footing of civil government are enormous: but it is an error to suppose that these difficulties lie mainly in the jealousy or resistance of any foreign power; they are, as we shall presently show, deeply seated in the very essence of the institutions it is proposed to reform. Let us, however, first observe the views expressed by the French writer on this part of the subject.

The failure of the reforms which were attempted by Pius IX. on his accession has, it seems, placed him in presence of three difficulties :

"The first of these difficulties consists in the existing administration of the Roman States, which is neither more nor less than Catholic authority applied to temporal interests. The laws of the Church support no discussion and deserve absolute respect, *they must be regarded as an emanation of the Divine Wisdom*. But civil society claims its own legislation, just as religious society demands and enforces that which belongs to it. Canon law, inflexible as dogma, and unchangeable in ages, is essentially distinct from common law, adapted to the wants and interests of society. Canon law may have introduced the order and precepts of theocracy into the Capitularies of Charlemagne, but it does not suffice to the protection and development of modern society. There is, however, an essential point, which must never be lost sight of in dealing with the Pontifical government, the fact that the dominion of the Church and the dominion of the Roman nation are held and exercised by the same hand. They must be reconciled without being confounded. But the entirely clerical character of the Roman government is an absurdity, a cause of discontent, and consequently a source of weakness to the Pope, and a permanent danger of revolution."—Pp. 26-8.

The second difficulty is that the Pope, in his spiritual character, can not support the policy he would be bound, as an Italian Prince, to follow ; and the third difficulty is that of creating an efficient native Italian army.

As Protestants and as Liberals we should view without regret the application of a thorough and radical remedy to these contradictions, as we think it equally objectionable that a college of priests should govern Central Italy, and that an Italian sovereign should extend his spiritual jurisdiction over foreign nations. But the question can not be argued by Catholic and despotic powers on this ground. Recognizing the authority of the Head of the Latin Church—holding that the laws of the Church are to be regarded as an emanation of the Divine Wisdom—compelled to deal with the Romish clergy as a most important element in their own dominions—bound to the See of Rome by concordats, they may easily be driven by the subtlety of Rome into a position at least as contradictory and perplexing as that in which they endeavor to place the Pope.

For example, what are in Rome the limits of the canon law ? Elsewhere the history of states is the history of a contest between civil and clerical power—be-

tween common and canon law—in which the lay element has happily prevailed. In Rome no such contest has ever arisen ; no representatives of the rights of the laity have ever existed ; the canon law is the law not only of the Church but of the land. Indeed, the first principle of that law is that the divine authority it claims is unrestricted, and thus it controls all the interests of society. To take an example. The most fruitful sources of evil and corruption amongst the Roman population are the boundless charitable endowments, which pauperize the city. These trusts originated in the piety or the superstition of churchmen, who, having no direct heirs, or not having testamentary capacity, thought the best use of their property was to create charitable institutions connected with the religious orders. Another consequence has been that an immense extent of land around Rome is held in mortmain, and that the tenures of land are in so deplorable a state that the peasantry are reduced to squalid destitution, the landlords are necessitous, and the land itself is thrown out of cultivation.

An Encumbered Estates Act, a law of Mortmain, and a Poor-law Board, acting on sound principles of public economy, would, in our opinion do more to improve the condition of the Roman States than any amount of political revolution. Cardinal Antonelli, who is himself a man of great acuteness, has shown this to be his own opinion by placing the finances under a consulta of laymen, who have restored the currency and rendered great services to that department. But the action of these reforms is very much limited by the religious character, which is the essence of the Papal Government, and of its institutions and laws. In such a state, and with the absolute and infinite pretensions of the Church as a church, there can be no real separation of authority. "I seek in vain," said the Emperor Napoleon, (eleventh Feb. 1804,) "to determine the limits between civil and religious authority. The existence of those limits is a dream." It is so when one of the two powers claims to embrace *every thing*, and to hold the other in absolute subjection to its will. But this is the condition of Rome, and hence the efforts made to reconstitute the Papal Government on a civil basis have necessarily been abortive or insincere. In the tenth and eleventh Appendices to the

second volume of his *Memoirs*, M. Guizot has recently republished the celebrated Memorandum of the twenty-first May, 1831, recommending, in the name of the Five Powers, the admission of laymen to judicial and administrative offices in the States of the Church, and an abridgment of the edicts of reform promulgated shortly afterwards by Gregory XVI., but allowed to fall into speedy and hopeless abeyance. To these documents are added a letter from M. Rossi, of the tenth April, 1832, of deep interest and consummate ability, in which he points out the extreme difficulty of finding men to solve the problem, and to reconcile a repugnant government with a distrustful people.

Rossi himself was such a man, and sixteen years later, under his own administration, the temporal interests of the Roman States were confided to a minister, who united in an extraordinary degree all the highest qualities for such a task. He was a layman, but sincerely attached to the Pope he served. He was a jurist, imbued, not with the obsolete maxims of the canonists, but with the soundest principles of legislation, political economy, and constitutional freedom. He was an Italian, ardent for the greatness and independence of his country, but his genius had been nurtured in the free republics of Switzerland and in the service of constitutional France. With inexhaustible knowledge, with unsurpassed eloquence, with dauntless resolution, he placed these gifts at the service of Pius IX. and of the Roman people. For six tempestuous months he held his course unmoved, deceived only by too much confidence in the people he governed. In return, that people murdered him, at the instigation of miscreants who talked of liberty. No deadlier blow was ever aimed at Italian liberty than that which struck Peregrino Rossi on the staircase of the Roman Cancellaria; and in the foul catalogue of Italian crimes none has left a more ineffaceable stain.* The failure of that experiment, and the disasters that followed, have left small hope that the work in which he fell will be

performed by men of meaner courage and lower powers.

To secularize the Roman administration is in fact to effect a total revolution in the state of law and property in that country—and this is to be done without the existence of either the men or the things by which such a change is to be worked. Better far would it have been to let the Roman Republic run its course, which might at least have swept away some of these evils with revolutionary power, than to cut short its career and then to bring about a similar revolution by the pressure of foreign armies on the Papal authority. Better again if the French had assumed the administration of the country during their occupation, as we have in India sometimes assumed the administration of provinces falling to pieces under an effete ruler; but to restore the Pope, and then to exact from the Pope that which he can not do while he remains Pope, is a contradiction in terms.

Nor is any thing to be obtained from the Papal Court, and especially from the present Pontiff, by violence. Rome knows that her spiritual power is never greater than in the extreme of physical weakness. When pursued, she takes refuge, as it were, in another element; and at the very moment when the Pope may be driven from his own territories, he retains, by the organization of the Romish hierarchy, a power superior to that of every state which acknowledges his sway. Foreign intervention is no doubt the curse of Italy. But the usurped authority of Italian priests, claiming supremacy in foreign nations and owning no complete allegiance, save to their Italian head, is a form of intervention not less repugnant to freedom and national independence all over the world. That is the fatal cause which renders the affairs of Central Italy of such paramount interest to the Catholic States; and as long as that great engine of superstition and despotic government, the Church of Rome, overshadows a great portion of the earth, it is preposterous to suppose that the central seat of its power can become enlightened and free. The consistency and sagacity of the views entertained by the author of the French pamphlet may be inferred from the fact that his grand scheme for the regeneration of Italy contemplates the formation of a general Italian confederation *with the Pope at the head of it.*

* After the murder the body of Count Rossi was conveyed to the adjoining church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, where it was privately interred by his early friend and countryman Tenerani, the sculptor, who has since executed a bust of this great Italian, which has been placed over his tomb by order of Pius IX., with a suitable inscription.

After having shown that the Papal authority is incapable of providing for the wants and interests of modern society, we are told that the result of a French intervention in Italy is to extend to the whole country the blessings now enjoyed by the subjects of the Pope. We shall no longer detain our readers with the consideration of this pamphlet, which owes its importance entirely and exclusively to the indications of authorship stamped upon it. If there were in France a press, it would not devolve upon us to expose the fallacies of this romance, which its author is pleased to compare with the lofty conceptions of Henry IV. and the First Napoleon. If there were a voice in the mute and servile Assemblies, now styled a French Legislature, that voice would be heard protesting with the force of unanimous conviction against schemes so unfruitful of good to Italy, so perilous to France, so menacing to Europe. Indeed, at no former time, has France had more reason to feel what a country loses, which loses the right of speaking and acting on its own behalf. As M. Guizot has recently observed in the admirable second volume of his *Memoirs of his own Time*, from 1830 to 1848, many real causes of war, many international difficulties, arose between the states of Europe. War was avoided by the publicity and freedom of debate, which enabled the existing government to defend the cause of peace and to consult the permanent interests of the nation by the force of argument and the might of public opinion. How different is now the state of that country! War itself might be resolved upon in the secret mind of a single individual—the faith of the Empire might be pledged by clandestine engagements resting on considerations of personal advantage—the objects of such a contest might be puerile or hopeless—the motives of it might be the dread of assassination or of that unrest in which despotic and usurped authority sees the avenging phantoms of its former victims—the fate of the world might again turn on some incident as trivial as a slight to Madame de Pompadour or Louvois' jealousy of an architect: but what of all this? The nation is led blindfold to the brink of a precipice. Its freedom of action is gone.

Yet even now it is satisfactory to perceive how much those military passions, which have so often convulsed the world, have lost their influence on the population

of France. We ventured to remark in April, 1857, that the period of their social history, which rendered the French eager combatants and ambitious assailants, is passed, and that no people are less disposed at the present day to plunge into war or less able to meet the protracted drain of a European struggle.* The force of these observations has been illustrated in a most striking manner since the first of January. In vain were appeals addressed to a chivalrous people in the name of Italian wrongs and national honor. In vain did M. Delangle exhort his prefects to support public opinion at the height of absolute confidence in the Emperor, although the country might be unable to reach the lofty of his designs. From every part of France, from every class in France, a protest, deep though not loud, rose against unproved and unnecessary war. The Princess, whose marriage seemed to be the prelude of such calamities, was received with appalling silence and unbending coldness in the splendid avenues of Paris.

The material interests on which the Empire had hitherto rested have quenched the adventurous disposition to contend for the rights of civilization in any part of the globe. Conscription, taxes, the ravages of war, the loss of security, lowered in portentous gloom over the land. Even the servile and powerless Senate and Legislative body hesitated to give a blind assent to a budget framed in obvious contradiction to the military preparations of the Government, and from every part of the Empire arrived the strongest protests against hostilities wantonly threatened in defiance of the true interests of France. No event has ever occurred more strongly to demonstrate the salutary effect of peace and civilization in disarming the ambition of rulers. The French have now too much to lose for them to risk it with impunity; and Louis Napoleon had utterly miscalculated the effect of his own policy both at home and abroad.

To say, as the *Moniteur* has lately done, that the recent activity of the arsenal of France has solely been directed to maintain her peace establishments, is to say in other terms that her peace estab-

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cv. p. 359. "Last Census of France."

lishments by sea as well as by land are now war establishments of the most formidable nature. We sincerely hope that the temperate remonstrances and the firm attitude of the other powers of Europe, as well as the repugnance of France, may have averted the dreadful calamities which these preparations portended. We shall be told that these are idle fears, and that if such schemes have ever been formed they are now abandoned. God grant it may be so, and that we may not in our time witness so atrocious and unprovoked an outbreak of military barbarism against the interests of civilization and peace. Talk of "pacifying Italy!" Talk of the glory of defending "the nationality of a people and the independence of the Papacy!" Why, if the accumulation of armies, and fleets, and stores of war, have any meaning in connection with the political objects this pamphlet avows, they mean that Italy is once more to be overrun with hordes of foreign soldiers, and that the welfare of all Europe is to be sacrificed to the reckless and willful enterprises of a single family. Unhappily, whichever course be now pursued by France, irreparable mischief has been already done. The hopes and passions of the Italians have been excited to a point which renders the maintenance of tranquillity in that peninsula extremely doubtful and the task of conciliation all but impossible. Whether they be aided or abandoned, from intervention or from non-intervention, they will equally suffer; and the day will come when they may again regard the calm, though unwelcome, counsels of England with more confidence than they can place in the promises of France.

It is not for us here to anticipate what duties such a state of things may hereafter impose in the government of this country; enough that for the present British statesmen of all parties have nobly concurred in declaring our steadfast adherence to the faith of treaties, and have employed all our influence to restrain France and Piedmont from war—to dispose Austria to forbearance and concession. But, ere we conclude, we must be permitted to make some observations on the effects of these occurrences on the relations of France with Great Britain.

The alliance which has now happily prevailed for so many years between the Crown of England and the different forms

of government that have succeeded each other in France, has never rendered greater services to Europe than since the accession of the present Emperor to power. On the one hand it has strictly maintained the conditions of the territorial settlement of Europe and peace; on the other hand, when these conditions were violated by Russia, it signally chastised the offender, and gave an example of disinterested adherence to the public law of Europe. United on these principles, the authority of the Western Powers was irresistible, and there is not the slightest probability that it would be assailed. We acknowledge with pleasure the fidelity with which the Emperor Napoleon III. has adhered to these principles in his relations with ourselves, and we regret that opinions of a different character should ever have been published under his sanction. Nor do we question the sincerity of his desire to maintain the most amicable relations with England, not only because he has recollections attaching him to this country, but because the alliance of England is preëminently advantageous, and the opposition of England would be preëminently injurious to the prosecution of the designs of policy which are formed, with more or less of consistency, in his mind. The very first section of the pamphlet before us, and many other circumstances, prove his extreme desire to associate England in his Italian policy, or, if he fail in obtaining her coöperation, to obtain her acquiescence and entire neutrality. No circumstances can ever be so favorable to the prosecution of any course of policy directed by France against any of the Continental Powers, as the assistance, or even the abstinence, of England; for the exercise of her maritime power depends altogether on the concurrence or neutrality of England. Disposing at once of an army and a fleet, both of first-rate magnitude, France is incontestibly more powerful than any other single continental State, defended by its army alone. It is in fact the naval power of Great Britain which turns the scale and secures the balance of power—without it the naval power of France would be absolute in the Mediterranean, and scarcely less so on other seas. As long, therefore, as France possesses an assurance of the coöperation or acquiescence of this country, she has nothing to fear from any state, and she may bring

to bear on any maritime state modes of attack of a very novel and formidable character. To obtain that assurance is therefore of incalculable advantage to France.

The Emperor Napoleon III. has taken some pains to persuade people in this country that he has labored with great energy to curb the violent passions which would otherwise break out in France with irresistible hostility against the English; and that he has made sacrifices and stifled prejudices which, without his influence, would have been fatal to the alliance. We have even heard politicians on this side the Channel echo this assertion, and maintain that it is mainly on the good faith and good will of the Emperor that the alliance rests. Far be it from us to disparage in the slightest degree the persistence and fidelity the Emperor has undoubtedly shown in maintaining amicable relations with Great Britain. On the contrary, we say with the greatest sincerity that nothing in his reign does him more honor than his wise and steadfast resolution to preserve peace and a good understanding between the two greatest Powers of the earth. But we should feel less confidence in the stability of this alliance than we do if we were compelled to regard it as a personal and not a national matter. The Emperor of the French has the high merit of having repudiated those traditions of the Empire which might have seemed to breathe hostility to England: but he certainly did not invent the alliance of the two nations. It began immediately after the Revolution of 1830, and the principal study of Louis Philippe and his Ministers was to uphold the principles of that alliance, until, in an evil hour, they unwisely sacrificed it to increase their influence by a marriage in Spain. The same relations were maintained with M. de Lamartine and General Cavaignac under the Republic, and both of those statesmen freely admitted that they found the advantages of foreign intervention and the destruction of the treaties of 1815 would be more than counterbalanced by the loss of the support and good will of England. The alliance has often been assailed; it has sometimes been put in jeopardy; but it has survived a long series of extraordinary revolutions, because in the main it is of real advantage to the welfare of both nations. On our side we certainly

ask of France no sacrifices affecting in the slightest degree her rights, her interests, or her honor, for we well know that any such exigency would instantly be fatal to our friendship with so sensitive and high-spirited a people. The line of policy we recommend for our common guidance, and which we ourselves pursue, is precisely that which the true interests of France, and the earnest wishes of the great bulk of her own population, equally prescribe—it may be described in one maxim of the Roman jurists: "*Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non lædas.*" And it can not escape the intelligence of the French people that the enormous progress they have made, in common with the rest of Europe, during forty-five years of peace, is infinitely more conducive to their individual and collective advantage than any thing which the most successful war could by possibility have conferred on them. We are satisfied that this lesson has sunk deep into their minds, and that viewing all war with uneasiness approaching to aversion, the war which France is least disposed to engage in is a war with this country.

If the alliance of the Western Powers has been shaken or put in jeopardy, it is by the same cause which threatened the peace of Europe. As long as the policy of the two states is frank and open—directed to objects which we are proud to avow, like the amelioration of the state of Italy—and free from the suspicion of selfish aggrandizement, like the alliance of 1854—there is no reason we should not pursue these objects in common. But from the moment the ruler of France is supposed to entertain a separate policy of his own, he shakes the confidence of foreign governments, he rouses passions which he may not always be able to allay, and he assumes the undivided responsibility of proceedings which are as odious to his own subjects as to the rest of Europe.

Of the Congress which is said to be about to assemble it is premature to speak, for a Congress is proverbially slow in its motions and uncertain in its results. If the principal object is to enable France and Sardinia to recede with honor from a position that threatened immediate hostilities, all the world readily assents to that suggestion. And if any specific cause of quarrel can be said to exist between these states and Austria, it will be

the duty of the Congress to endeavor to remove it. But we are as yet in ignorance of the precise point which the representatives of the Great Powers are called upon to decide, and we are not yet certain that the meeting of this Congress will ever take place.

Is it probable that any adequate results will be obtained? The misfortune of the Italians is, that not content with pursuing objects which are desirable and attainable, the great bulk of the patriotic party, in all its different shades, aims at changes which are at present of impossible attainment, and which would not be less impossible even if the great obstacle of foreign dominion were removed. The action of a Congress is necessarily limited by principles essentially opposed to the views of the national party. If concessions are made by Austria on some points, she would require on other points a fresh sanction, and perhaps increased security, to her rights: and though measures tending to the improvement of the condition of Italy may be adopted, in the present temper of that country increased freedom will only augment the passion of nationality. We can not therefore anticipate from the intended Congress any results which will effectually remove the grievances of Italy, and it is possible that divisions of opinion may arise affording a pretext for war which is now wanting. The agitation of the last three months is by no means terminated by this expedient; and until a general measure of disarmament has been adopted by the Great Powers, Europe will not, we fear, revert to its normal state of mutual confidence and repose.

The anxiety excited by the relations of Austria and France in Italy, and by the causes we have here passed in review, is, we confess, largely augmented by the condition of the British Government — by the dissolution of the British Parliament — and by the character of the British Minister of Foreign Affairs. Yet it is at this crisis in the affairs of Europe — we might almost say, assigning this crisis as his principal motive — that Lord Derby has, with unparalleled rashness, dissolved the House of Commons, and thrown the very existence of the Government for the next two months into doubt and impotence. To assert as one of the causes of this extraordinary and unjustifiable determination that it is of high consequence

to the peace of Europe to keep the direction of these negotiations in the hands of the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is a jest alike unworthy of the position and the wit of the First Minister of the Crown. He, as well as every other man in this country, knows that the month of June will not be far advanced when the present Cabinet must render an account of their proceedings to a House of Commons, far less disposed than any they have yet met, to judge those proceedings with lenity. In the mean time the administration has lost the support in its foreign relations which the late Parliament generously extended to it. By this mischievous and unprofitable expedient of a dissolution, which suspends the whole course of public affairs, the Ministers of the Crown have deliberately placed their own power and influence, abroad as well as at home, in abeyance, until the result of the elections shall have determined their fate. For upwards of thirty-five days, from the prorogation of one Parliament to the assembling of another, and at the most critical time whether for negotiation or for hostilities, no Parliament whatever can be called together. The state of foreign affairs, far from being any ground of a dissolution, is in truth one of the most powerful arguments against it; for at the very moment when a strong Government may be most required in our foreign relations, Ministers will probably be in the condition of a culprit between judgment and execution — the adverse decision of the country being already entered against them, although some weeks must elapse before the new Parliament can assemble to inflict their doom. The clear and resolute will of a powerful administration, speaking in the name of this country, might produce results of incalculable advantage to the maintenance of peace; whereas the language they have held, and the conduct they have pursued, is not of a character to exercise any preponderating influence on the Continent. But whilst we deeply lament this state of affairs at home, truth and policy urge us to declare that there is no essential difference between English statesmen of any party on the substance of the great principles which regulate our foreign alliances. One great end is common to all alike: and though some may cling with greater tenacity to the rights of authority, and some may sympathize more

warmly with the sufferings of the oppressed, the practical object of every Foreign Minister of this country is identically the same — to maintain the faith of the Crown inviolate and to oppose every aggression on the peace of Europe.

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WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION.

To one who ponders much on the universe of humanity, it presents a metaphysical whole, under the influence of one law. What that law is distinctly, remains unknown, for it is hidden in the mind of Him whose Name is Secret; but we reason upwards to its existence by analogy, and so strong are the probabilities that they attain to moral certainty. There is a strict resemblance of relations between the growth of an individual and a family, and between a nation and a race. The childhood of a nation is analogous to, and can be explained by, the childhood of an individual. The progress of the race may be gauged by the progress of a person. Each man is a mirror of the universe, and the same laws which govern his existence govern the family, the nation, and the race. Each man reflects in himself the whole of humanity. But for our object it will be sufficient to compare in one point the individual and the nation. At two stages in a man's life he becomes introspective, in youth, and advanced manhood. The first is, when by some crisis in life or thought there dawns on him the knowledge that he is a distinct person, with a distinct work to do. Then those questions which must be answered arise like shapes which startle the mariner upon a silent sea—what am I? why am I here, what is the meaning of this wondrous incidence of this life of mine? Such is the self-introspection of youth. It is a proof of healthy progress and healthy life.

Precisely the same thing occurs in the youth of a nation. A time arrives when

it ceases to be unconscious, and begins to recognize itself; then it questions of its existence, its means, and its career; and as in man the whole happiness of being depends on the answer he gives to the enigma of life, so also in the nation. Now, wherever we find these questionings arising in the youth of a people, they are a sign of healthy life.

But there is a second period of self-analysis in the advanced life of men and nations; and there it is an infallible sign not of health, but of corruption and decay. Nevertheless so far is it a sign of health that it proves that the people or the man have awakened to a sense of their evil condition; and they are not utterly lost as long as they are conscious of their degradation. As long as even they can make excuses for themselves, they have still a standard of goodness left. The depth of infamy is never reached till men or nations are corrupt and know it not. For that state there is no redemption. Theirs is the serpent's curse, "on their belly shall they go, and dust shall they eat all the days of their life."

But to return to the second period of national and individual self-analysis, we will speak of our own nation. England has been struck with a sense of her abasement. She is like a base man who has trodden all the paths of excitement, drained all pleasure, and emptied to the dregs the wine of life, and who, left alone, has learnt at last, by some terrible stroke, what realities and unrealities there are. She has been awaked at last, like the In-

dian stupified with drink among the rapids, while the roaring of the everlasting cataract is within her ears.

From the fever of war and politics she passed into the fever of literature. Action ceased, and thought awoke. And when thought had passed into the delirious utterances of Byron, and the principles of the French Revolution had sown the infidelity of reasoning broadcast over the land; wearied with the intellectual agony, she sunk into the soft couch of material comfort, and reached a deeper depth. Money became her all. She lay self-coiled around herself, a sleeping serpent gorged. Political life became corrupt. Social life rested on the principles of Sir Giles Overreach. Wealth, and wit, and rank constituted nobility and fame, and not nobility of character. Domestic life was no longer stainless; the power of England no longer rested on the foundation of the hearth-stone, or on the sanctity of home, and the destroyer was standing at our doors. It was then that the Eastern war arose, and we were brought face to face with the awful realities of life, and death, and judgment. It was taught us by a fearful lesson that the law of existence is not happiness or comfort, but sacrifice.

But she recognized the pain as the necessary consequence of her evil—nay she felt it as not penal, but remedial; and it made her not defiant, but repentant. Forced by the war which raged around Sebastopol to look beyond herself, she struggled nobly to “spring out of her own shadow.” But her punishment was not yet full. In another clime she had deeply sinned; and there a sadder and a deadlier war arose, for it shed the blood of the innocent with the guilty. We say not that this was an arbitrary judgment suddenly enforced; but it was the inevitable consequence of the violation of God’s sacred laws of government, a judgment in that light and in no other. Deep wrong had been suffered, and deep wrong was done. But in the misery and agony, lo! a seed of good. From the furthest point where Scotland meets the northern surge, to the angle where England divides the Gulf Stream, a cry of righteous indignation rose. The hearts of Englishmen were strung to the music of a high emotion, and the deadly sleep of selfish life was broken up, we trust, forever. So it came to pass that our wrath was turned

upon ourselves. Strange questions would suggest themselves to men. True, our women have been brutally treated there: the ark of British chastity has been broken by foul hands. But have we no crimes not wholly unlike these to answer for; have we no gross and shameless evil in the center of our land?

True, men thought again, our men and women, our children have been driven forth naked and homeless, destitute of all, to die where the long grass of the jungle waved above their lonely hours of hunger and dismay. We have revenged their woe! But have we no homeless poor; have we brought comfort to the dark and pestilential garret; have we—faring sumptuously, clothed in purple and fine linen, rolling in our carriages—forgotten that all around us hunger stalks its victims as the rich man stalks the deer? Have we lived in guilty ignorance that the naked and the sick crowd our streets in thousands, and have no pity? And our conscience gave the answer, and we had no excuse.

True, men thought again, the brotherhood of humanity has been disregarded. Our countrymen have been shot down like dogs. The kindest relations had subsisted between officer and native soldier. They had warred and suffered and rejoiced together, and their ties have been foully severed by the sword.

The rights of property have been despised. We have revenged these wrongs; but have we no stern lines of demarcation; have we been true to the brotherhood of humanity? Do we, the rich and noble and learned, speak to the poor and humble-born and ignorant as if they were descendants of one Father? Is there no unchristian code of caste amongst us? Do we drive men to Chartism and Socialism by our words and deeds? Have we a living sympathy for all men?

Thus it was that England began her national self-analysis, and we have seen the result. A noble one: for what more noble than a nation which, seeing its corruption, sets itself silently, earnestly, unboastingly, to redeem its errors? What more noble than to see a people seeking, with true light in its eyes, for its mission on the earth?

But as they considered English life, it struck all those who thought that it was not only by men the good work of self-sacrifice was to be done, but also by wo-

men. Then started into life, we believe for the first time in our nation's history, the problem which they called Woman's Mission. The metaphysical history of this is curious.

When the constitution of a living organism becomes diseased, it is the comparatively passive organs which suffer most; so when the life of that organism on a large scale, which we call a nation, is vitiated, when the blood of its humanity stagnates in the weeds of sloth and selfishness, it is not manhood but womanhood which suffers most. More passive and more receptive, women, when a nation has fallen low, both suffer and receive more evil. In reality they are not more degraded than the men; but relatively they are. Relatively to men; for when men conceive and cherish false and low ideas of their own humanity, they will proclaim and teach a false and low standard of womanhood; and women then become what they are held to be; for no truth is more true than this: that a recipient nature gradually becomes what it is declared to be. The position of women in a nation is that which men have made it. We say the position of women, for when a nation becomes corrupt, the men are more wicked than the women; but the women are lower in the scale of humanity.

But when men began to realize that the law of true life was sacrifice, then they looked for God's embodiment of it in humanity, and lo! womanhood. When men began to feel that utilitarianism and materialism were not all their life, they searched for a proof this in humanity, and lo! womanhood. When men began to think that perhaps love and submission, and tenderness and gentleness, were as strong for good as power and force and intellect, they sought if this were realized any where in humanity, and lo! womanhood. And when men sought to redeem the lost, and to comfort and sympathize with the neglected, and found that they failed in the needful delicacy, they cried—Is there none to help? and lo! the graceful wondering form of woman stepped forward to assist, radiant with a fresh delight, and born into a new life by men at last feeling the necessity of her existence.

Thus, from the self-analysis of England, womanhood was born anew—born into a consciousness of her individual existence—born into the belief of her own power.

Thus it was, too, that the idea of the mission of woman concentrated itself on a sure basis, and became a national thought. About this mission some thought one way, and some another; some denied it altogether, not feeling that manhood had a mission, and in the ignorance born of incapacity declared that womanhood had none. Some opposed it because antagonistic, one-sided, and jealous. Their judgment could not hear any thing much insisted on without siding against it. Some admitted it, but said it lay only in household duty; others quoted Penelope, and various old English *spinsters*, laying great stress on the word, as patterns for the women of the nineteenth century. Some went further, and said their mission was to tend the sick, and bless the poor, and visit the village with broth, and shoes, and blankets. And some men, either soured by disappointment or base by nature, when asked what they thought of woman's mission, echoed, with a very foolish or very bitter laugh, the answer of Iago—

“To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.”

But ask the poet—ask the thinker what they know of woman and her mission, and they will not describe it in words, they will not attempt to inclose it in a rigid fence of detailed particulars, but they will shadow in song, or let men half seize a fleeting vision of the beautiful thought, which floats within them. They do not mark out for her a line of action apart from the manhood of humanity, but they dream of her life as something different yet indissolubly linked to theirs; as something pervaded by the one spiritual essence of humanity. And just as the more healthy a poet's heart is, the more necessity does love within it feel for imagination, and imagination for love, and the more deeply do they reverence each other, and feel their own dependence for truth of action on one another; so the more healthy the humanity of a nation is, the more do men and women depend on one another, the more do they feel the need of, and reverence each other.

For in proportion as men are noble and true of heart, and Englishmen are so now, nobler and truer than they have been—in proportion as they feel deeply, (and the highest are those who feel the deepest,) do they understand womanhood and what it has to do. Men of dilettante sentiment

—men who dabble in feeling as the London world, at a watering place, does in geology and zoölogy—it is these men who talk much of the mission of woman, and whom true women seriously and sadly despise. But men whose hearts are true to the inner and mysterious song of the universe, whose spirits however joyous are yet in accord with “the still sad music of humanity,” who have lived because they have felt, and feel because they have lived—they are those whose central life owns in silence womanhood and its action as the most important reality they know. And so also women who have got free from that foolish system, which pits the sexes against each other, and who are too true to indulge in false expressions about the inferiority of men, think that no more majestic reality exists than manhood and manhood’s action. Each sex, then, in proportion as they are true, has a natural tendency to exalt the other, and each is the best judge of the other and the other’s sphere of action. Now, the real deduction from this is the perfect equality of both, is that each is the complement of the other.

We have said that the mission of woman was a new idea, and arose mainly from the advance of England into a nobler life. Now, no idea ever settles into its correct form till it has tried and rejected its extremes, and this conception is still in this condition. It fell into two dangerous and false extremes. First, women feeling that they had a distinct position in the world, and a distinct work to do, began, in the case of many, to separate themselves from men, to imagine that the distinctive character of their action emancipated them from their so-called slavery; and they determined to pursue their course, unhelped, unrecognizing, and unrecognized by “the males.” Secondly, when others found that they could do their own work well, they began to think they could do *all* work also, and they stood up for “the rights of women,” to the pursuits of men. They did not see why they should not be politicians, lawyers, clergymen, and even why there should be any invidious distinction between them and the other sex; and so in America, the cradle of extreme tendencies, this false idea found its most absurd expression in Bloomerism, which flourished for a time to shock and amuse the world.

Both these false extremes were born from the ignorance of the two grand truths, which are the laws of the relation of the sexes. The first mistake arose from the ignorance of the law of interdependence; the second, from the ignorance of the law of the difference in kind, and not in degree, existing between the sexes. The former of these laws depends upon the latter; but that is so evident that we shall make no excuse for treating first of the mutual dependence of woman on man, and man on woman.

We have supposed that men are the best judges of womanhood, and women of manhood; and though much may be said on the other side, yet to us the answer is sufficient, that any theory which tends in practice to render the sexes independent of each other is wrong, and will, infallibly, end in the degradation of both. A compound body, as humanity, is only in health, when its parts mutually respect and mutually feel the necessity of each other.

Thus mutually dependent, the two sexes are inevitably and inwardly urged by nature to unite themselves, and God ratified in Eden this natural tendency by the institution of marriage. Marriage is thus the symbol of a perfect humanity—a completed humanity. Thus in the sanctity of the marriage tie between two persons, lies hid the mystery of our double humanity, and wherever it is broken, there humanity is violated. Wherever it is kept pure in a nation, the men and women of that nation will be strong in action, and noble in thought; and history tells us, in many a voice, that an empire never fell, till corruption had entered its homes.

The noblest poem the world has listened to is witness to this; for what was the grand idea underlying the ten years’ war that ranged round wind-swept Ilium? Was it not that the Grecian and Trojan hearts felt, that on the sanctity of the union between men and women depended the life-blood of the world? Nothing is more remarkable in the Iliad than Homer’s feeling that the Trojan cause must fail, because it had violated even one individual instance of this law; that there was an inward weakness in the city, because one there, who had destroyed the holiest of the domestic relation. Nothing is in the poem than this, that the only strength of Troy lay in the hands of the man whose life was the life of the city.

valor rested on the inspiration of Andromache, whose manliness drew its strength from home; in him who removed the helm, whose tossing crest no Grecian sword could touch, that he might meet the kiss of the son, whom, smiling through her tears, the mother and the wife upheld. And when he fell, in whom the sacredness and truth of the union of the sexes was idealized, Troy fell, and not till then.

Now a union such as this could not be: marriage would be a mocking falsehood were not there a mutual dependence between the sexes.

But apart from the union of individuals, womanhood and manhood depend on one another. What kept the Cimbri true to the savage force and unblemished liberty of their character? What made them die in the great battle with Marius, man by man, upon the field, till night closed in upon the carnage, and the distant summits of the Alps refused to look upon the combat? It was that behind them among the wagons, their women stood, each inspired into a Valeda by the noise of battle. It was that motherhood, wifehood, sisterhood were there praying to their God for those whom they had loved in their forest homes; and with the inspiration of that thought, the warriors died free as they had lived. Their manhood rested on womanhood.

What kept the Greek ever with his face to the foe? What cheered his last death-throe on the field of Marathon, or at the Pass of the Three Hundred? It was the thought that his mother would meet his corpse borne upon the shield, and weep no tear save one of joy, that her son had died with untarnished honor. Their manhood rested on womanhood.

What kept the short Roman sword forever bright in the face of the foe, with the lightning of war? What united in the battle-field the proud Patrician to the fierce Plebeian? What was the cry that welded into a phalanx of tempered steel all the opposing elements of a Roman army, and echoed in their hearts till it strung them to an iron endurance against the mighty Carthaginian? *Pro aris et focis*—for altars and for hearths. It was that each Roman entered the crash of contest with the thought of the Vestal Virgins keeping guard in the Ancient Temple over the Palladium and the Eternal Fire; and each man swore to defend

that chastity, on which the safety of Rome depended. It was the thought of their women watching by their hearths for their return, that nerved the muscles of the sons of the iron kingdom; and each man swore to keep those home unstained and free, on which the majestic fabric of the seven-hilled Republic was founded and upbuilt. Their manhood rested on their womanhood.

And in pursuits less fierce, but no less noble, the power and grasp of manhood has been subtilized and deepened, etherealized and strengthened by the spiritual power of womanhood. When Tintoretto's daughter died, his hand never more touched pencil. Would Raffaele's pictures have been so divine, had not the Fornarina lived? Who would have heard the "world-worn" Dante's song, had there been no Beatrice? It was womanhood in Clelia which rooted the love of country in the Roman; in Cornelia, which established the truth of motherhood. It was womanhood that saved the city from the incensed son and husband as it knelt at the feet of Coriolanus. Not without meaning, too, were the ancient myths which represented the Furies and the Fates, the Muses and the Graces, the Gorgon terrors and the Harpies as women; for on them must ever hinge the agony and the destiny, the intellect and the gladness, the terror and the infamy of men.

And turning to modern times, what has most tended to civilize those ages, when the new elements of European life, after long fermenting, began to settle into quietude? What was it that supported the influence of religion in that strange movement of all Christendom towards the Holy Land? It was that each knight felt that in serving his God he was exalting his lady also. What was it that bound together, as it were with one spirit, that Protestant tendency of Italy, which was embodied in the society called the Oratory of the Divine Love? It was the heart of Vittoria Colonna; and not only did she keep alive this fire, but from her lips and inspiration the genius of Michael Angelo drew the delicacy which has mingled with the majesty of his conceptions.

And if men are so dependent upon women, can we say that the converse of the picture is not true? Needless it were for us to enter into historical detail. A

thousand proofs and instances surround us: the daily etiquette of common life, the woman leaning on the manly arm, is a sort of sacrament to witness to this truth. Well would it be for society, if it would but accept as the law of its existence, that the man is what the woman makes him, and the woman what the man. In our social life few are those men and women, who feel or know the awful responsibility which lies upon them from their mutual relation of dependence. In that hurrying and whirling commingling of gaseous emanations, which is called society in our great capitals, where souls are carried round and round unceasingly, as the ghosts of unhappy and guilty lovers are in the Inferno, men meet women and women men, and the conversation glides and glides, like a canoe skimming the deep waters of Ontario. Far down below lies the heart of womanhood, and the soul of manhood, and no word like a plummet sounds the depths of either. Day after day, night after night, this "social life" goes on, till the woman and the man disappear, and two waxen figures grow beneath the rapid fingers of convention. Each has worked the other's ruin. Each have contributed their best to destroy the pure essence of each other's nature.

But this light neglect, this guilty ignorance of their responsibility by which each debases the other, has yet a more solemn aspect. When young men converse with women in society, the subjects spoken of and the mode of speaking of them is such that nothing of the inward nature of the woman is touched or excited; nay, some words and expressions are used in what is called flirtation in such a manner, that their meaning is lost and they become false; for when a woman hears continually the sacred language of love from the lips of one who she knows means it not in its fullness, she may be at first shocked, but in the end, in very many cases, she becomes so accustomed to it, that the true feeling is slain within her, or finds a vent for itself in a morbid sense of being forever misunderstood, or is replaced by a foolish sentimentalism, to which she gives the name of love. Folly, frivolity, cold reserve, contempt of men, a hunger for excitement—all these, in various women, result from the mode in which they are addressed, met, and treated by men. And men, never considering

that it is they, who have done the evil, by ignoring womanhood, complain that they do not meet any thing to satisfy them in the women of society.

Woman's mission!—we are weary of the multitudinous cant which has been written on the term. A woman's mission is to be true to her own womanhood, and surely no nobler portion of this mission is there than the exalting of men. And this they will never do in society till they are real, till they shrink from the false fear of being laughed at, till they wear the garments of truth, till they conquer that unreal reserve, which keeps them from exertion, till they condemn impurity in men as loudly as they censure it in woman.

If they would but awake, here is a glorious mission for them—the redemption of men from much of sin. Would they but be true to their nature, to the inward promptings of their spirit, they know not what they might do. Let them go out into society determined to try all they can to sympathize with and help men; to appreciate men, and to draw forth the seeds of goodness and manhood in every one they meet. Let them, with the beautiful charity which should belong to womanhood, believe that there is nobility in every man they meet, and try to touch that into life. Let every woman strive to exalt herself to the ideal of her womanhood; let her train herself to be a companion of man, and a helpmeet for man; let her struggle to make man noble, and in the struggle she will develop herself; let her make herself a true sister, a true wife, a true mother, a true daughter, a true woman, and we will surrender every atom of interest we have in the subject, if they do not put up a mighty barrier against one of the greatest evils of our social condition.

We will now see how this unalterable law of the mutual dependence of the sexes bears on many theories, which women have put forward concerning their mission. They have declared that as their work is distinctive, therefore they will pursue it without the help of, and separated from men; that men have no right to pry into their business—no right to assist them or to interfere. Men, too, on the other hand, have laid it down that woman's mission is simply confined to spinning and keeping house, and bringing up child-

ren; and that it gives them no right to touch on even the slightest portion of man's work — that they want no help, nor will seek for any from women in their pursuits. *Chacun a son métier*, they cry. We will do our work, and they theirs separately. Now, all ideas of woman's mission which are founded on this theory are false and will come to naught, for they violate the primary law of the sexes — mutual dependence. If women attempt to carry out their missions in separation from men, or if men attempt to force on them a position which divides them from the man, they have entered into a contest, not against opinion, but against God himself, who in the beginning made the woman for the man, and the man for the woman.

Woman's worth united to man's make up the whole of the influence of humanity; and as the power of the sun would be useless, if, in its ray, the light was separated from the heat, so the power of humanity would be forever destroyed if the mission of the woman were divided from that of the man. It is true that the work of a woman is distinct from that of a man, just as the actions of light and heat are different; but still that does not prevent each in accordance with their several natures working as one. The union of light and heat performs one work, but each does its own distinct part; so man acts in his sphere, and woman in hers, but always in union. It is important to keep this distinctiveness of work in mind, for it is as dangerous for women to assume that their mission is the same as man's as it is for them to separate it from the influence of man.

And this brings us to the consideration of the other law of the sexes, which many of the extreme theories of woman's mission have violated — *the law of the difference in kind*.

It seems scarcely necessary to adduce any proofs of this principle; but as it has frequently been called in question by women — sometimes even by men — and as many of the theories of the rights of women have been built on the denial of it, it may not be out of place to discuss it briefly.

The first proof arises from the existence of the marriage tie. The true object of marriage is to establish a perfect union — to make of two one spirit. Now, what is necessary for a real unity? We answer

variety in the parts united. Uniformity is the accurate resemblance and sameness in nature of any number of existing things, and its essential difference as distinct from unity is that there is no coherence between the parts. The pebbles of the seashore, polished all to one size and roundness by the force of the waves, are uniform, but there is no union there; whereas true unity is when a number of parts different in themselves, and different in their office, are bound together by the influence of one spirit to attain one object. Thus unity is not a thing seen, but felt — does not as uniformity appeal to the senses, but is a conception of the spirit.

Now, unless there were this difference in kind — not in degree — between the woman and the man, that unity whose symbol is marriage never could be, and marriage itself would be a mockery. But the man diverse in kind from the woman, and yet joined to her by the one humanity they share in, finds in union with her, whether in life, or work, or thought, the perfect whole of existence.

Again, the difference in kind is produced, not by different parts or qualities being theirs, but by a different arrangement of these powers. The law given to each sex is diverse; and thus, though the elements are identical, they are so ordered that the nature of the man is forever different from that of the woman. Analogously in nature, different rocks are formed from the same primitive elements, but rendered distinct in kind, and not in degree, from one another by different heats in the process of fusion, and by unequal mixtures of their originals. Again, no one will deny that though the elements of the physical constitution of man and woman are identical, yet that they are differently arranged and developed. But in this world the body and the spirit are so blended in humanity, that the latter must conform its modes of action to the medium it employs; and for this reason, if for no other, woman in mind and spirit is essentially different from man.

Thirdly, we have such an intuitive perception of this difference, that we act always on it in life.

In history women have been looked on as inferior, superior, and equal, by men; but never as identical in nature with themselves. In life he who denies this essential difference has the fact of "love" to account for. When the lover touches his

lady's hand, does not the unconscious thrill which fires his eye and quickens his blood proclaim that she is different from him in nature; and if the denier of this principle were ever to love truly, then his every thought would be a practical refutation of his theory. And when the man of thought listens to a woman speaking of truths which she can scarcely be said to have attained, so intuitive and unconscious is her acceptance of them, but which have cost him years of painful demonstration — when he listens thus and wonders, does not his intellect tell him, that her nature is essentially distinct from his?

And he who denies this law has also this to account for: the wondrous friendship which, without passion, may be between man and woman — a friendship utterly distinct from that which exists between persons of the same sex.

The impulse, the desire, to lose ourselves in another sex is known to all experience, and therefore there is a difference in kind between the man and woman; and this will be clearer if we consider the origin of impulse. There are two springs of impulse, emulation and love. The principle of emulation, which is the honest desire to surpass another, is not felt by man relatively to woman. We feel that to emulate a woman we must be made into a woman — be altogether changed in nature. With regard to love as the source of impulse, the love which we feel to a man may excite us, may elevate our life; but there is ever, almost, we may say, necessarily mingled with it, some feelings, either of emulation or of inferiority; in fact we do not lose the consciousness of ourselves. But the man who truly loves a woman is elevated by her, not through emulation, but by love; he is excited to newer and fresher life, not only by the nobleness of the thing itself, but also by the thought that she will share in it with him; and in the impulse given by this love to her, there is this altogether peculiar feeling, that every fresh sacrifice, every fresh effort to please her, and to bless her, seems to elevate her still higher, to make him lowlier, and more unworthy to reach the pure height on which, to him, she stands. Now, we should like to meet the man who would feel thus to one whose nature was identical with his, or only modified into difference by circumstance.

It would appear needless to have entered so much into a self-evident pro-

position, were it not that women have claimed their rights to the privileges of men. They have asked for political rights, have declared that they should have the power of voting; have even said that they could form a parliament. They have tried to become lawyers, and have sought for entrance into the church. Some have even wished to organize a band of Amazons. Now, the simple answer to all these is, that any thing which tends to destroy the essential distinction of kind between the sexes will inevitably tend to ruin — is false to God and nature, and will end, if men assume the woman, in making them fools; and if women assume the man, in making them fiends; or else, in a complete ossification of their nature.

Further, women, ignoring this law, have declared that it is education which makes the difference between them and man; and that to render them equal to the other sex in thought and science, and artistic power, in influence on the world, they have only to educate themselves sufficiently. Now, the answer to this is, that they *are equal*, if they would only believe it. Different in kind, but ever equal in the value of humanity. No education will ever make them men; but a greater breadth of culture will make them all the nobler women. No education will ever fit them for the peculiar pursuits of men; but it will make them truer helpmates for them, and give them a deeper joy in their own womanhood, by enabling them to follow out more usefully their own natural pursuits.

No where has this wild cry of women for equality, and the effort to realize it through education, been treated more gracefully, or more truly, than in Tennyson's *Princess*. No where has the poetic heart gone more deeply into truth, by intuition, than in that poem. *Ida* started on this very idea, that education was the source of the difference, and that the inferiority of the woman was to be conquered by culture. She felt the distinction between the sexes; but she did not know that this was the very seal of their equality. And so she separated herself from men, and thus was false to one law, and then pursued a system based on ignorance of another. And as time wore on, the woman faded away, and she became hard and un pitying. Attempting by separation

"To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an equal pedestal with man,"

she herself lost womanhood. Struggling to render herself "whole in herself, and owed to none," she parted with the beauty of love, and the joy of mutual dependence. Endeavoring in seclusion from men to redeem women from their "slavery," she forgot that her noblest mission was to redeem man. Thus she petrified till the sorrow, and sickness, and dependence of man on woman, and the tender beauty of her hidden nature called forth by these, showed her that only in union with him she could exalt herself. And then, when once she yielded herself to union, and became as dependent on him as he on her, she learned that not by education was she to render herself equal and abolish the difference, but that in that very difference consisted her equality.

Thus, this poem establishes, in its graceful serio-comic, the two great laws on which we have been writing, the interdependence of the sexes, and the difference in kind between the man and the woman. We have thus seen in the statement of these two laws what the mission of woman is not; we have defended it from its false extremes. We will now consider what it is, and attempt to establish a principle.

The real existence of any thing consists in its being true to itself within its own sphere of action. Thus a rose exists only so far as it is developed in accordance with its nature, and never attempts to be a lily, or any thing but a rose. Thus a planet is, only so long as it moves in its appointed course, and does not attempt to exalt itself into a star. The moment it breaks loose, so to speak, from itself, that moment it is virtually a negative, or a dangerous thing in the universe.

So the highest mission of a woman is to be true to her womanhood. She only exists so long as she moves in her own sphere, and does not strive to be a man. Once let her pass beyond herself, and she either sinks to a non-existence, or she becomes a deadly woe. With marvelous truth to nature does Shakspeare represent Lady Macbeth becoming a fiend, when she had unsexed herself, and attempted the qualities of the man. Therefore, as the general rule of her existence, as the general law of her mission, woman must be true to womanhood. That is her great duty in this world. Other subordinate and multiform missions are hers, but she can only perform these so long as she performs the greater. The moment she fails

in the one, she will infallibly fail in the others, and while she succeeds in the one, she will infallibly succeed, even without the consciousness of success, in all the others.

Let that, then, be our principle. Truth to her nature is the primary mission of woman. But how shall a woman find out what she has *particularly* to do in the world? We answer: by a study of her peculiar character. Each human soul is a distinct thing in this universe. Each soul is alone, possessing its own rules of existence, its own temperament, its own bias of character. But there are two great divisions of soul under two standards—the souls of men born to be true to the standard of manhood, and the souls of women born to be true to the standard of womanhood. Let each be that, and they may follow out their peculiar nature in whatever way they please. Let a woman be but true in the inmost recesses of her heart, to her own womanhood, and then she may adopt any mode of life, enlist herself in any pursuit, shock narrow prejudices and one-sided views, be artist, poet, writer, *sœur de charité*, any thing—no matter—she will fulfill her mission, and her life will *tell* upon the world. So, just as a tree is the product of the living force of nature first, and then is developed both by its inward peculiar tendency to be a birch, an oak, or a larch, and by the circumstances with which it is surrounded, so the life of a woman is the quotient of these three things—the living force of her womanhood, her own peculiar character, and the circumstances which are outwardly impressed upon her; and if she retains the first, she will develop herself rightly in the second, and bring comfort and blessing from the third. Take for example Juliet and Cordelia. Both were different in character, and lived under various influences. The one reflected in her life the glowing skies and the sudden storms of her southern land; the other bore within herself that slow, abiding, infinite power, which, rooted in the northern heart, finds no words for its deep emotions. They were each the children of their climate, and were further developed and molded by the circumstances which surrounded them. Both, again, were the products of their own inward temperament: Cordelia, like the moss-rose wrapped in its own scented silence, expanded into fuller life, and gave forth power, and

sweetness, and consolation as she was beaten by the rain of sorrow; Juliet, like that flower which blooms in a single night, and dies at dawn, was touched in one evening into life, and loveliness, and passion, and then dashed to death by the fierce realities of the morning. Each was the necessary product of her nature. Juliet could never have been Cordelia, nor Cordelia Juliet. But at one point they met, by one bond of common feeling they were both united; Juliet and Cordelia were true to womanhood. In diverse ways, and under varying forces, they both fulfilled their subordinate missions by being true to their great mission — by obedience to their womanly nature; for by this Cordelia saved her father, for did she not restore to him his faith in humanity? Did she not bless and soften the wounded and hardened heart of Lear? This it is which saves the tragedy of tragedies from all its gloom—that by Cordelia's womanly power, the heart of Lear broke, not with the agony of the sense of wrong, but with a mighty rush of love—"the late remorse of love" was his. And Juliet; how did her life tell upon Verona? Dead, she yet spoke, and over the corpse of the true woman, the rival houses, remembering her love, and witnesses to her sorrow and her faithfulness, linked their long-severed hands in a grasp cemented by her womanhood. Thus, though neither knew aught of missions ordered and labeled as belonging to their sex, yet they did a noble work, because they fulfilled their mission nobly and truthfully.

But our readers will cry out, What? Is this all? This is nothing new. Of course, a woman is sent here to be true to her womanhood. This, however, is precisely what women do not recognize; for it is much too simple a truth to be attained at once by them. There is not *éclaircissement* enough about it. Rarely do women reach this knowledge till many years, and many searchings of heart, and many failures have taught them that their work and their position is not one of ostentation. Again, they have in general no living conception of their own nature. Half-ideas they do seize—broken lights of it, showing true, through dim clouds of sentiment, gleam upon us from their writings; but seldom do we meet with a woman who knows how she should work, in what her real influence consists.

"There is a blessedness, however, in

this," many may say; "for is there any thing more beautiful than the unconsciousness of woman? Would you strip them of that?"—No; but ignorance is not unconsciousness, and a woman who knows nothing—that is, feels intuitively nothing—of the ideal of womanhood (for intuitive feeling is the knowledge of the woman) is rarely an unconscious, but rather an affected woman. Now, such women, we do not say not feeling, but not believing this truth, that all they have to do is to be true women, are driven into forming particular missions for themselves by the divine necessity within them of expending their hearts on some *great* object; whereas, if they knew what the power of their womanhood is, they would understand that the commonest and most trivial life is made great by the spirit of love which is within them.

But as long as this remains a mystery to them, they will seek for patent and fame-bestowing work; they will idealize a mission without taking into consideration the peculiarities of their individual temperaments, and then be miserable if they find it an impossibility. For example, Miss Nightingale goes to the Crimea, nobly and truly impelled thereto by her womanhood and her natural bias of character working harmoniously together. Straightway a number of women cry out, "That is our mission;" and, trying, fail, because they have not the necessary power or inclination; and failing, think in despair that they have fallen short of their mission. Such is the history of many a woman, who makes universal any *particular* phase of feminine action. Only, then, in a general principle can repose be found, in an universal mission, which will embrace beneath it, as a genus its species, all the characters and circumstances of women and their life. That principle is this: the grand mission of women is to be true to womanhood. Let all books which advocate particular missions be thrown aside; let all attempts to place the chariot of woman's work in a fixed groove be discarded. They are useless, for they strive to fit the universal into the particular. It is the duty of each wave to break upon the shore, so it is the duty of each woman to be true to the laws of her nature. But what should we think of him who ordained that each billow should roll on the beach in the same particular form, and with the same force; and yet that would be as wise as confining

the action of womanhood to one mission. Rather let each woman try and realize to herself what that womanhood is, which she shares with the Indian squaw, and the Pariah of our streets, and then set her life to music by being true to that; and whatever her position in life may be, however confined her sphere of action, however lowly or however high her rank, however small or great her opportunities, however weak or strong her character, however peculiar or common her temperament, she will be true to her highest mission, and will in her existence bless and soothe the world.

Again, this general principle will prevent her from doing violence to her natural and individual bias, by adopting a mode of life or a mission contrary to herself. The secret of all life is this. Find out what you are most fitted to do, and do it; if a man, with truth to manhood; if a woman, with truth to womanhood. Thus, each woman's mission is: first, to be always in harmony with the ideal of her nature; and then, secondly, to do whatever her circumstances and character urge her to perform.

So we get rid of all particular declarations, of all maps of woman's mission, and make them free from fear, and emancipated from restraint. Then, whether she follows Miss Nightingale to the tents, or lives with Rosa Bonheur in a mountain hut; whether she delivers a captive nation like Deborah, or seeks out and tends the homeless poor; whether she travels over the world, and adds to geographical knowledge, as Ida Pfeiffer, or stays at home to nurse an aged father; whether she lives in society and exalts men, or passes her existence in obscurity, she will have fulfilled her mission as God would wish her, if in all and every station she is true to the divine womanhood, which was born in Paradise.

Now, this great principle being laid down, it will be necessary to investigate practically the subordinate missions of woman, her position and her work in art and science, in religious efforts and in politics; in her character as comforter, and exalter, and redeemer; in her influence on the lost of her own sex and on the poor; on men, and on the progress of their race. But first, as the limits and the direction of these depend on her womanhood and its peculiarities, it will not be alien from, it is even needful to our subject to try and discover the great-

ness and the weakness of womanhood. And when we have unfolded the characteristics of pure womanhood, its faults, which are the perversion of these, will also become clear. Further, it is our intention, in the second part of this article, to see how the large *surplus* of woman may be employed, and what work their nature, as laid down, best fits them for; and lastly, to speak of the present mode of educating woman, and how they may be trained under a system more in accordance with their wants.

To state all this clearly, it is necessary first, as we have said, to fully investigate their powers.

What, then, is pure womanhood?

It is difficult to write clearly on the subject, a subject so much dreamt of, and so little thought out; and the difficulties which meet us at the outset arise from both the sexes. Womanhood has been so idealized by men, and so unrealized by women, that, on both sides, a fair judgment is almost impossible. Some men scarcely allow her any faults; others, who have passed this stage, have stopt short in the reaction from it, and blame as much as they praised before.

For example, the young man sees before him, far away, seated on a sunny distant height, his ideal woman. Men, who have lived apart from real life, embody all the hidden tenderness of their nature in her who visits them in the evening dream. But when the youth meets and lives with real women, when the student comes in contact with the substance of his vision, then the reaction commences, and the actual falling far short of the goddess he has worshiped, his world of phantom beauty is shattered ruddily. Happy is he who, trusting in humanity, springs away from this, and finds in the actual the real womanhood, whose human infirmities he has to support, whose weaknesses draw out his own nature, whose failings are but the shadows thrown by great qualities, and whose faults prove woman to be of the same dear, erring humanity, which he himself possesses. But many there are who, disappointed in their early ideal, remain forever lonely, and grow sour in heart, and smile a bitter smile, when womanhood is named and praised. Now, this contrast between the ideal and the experience of these men will make them hard to convince of the loveliness of the feminine nature.

Again, on the side of women there are arising from their very nature, difficulties, which will prevent many of them from agreeing to the truth of a real picture of their womanhood.

For example, it is one of the deepest peculiarities of their nature that they love the concrete, while man desires the abstract. Therefore, by their very nature they long to embody their ideal in persons. Now, either from the keen knowledge of the weaknesses of their sex, which their subtle perception of character produces, or from a jealousy of one another which is a perversion of their noble quality of individuality in attachment, they are not disposed to see pure womanhood in women; and they never can find it in men. Thus they form no clear idea of womanhood.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they do not possess much power of generalization. Subtly perceptive of things, in forming a conception of their own sex, they dwell on the minute details of feminine character, and do not consider it as a whole.

Again, loving the concrete more than the abstract, they desire to embody their influences in the seen and the present. Now, this by the nature of womanhood can rarely be, and, therefore, women resent any representation of their nature, which tends to establish the contrary, and prevent them from realizing their wishes. Nevertheless it is true. For the powers by which a woman works are spiritual. Who has ever seen love or tenderness, meekness or submission? Who has ever even translated into words of human speech what we mean by these? When have their effects become *rapidly* visible in an acknowledged and open form? Power, strength, and force of mind, or body, these are manifest to all the world. A great speech, a scientific discovery, a giant aqueduct, a land traced with railroads, a nation subdued, a revolution in thought—these are the work of man, and they are visible in themselves or their effects, because they act on the material and the intellectual worlds. But she who works on the secret spirit must be content to suspect and hope that the results she feels are hers, but never dream that she will view them with the eye of sense. Things seen—these are not the sphere of woman's labor.

And the powers of womanhood, as they

are spiritual, so their influences are slowly developed. Rooted in the present, they bear fruit only in the future. No woman planting her tree in the world can expect to see it blossoming in her life-time. She sows, but another reaps; and sad would be her existence, had not God bestowed on her a wondrous power of faith. She blesses and assists without knowing what she does. She stands like the world's lighthouse, seeing naught herself but the cold rocks she rests on; but far away on the tossing waters of life's tempestuous sea, the stormy light she carries falls in long lines of radiating comfort to warn, and cheer, and save those whom she has never known. For never in the seen or present can women hope to realize their lives. Still, this is the very thing they wish for; and there is no greater trial belonging to her sex than this, that the nature of her powers is in direct antagonism to the desires of her nature. And further, there are no greater obstacles than these desires, to her forming a true conception of her womanhood.

We shall often have occasion to bring this great peculiarity, this love of the concrete, prominently before our readers. Abandoning it now, we will enter upon our present task, and sound with a bold but reverent plummet the ocean, which sleeps above the heart of woman.

Who is the true woman? It is she who, essentially human, finds all the joy of her life in humanity. Separated from her fellows, she dies; unrequired by others, the subtle vitality of her existence perishes. If she can not live as wife or mother, as sister or daughter—if she has been robbed of these relationships by death, she becomes these to all who need. Take from her the law of her creation, force her to cease as "helpmeet" to man, or as "mother of all living," and her life becomes a living death. Unable to live herself in others, she can not bear the weight of her own feelings, nor the burden of her being. She can not "in herself possess her own desire," and thus her life is the witness to the truth and the redeeming power of self-sacrifice. She exists not to be happy, but to bless; not to gain, but to give. She only finds her rest, when she has lost her being in the objects of her love, and found a new self in them. In her, indeed—

"Love takes up the Harp of Life,
And smites on all its chords with might;"

and in music, the chord of self, not trembling with an effort, but softly, as in a vision, passes out of sight. Pain and sorrow, even death are crowned with light, like the glory round the head of a saint, when they are borne, that she may give life, and rest, and redemption. The meanest lot becomes divine, when she can hallow it with the sacrifice of herself. The commonest offices are touched with a strange delight, when they are done for others. The base things of nature, seen as things which she can restore and help, are clad no longer in loathsomeness, but shine as clothed with "a seraph robe of fire." All things are interesting—all things are ennobled, when she can thus project her spiritual power upon them, and view them in the light of that God-given knowledge that her mission is to help and save by the sacrifice of herself.

And she is highest when she does this voluntarily, and yet without self-consciousness. She is truest woman, when she lives without a self-approval of her love, when she surrenders herself, and yet is not conscious of being noble; when she dies for others, not because it is her duty, but because she so delights to die; when she is beautiful with this spiritual beauty, and yet walks her way without a wish to muse upon her loveliness.

But though her love is thus unconscious of her goodness, yet it is voluntary. Her will—her whole nature goes with it. It is a free self-determination of her whole powers, in which she finds the only solution of the enigma of her existence.

And because she thus loves, therefore is she enduring. Enduring, because, loving on in spite of trial, and contempt, and difficulty, the power of loving is strengthened; enduring, because her joys do not rest in the absence of pain or sorrow, but in the inward and deeper realization of that affection by which she lives. All the agony of the mother is as naught before the thought of the life to come, in which she will lose herself anew, and of the joy, which she will give her husband. All the long years of ill-usage, which the wife of a cruel man endures, are borne and lightened by the dream, that he, perchance, will think that she was true and tender when she has died for him.

And because her nature is thus filled with love, therefore the highest woman is dependent. A man may be (the religious feeling put out of the question) *αὐτάρκης*,

self-sufficing. He may, independent of the other sex, devote himself to fame, or the pursuits of the pure intellect, and be conscious of no necessity for womanhood. Neander lived and died immersed in books; but no true woman can live without some human object to spend herself on. Hence, she becomes dependent on the objects of her love, be they men or women. Again unconscious of the strength arising from her spiritual powers, and conscious of her *comparative* weakness in physical and intellectual faculties, a fact which is only proved the more by the strenuous denial of it by some women, she must repose her nature on the outwardly stronger, and find in man the complement of her being. From these two necessities, the necessity of something to love, and the necessity of fulfilling herself, she becomes dependent. We do not say that men are not dependent on women, nay, without women we could not live. Neander would have died soon, had not his sister been. But men are not so dependent on women, as women on men. A man may find a wife in ambition or in science.

It is true, in both cases, that the ultimate person on whom all depend is God; but, it is also true that while women learn the necessity of dependence on Him by the necessary resting of their nature on men—men learn it chiefly from the loneliness, which comes upon them when their boasted self-dependence is broken up by the terrible strokes of that love, which *will* teach us that we are not our own. But with woman it is the natural dependence of their nature on the manly powers, which finally leads them beyond that to their deep rest on the Divine. The natural conducts them to the spiritual, and it is for this reason, that women possess more of the essence of religion, or entire subservience to the highest will, than men because they arrive at it more naturally through their nature.

And because she is thus possessed of loving dependence, therefore is the truest woman most truly free. For what liberty is like hers, who reposing in unquestioning faith on him she loves, delights to do his will, because she is at one with him by affection? What freedom is like hers to whom the words duty and coercion have no meaning, because love is all?

Again, because her nature is necessarily possessed of this power of self-sacrificing love in so much deeper a manner than

that of man, therefore is she gifted with a subtler insight, and a more discriminating sympathy. For the capacity of insight is in exact proportion to the capacity of loving, and the power of insight is measured by the strength of love in any character, and by the amount of affection brought to bear upon the object of investigation. To him who loves the universe, the "open secret" is clear. To him, who loves a book, the inner comprehension of it is granted. To him or her, who loves a person, an intimate knowledge of that soul is given. And the highest woman, who pours the truest love humanity can know on those for whom she spends herself, has a delicate insight, which penetrates like light into the hidden springs of being and of action, and lays bare the innermost recesses of the spirit. She sees into men and women, as the poet sees into the world, because she loves. She is dowered with—

"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love;"

and for this reason also she possesses a discriminating sympathy. There are two kinds of sympathy. There is a sympathy, which feels for humanity as a mass, and produces philanthropy, and is the parent of high-sounding schemes and socialistic systems. Oftentimes this is worse than useless, for not expending itself on individuals, and too slothful and dainty to carry out in action its feelings, it forgets its objects, and only suns its silken complacency in the warmth of its self-approval. This evil belongs to men and women alike; but when this large sympathy for the mass is true, and finds its complement in real work, it produces men who live like Wilberforce, or Francis Xavier; and to such men, whose object is the redemption of masses, we give the name of benefactors of the race. Rarely do women possess this kind of sympathy, for they can not generalize sufficiently, and even should it be theirs, the practical power to act on it is often wanting, and their position shuts them out from opportunity. Their true province, when such occasion does not exist, is to arouse action by appeal to the heart.

But the general sphere of woman's sympathy is different, and the sympathy itself is different. There is a sympathy, which, not lavishing itself on the mass, discriminates individuals, and is able to

apply peculiar comfort to peculiar circumstances and peculiar characters. This is especially in the power of womanhood. It is more hidden in its action than the former, but infinitely more practical; and the highest woman possesses deep and wondrously effectual sympathy, because she has gained an insight through love into human character, and is able to mold herself in other forms suitable to the various cases, which she meets.

For another reason also is she thus gifted. The power of practical sympathy, which is comfort, depends on suffering; a knowledge of what is needed, in order to console, is only gained through sorrow and trial. Now, it is another characteristic of womanhood, which arises from her deeper spiritual, and, therefore, more delicate nature, that she suffers more than men. Things, words, looks, which seem trifles to us, touch her to the core. Trials, bereavements, and sadness, which are deadened in us by our life of action and intellect, descend into and dwell in her heart. "Sorrow's memory" to her is "sorrow still." Her capacities of feeling are more subtle than ours, and therefore her suffering is more subtle too; and because she has thus more keenly borne the cross, therefore can she heal with a more delicate and softer touch, than we; therefore is her sympathy more discriminating; therefore is it more useful, because less expended in visions of universal improvement; and, lastly, more personal, because the tendency of her nature is to individualize, rather than generalize. But further still the power of applying sympathy practically depends not altogether on suffering, but on the right conquest of suffering. A human soul may break beneath its sorrow; it may forget it in action, or crush it out by the resolution of strong will. In these cases, which are more peculiar, especially the two last, to men, the power of giving sympathy in a useful way is lost. But suffering, when conquered by a calm and Christian endurance, when felt keenly, and yet felt as the blow of love, is changed into the power of consolation. And so the true woman, to whom this is natural, has overcome her sorrow without forgetting it in the manner most conducive to the practical power of consoling others, and that in a way to which men more rarely can attain. Surely this view opens to womanhood a wondrous mission.

We have said that women are more keenly susceptible of suffering than men. The principle on which this is founded is, that the spiritual* is more delicate than the physical and intellectual. Now, in a woman, the spiritual is predominate, and therefore she is more receptive of, and sensitive to, impressions of every class. In accordance with this her physical organization is more delicate than man's, as it is to be the channel of finer intimations, and the medium of tenderer shades of sensation. Now, from this inward and corresponding outward fineness of organization arises—so far as relates to *ideas transmitted through the senses*—much of the thought and joy and sorrow of a true woman's life. Hence her feelings are more subtle and more easily excited than ours; hence her feelings are keener and deeper, though not so strong as ours; hence it is that she collects delight from a smile, and happy thoughts from a word; hence it is that she entails sorrow on her heart from causes, which were not meant to create it; hence it is that the slightest looks encourage hope when she loves, and that she will grasp at a passing expression, and gather it like a flower; hence it is that when her love has been cast away, and she feels the object unworthy, she will yet cherish the memory of what has been, and find a sad delight in ignoring the present, and living in the past.

Hence it is that women are earlier in life more thoughtful than men, for their delicate inward being receives things which, with another tendency of womanhood, they lay up with a conservative instinct in their hearts—things, and looks, and words, which the sharp, objective vivacity of boyhood passes over. And this extends itself through all existence. And women have a wondrous intertwined symphony of inner and most delicate thought which forms a second life, whose mystic music men have never heard—have not even, we believe, conceived.

It will afterwards be seen how this peculiarity fits them for discharging a peculiar office in literature.

It is true that this thoughtfulness does not produce great works, and is not manifest to the world. But for this there are obvious reasons. The things of the inner heart are ever unutterable in language.

Speech fades before the power of feeling.

“For words are weak, and most to seek,
When wanted fifty-fold.”

And not only unutterable, but also unspeakable. There broods above them a hallowed air to break whose waves with speech were sacrilege. To vulgarize her inmost self, no idea can be to woman more full of shuddering than that. It is hers by right of possession, and no kaiser or king may touch with despotic hand that mystic woof and warp of thought which shares her loneliness with God. Men see it only in the undefined and fleeting changes of the face—in all the cloudlike shiftings of expression—in the individuality of manner, but never as it is.

True is this also of men. In our inmost nature we are all alone—

“Each in his hidden sphere of joy and woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart.”

But it is naturally and more especially true of women.

And, again, arising from this delicacy of inward organization, joined to its outward and fitting vehicle, women are more receptive of natural beauty than men. In a peculiar way, however. The man admires the landscape as a whole, with all its parts bound together by one law into a glorious unity; his eye dwells with pleasure on the sunset sky, and on the everlasting downfall of the cataract; but he pierces beyond the pleasure of sensation and marks the various waving of the cloud march in its obedience to law, and the majestic submission of the water atoms to the force of gravitation; he sees the harmony of the evening vapors with the land and sea they hover over; he combines the sound of the cataract with the silence of the pines, and its white and leaping radiance with the rainbow which arches there, and with the darkness of the swift eddies which, in the hollowed pool beneath, contrast with the foam above. For man's idea of beauty is not complete, till he has added to the pleasure of the eye and ear the sense of harmony and law—and in him the latter often predominates over the former. But women rarely generalize thus, and never possess in the same fullness this power of reference to law, which is the parent in the artist of his greatest gift—harmonious composi-

* By “spiritual” we mean all that pertains, not only to the spirit, but also to the heart.

tion. Her pleasure is more the result of fine sensational impressions, and she is entranced by the minutenesses of nature, and by the portions of a landscape. The violet which nestles in the moss beneath the oak is dearer to her than the thought of the law of its growth. The fern which shakes its penciled shadow in the still pool of the mountain stream is the object of tenderer love to her than the law of its reflection. The delicacy of color in the light and breezy cirrus which lengthens forth its golden fibers to follow the sun it loves is sweeter to her than the knowledge of its harmony of tone with every tint in sea and land beneath it. "I feel, I feel," she cries, "do not destroy my keen and silvery delight by reasons and by law. The loveliness of all and each enters my heart, and fills it to the brim—I have no room for thought; and when the beauty I have seen returns on me at night,

'And strikes upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,'

it is mine not to reason on, but to mingle with my inner life, to add delicacy to my associations and my past, to exalt my spirit more and more to the high region where all beauty shall be perfect, and all purity be stainless." Thus, in womanhood's gaze at nature the emotional predominates over the intellectual, and the sense of the delicacy of the parts overcomes her appreciation of the whole. And from these grounds, and from a consequence naturally following, we shall hereafter deduce the position and mission of women in artistic life.

The same principles apply to the reception by women of all beauty, whether in art or music, or in the higher beauty, which appeals to their intellect and spirit in poetry or religion, in noble words or noble action. Such are some of the effects of delicacy of inward organization in connection with ideas received through the senses.

And resulting from all these there is another characteristic which belongs to womanhood: deep unsatisfaction. We do not say dissatisfaction, but unsatisfaction. A woman is not satisfied with approximation to her ideal, but desires ever to be the very thing she wishes to be. Now her spiritual nature, which delicatizes the minute, aspires to be equal in the smallest point to her ideal, and the consequence is

that she becomes not only confused in the multitude of thoughts, but also the more she advances the higher does her ideal become. Hence results deep unsatisfaction, a deep sense of her own weakness, which, had she not as deep a trust, would end in despair.

These two, high ideals and deep unsatisfaction, follow her through life; and, whether she be artist or writer, musician or religionist—that is, whether she strive to realize the intuitive beauty, or the intuitive love of goodness within her, she will either lose the power of expression from the overwhelming emotions which overcome her, or she will want that sense of self-confidence, which, above all, must belong to him or her who greatly creates in art or literature, or greatly invents in science. Hence it is that woman does not create or invent at first hand. She does create, truly create at second hand; but this we shall more fully enter into afterwards.

And now, what is that quality of pure womanhood which binds all these into a whole? What is the bond of her perfectness? It is purity. Without that her life is a ship which has lost its rudder.

There it lies, sleeping on a calm sea, with its shrouds penciled against the golden sky, and its sails opening their snowy folds in loveliness, with its tapering masts and fair-built hull reflected in mass and wavering lines down into the summer sea—beautiful and fair vision, dreaming on the ocean of existence. But the winds of trial begin to blow, and the temptations of life arise in waves, and the sharp hail of sorrow, and the scathing lightnings beat and dazzle on her fairness; and when the tempest has past, where is that phantom of delight? She lies on the cold rocks, shattered, and despised, and lost, for the rudder of purity was not there.

But where purity is, where a woman has kept that palladium safe from hostile hand, and defiling touch or thought, there every quality and power is sanctified and ennobled, exalted and refined; and if trial or temptation, sorrow or dismay, should wake in wrath or woe upon her, the woman who is pure within keeps her life unstained and perfect, like Alpine snow which is beaten by the rain and hail into the more crystal clearness of the glacier ice, and swept by the tempest into the more dazzling spotlessness which glitters on the aiguille.

Such is something of the glory of pure womanhood. To be true to that which we have but imperfectly described, how noble a mission! No vaster field of work is given to man, no greater resulting possibilities of action lie before manhood in this world. It remains for us to say to man, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure manhood, and you will fulfill your mission; to woman, in whatever position God has placed you, work there with truth to pure womanhood, and you will fulfill your mission; to both, never repine, never seek to step beyond yourselves, never violate your natural character or temperament voluntarily, never bind yourselves to any particular mode of action—be free, faithful, unfearing, wise. Be content, and know that where you are, there is the best place, and there your noblest mission.

Lastly, these powers of pure womanhood, which we have been describing, are spiritual powers. We have used the word spiritual as embracing under it all in us that is not physical or intellectual, all that belongs to the heart and spirit. We do not say that women have not intellectual or physical powers, nor that men have not spiritual; but this we do say, that in man the two former predominate, in woman the latter. Every action and thought of womanhood is penetrated by, and draws its life from, and has its foundation on, her spiritual powers. We can call to mind no purely intellectual or physical work done by a woman. Her heart and spirit give the motives of her life. She arrives at truth, she is an artist, thinker, worker, by her spiritual powers. She must be educated, redeemed, exalted by appeals to these. She is all she is by them, she lives, and dies, and loves, and suffers through these, by these she is trained for heaven.

Now, from a false perversion, or rather from an ignorant persuasion of this truth, the common proverb, which we hear from men has arisen: "A woman's strength is her weakness." The real origin of the saying is this: most men think that only strong which openly appears strong, or is manifested in forcible results. But they can not also help seeing that woman prevails where they have failed, that she does a mighty work in the world, and possesses enormous influence, and then they leap to the conclusion that she wins because she is weak, and that they give way to her because it is manly to give way to that which has no power of resistance; as if it were manly to surrender to weakness at all times. No; men give way, women have strength and influence because they work by powers which to the coarse and ignorant appear weak, but which in reality are the strongest.

If we look, then, largely on humanity as a whole, made up of womanhood and manhood, we arrive at this final result. Womanhood is the spirit of humanity; manhood, the body and mind. She bears the same relation to humanity as the contemplative and feeling powers in an individual do to the reasoning and active. Without either, humanity would be no more; separated, humanity is useless, the world is at a dead lock; together, hand in hand, and heart in heart, our fallen but divine humanity advances nobly, freely, usefully to do its work, eliminating slowly and unconsciously out of unknown quantities the great equation which shall be, when the race, emerging from many an *Æonian* storm, shall at last progress into that golden year which all high hearts, and all fair song, and all true philosophy, has prophesied for man.

From the Eclectic Review for May.

ITALY FOR THE ITALIANS.

THAT war is inevitable, has long been known, even to those who were unwilling to throw away the chances of peace which negotiation affords; but very few of us indeed imagined that the thunderbolt was so soon to be launched, and that the situation, with Russia in close alliance with France, was to be so dark. It might not unreasonably be asked what could be the worth of negotiations, the nature of which was pithily described by Lord Clarendon as being the request of one despotic power to another despotic power, that, by amicable arrangement, a third despotic power should give liberal institutions to the Italians? What could the real object be but war, when the cause of quarrel was palpably a pretext? Was there any possible chance of an amicable settlement, when the French eagle said to the Austrian eagle: "Ah! those poor lambs of Italy! how I pity them! how cruel of you to feed upon lambs! It is too bad! It must not be!" The French Emperor has an ambition to acquire somewhat of the military glory which belonged to the First Napoleon; he sees the necessity of diverting the minds of the French from domestic concerns; he has faith in his new rifled cannon; and there is no room to doubt that war has been decreed. Actual hostilities have in fact commenced, and while we can not but regard the striking of the first blow by Austria as a signal lack of moral courage, and as the throwing away of a permanent gain for the sake of a temporary advantage, it is not possible to condemn entirely the tactics of the court of Vienna. They are short-sighted, but natural. Being perfectly assured of the aggressive intentions of the French government, it would have been very hard—it would have required greater faith in the eternal principles of justice than belongs to any despotic power—to wait in patience until the enemy was prepared, and assumed, in act as well as in intention, the aggressor's part. We

will not blame, and we do not admire. England has no sympathy with either side. We are neutral in this awful contest which is now imminent. Our entire sympathy is reserved for that poor Italy which has so often been drenched with blood, and which is now again the prize for rival armies. It is too much to hope that from such a conflict the Italian peninsula will be a gainer; and if she is a gainer she will pay dearly for the advantage. But whatever be the chances of war, and whatever the nature of our hopes, we suppose that all Englishmen will assent to the principle expressed in the title of our article. If Austria or any other foreign power is to rule in Italy, she ought to rule through the Italians; and so long as the sentiment of nationality is a force in this world, no Italian province will submit to be the mere dependency of an exotic race. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces might submit to an Austrian archduke, but never to an Austrian army and to a shoal of Austrian officials.

Italy has been unfortunate in her friends. She has indulged in stolen interviews with Mazzini, and she has endured the ogling of Napoleon. "Italia! O Italia! thou that hast the fatal gift of beauty!"—more fatal than all, thou hast listened to the addresses of the political fanatic, and thou hast won the affections of the political *roué*! Strayed, but not lost; fallen, but not dead; hurt, but still beautiful; full of hopes that are wild, and strength that is strange, she sends her cry to heaven in fitful gusts, and she spreads her hands by turns to all the powers of the earth. Is it wonderful that in the blindness of her despair she should be found looking for help now from the impracticable regicide and now from the insinuating liberticide? Why, at one time, she rested her hopes in the most staid and respectable old gentleman going, and this respectable old gentleman proved to be the most fatal of her friends. We refer to that model of

an ancient Whig, Lord Minto, whose mission to Italy in 1847 is one of the most disastrous events in history, and is one great cause of the evils from which the peninsula is now suffering. In the previous year, Cardinal Ferretti had ascended the chair of St. Peter, under the title of Pio Nono, and inaugurated his reign with many professions and proposals which awakened the expectation, not only of the Papal States, but of all Italy, and not only of Italy, but of the civilized world. Now was to commence a new era; now all abuses were to be reformed; now the papacy was to cast off its rusty traditions; now the Eternal City was to renew its youth; now the beast of the Apocalypse, like the beast of the fairy tale, was to be transformed into a glorious prince worthy of the maiden, Beauty, who consented to be his bride. Lord Palmerston was then in the Foreign Office; and as there seemed to be no immediate prospect of all these fine visions being realized, and all these brilliant words becoming deeds—probably because the Pope was inexperienced in the art of governing, and was unacquainted with the ways of liberty—it was arranged that a commissioner should be sent to Italy to confer with the papal government, to watch the state of affairs, and to give that practical advice of which, in these matters, Englishmen are apt to conceive that they enjoy a monopoly. Dispatched on no ordinary errand, this commissioner was to be no ordinary person; he must not be the mere deputy, he must himself be a member of the cabinet; and who so fit as the Lord Privy Seal and the father-in-law of the Premier? Italy was delighted with the honor, and threw her arms in a transport of joy around this fine old English gentleman who was to act as her guardian. Before he knew where he was, Lord Minto found himself every where accepted as the champion of Italian independence, of liberty that was little better than license, and of nationality that meant the rupture of treaties and the confiscation of power. Wherever he went there were popular risings; he sowed the wind and he prepared the storm. The populace flocked to his hotel, shouted the wildest cries, and had the satisfaction of seeing handkerchiefs waved to them from the windows. In public, in the theater, and on the Corso, Lord Minto was seen in company with men of extreme views, and in the Italian mind he

became identified with the most revolutionary doctrines. The dull, good, old gentleman, who has never had any reputation beyond that of being a capital family man, and looking well after the Elliots in the British service, was utterly belated, and had not the wit to extricate himself from a false position. He raised hopes which could never be gratified; he laid the train which was soon to explode with anarchy; he gave consistency to dreams and definition to madness; he whistled for the wind and the whirlwind came, and with the whirlwind disaster on disaster, the collapse of freedom, and the ruin of hope—Italy stabbed, fettered, pillaged, crushed under the hoofs of Austrian horse and the iron heel of French soldiery.

The Revolution of 1848 was Mazzini's opportunity, and he turned it to some account. In that brief burst of outrageous liberty Italy saw the fulfillment of his prophecies, and she began to worship his prescience. It was evident that the infallible prophet must be a good lawgiver, and that the successful conspirator must be an able statesman. Mazzini forever! The saviour of Italy! Who but Mazzini? None but Mazzini! He went up like a rocket into the political heaven, but only that, like the rocket's stick, he might come down again to earth. A great genius, he was not a statesman; a strong enthusiast, he lacked wisdom. He is one of those who, seeing very vividly what ought to be done, think too little of the means by which the result is to be attained. If the situation is complicated—let the Gordian knot be cut; if the prescription of centuries lies in our way—let it be swept aside like cobwebs; if there are tyrants who prate of vested interests and the right of treaties—let them fall before the poniard. There is a curious story told of a French doctor who had discovered a specific for some skin disease, and found a patient willing to give a fair trial to the remedy. Sad to relate, the patient perished just as the disease was vanquished. "Il est mort guéri!" said the enthusiastic physician. Mazzini is a man of this temper. He would cure his patient at whatever cost; he would hold to his theory in the face of a million facts. He dreamed a dream of an independent Italy—a free Italy—a united Italy; and nothing short of his dream in all its details will ever satisfy him. What is Sardinia to him?

Victor Emanuel stands as much in his way as Bomba in the south or the Austrian eagles in the north. Not content with the practicable, he demands theoretical perfection. Enough to him that his objects are desirable—therefore they can and they must be realized. Italy believed him for a time, because of the revolution which he had foretold. A fortune-teller may make a hundred mistakes, but all her lies will be forgotten if only once she proves to be a soothsayer; and Mazzini had to commit innumerable blunders before Italy could cease to have faith in him. His views were extreme and exclusive; he insisted on his dream of Italy united and republican; and he would advance to his impossible schemes by execrable means. Gradually the more rational of the Italian patriots fell away from him; and the first public symptom of this falling off appeared in that celebrated letter in which Daniel Manin denounced the theory of the poniard. Manin's protest was but the utterance of a feeling which had long been simmering, and which had made not a little progress among sensible Italians. They could not brook the doctrine of assassination; they were weary with the aimless efforts and paltry conspiracies directed by Mazzini; they beheld some prospect of rational government and constitutional liberty in the course pursued by the Sardinian monarch; and by degrees the ardor of their attachment to Mazzini wonderfully cooled, so that he was left with a few desperates to nurse in sublime isolation his Laputan visions, and to preach his unhallowed doctrine. The attempt of Orsini was the practical illustration of the Mazzinian principle, and finally destroyed the influence of the faction. The recoil was tremendous. There may not have been much reason in the reaction, but the reaction was nevertheless complete. A great crime had been attempted. The authors of that attempt played the game of desperates. It was do or die—win all or lose all. On one cast of the dice—and terrible dice they were—thrown madly down in the Rue Lepelletier, every thing was staked; and for them at least all was lost. The immediate agents in this diabolical attempt were guillotined; the party to which they belonged was annihilated. Italy was saved from the embrace of intoxicated enthusiasts and midnight braves.

The escape of the French Emperor on that occasion is a marvel which, to the best of our knowledge, has never yet received a satisfactory explanation. Orsini's plans were arranged with consummate skill, and following all the known laws of cause and effect they ought to have succeeded. The address with which he contrived to baffle the French police and to smuggle his infernal shells into Paris was perfect, and every subsequent step in his progress was marked with the same wonderful forethought and secrecy up to the moment when the fatal bombs were thrown down. From first to last, from the devising of the shells to the exploding of them, every calculation was made with the most infallible accuracy, and not one mistake was committed. Why, then, was that awful explosion without effect? There had been one omission. It had not entered into the calculations of Orsini that the Emperor would go to the Opera in a carriage made of boiler-plates. The shells were terrible enough to blow up any ordinary carriage, or at all events to burst through it; and had the Emperor and Empress been in such a vehicle they would inevitably have fallen victims. It so happened, however, that they went to the Opera in Louis Philippe's carriage, which was lined with boiler-plates, and which was proof to the fulminating missile. It was the knowledge of the narrowness of this escape that afterwards threw the French government into a terror which seemed unreasonable to us, who saw in the failure of Orsini's attempt but the failure which ordinarily awaits the assassin against whom the most ordinary precautions are taken. The most important effect to us at this moment of all the alarm which was thus excited was, that Napoleon was hurried into the Italian question. He had, no doubt, thought of it before, for it entered very largely into the Napoleonic ideas, which the French Emperor regards as a sort of heirloom. But the deed of Orsini proved the necessity of a more active policy, and at the foot of the scaffold he who had risked his all for the salvation of Italy may be said to have bequeathed to the Emperor the cause of Italian independence. In a very short time we in this country were alarmed by the preparations for war on the other side of the Channel, and, above all, by the elaborate display at Cherbourg. It was instantly surmised that Louis Napoleon

was bent on the invasion of England; but the surmise was as instantly extinguished, and the knowing ones declared that Austria was the intended victim—the building of fleets and the completion of the mighty naval arsenal at Cherbourg having for their object, not the invasion of our island, but the holding of our armaments in check. Why Austria? And then we heard mysterious hints about the Danubian principalities, about the necessity which lay upon a despotism like that of the French Emperor to amuse the people by foreign conquests, and about the triviality of the spark which might be used for the purpose of kindling a war. Not a few persons were astonished when, in the commencement of the year, Louis Napoleon appeared in a new character as the defender of liberty, and as the champion of Italy against Austrian oppression. This, then, was the point to which the French government had been steadily steering throughout the whole of last year. At first we thought that Louis Napoleon was threatening ourselves; then we discovered that he was threatening Austria; at last we find that his heart is set on Italy, and to carry out his views there he allies himself with Russia, and is ready to fight Austria and defy England. Ostensibly his intentions are of the purest: he seeks no personal gain, and acts but, as in concert with England, he acted in the affair of Naples when the envoys of the two countries were withdrawn—all in the cause of justice and humanity. Louis Napoleon appearing as the knight-errant of liberty is a novel spectacle, however; and in this country we have a profound suspicion as to the disinterestedness of his motives. That suspicion is strengthened by the union of his cousin with a Sardinian princess—a princess of that sovereign house which is notoriously anxious to increase its power by the acquisition of a larger Italian territory. A thousand suggestions are thrown out. Sardinia covets Lombardy, and, in order to acquire that tempting prize, will part with Savoy to France; a principality must be found for Prince Napoleon; Prince Murat will be raised to the throne of the Two Sicilies; and so on. It is enough that the suspicions entertained regarding the Emperor's policy are deep-seated—and in this country invincible. What transpired with regard to the negotiations for a Congress only tended to confirm those suspicions.

It was believed that the Emperor is really anxious for war, and that if the Congress had been held at all, it would have been but a toy for the purpose of gaining time, or a mask for the purpose of working out the end more securely. It is known that Louis Napoleon is great on the subject of his new rifled cannon, the secret of which is kept with the utmost vigilance; and that he expects the most astonishing results—unprecedented results from guns which, for portability, length of range, and accuracy of aim, outdo every species of ordnance that has hitherto been brought into action. His faith in this weapon, and his desire both to gratify the army, and to acquire a military name, outweigh every other consideration—not forgetting the aversion of his subjects to war and the specter which he has raised throughout the country in transferring the Bourse to every town in every department. It may be remembered that when, in attempting to raise a certain loan, he appealed, not to the Paris Bourse alone, but sent his proposals to every town in the provinces, the result was, that he drew from private hoards throughout the land sums of money that made all the capitalists of Europe stare. In 1855 he had to raise a loan of 750,000,000 francs. Consider what that sum is—not less than £30,000,000 sterling! In subscribing for this enormous amount, our French friends actually put down their names for five times the sum. They subscribed for 3,652,591,985 francs. Here was a new source of wealth! What a wonderful man was this French Emperor, who, unlike other princes that are at the mercy of the tyrants of the Bourse, had only to appeal to his people and they offered him five times the amount which he asked—were willing to trust him to the extent of £150,000,000 sterling added to the national debt! In point of fact, the Emperor has taken the people very much at their word, and in his brief reign has already added not less than £100,000,000 to the national debt of France, and now proposes to add £20,000,000 more. Probably he little calculated that in thus teaching the people to become fundholders, and to have a personal interest in the security of the government, he was at the same time raising a power in the country to be a check upon himself. Your fundholder and your man of commerce is an enemy to war. The Emperor fostered the spirit

of speculation and the habit of trade ; and in so doing he raised throughout the country a specter against himself which he can not easily lay — which is, indeed, the only effective guarantee for the preservation of peace or the speedy conclusion of war.

But if Englishmen regard France with distrust and jealousy, it is equally certain that they have not one particle of sympathy with Austria. There is a singular unanimity among our statesmen, and indeed upon almost all questions of foreign policy the English people have but one heart and one mind. It is upon domestic questions that we differ. In our estimate of foreign affairs we are for the most part united — the peasant and the peer sink their petty prejudices, Whig and Tory pocket their party differences, to fight under the same flag and to shout the same slogan. In this case the close front presented by all our leading statesmen is a spectacle of which we may be proud, and which ought to have some effect on the continental governments. It would be difficult to say which of the two great monarchies now apparently rushing to battle most excites our antipathy. Hitherto, our statesmen have been most with Austria, or, rather, least with France, for it is France that really takes the initiative, and Austria stands upon the letter of the law. But assuredly if the people of England have a respect for law, and will be no party to the violation of treaties, they have also a regard for equity and they can not endure oppression. There is no doubt that Austria, with the bond in her hand, has given to that bond a most cruel interpretation, and like the Jew of Venice with his knife and his balance, has brandished her sword over Italy to cut from her subject provinces the last pound of flesh. Like Bassanio in the play there are those who cry for the obliteration of treaties and vengeance upon Austria :

“ I beseech you

Wrest once the law to your authority :
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.”

As Portia replied apparently in the interest of Shylock, Great Britain replies thus far in the interest of Austria :

“ It must not be : there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established :
’Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It can not be.”

But depend upon it, if we can not discover a solution of the difficulty as satisfactory as that of the “ wise young judge, the Daniel come to judgment,” our feeling is entirely in unison with hers, and can only express itself in detestation of the Austrian tyranny. We do not forget, indeed, that since the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian was appointed viceroy, there has been some amelioration in the condition of Venetian Lombardy, many little reforms have been set on foot, and there has been an evident desire to relax in some degree the extreme severity of a system which amounts almost to martial law. Neither should we fall into the mistake of those rabid politicians who can see no difference between Austria and Naples, and consign both governments to the same abyss of infamy. Beneath the lowest deep there is a lower still, and condemn as we may the Austrian policy, our condemnation of it would be ignorant and therefore worthless if we did not freely admit that the Emperor of Austria is to the King of Naples what Solomon was to Rehoboam — the one has chastised his subjects with whips and the other with scorpions ; the one ~~can~~ plead some excuse for his severity, the other ~~can~~ plead no excuse whatever. Let it be observed that the Bourbon dynasty at Naples is at home, whereas the house of Hapsburg is alien both to Milan and to Venice. King Bomba in the Two Sicilies is in his own proper dominions, and, ruling them upon the principles of King Stork, he is guilty of the most atrocious tyranny and is unworthy the recognition of civilized nations. Francis Joseph, on the other hand, holds his power south of the Alps by right indeed of treaties, and at the request of the great powers assembled in congress, but he is there as an intruder — he is a foreign potentate ruling by a foreign force ; and were his reign as mild as that of King Log it would be hateful to the Italians. We have a case in point. It was but the other day that we were immersed in all the squabbling of the Ionian question. The Ionian islands in the power of England are as islands in some fabled sea of milk. “ We loathe your milk,” the Ionians cry, “ give us our own salt brine. It is true that your rule is honeyed : and that you cover us with endearments — but your endearments are oppressive : we hate your matronly kisses : we prefer the frowns of our own Amaryllis to the smiles of a

foreign beldame. Young Greece forever!" We take all this very calmly and allow these pleasant Greeks to waste themselves in talk. Probably no other power on the face of the earth would act as we have done — the moral courage and the magnanimity would be wanting. Austria in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces is in precisely this difficult position; and while emphatically condemning her conduct, we desire in all fairness to make every allowance for the necessities of her position. Have we not ourselves been forced to consider the alternatives — Shall we give up the Ionian islands altogether or shall we bind them hand and foot and compel them to submission? We have not yet been able to decide whether there is a middle path between either of these alternatives. Let us therefore, for the sake of argument, say that we could not expect Austria tamely to surrender the possession of her Italian provinces, and that it was necessary for her to assert her right with somewhat even of severity. There can be no doubt that this severity has been pushed to an extreme, and that the Austrian yoke weighs upon the neck of Italy with a force which is oppressive.

Take revenue to begin with. In 1847 the clear revenue which (after all deductions) was forwarded to Vienna from the Italian provinces amounted very nearly to £4,000,000. According to the latest returns which we have been able to obtain, the sum extracted from these provinces through the increase of taxation was forty-four per cent above the amount we have mentioned. It will readily be understood that such an increase, obtained from a population crowded to excess, and in its present position incapable of making great advance in the arts of commerce or of agriculture, must have been the produce of fearful exaction; and as an index to the nature of these exactions we may state a single fact, which in itself contains volumes, namely, that the land-tax is an assessment of no less than twenty-five per cent on the gross receipts. What becomes of all this money? It goes to feed the Austrian service. It fills the pockets of Austrian soldiers and Austrian police, Austrian magistrates and Austrian clerks. Misery upon misery. Not only is the last scudo wrung from the poor Lombard; it goes to feed a foreign host, and he has no friend or kinsman to share in the spoil. If we are hard taxed here, we have at

least the satisfaction of knowing that the money is spent among our own people; that friends of ours are making their fortune; and that we may one day get a son or a brother into some nice government appointment, where he will have a taste of the sweets of office. We live in hope; the Italian lives in despair. Office is not for him — he is not trusted. He is taxed to feed foreign functionaries in every possible department; and these foreign functionaries are fed with his means, prance in his streets, enter his house, and meet him wherever he goes in order that they may keep him in thralldom. It is the plague of locusts. The Italian sees his substance consumed before his eyes; and even were there no consumption he would abhor the presence of such hideous swarms. "The true cause of the deep discontent of the Lombardo-Venetians," said Count Cavour, in his Memorandum of the First of March, in which, for the benefit of her Majesty's government, he gave his view of the Italian question, "is the being ruled and domineered over by foreigners — by a nation with which they have no analogy of race, of habits, of tastes, or of language. In proportion as the Austrian government has applied in a more complete manner the system of administrative centralization those feelings have increased. Now that this system has attained its extreme point; that centralization has become more absolute than even in France; that all local action has become extinct, the humblest citizen finds himself brought into contact, for the slightest reason, with public functionaries whom he neither likes nor respects, and the feeling of repugnance and antipathy towards the government have become universal." Observe that the Sardinian minister, in the important memorandum to which we refer — a statement of his case for the purpose of influencing the British people — has a direct interest in advancing the strongest charges against the Austrian government of Venetian Lombardy, and yet he carefully abstains from those charges of "butchery" and "torture," "infamous espionage" and "diabolical penalties," which flow so naturally from the tongues of Mazzinian democrats; and we beseech all those who would effectually oppose the Austrian despotism to study the same moderation, and confining their attention to the actual condition of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, to advance no charges

which it is impossible to substantiate. In all conscience it is enough that the nationality of the Italians should be insulted as it is; that liberty should be utterly repressed; that the burdens of taxation should be so increased as to make us think — one more feather and the camel's back will break; that, in one word, Northern Italy has to endure, day and night, an Old Man of the Mountain seated on her shoulders. He may be a most amiable old man, he may have the best intentions, but he is an incubus, a terror, an intolerable burden. Life is not worth having on these terms, and Northern Italy groans under the infliction of having her eyes bandaged, and her mouth gagged, and this horrible old man eternally seated on her neck to guide all her movements and to oppress all her energies. Add to this, what Count Cavour well says, that by means of the last concordat with the court of Rome, the Austrian government has curiously contrived to heighten a misery which seemed to have reached its climax. "During a certain time," he says, "the firm and independent conduct of the Austrian government towards the court of Rome tempered the disastrous effect of foreign domination. The Lombardo-Venetians felt released from the rule which the Church exercised in other parts of the Italian peninsula over the actions of civil life, and even in the sanctuary of families. This was for them a compensation to which they attached the highest value. It has been taken from them by the last concordat, which, as is notoriously well known, secured to the clergy a greater influence and more ample privileges than in any other country, even in Italy, with the exception of the Papal States. The destruction of the wise principles introduced into the relations of the state with the Church by Maria Theresa and Joseph II., has caused the complete loss of the moral force of the Austrian government in the minds of the Italians." The Sardinian minister then proceeds to sum up. "It is only sufficient to go through Lombardy and Venetia to acquire the conviction that the Austrians are not established, but simply encamped in these provinces. All houses, from the humblest cottage to the most sumptuous palace, are closed against the agents of the government. In the public places, the theaters, the cafés, and in the streets, there is a complete line of separation between them and the

native inhabitants; and any one would say that it was a country invaded by an enemy's army, rendered the more odious by its insolence and arrogance. This state of things is not a transitory fact produced by exceptional circumstances, and the more or less distant end to which can be predicted; it has endured and gone on aggravating for the last half-century, and it is certain that if the civilizing influence of Europe do not put a stop to it, the attitude of the people towards the government will grow worse and worse."

All this is very bad. To Englishmen it is almost inconceivable. Yet we confess that we do not see how war is to be the solution of these complications, the plaster for these sores. We have not the slightest faith in Satan casting out Satan. Manifestly it must depend on the resources of diplomacy and mediation to effect changes in the internal administration of foreign states. How is it even to be effectual? The principle of non-interference in the domestic arrangements of foreign states is a principle which, propounded by Canning in opposition to the policy of the detestable and notorious Holy Alliance, has been maintained, in theory at least, by every foreign minister that has since held the seals of office in this country. Lord Palmerston, maintaining the theory in words, has been accused of violating it in practice; and all the opposition that his foreign policy has received has been grounded on this charge. At the present moment, the principle of non-interference is paramount in England. Mr. Cobden has advanced it as a novelty; but it has long been the supreme doctrine of our Foreign Office. We regard it as good for ourselves, and we think it good for others also. Italy is frightfully governed; but we expect only evil from the violation of a great principle, which is involved in the attempt, by main force, to compel the Italian powers to do their duty. We must not do evil that good may come; and we can not recognize that Sardinia, and still less France, has, in the mal-administration of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, a just *casus belli*. In point of fact, dark as is the picture drawn by Count Cavour, we believe it is generally admitted that he has utterly failed to prove, on the part of Austria, a single violation of the international law of Europe. He himself, indeed, admits this with reference to the internal arrange-

ments of the Austrian possessions in Italy, and is compelled to fall back upon other proofs of Austria's guilt, dwelling especially on the treaties which she has formed with the Duchies. Undoubtedly these treaties, which bind Austria to the performance of certain acts in certain eventualities, are in principle opposed to international law; and were they acted upon, might furnish good ground for complaint. But an obligation undertaken is one thing; an obligation fulfilled is quite another. Austria may make as many secret treaties as she pleases; and these may be well entitled to arouse the jealousy of her neighbors; but so long as by overt acts she does not offend, she may stand on her rights and defy Sardinia to make good her case.

Not the less, however, will Sardinia create a secret sympathy in the hearts of all true Englishmen. We shall not forget what is due either to municipal or international law, and we are not blind to the territorial ambition of the house of Savoy—to the weakness, also, with which Sardinia has consented to be the tool of France; but spite of all mistakes and faults, how much respect is due to the reign of Victor Emanuel! and how impossible is it to repress the sympathy which that brave little kingdom of his demands! Lord Shaftesbury hit the nail on the head when in view of the Austrian menace he said: "On which side should be the hopes and prayers of the British people there can be little question. Sardinia has declared and proved herself to be the defender of civil and religious liberty in Italy. She has raised the Waldenses from degradation and suffering, and planted their church in the principal places of Genoa and Turin: she permits the free preaching of God's word in public and in private; and where on the Continent is the circulation of the Scriptures so open, so wide, so countenanced by the authorities of the state? Her policy is to resist the encroachments of the Church of Rome; nay, further, it is to seek, by all legitimate means, the total abolition of the secular power of the Papacy." What a frightful calamity it would be—what a dark day for Italy—if, in the shock of armies, this gallant little nation should be shivered! If not shivered to pieces, we must at all events count upon the exhaustion of its power in the unequal conflict; loss of treasure, waste

of men, destruction of industry, and a retrogression which will not be compensated by years of peace, and by the halo of military glory. It is not likely that Sardinia will gain by an Italian war as much more as she gained by the Russian war. Her policy, indeed, in entering upon the Russian war has been seriously questioned; but we may grant it to have been to the full as successful as the Sardinian government expected. At a very great cost, Sardinia, in the first place, purchased the right of sitting in congress with the great powers of Europe; and, in the second place, she contrived, by admirable organization and effective leadership, to restore confidence to an army which, in the campaign with Radetsky, had been demoralized by defeat. It was something to reconstitute the army, and to give the country, both in its own eyes and in the eyes of Europe, the importance of an independent power. The attainment of these advantages was worthy of some sacrifice; and Austria never played a more short-sighted game than when, through her own remissness, she permitted Sardinia to take that place in the Alliance which she herself ought to have occupied. Had Austria joined the Alliance, Sardinia would have been kept out of it, and would not have obtained the great object of her ambition—recognition of her importance as a European power. The court of Vienna now reaps the fruit, and the court of Turin plumes herself upon her position—hoping to make use of it for the purpose of still further gain. Sardinia gained so much in the previous war, into which she entered at the tail of the strife: why should she not gain a good deal more in another war into which she shall be the first to enter? Obviously the calculation is one of enormous hazard. What the future contains, none of us can tell; but to human apprehension, Sardinia is very much in the attitude of the dog, who, with a bone in his mouth, sees the shadow of the bone in the water, and is about to lose the advantage which it possesses, for the sake of grasping another advantage which it is ambitious to possess. If Austria puts herself in the wrong by being the first to attack Sardinia, Sardinia is not less in the wrong by the part which she has taken in this affair, not only through the speeches of the king and the dispatches of his minister, in raising the turmoil, but subsequently also

through her response to the proposition for a general disarmament, in practically frustrating the negotiations, for a pacific settlement. There is nothing that Sardinia has desired less than peace; and there was surely something disingenuous in the agreeing to disarm, while making an exception in favor of her free corps. Consenting to disband her surplus troops of the regular army, she positively refused to disarm those volunteers which she had gathered from other Italian states. It was this refusal that provoked the Austrian ultimatum; an ultimatum which was all the more rapidly delivered, when, if we may record a common rumor, it was discovered that something had gone wrong with the far-famed rifled cannon. We do not vouch for the story, but it is so entirely in keeping with all else that we know in connection with these negotiations that it may at least be mentioned. People have been wondering why France, bent as the Emperor is upon war, should waste time in idle negotiations and flirt with promises and congresses. It is, we now are told, because the two hundred rifled cannon which have been so much vaunted have not given the most satisfactory results in the experimental discharges to which they were subjected; and it is necessary to go through the process of recasting them. The process requires a little time, and therefore the Emperor stands forth in the character of a man of peace, anxious for discussion, an enemy to war, and willing to the utmost of his power to further the negotiations. Austria on the other hand, having heard of the hitch, and seeing through the whole farce, seizes time by the forelock, declines to wait until the new cannon be cast, and determines to strike at once. Be this particular story true or false, it perfectly well describes the general position which is put as follows by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*:

"The obstinacy of Austria is no doubt condemnable, though not difficult to be understood. She can not but be aware that war against her had been long ago decided on by France and Sardinia; that the first prize in view is Lombardy. She must believe that the proposal for a congress originating *here*," that is, really under French inspiration, "and which came expressly to baffle Lord Cowley's negotiations at Vienna, and the subsequent incidents, were so many difficulties thrown in the way in order to gain time. She was led to think France was not quite prepared; and as she knew that

sooner or later she must have to fight, she resolved that the sooner it came the better, as the present conditions were favorable to her. She is now like the bull that is goaded to rage by the darts of its tormentors. Garibaldi and his free corps are the *torreros* who flutter their red flags in the face of the animal which it is meant to rouse to the proper pitch of madness, when with eyes shut and head down, it rushes with its immense weight on the sword of the *matador* who is expected to give the finishing blow. It is permitted to cherish the hardly perceptible hope that still lingers so long as hostilities have not actually commenced; but if all that has been as yet done is vain, it is not probable that Austria will listen to any overtures at this late hour."

What is to be the end of all? That, of course, no one can answer in the affirmative. We can only say that the dream of a united Italy is past away. At first it arose before the imagination of Italians with Pio Nono at the head of the unity. It soon appeared that the spiritual head of the Catholic world would, in such a position, be placed in circumstances of insuperable difficulty involving an eternal conflict between his spiritual and secular duties. Then it arose in the form of a united Italian republic, but that bubble also burst, and now occupies the thoughts of none but the discomfited followers of Mazzini. Lastly, it has arisen as a Sardinia idea. Sardinia, in Italy, is the little leaven of constitutional government which is to leaven the whole lump. Those who entertain any expectation that Italy can be united under the house of Savoy have little notion of the jealousy which prevails in the peninsula among those celebrated capitals which have each of them a history and a claim. Milan would fight with Venice, and both against Turin. Florence regards itself as superior to all three. Genoa still nurses dissatisfaction with the domination of Turin; and in these, as well as many other rivalries, there are obstacles which we can not expect to see overcome by the wisdom of governments or the moderation of peoples. We can only wait in hope. We expect no good from war. We are disgusted with the game of tyranny and ambition. We know that if Russia and France are in league it is but for evil. Only one comforting assurance remains—that, with the exception of Sardinia, Italy can not be worse than she is, and almost any change that occurs is likely to be a change for the better. And in that assurance, Italians are bold because they are desperate.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

T H I N G S N E W A N D O L D .

LANDOR in his *Last Fruit off an Old Tree* has instituted a comparison between fancy and imagination. "Fancy," he says, "is imagination in her youth and adolescence. Fancy is always excursive; imagination not seldom sedate. It is the business of the latter to create and animate such beings as are worthy of her plastic hand; certainly not by invisible wires to put marionettes in motion, nor to pin butterflies on blotting-paper. Vigorous thought, elevated sentiment, just expression, development of character, power to bring man out from the secret haunts of his soul, and to place him in strong outline against the sky, belong to imagination. Fancy is thought to dwell among the fairies and their congeners, and they frequently lead the weak and ductile poet far astray. . . . Their tiny rings, in which the intelligent see only the growth of funguses, are no arena for action and passion. It was not in these circles that Homer, and Eschylus, and Dante strove."

Not unfrequently fancy endeavors to grasp what imagination alone can comprehend, and then we witness that most easy of all Avernian descents, the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us take an example. Milton grandly says, "Satan like a comet burned." Imagination will at once take in the full force of this splendid comparison. The terror and the awe which the comet inspired in the poet's time will be transferred to the fallen archangel. The withering heat, the baleful atmosphere, the sudden appearance of a malignant stranger in the realm of order and peace, all these sensations will at once come crowding into the mind, while imagination holds the open door. But what will fancy do; in what way will she treat this Eschylean metaphor? She will find out a congruity which none but she would ever have discovered. The comet has a tail, and so has Satan; and lo! in a moment, the sublime has rushed headlong into the abyss of the ridiculous. Fancy will not let the glories of the rising

sun alone, and we hear her saying by the mouth of the author of *Hudibras* :

"And now, like lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn."

Too often fancy is the fool that "rushes in where angels fear to tread;" yet she has her work to do, and if we were asked to define what is her proper province, as well as what is not, we would, too, like our octogenarian author quoted above, draw a parallel between fancy and imagination. We would say, that fancy is to imagination what the microscope is to the telescope; the one enables us to see a world in a blade of grass, a drop of dew, a flower; the other summons to our gaze vast orbs of glory, and flying through space, thrills a labyrinth of worlds, peopled by angels, or like our own, with men a little lower than the angels. Fancy peeps into the world of elves and fays; imagination soars through the archangelic universe, and gazes on thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, until she reaches the court without the Holy of Holies, and even then, awed but for a moment, passes through the veil, and stands untrembling before the visible Shekinah.

Fancy listens to the chiming of harebells and bluebells, and finds that every flower has its own peculiar note of joy. Imagination can hear the "music of the spheres;" the sun "sounding forth its ancient song;" all the morning stars singing with triumphant gladness, and learns that every planet takes its part in the grand celestial chorus. Fancy tells us that this world is an aggregation of infinite systems; imagination shows that it is itself but a unit of one mighty system.

We care not long to remember the achievements of fancy, but the victories of imagination are triumphs for all mankind, and every one reverences a *Prolog am Himmel*, a *Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm*, an eighth book of the *Iliad*. The exercise of fancy must necessarily tend to make man a Pantheist,

while, by frequently using his imagination he daily rises higher and nearer to perfect Theism. A Goethe, an Addison, could scarcely fail to be Christians, and even Homer himself, we almost suppose, must have had a glimpse of eternal unity. Truly the Greek was a wondrous nation. Every power that humanity can boast seems to have had its perfect development amongst them. The same people who by fancy heard Dryads whispering amid the sighing trees, and Naiads warbling in the running streams, saw by imagination Prometheus chained to a rock, and through long ages of torture, bearing the pain and sin of the world, supported by the hope of "seeing of the travail of his soul, and being satisfied." Truly it was a grand people; and we look small and mean beside them, although they did not travel one degree of longitude in the hour, nor turn out miles of broadcloth in a day.

It is no use to deny it, we are *not* fond of "good" people. If we ask our consciences the reason of this, they will scarcely accuse us of envying those who are better than ourselves, but whom we can not imitate. On the contrary, it will be found that the virtue of those who are *par excellence* styled "good people," arises from a deficiency in their mental organization, and not from any superabundance of conscientiousness or virtuous habits. They never fall into sin, because they are never tempted; they are never tempted because they are beneath, not above, temptation. It requires a certain amount of mental vigor to be tempted; there must be an active wish for a wrong object ere that object can become dangerous. The slothful person is not imperiled just because he is slothful and indolent, steadfast, immovable, and impassible, without passions, without desires; without imagination to paint unlawful pleasures, he is never tempted to taste of the forbidden fruit, and he stands a monument of stupid virtue.

That is the reason why we dislike "good people" — for the same reason that we can not herd with the inferior animals of the creation, we can not fraternize with them. We are a little lower than the angels, and they are only a very little higher than the brutes. For this reason, too, it is that goodness which one would think should be the *summum bonum*, is our *dernier resort*; and when we can say

nothing else that is favorable of a person we admit that he is at least "good."

"It is our weaknesses alone that render us lovable," says Goethe, and therefore our pleasure is to walk and talk with those who have enjoyed and suffered like ourselves; we make bosom friends of these, even though they have sinned and fallen. The beating of a warm though erring heart is dearer to us than the cold and clammy life of the reptile that has ever so long lived imbedded in stone.

But if we should meet with some pure souls who, like us, have been "tried, troubled, tempted," yet who, unlike us, have resisted and conquered temptation, we do homage to these as to heroes half-divine, as something far more than "good." So true it is, that before we think the wreath of victory worthily bestowed the field must have been fought as well as won, and the fiercer the struggle the more glorious in our eyes is the crown. Thus, too, we may say, with all reverence, that the human life of Him who was Man as well as God, would have been incomplete without that chapter of the forty days' fasting and the temptation in the wilderness.

At the present time we are in danger of attaching too much value to the argument derived from analogy. The assistance which we receive from this mode of reasoning is little more than negative. We may point to the fairly written volume of nature and so confute the atheist; we may appeal to the moral law graven on our hearts and consciences, and so confound the libertine; yet, while it would have been possible for man to have attained, without the aid of revelation, to the knowledge of a Creator, and of a Moral Governor, there is one subject of vital importance which must have ever been hidden from eyes unilluminated by the light that shone through patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. The immortality which was proclaimed by the Gospel, and which was the most glorious feature of the glad tidings that came heralded by the heavenly hosts, is to be found no where but in the few pages written eighteen centuries ago by men (with one exception) unlearned and untaught.

An eminent preacher of a country whose divines are not distinguished for reverence, and to whom he forms a bright contrast,

has published an eloquent sermon on this subject of the soul seeking to obtain from the outer world some clue as to its own future fate; yet he could show little intelligence gained by analogy. The law of nature is birth out of corruption, death into corruption, and from thence birth again; yet not always to the same life as before. There might be degeneration as well as progression. The tree grows up from a soil rich with the decayed leaves and trunks of a primeval forest. That tree sheds its leaves, and having lived its time, it too decays, and, perhaps, affords sustenance for other trees to come; or else, a plant springs up and yields food to man, himself soon to die, and all that remains of him to become dust, mingle with the ground, and give soil for the growth of other plants, which shall feed other men. Or, to take another analogy: the child increases to the full stature of the man, and brings forth flower of thought and fruit of action; but soon the glory of summer passes into the mellowed ripeness of autumn, which, in due course, is succeeded by the chill frosts and death of winter — “a second childhood” — melancholy words, descriptive of ever-circling change continually repeating itself. Is there to be no advance? Shall the man who strives so earnestly after knowledge never attain to the seraph’s wisdom? Sad truth, if this be so; yet a still sadder creed did the olden philosophy teach.

Death was degeneration; the man dying passed into the brute, noble or base, (as far as brutes can be noble or base,) according as his life had been good or evil. Better, infinitely better than this, is the modern doctrine of development. Let the ape become the man, rather than the man the ape. Hard indeed is such a fall. Man wallowing in the pig-stye! Better let Cæsar’s dust bung up a beer-barrel. Let our origin be base as you will, ye discoverers of the “vestiges of creation,” but let not our end be vile. Yet how know we, most diligent “interpreters and servants of nature” though we be, but what we sprung from nothing, and shall return to nothing; but what having risen out of darkness we shall set into gloom?

Through the darkness, and through the gloom, a light has shone — a light dispersing all the clouds that veiled Heaven’s glories from our gaze — the light of the star of the Epiphany.

Now, we no longer sadly ask with

wearied watchmen, “What of the night?” Now, we even have glimpses of a former brightness.

“Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our Life’s star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.”

Most inhuman would he be who should grudge his brother knowledge. Yet it is a fair subject of inquiry whether the present increase of teachers and teaching has not been attended with some falling off in the quality of that which is taught. We seem to have lost in depth what we have gained in breadth. The student’s cell, once a veritable reality, is now a mere *façon de parler*, by which we intimate the mechanic’s institute. The days of the giants are gone by. Erasmus, Bacon, Newton, and Pascal, have left no successors. The toilsome reader of cumbersome folios gives way to the dilettante frequenter of popular lectures. Now, without for one moment wishing any return to the old monopoly, may we not seek to avert the calamity impendent over the next generation, of becoming a nation of superficial smatterers? If we do so, we must, in the first place, endeavor to exterminate the species of glib talkers, who are the popular heroes of the tea-table. To accomplish this will be no easy matter, for the man of “general knowledge” (that is, of particular ignorance) is so much more useful in company than the really wise man. The one is ready with a tale, an *à propos*, a happy illustration; while the other is still weighing the merits of a question, setting one side over against the other, most conscientiously balancing counter-evidence. Thus, the knowing man earns the reputation of immense reading, as well as ready wit; while the honest student is esteemed learned, no doubt, but a book-worm, quite unfit for the company of brilliant people, like you or me, dear reader.

Dugald Stewart has said something so much to the purpose of this subject, that you must give me leave to quote him:

“The species of memory which excites the greatest degree of admiration in ordinary society, is a memory for detached and isolated

facts; and it is certain that those men who are possessed of it, are very seldom distinguished by the higher powers of the mind. Such a species of memory is unfavorable to philosophical arrangement, because it in part supplies the place of arrangement. . . . A man destitute of genius may treasure up in his memory a number of particulars in chemistry or natural history, which he refers to no principle, and from which he deduces no conclusion; and from his facility in acquiring this stock of information may flatter himself with the belief that he possesses a natural taste for these branches of knowledge. But they who are really destined to extend the boundaries of science, when they first enter upon new pursuits, feel their attention distracted, and their memory overloaded with facts among which they can trace no relation, and are sometimes apt to despair entirely of their future progress. In due time, however, their superiority appears, and arises in part from that very dissatisfaction which they experienced at first, and which does not cease to stimulate their inquiries, till they are enabled to trace, amid a chaos of apparently unconnected materials, that simplicity and beauty which always characterize the operations of nature."*

It is, of course, far more simple to exercise the memory than the analytic power. Far more easy to hoard up a host of facts than to attain to the philosophic, truly skeptic mind. Yet facts are but the *rudis indigestaque moles* of chaos; and it is no magician's wand that will educe from thence order and beauty, cosmos. It is not those men who, as Bishop Butler said, "have a strong curiosity to know what is said, but little or no curiosity to know what is true," that will extract the precious metal from the mass of ore. It is only the hard-working, honest student who knows the refiner's art.

Stewart, in another part of the chapter from which we have quoted, considers the use and abuse of commonplace books. The commonplace book of an attendant at popular lectures would certainly be a curiosity as curious as a Mexican idol, and about as useful. Shall we turn over the pages of one:

"The sun does not move round the earth, as was formerly supposed, but the earth round the sun, at the rate of about 1000 miles an hour. Lead and iodine mixed together throw down a beautiful chrome-colored precipitate called iodide of lead—Symbol, Pb. I. Chlorine is very extensively used in dyeing, bleaches colors

white. Pompeii and Herculaneum overwhelmed by an eruption from Mount Vesuvius, A.D. 79. Sirius is the nearest of the fixed stars, though twenty billions of miles off. The first parliament was held in the reign of Henry III. The angle of incidence is equal to the angle of deflection. Milton sold his *Paradise Lost* for five pounds."

"Disjecta membra" truly! Well may we ask with the prophet, "Can these dry bones live?" "It requires courage, indeed," said Helvetius, "to remain ignorant of those useless subjects which are generally valued;" "nevertheless," adds Stewart, "it is a courage necessary to men who either love the truth, or who aspire to establish a permanent reputation."

Wisdom will not be content with gentle dalliance when you have nothing else to occupy your time. She will not be your plaything. She must be

"No casual mistress, but a wife,"

and as such will demand honor, respect, yea, even reverence. Let every dilettante in literature or science read the life of Henry Fynes Clinton. The biography itself is not exciting, but as the history of a student's life it is most highly instructive. Possessed of no great genius or originality, Clinton was simply an *honest* and *faithful* student, who felt that if his vocation were to study, then it was his duty to study well and thoroughly. By adhering to this resolution, he left behind him, as the fruit of his industry, works of immense value, and for which every student of classic literature will never fail to give him thanks.

"It is better to know one thing than to know about one hundred things," says the author of *The Schools of Alexandria*. It is hard to practice such austere virtue as this, yet it is our duty to do so; and you know what our Laureate has so finely said:

"He that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart, and knees, and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining tableland,
To which our God himself is moon and sun."

STRANGE it is, that while generally ready enough to take for granted the intellectual inferiority of those who differ from us, we should always suppose dissent

* *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*. Part i. chap. vii.

from our *religious* opinions to arise from *moral* delinquency.

It is somewhat sad to think how little human learning and human discovery are cumulative. Not only is there no royal road to knowledge, but the fact that the road has been trodden by other pilgrims is little help to *us* in *our* journey. The tears which school-boys of a past generation have shed over grammars, Latin and Greek, before they could appreciate the beauties of Horace or Sophocles, will in no way lessen the troubles of yonder poor urchin who is just now introduced, with much fear and trembling on his part, to the muse of the first declension, feminine. He too, as they have done, must toil long and wearily before he can fit himself for the company of the illustrious Roman gentleman and the great Greek dramatist.

This you say, is very trite, and must certainly come under the definition of "Things old." Be it so. Yet, this truth is by no means so obvious when applied to the race of more advanced students; but it is equally applicable to them. True, their predecessors have somewhat trodden down the roughnesses of the road, and so far made the journey more easy; but there is no vicarious travelling; one and all of us must gird up our loins and trudge along as best we can, swiftly or slowly, up the hill of difficulty. We, who are the successors of Plato and Bacon, are better off than their forerunners. Butler takes up the clue which Origen had dropped, and at this very time Mansel follows the same track. Yet the help which these men afford us is only help. It assists us on our way, but does not preclude the necessity of our taking the journey for ourselves.

There is another saddening circumstance connected with this *Wanderjahre* of ours. The recurrence of the same

errors. Not more regularly do the milestones meet us on a great highway, than do certain heresies arise to form stumbling-blocks in our path. The history of philosophical or religious opinion is made up of such repetitions. In one age of the world a false doctrine springs up — is overcome in another — in a third is quite forgotten — arises once more in a fourth, to be again confuted, and again to pass from memory. There is comfort, however, even in this humiliating proof of our slowness to learn. When we are alarmed or scandalized by the vagaries or the blasphemies of some arch-heretic, let us turn the page of history, and we shall find that that which is is that which hath been, that truth is mighty and hath prevailed; and so we may boldly say, truth is mighty, and *will* prevail.

What then is the moral with which to point our truism — that knowledge is not cumulative, that they who gather the manna in the morning can gather for one day alone? Is it not, that there is something higher than knowledge? Is it not, that education is in no way merely the means to an end, but is its own end? Montaigne said that he loved better to forge his mind than to furnish it. Strength of mind is what men require, especially we of this fact-loving century. Bracing, not cramming, is the proper education; or to revert to our old simile the good that we obtain on our journey towards the goal of knowledge, is not measured by the ground which we have traveled over, but by the vigor with which we have walked.

STRANGE notions, indeed, some people have of toleration. "How can I tolerate that which is wrong?" is no unusual question. Surely it requires no very great stretch of Christian charity to tolerate that which is right. E. S.

From the Eclectic Review.

T O M B S A N D T H E I R L E S S O N S .

Two hundred generations of mankind have passed away. The world on which we live is one vast graveyard. The soil of earth is quick with human dust. A hundred thousand million buried men give awful meaning to the crust of our old world. It may not be without its use, to turn away from the busy scenes of active life to wander for an hour among the tombs. In doing this, we neither leave our cheerfulness nor our hope behind us, for amid them we are ever reminded how life has sprung out of death. We walk over our Redeemer's chosen battleground, where he bared the arm of victory, and fought out the earnest of his final triumph. It is difficult to classify the tombs which I have myself visited, yet the following grouping of the burial-places of our fellow-men, may help to bring together some of their most striking characteristics and most obvious lessons. (1.) The places of simple burial. (2.) The memorial sepulchers, which preserve some traces of the men, or the age, or the country that fashioned or adorned them. (3.) The tombs where superstition has struggled to outdo and vanquish death.

First. The simple burial-places form by far the largest group. They are deposits of the unknown and sleeping dust of our humanity. Generation after generation has passed away in every land, leaving no names, no individuality, no history behind them, but yet linking together the past and the present. These undistinguished heaps have been wept over by the affections of forgotten ages, and cover all the mystery of that human life which formed, during successive generations, the material and the means by which every human thing enacted on our world was in reality effected. The silent church-yard, under the shadow of the rugged elms and solemn yew, the neglected and disused cemetery in the heart of some vast metropolis, the tumulus of our half-savage ancestors, offer endless food for meditation; but I will not ask

my readers to pause there now, nor will I take them to those simple burial-places, where haste and fear, where pestilence and war, have laid the silent dust of thousands, and "men, like garnered grain, are heaped together." Many such barrows does our earth's surface show, deriving their interest from, and bearing their witness to, great facts in our world's history. Such are the blood-stained plains of Waterloo—the fields of Marathon and Morat—the wooded banks of Thrasymene, the plains of Tours and Hastings, the defile of Inkermann, and the highway between Cawnpore and Lucknow—each of which has a magic power in its name to awaken the sympathy and stimulate the heroism of civilized men. If we begin to moralize over the graves of "the unnamed demigods," we shall wander away from our theme.

I have been much affected by sundry visits paid to Arab graveyards. These are generally outside the walls of the city, exposed to the blasts of the desert, and are often covered with simple memorial-stones, which have no name or mark inscribed upon them, whereby one grave may be distinguished from another. There the Moslems lie, often without coffin of any kind, and shielded only by the shifting sands of the wilderness. Perhaps a few palm-trees cast their shadows over the desolation, while the monumental tomb of some Moslem sheikh or saint, hallows and consecrates the whole. Thus beyond the walls of Cairo, towards the east, the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans stretch away into the desert, picturesque and graceful in their forms, and surrounded on every side by the unremembered dead, all gazing intently (as their living brethren say) toward the birthplace of the Prophet, and all so placed that they may rise on their knees when the Angel of the Presence shall sound his last trumpet-peal, in their long deafened ears.

The most elaborate pretension to a

cemetery that I saw in the East, was at the town of Siout, the capital of Middle Egypt; where some of the wealthier among the Arab chiefs and Turkish governors had prepared, near to the memorial mosque of a celebrated saint, tombs and vaults which they had adorned with rude paintings of boats, houses, and palm-trees, interspersed with passages from the Koran. Among them fall the shadows of living palm beauty, and the smile of gay flowers cheers the scene. But the wildest, most impressive burial-place that I have ever seen, is the great Arab grave-yard at Assouan, the Syene of Scripture. It is just on the boundary-line between Egypt and Nubia, within sound of the roar of the Cataracts of the Nile, and stretching away to the immense granite quarries, where the monolithal obelisks and sphynxes were fashioned, and whence they were transported to the temples which they afterwards adorned. A most desolate "City of the Dead" is this necropolis of Syene. Seventy thousand Moslem saints are said to be buried here, and some of them were of great notoriety. The heights of the hills are crowned with monumental mosques, and the vast undulating plain is dotted over with tombs built of brick or molded clay. Still the majority of the dead sleep beneath no other shelter than the golden sands of the Nubian desert, under the shadow of the purple rocks, and loud at night is the howl of the hyænas, as they gather to their obscene repast. How have human heart-strings snapped, and human eyes failed for weeping, in this grand ghastly burial-place! How long has been the conflict! How silent is the rest! The men who hewed the obelisks of Luxor from their home in the virgin rock lie buried here. The crowds who watched the gilded barges of the great Rameses as they lay moored below the Cataracts, while he made a royal progress to the rock temples of Nubia; the companies of Greek musicians or Roman soldiers, of Persian priests and devotees of the Sun, of the Crocodile, or the buried Osiris, who once elbowed each other on the gay esplanade of the island of Elephantina; Ptolemaic princes, exiled Romans, early Christians, Saracenic chiefs, and wild Arabs of the desert—have here found their last long resting-place.

Of these burial-places of the undistinguished dead there is another, which pro-

duced an ineffaceable impression on my mind. I allude to the mummy-pits of the common people, on the summits of the mountain-gorge that is riddled by the vast necropolis of Thebes. It was on a lovely morning that I set out, with two or three traveling companions, to explore these grim sepulchers. Having climbed the hills to a considerable height, we reached a point in the Sheigh-el-Gournon whence we could overlook the nearer elevations, and could see a large portion of the plain on which the city of Thebes must once have appeared spread out at the spectator's feet. We observed a dark aperture in the side of the bill, and into this, we must penetrate. We crawled in on our knees and elbows, holding lighted candles in our hands. Our old guide looked horror-stricken, and declared that he would rather not accompany us; but as he assured us that there was no danger, we pushed on, and in a few moments found ourselves in one of a series of low vaulted chambers, in which it was impossible to stand upright, and where at every step we were treading on masses of half mummied, but uncoffined dead. Thousands of our fellow-men had been laid there when Thebes was in the glory of her pride and power, and their arms, legs, grinning faces and half-swathed bodies, crackled beneath our feet as we moved. These chambers opening one into the other extended on every side, all choked with ghastly occupants. Probably the identical hands that piled the Remeseum, or painted the Halls of Medcenet-Haboo, are gathered there. It can hardly be said that their work still outlives them, for nothing certain can be determined with respect to the actual dates of their interment; but there they lie, mute vouchers of the past; and after we had gazed upon them, and had crawled out into the dazzling sunshine, and surveyed again the ruins of those works of theirs, achieved by them in the days when Rome was still the haunt of the wolf, when the Acropolis of Athens was a mere shapeless rock, and when naked savages hunted the otter between London Bridge and Chelsea, the truth that "all live unto God" flashed itself upon the inward eye, and the evidences of these long cycles of life and death tended to confirm, rather than to weaken the faith of our spirits that we belong to an immortal race.

But I must pass on to a few brief notices

of the memorial sepulchers, which convey to our minds hints of past times and peoples, and help us, by familiarity with the individuals, or with the period in which they flourished, to reproduce those olden times and live over again the days that have forever passed away.

I will not pause over the memorial tombs and cenotaphs that constitute the glory of some of our great national mansoleums; but who that has wandered through the aisles of Westminster Abbey, and while meditating on the memorials of our heroes, legislators, and poets, has found there that genius has conquered all class exclusion — that Shakspeare and Milton, Johnson and Watts, Wilberforce and Howard, have thus received equal homage from their countrymen — but has felt more elate with the conviction of the deep roots and wide basis of England's greatness!

It were impossible to discuss the effigy tombs of our old cathedrals and churches which are so full of varied interest; from which we learn much of the costume and manners of medieval times, on which we often read some fulsome epitaph on seeming greatness, and whence now and then gleam some bright rays of virtue, self-sacrifice, and holy life.

My readers are reminded of Stratford-upon-Avon too, that shrine of the Anglo-Saxon race, where the quaint epitaph of our greatest poet still guards his dust; of Winchester, where the Saxon and Plantagenet kings lie entombed; of the Necropolis of Glasgow, where conspicuous amid other noble monuments stands the colossal figure of John Knox, the champion of reformed worship and an open Bible; and also of the sequestered cloister of Dryburgh Abbey, where beneath an ivy-covered arch sleeps all that was mortal of Walter Scott.

Let us turn for a moment to the celebrated cemetery of *Père la Chaise* in Paris. Perhaps there is nothing more fascinating than a walk amid those streets of tombs, where by every possible device the names and memories and noble deeds of illustrious Frenchmen are signalized. All French art is sentimental in the eyes of an Englishman, and the excessive emotion which is there chiseled in enduring marble may sometimes provoke a smile. At one moment, the pilgrim to that city of the dead halts before the broken column of some dashing warrior,

some knight "*sans peur et sans reproche*," and then he is at liberty to study the silent effigy of the great Revolutionnaires of '89 and '91, to trace the pencillings of thought over the countenances of Cuvier or Laplace; or to linger beside the superb though moldering tomb in which Abélard and Eloïse now sleep together. This necropolis presents to us a petrification of the modern history of France. The heroes of the Constituent Assembly and the Convention; the soldiers who carried out the daring schemes of the great Napoleon; hosts of rebellious abbés, ultramontanist priests, socialist agitators, victims of despotism and revolution; the supporters of opposing dynasties; and daring speculators in every range of thought — Puritans and Jesuits, the Abbé Lamennais, Auguste Comte, and Adolphe Monod, have met together; the clangor is hushed, the mutual disdain is over, the fitful passion sleeps. There is no rivalry except in remembrance — no man grudges it to his brother. But we must press back and up the stream of time, and pause over a few of the most notorious of these mementos of the past, many of which are remarkable for the elaboration with which they were executed rather than for the worth or virtues of those whom they enshrine; while others merely signalize the superstition which first supposed the presence of the sacred relics of the past, and then thought that no cost nor sacrifice could be too great wherewith to honor them. There is the gorgeous tomb of the Medici family, at Florence, where the genius of Michael Angelo was taxed to apotheosize the departed; and there are the varied structures inclosed in the Campo Santo of Pisa, which is far more distinguished by the unique frescoes of Giotto and his pupils that adorn the arcade which surrounds it, than by the cargo of sacred soil that was brought thither from Palestine, or by the ashes of the dead who are interred in it.

Neither must I omit to ~~enumerate~~ in this group the costly tombs which, in the fourteenth century, the lords of Verona prepared for themselves, and where, in massive sarcophagi, beneath Gothic canopies of elaborate fretwork, and surmounted by graceful pinnacles, they lie entombed. On the sides of the sarcophagi the bas-reliefs represent Scripture scenes, and exhibit these men as mystically surrounded with virtues that they never practiced, and

as brought into mysteriously close conjunction with our Saviour's passion and glory. One of them in particular, the most profligate of the three, must have garnished his tomb before his death, and yet with complacent mockery he placed around it the conspicuous figures of Patience, Purity, Truth, Mercy, Fortitude, and Charity. We only see here the miserable and exaggerated specimen of what is perhaps to be found in every church-yard where surviving relatives have chosen charitably to lie about their deceased friends, and presumptuously assume that death has in some way turned their shameless vices into cardinal virtues, and their life-long infidelity into angelic faith — where forgiving women have transmuted base tyrants into matchless husbands, and where the dreariest commonplace of our common humanity, viewed through the tears of mourners, has been transfigured into sublime and saintly virtue. This allies itself closely with the dangerous charity which compromises every evangelic principle, and confers upon Death the pagan power of sanctifying the name, and condoning the vices of our fellow-man.

In the vicinity of Rome I more than once descended into a deep quadrangular pit, which was surrounded on all sides with small niches resembling pigeon-cotes, in which were placed the urns that contained the ashes of departed Romans. The inscriptions on some of these were deeply interesting. Perhaps a mother's on her child; a son's deep grief over a brave father; or the tribute of some kind old Roman to the nurse who had watched over his infancy. Little infants, one a girl of seven months and three days; another a boy two years and eleven months, whom his mother styled her "sweetest son," have thus for seventeen hundred years been waiting for at least a recognition in the pages of the archæologist, who was hunting for minute varieties in the shape of a tablet, or the phraseology of an epitaph.

That mysterious network of catacombs, which underlies the city of Rome and stretches far into the Campagna, has recently received much attention from the authorities of the Pontifical government. Many elaborate works have been written on the subject; and I refer to it here because, when in the course of their excavations for this purpose, the Christians

came on one of the deep vaults, or Columbaria which had been prepared for the reception of the heathen urns, they suddenly stopped in their work, and walled up the access that would thus have been afforded to their heathen persecutors. It is a mystery when, or how, these interminable excavations were effected, or what could have been done with the loads of earth which must have been removed from beneath the surface. It is calculated by some of the Catholic antiquarians that there are nearly nine hundred miles of these tortuous windings threading the foundations of the seven-hilled city, and no fewer than seven millions of Christian graves, hollowing the rocks, on which are now reared vast and splendid Basilicas. It is difficult accurately to refer these to their proper date, and thus to draw any reliable conclusions as to the ecclesiastical forms, or theological dogmas, which were held by the persecuted Church of the Catacombs; but we know that here, in the heart of the earth, holy men and women must have often been sheltered from the cruel massacres which took place. More than one bishop was hunted to this last retreat, and, while celebrating the Holy Eucharist, inhumanly beheaded. The inscriptions over these buried Christians contrast grandly with the pompous yet desolate sentiments often inscribed over the Roman urns. Peace—Peace—Peace—was written ever and anon over these graves of the noble army of martyrs, and light and joy still gleam out of these hidden sanctuaries of holy feeling and exalted hope.

In the present Lateran Museum there is a great collection of these inscriptions and of memorial tablets, which have been brought from the Catacombs, with the rude sculptured bas-reliefs in which these fathers and founders of the Christian Church in Europe expressed their faith and fear. As I walked through the Lateran Museum I copied several of these inscriptions. Thus, "*Felicitas lived thirty-two years—she died in peace.*" On the one side there was a dove, and on the other a heart transfixed by a spear. I observed one which seemed to me very beautiful — a little dove, with an olive branch in its mouth, and beside it the words, "*Basileia—in pace, who lived eight years, two days.*" Glorious memorials these of the faith, the zeal and fortitude of those holy men, whose spiritual

life, in its vigorous and noble growth, rent the foundations of Paganism, and spread its healing and beauty over the desolate ruins. Strange to say—no, it is not strange to say, but it is a grave difficulty for the Romanist to explain, that the representations on the sides of these sarcophagi portray many scenes from Scripture history, but the majority of these are representations of the Fall; the Flood; the dove bearing an olive branch; the story of Jonah, or the raising of Lazarus; and whereas in one of them Saint Peter is represented, receiving the keys, in at least *twenty*, he is either *denying his Master*, or is signalized by the presence of the warning cock. Moses often appears smiting the rock; the Good Shepherd watching over his sheep; the Magdalen anointing the feet of Jesus, or bathing them with her tears; but I saw no similitude of the Virgin Mary, no nimbus of glory traced around the heads of the Apostles, and scarcely a symbol or a hint which could justify the innovations and man-worship of the Papal Church.

It seems that between the fourth and the eighth centuries, these Catacombs were the resort of innumerable visitors, who have added their memorials to those of the martyrs; but in the ninth century, from fear of the Lombards, the popes encouraged the removal of these relics to more costly shrines, and the tombs were ransacked, and their occupants distributed as consecrating elements among the various churches of Italy. A passion for tomb-worship swept over the whole Roman Church; gilded shrines were erected wherever this superstition was likely to increase the sanctity of particular spots. Holy places and holy things have, there is reason to fear, often been substituted for holy lives and eternal truths.

The Church of St. Peter itself professes to be a tomb erected over the supposed remains of the most distinguished of the apostles. The mighty dome, blazing with gold and precious marbles, appears suspended over the crypt in which, surrounded by one hundred and twenty ever-burning golden lamps, the apostle-martyr is said to sleep; and the sentence, "Thou art Peter; on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," wrought in blue mosaic on a golden ground in letters each six feet in length, forms the apparent basement of the dome. From every part of the church

some portion of that sentence can be read.

Almost all the principal churches in Rome derive their subordinate sanctity from the presence of some consecrated relic, the moldering fragment of some precious bone. A curious discourse might be delivered on these relics of the past, many of them deriving their interest, not from their genuineness or authenticity, but from their age-long history. Thus, though no possible reliance can be placed in the story of the Invention of the Cross, there is no doubt that a considerable portion of that piece of decayed wood which, in the days of Constantine was believed to be the true cross, is treasured in the Basilica of St. Peter; that the iron crown of Mouza is constructed out of one of the nails, or rather contains one of the nails that was extracted from that venerable relic. So the shrine of the three kings at Cologne; the tomb of St. Mark, at Venice; of St. John, at Ephesus; of St. Irenæus, at Lyons; of Aaron, on Mount Hor; that the shrine of the tooth of Buddha, in the temple of Candy—have each a long and interesting history of their own, altogether distinct from the question of their authenticity, or identity with that which they profess to be.

Before I quit the subject of the memorial tombs of individuals, I can not refrain from making brief allusions to two other specimens of interment, each having its own peculiarities, both of which I happen to have visited. One is the grave of St. Carlo Borromeo, beneath the marble temple of Milan. This venerated and popular archbishop of the sixteenth century, to whom Milan owes, among other things, the completion of its Duomo,* was virtually mummified; he was then clothed with sumptuous archiepiscopal attire; the miter was placed on his skinny scalp; the crosier in his withered gripe; a splendid ring upon his shriveled fingers; and the whole was inclosed in a coffin of transparent crystal. Whosoever will now pay a few francs for the sight, may have an opportunity of inspecting at leisure this disgusting lesson on the vanity of human greatness. In

* This Duomo cathedral has been called the eighth wonder of the world, completed by Napoleon I. We have seen and examined this magnificent Mausoleum of Borromeo, radiant and sparkling with gems and precious stones of marvelous value, more than a princely fortune, glittering like a constellation of celestial diamonds.—ED. ECLECTIC.

contrast to this I may mention the curious practice of the Capuchin friars, who boil their dead in some strong anti-septic, bake them in an oven, then clothe them in their long serge gown, confined with a girdle of rope, and having hung their well-thumbed rosary on the withered fingers, arrange them in the open niches of a subterranean chapel. In one of the Capuchin monasteries in Malta there is a fine collection of these semi-cooked individuals. After a year or two they become unable to stand as they were at first placed; then, for a time, they are suspended, and finally, in ghastly submission, they are doubled together and laid in their rags to molder into dust. Their brethren and successors perambulate these ghastly avenues, show the visitor the niches which they expect to fill, and ask one another, how father So-and-so is going on, as though this prolonged and visible corruption were a species of life and work. This practice is strangely characteristic of a faith which has clung with such morbid tenacity to dead men's bones, and deserted living men's souls, which often makes more of the ceremonies under which a man dies than of the faith and holiness in which he has lived.

The tombs of Egypt though they fail to give us much definite information with reference to the individuals who were deposited within them, are replete with memorials of the age in which they were excavated and adorned. Along the whole course of the Nile, from the quarries of Massarah, to the rock temple of Aboosimbel, dark spots are seen at intervals in the sides of the precipitous cliffs, or shelving rocks, which rise in greater or less proximity to the river's side. As a general rule, those which are the most conspicuous from the river contain nothing of great interest, and many of the most richly decorated caves present in the distance no token of their treasures. The celebrated tombs of Beni-Hassan are of the latter class; they consist of eighteen excavations on the ledge of rock. Some of them were never completed, but they all exhibit more finish and ornament than the generality of tombs in their neighborhood. The roofs of several are supported by fluted columns of considerable beauty, and the entrance divided by others of a different form. They are of very great age, being constructed in the time of the twelfth dynasty of Theban kings. Their

interior walls are covered with beautiful little pictures ranged in parallel lines, and descriptive of the manners and customs of their builders and occupants. We see here how they sowed and reaped, and gathered into barns; what kind of houses they occupied; the number of their children, servants, and cattle; the food they ate; the battles they fought; the game they killed; the music, the dancing, and other diversions which beguiled their leisure; and we feel as if we knew all about them, and we realize that they were our brethren. From their entrance we can look down on the grand old river, and see the acres gleaming in their emerald green, still unchanged perhaps from what they were when the first occupants of these tombs lived and labored and died upon them. Many of the Egyptian tombs consist of a series of chambers opening one into another, and it often happens that the name of the king, in whose reign their first occupier was conveyed with solemn pomp to these secret abodes, has been fortunately preserved. In others we find the record of some event of national, or great local interest, which must have been enacted at the time. Thus they do something towards revealing the history of the nation, as well as the life of the individuals whose remains they inclosed.

Prodigious care was taken by the Egyptians to preserve the corpses of their friends from dissolution, their notion being that so long as the body retained its apparent individuality, the spirit was also kept distinct from all other spirits. Should the conservation outlast the cycle of changes and transmigrations, the once-favored relics would receive again the same informing spirit and a blessed immortality. Into the mouths, and under the arm-pits, and in every practicable space of the resinous limbs they inserted images of the gods, charms, or representations of the dead man in the form of a divinity. Pots of wheat, barley, dhourra, and other grain, have also been found in the tombs, as well as papyri full of information concerning the ritual for the dead, or some fulsome enumeration of the virtues of the deceased. It is strange that these elaborate attempts to fight against death and to keep profane hands from even touching their sacred clay, have created the fascination which has induced the explorers of later ages to rifle and to scatter them.

I have left myself little space to dilate upon the *third* class of tombs to which reference was made — those which I have ventured to call the battle-ground, where superstition has fought with our last foe. These are not so much memorials of the race, or age, or individuals, to which they refer, as deliberate and defiant contests with death; the vain but resolute attempt to bind death and destruction over to do the behests of the spirit.

All the Egyptian tombs, or at least every Egyptian mummy, was a declaration of the faith that the soul had become absorbed into the Deity, and that the corpse was even the special residence of the great god Osiris, and worthy of the honor due to himself. Thus homage was perpetually paid to the manes, and at the grave of departed ancestors, who are often reckoned among the gods. The mode and place of burial were among the most carefully defined and deeply significant portion of their religious creed. Every great man must have been busy all his life in the excavation and garniture of his tomb. He thought well not only to carve and paint with elaborate finish the record of his life, and the social and industrial condition of the age in which he lived, on the walls of these vast sepulchers, but to take the most elaborate means to conceal the sarcophagus from discovery.

The number of hands that must have been employed in strictly funereal work, from the grave-digger to the Royal Academician of Pharaoh must have been inconceivably great. Still it is very curious, as far as I was able to observe, that, with the exception of the tombs of the kings, there were no records of any mystic or funeral rites, of any deep religious faith, on the walls of their tombs. There were the houses and gardens, the pleasures and professions, the diseases and fortunes, of these old Egyptian gentlemen, but no hint of the feeling in which they drew near to the house appointed for all living. Our main information is derived from the papyri, the various accompaniments of the mummied corpse itself, and from the tombs of the kings.

But Oriental minds were afflicted, for ages, with the crushing superstition that a special manifestation of the deity was granted to them in the person of their kings. The divine right of kings was a tremendous fact in the kingdoms of Babylon, and Persia, and Egypt. During their

lifetimes, the sovereigns of these countries received idolatrous homage. Every word that fell from their lips was supposed to be a divine utterance, and worthy of most scrupulous attention. Forty secretaries waited round the person of the Persian monarch to catch his lightest word, and record it on tablets of brass or of marble. His wishes were irrevocable edicts. His service was considered to be a religious worship. And when he died, he was laid in gorgeous pomp amid the solemn streets of Persepolis, and was supposed thence to rule over the whole Persian people. And what Persepolis became for ages to the Persians, the tombs of the Theban kings and the Pyramids of the fourth dynasty, must have been to the Egyptian people.

It is utterly impossible to convey to one who has had little experience in such things, any conception of those tombs of the kings in the valley of Sheikh el Gononou.

Oh! the awful silence, the solemn grandeur, of this strange necropolis. It never could have appeared very different from what it does now, not even when the great kings themselves came hither to view the progress of their tombs. I thought the guide must have been cheating me the first time I ascended this gorge, when I saw him suddenly rein up his horse, and declare that we had reached the tomb of Rameses VII. There was a narrow opening in the rocks, which we now proceeded to enter with lighted candles. The first thing that struck us was a portrait of the king, possessing considerable individuality in its mode of representation. The tomb was surrounded by none of the signs of royal pleasure or diversion, but by groups of gods with many inexplicable symbols of worship or reverence. The descent was rapid into successive chambers all hollowed out of the solid rock, and every square inch of the face of the walls covered with symbolical hieroglyphical signs. There was a long procession represented in rich coloring, of sacred boats or arks, carrying different symbols. In one of them I saw a *crocodile* with a human head cropping out of his back. There were boats which terminated both at bow and stern in serpents' heads. In the chamber where the sarcophagus of this prince was laid, there is a representation of Harpocrates sitting on a winged globe, in a position in which it was implied that the

spirit of the departed king having become a little child, the child of the god was now triumphing over death. And most thrilling it was to find here in the heart of the earth, amid many grotesque conceits and dire superstitions, such proofs of the belief of man in immortality — of the faith of men some thirty centuries ago in Life out of and Life after death.

Diodorus Siculus declares that there were forty-seven of these royal tombs known in his day to the Egyptian priests, only seventeen of which were discoverable in the reign of Ptolemy Lagus. Of these ten or twelve only are now known.

The most celebrated is that which goes by the name of Belzoni's tomb, and is the resting-place of Setei-Men-ephthah — the father of Rameses. The staircase, which appears at the very mouth of the cavern, is quite as uninviting as travelers describe, but we did not hesitate, and it seemed like going down into some veritable Hades. All the Pantheon of Egypt gleams ghastly in our tapers' light on the sides of the pit. The first large chamber at which we arrive is desolate, and has an unfinished appearance, and in some smaller rooms or subterranean chapelries which open out of it, and which give the appearance of being the continuation of the line of the tomb, — there are some curious unfinished paintings, being many heads left as mere disks to be filled in on a subsequent occasion. It would seem that the draughtsman must have been followed by pupils, or conventional colorists, who filled in these disks, because in one face, if not in more, it seems probable that the head draughts-

man had come a second time and corrected the work of the subordinate. The whole tomb is three hundred and nine feet in length, and contains fourteen different chambers.

There is much fearful conflict with the spirit of evil, and all the drear mysteries of this strange complicated theology revealing itself. We came to chamber after chamber where all the abominable things of Egyptian worship were represented — all the stumbling-blocks of iniquity. What the interminable processions, the endless coils of writhing serpents, the innumerable conjunctions of animal or human form could mean, — what trees growing in boats, serpents with human heads, and head-pieces hobbling on their ends which were elongated into tiny feet, could possibly mean — we are at great loss to conjecture. We know the names and general attributes of these divisions of their Pantheistic worship, a little of the law by which these deities appear under different names and symbolism, but we soon pause in our interpretation.

Here, and in the heart of the Pyramids of Lower Egypt, the reverend Egyptians laid the deified corpses of their kings, and strove vainly to contend with the curse and shame and misery of death.

There was, perhaps, in this transformation of the tomb into the throne and palace of a god, some vague hint and unconscious prophecy of the work of the true King of Men, of the life that has sprung out of his death, and of the fact that the cross is the seat of his glory, and the grand symbol of his power.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AN HOUR AGO, OR TIME IN DREAMLAND.*

THE schools of poetry so scornfully characterized by Carlyle as the Lake school, the Border-thief school, the Cockney, and the Satanic, which ruled over the heart of this generation during its childhood, have already vanished from the earth; their influence has passed away; their heroes have died out and become extinct. The heads and leaders, indeed, the authors of *Marmion* and *The Giaour*, still wear, and will forever wear their crowns in the Valhalla† of the ages; but their imitators and disciples are no more. A new race of poets has arisen, and the commencement of a new epoch has been marked by the simultaneous tendency of all writers, whether of prose or verse, towards the elaboration of truth, as the aim and reward of all their mental toil; the deep eternal truth which lies at the base of all human life. Our leaders of literature now seek their inspiration in the mysteries of passion and suffering as they exist in all social grades—in the highest as in the commonest daily life. And if they lay bare the evils of ignorance and sin, and paint with awful fidelity the coarseness and degradation of a fallen life, it is to arouse in us that noble sympathy which can almost regenerate the heart in which it is born, and that on which it falls.

Of these teachers of our age, with their world-wide sympathies, human tenderness, profound love for the good and beautiful, and scorn of the untrue, who

proudly stand on the ruins of the false, feeble, unbelieving eighteenth century, and preach earnestness, faith, truth, and self-reverence in all life's work, reverence, too, for the inalienable rights and dignity of man, Carlyle may be named the leader in philosophy, and Mr. Ruskin in art; whilst fiction has its crowd of witnesses, and poetry its universal priesthood, all devoted to the same high mission; pre-eminent in the latter walk stands Elizabeth Browning, the greatest poetess of this age.

All these poets and writers—poets all of them, whether in prose or verse—aim at representing in their works the philosophic, the æsthetic, and the social tendencies of the time towards truth, light, and freedom.

In the *Sartor Resartus* of Carlyle is depicted, with that quaint humor and pathetic eloquence in which he has no rival or equal, the progress of a human soul from Doubt to Faith. In Bailey's *Festus* we have the history of every human soul, symbolized by the history of one in its progress from sin to suffering, and through suffering to purification and redemption while in *Aurora Leigh* we stand before our unvailed social life, and see the eternal war between deep true human feeling and false shallow conventionalism: and the grand superiority of nature's nobility over the mere aristocracy of caste and circles is asserted and proved.

Mr. Corkran's poem of *Time in Dreamland* belongs also to this modern philosophical school, and is distinguished by the same high aims and teaching. The subject is the history, not as in *Festus*, of a single soul working out its own purification through suffering, but of the great soul of humanity itself considered in its unity—its moral evolution and growth through the progressive intellectual development of the race.

Humanity is a thought of God, and human history its manifestation; this is the idea of the poem.

**An Hour Ago, or Time in Dreamland—A Mystery.* By J. F. CORKRAN. London: Longman, Brown & Co. 1858.

†The Valhalla or Walhalla was the mystic heaven of the Scandinavians. The modern Walhalla is a magnificent marble temple on the north bank of the Danube, five miles below Ratisbon, three hundred feet above the water, and almost overhanging it; adorned and filled with the most beautiful statuary that we have ever seen, of the purest Italian marble, with life likenesses of renowned men of Germany and Europe for the past thousand years—worth a journey from New-York to see.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

The world-plan unfolds itself to the author as a gradual revelation or incarnation of this divine thought. But he proceeds by no mere historical sequence; he rejects details, and selects his illustrations only from those philosophical epochs distinguished by their essential nature, as influencing the development of the soul; periods which some grand and sudden apocalypse of intellect made splendid, fruitful, and elevating, and the effects of which were permanent upon the moral condition of the human race.

These remarkable periods, when the soul seems to receive a fresh impetus, and rushes onward to the light, are always found illuminated by the name of some *one* great man; for all history shows that individuals alter the world, not the masses. Of these are the men to whom power is given to pierce the depths of human sympathy and touch the springs of human thought. Their object is always mental freedom; for thought must precede action as light preceded creation. The mental view of things must be cleared before the brain will stir the muscles of the arm to dare and do. And it is strange, though a sure proof of the innate grandeur of the soul of man, that no great flame of enthusiasm ever yet was kindled in the world for any thing that concerned merely the physical bettering of human condition.

Man has the permanency of an animal in his mere animal habits—the eating, drinking, clothing, sheltering modes of life; there it is always hard to move the masses; there they are always suspicious or careless of change. But when the spark touches the mental nature, when the soul comes in contact with an idea, a mere abstraction that seems in no way connected with man's daily life, then enthusiasm burns fiercely and irresistibly, and overbears all opposition. Liberty—truth—patriotism—these are but words; yet for such words only are men found willing to die. For there is no true life but in the soul, and it is only in those high moments, when the heart is lifted above the transitory into the eternal, and all that holds of the Godlike within us is aroused, that we have the sublime consciousness of living, being, and of our privileges as a race “only a little lower than the angels.”

The prophets and teachers whose aim in life was to lift human souls to this elevation are the heroes of Mr. Corkran's

poem. The men who, in their age advanced the landmarks of knowledge and planted their banners on the reclaimed space, inscribed for all time with their name; who fought the battle of life bravely for the sake of an idea, but ideas that could free the soul and regenerate humanity. Cosmocrators—world-leaders—the old Platonists would call them. Carlyle names them heroes; Emerson, representative men; but all alike have the one object, the spiritual and intellectual elevation of mankind. And the period of time selected, wherein such men best acted out their destiny as regenerators, is that wondrous era of mental development dating from the fall of the Byzantine Empire to the close of the sixteenth century; a period which included the grandest discoveries—the greatest men—the sublimest manifestations of art, and the most important events that ever influenced the mental progress of our race; events whose pulsations still vibrate in the great heart of the world. A new continent was discovered, and the ocean path to India opened—the kingdoms of Europe were consolidated—national languages organized and perfected—literature was freed from its monastic bondage and diffused to the millions by the invention of printing—philosophers weighed the stars, while navigators were revealing the earth, and science rose from the knowledge of facts to laws. Civil freedom was established on the ruins of feudalism, and religious freedom won by Luther from a tyrannical and demoralized priesthood.

Whatever is most beautiful in Christian architecture, sculpture, and painting falls within this period. All the great artists were living then; and while Michael Angelo raised a firmament of marble to heaven, Raphael filled the Vatican with forms of ideal beauty. Centuries have passed by, but still this century remains unsurpassed. In art, science, and literature, religion and government, the soul was liberated in light, freedom, and beauty; and the old world rose regenerated from a baptism of intellectual glory.

The events and the men of such an era form a magnificent programme for a poem; while the requirements are indeed great that could do them justice; a philosophic intellect, the comprehensive learning of the student, the lyric power of the poet, and much of the sad wisdom of life;

yet the author is never beneath either his subject or his purpose. In every line there is the inspiration of a calm, noble, reflective mind; and with a generous enthusiasm the temple doors have been opened wide to all great souls, no matter what their sect or calling. All who have gained or given rights to humanity find welcome to the brotherhood of the Heroes of the World.

Historic truth, meanwhile, has been carefully preserved, and the historic characters are so faithfully drawn, that the poem comes to us like a voice that has traversed the ages, and spoken with the men of all time, in their own language, and in sympathy with their own thoughts.

The fall of Byzantium was the fall of an epoch of the world; the close of a cycle which began when ancient Rome "perished like a mammoth in a drift of northern snows;" and ended when the last of the Eastern Cæsars fell beneath the sword of Mohammed.

A thousand years separated these two events; seven hundred of which are stigmatized in history as "The Dark Ages"—dark through ignorance, and barbarous through poverty, during which period, says Hallam, "but two really great men appeared in literature, John, surnamed Scotus, of Ireland, and Pope Silvester II."

From the twelfth century light began to dawn, and the elemental strivings of human intellect towards development can be detected. Dante and Giotto were "The Witnesses" in the fourteenth century; and ever stronger and brighter grew the light till it culminated in the splendor of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But, truly, when Byzantium fell, in the middle of the fifteenth century; when the Eastern empire lay waste and desolate; its Christian altars overthrown, its children fugitives, and the triumph of barbarism seemed complete over the luxurious civilization of a thousand years, no one could have foreseen that from these very smouldering ashes of a ruined empire, Western Europe was to gain all its light. Yet such was the hidden plan of Providence. The cultivated Greeks, who fled from their fallen capital, carried with them their science, arts, language, literature, and refinements of civilization; and thus the Greek mind, with its high culture, was flung upon half-barbarous Western Europe, and gave that immense irrepres-

sible stimulus to thought, which produced all that has made modern Europe what it is.

Florence and the Medici were foremost to offer the fugitives a sanctuary, and in return they gave Florence and the Medici their glory. From Duke Cosmo, who welcomed them, down to the pontificate of his grandson, Leo X., all that was eminent throughout Italy in learning, philosophy, and the fine arts, owed its origin to Greek teaching, and Italy radiated the light that kindled souls throughout the world.

The great epochs of development which followed this event are brilliantly illustrated in Mr. Corkran's poem. It is a synthesis of human progress, thrown into the poetic form—sometimes narrative, sometimes dramatic. With all the light concentrated upon the Representative man of each epoch; for, in every deliverance from bondage there is a Moses; for every great idea given to the world, there is some one living man its exponent to the age in which it is revealed. Thus, it is the vital life of history is reflected, not its details; the life within the life: and it is the privilege of the poet thus to grasp and illustrate results; details are for the statist and politician, but the poet stands in the center where all radii meet, and follows out each line of human life to where it blends with the Infinite and Eternal.

To the author of *Time in Dreamland*, the significance of each historical event is measured only by its influence on the eternal element within man's nature. His epic is the liberation of the soul, with its manifestations and triumphs; and the only heroes he recognizes are the men who, in whatsoever mode they teach or preach, by art, science, moral nobleness, or heroic action, show to the world that every onward step in human perfectness is a true manifestation of the divinity in humanity.

As it is the soul's history, the soul alone perceives it. A vision falls upon the poet, in which, unfettered by the laws of duration or space, he beholds the whole great era of human progress revolve before him through its zodiac of living lights. It is *An Hour in Dreamland*, but that hour is a century. The poem opens with some fine lines, telling how the simple beauty of a mother's life first gave a spiritual impulse to his thoughts, strength for the present, and hope for the future.

She is thus described :

"Book-learned she was not, yet I ne'er knew one
Could read like her the sorrow of a face
At first sight of, and, with a mistress' hand,
Bring from the torn disheveled instrument
Such moving histories——"

"Well, she is now with God; thank God she is.
Why doth her spirit not bear message down—
Well, if it might, what other lesson teach
Than that already taught by her own life:
When looks the world most hopeless, *how*
much good
Can be accomplished by a single will!"

This thought suggests the poem. A pretty prologue follows, in which the poet and his wife discuss the ideas of the age :

"Tremendous social questions, waiting for
The purifying powers of thought and time.
'The Rights of Woman' — woman *hath* great
rights,
And well she uses them. Hers is the right
To form the infant mind, to sow the seeds
Of knowledge and of virtue, and to strike
Deep through the unsteady soul the piles on
which
God's Temple, character, must firm be built."

——"Hath she no wrongs?
Hath heaven no wrongs? What do we not
profane
Save her at least from equal rights of sin."

From the present age the philosopher is led back to consider the origin of all the great ideas which now influence mankind, with the epochs that produced them, and finds that

"Enterprises influencing deep
The destinies of states and mankind's fate
Are ever wrought by *one inspired man*;
Men who gave their lives
For the world, and whom the world hated."
——"Great forward leaps
Followed by fainting falls have marked Time's
course,
Each revelation to mankind vouchsafed
Hath come encompassed by mighty storms.
Each gift from Heaven
Hath claimed its price in combat, for without
Battle unto the death is naught obtained."

Then, as in a vision, he beholds a great crowd standing in the sunlight—a lustrous crowd with calm majestic eyes. And a voice tells him who he is looking upon :

"By psalmists, prophets, stand the wise of
Greece,
Plato, Pythagoras, and Socrates!
And Rome's majestic Pagan heroes give
To mightier Fathers of the Church the hand."

They are gathered together to look upon the fall of Byzantium, while Michael the

Archangel stands by the soul of the dead Constantine and unfolds before him the new phase of human history which is to rise from the ruins of his empire. He shows him the Spirit of Truth going forth from Heaven to preach a new evangel to man; and the Spirit of Falsehood swift following from Hell to turn all virtues into vices. Thus, by her influence, reverence for authority becomes abject slavery; religion becomes fanaticism, and human freedom changes to the wildest license and infidelism. But still the angel shows how

"Truth rises fresh
From the eternal combat with the false.
The conquest of the worst lasts but a day,
The ever-living word immortal burns."

Then he leads Constantine to his place amid a pyramid of thrones, whereon are seated the crowned kings who are of the just: David, "whose soul dissolved upon his harp in psalms," Alfred, the saintly Louis, and mighty Charlemagne.

——"But many thrones
Did empty look, save on their steps there sat
Faces of discrowned sorrow, round whose brows
Was girt a burning mark."

Then a long trail of light settles down
"by a ship's helm, in a breeze-freshened
sea," and in the ship he beholds

"A group of calm grave men,
With reason on their brow. And women sweet
With soul o'er all the face. Before their eyes
Were spread strange manuscripts. Alas! they
were
Lovers of learning from the city fled."

The vision changes, and the poet sees

"Those Grecians wise
Whose features Raphael to us revealed
When Athens' school arose before his eyes."

Their eyes are bent upon fair Florence, where the fugitive Greeks of fallen Byzantium have found repose—

"And pay
The merchant Cosmo back with deathless fame."

Already out of evil has sprang forth good and the first sparks of intellectual power in Europe rise from the ashes of the empire which the Turk had trampled beneath his feet. A description follows of the court of the wise Lorenzo "the Magnificent," with his learned friends Mirandola the poet, and the quaint Ficinus the Platonist, and how in their warm philosophic enthusiasm

"They wept o'er Socrates as 'twere to-day
He drank the hemlock and spoke words divine.
Discoursed of Plato—How he taught
That love of the Creator leads to love
Of all which doth show forth our Maker's laws."

But the vision changes again suddenly from these refined and spiritual Platonists to the tragedy of the Pazzi—a conspiracy instigated by Pope Sixtus IV. against the Medici, whose towns he coveted and whose glory he envied. Falsehood has now her hours of triumph, masked in the garb of religion; Griellano, brother to the great Lorenzo, is stabbed by a priest as he kneels to receive the Host at the altar, and Lorenzo himself is wounded, but not slain. He lives for vengeance; and, by his orders Salviati, Archbishop of Pisa, head of the conspiracy, and two priests beside, are hung in the streets of Florence, while the crowd shout—"Unto the Pazzi death!"

The death of Salviati is one of the best passages in the poem, but too long for quotation.

Savonarola now appears upon the scene—the inspired, doomed Dominican; with his fierce denunciations against sin, whether beneath the cowl or the tiara; his fiery wrath against all that taints and corrupts the soul; and his burning words of love, tenderness, and pity, for all human weakness; the divine-souled yet human-hearted man who wrote these words—"I entered the cloister to learn how to suffer; and when sufferings visited me, I made a study of them; and they taught me to love always, and to forgive always."* The vision passes on and shows us Savonarola in prison with the patriot Machiavelli, and Saint Augustine is seen weeping in heaven with his mother Monica, while they gaze on Florence—

"Behold, she said, yon martyrs who redeem
The wickedness of men with agonies."

And they bend to listen as Machiavelli speaks:

"Thou hast done well, my Jerome, right well done,
To brave those impious Borgias in their might.
Never did one of old immortal Rome
Perform a work more noble or more wise.
A patriot saint thou art, a tribune priest,
A man of God! a veritable man!"

"Jerome, go on;

March bravely, brothers, to the martyr's crown,
Though burning fire make red the heavens, like
face
Of demon impotently glaring—On!"

Savonarola answers:

"I will, God helping me. I will reprove
Vice in high places, tiara'd, scepter'd, crowned,
And raise God's law above all human thrones.

Men thirst for life;

The keen, sweet sense of living—life in the
breach—

Before the dice—the cup—or on the lip.

Oh! catch them up into the higher life,
As live they must and will; and that's his
task—

The teacher's."

MACHIAVELLI.

"Alas! then I'm no teacher."

SAVONAROLA.

"Yes, but thou art a teacher thine own way.

Grandly thou sittest on the throne of time,

And the past, present, and the future, like

The river's source, the river, and the sea—

Cause, course, and consequence—behold at
once!

My work is done. Thine only is begun.

My voice shall like a player's pass away."

MACHIAVELLI.

"Not so. *Examples never die.* The tale

Of noble deed which gives the poets' song

Nurtures the spirit of the growing man.

A whole life's volume bursts in act and word,

A grand immortal blessedness of blossom."

The vision changes, and the poet sees an altar—but the altar is of fagots piled for a funeral pyre, and the victim is Savonarola

"Bound in the talons of a fiery woe."

But

"Where in the market-place the people see

A felon burning—angel eyes discerned

A sacrifice."

Again, a prison.

"There a wan, old man; a dungeon deep;

And men with faces clammy as cold walls,

And hearts unfeeling as the flag they tread,

Stand pen in hand—and no confession comes.

Nature can bear no more—he swoons, he
swoons!

Nicholas Machiavelli swoons in sleep

As the deep grave profound. His towering
mind

Boundless as space and time, thick thronged
with stars,

Is trampled out as by the foot of beast."

Falsehood has had her revenge in martyrdom; but the torch of truth that fell from the hand of the dead Savonarola is grasped by the young Luther, and the

* Quoted from Dr. Madden's *Life of Savonarola*.

miner's son kindles a blaze in Germany that speedily lights the world.

Truth flies from Papal Italy; and we behold her next standing by the side of the aged Guttenberg, at the moment of success, when intellectual freedom has been achieved by his discovery. Faust, and his daughter, Faustine, appear upon the scene to share his joy, with Schoeffer, Guttenberg's assistant, who is the lover of the young Faustine. But their marriage had been opposed by her father for want of means. Guttenberg the lone, old man, who has no passion but science, no joys but in contemplating its grand results, and to whom both fame and fortune would now come too late—generously imparts the secret to his assistant, which enables him to win bride, and fame, and fortune, all together, and thus the triumph of intellect becomes the sacrament of love, for—

“Upon the marriage-altar of this pair,
See the first printed Holy Bible laid;
Thronged down the angels; they that temple
filled,
And from the temple, up to space and space,
A broadening beam of angels, to the Throne!
Truth held the Bible in her own fair hands,
While Falsehood, scathed and wounded, fled
the light.
Yet, breathed she still, in consciousness that
yet
The struggle was not o'er for many an age.”

Again the vision changes. The human mind has already sprung to adolescence, and over all the broad Continent of Europe can be traced the strong efforts of the soul to liberate itself in all modes of human life, social, political, and moral.

Luther smites down corruption as with an archangel's sword, and the Reformation is achieved.

Feudalism sinks beneath the keen edged wit of Erasmus; and the civil and sacerdotal tyrannies, which for a thousand years had “ground down men's bones to a pale unanimity,” tremble and fall before the strong words of a few earnest, heroic men.

Science, too, at the same moment, by maritime discovery, opened the ocean highways to commercial freedom, and a universal brotherhood of nations. The men of the epoch pass before us as in a vision, grand and calm in the consciousness of all they have achieved. Let us arrest some of these majestic shadows as they pass.

Two men are standing by a vessel's stern, one, Martin Behem, who gave the Brazils to Portugal; the other a despised Jew, but the inventor of the astrolabe, by whose aid navigators dared to track the wild wide ocean—yet here, as upon all blessings given to man, falsehood contrives to set her curse. The ship that brings the tidings to King John, of Portugal, of his new possession, brings also a cargo of humanity, the first offering these rich lands lay at his feet.

Then Columbus passes along the scene—

—“A sweet, composed, and gentle man,
Eyes deep and full, as if they drank in heaven.”

First we see him a wanderer at the courts of unbelieving monarchs, with no proof to offer for the world he promised save his own intense faith—“Faith, the soul's sense, that to the Infinite soars.”

The cold, crafty Ferdinand of Spain, however, is too intent on expelling the Moors, that he may plunder their fair cities, to heed him, save

“With scornful eye, and cold deceptive smile,
But, whilst he is surrounded by his knights;
A goodly sight in sun-flamed coats of mail,
His saintly and heroic Isabel,
Attracted by the glorious light of Truth
Over his countenance suffused, gives ear
Unto Columbus looking grandly poor.”

“Upon Columbus, Isabel her eyes
Turned their full-orbed weightiness of strength,
And his blenched not. There was a breadth
of calm.

A purity and gentleness, diffused
Over the visage of that marvelous man;
And in his darkly glowing eyes, a depth
Of patient power which the Queen subdued
To equalizing sympathy. She asked,
With sweet serenity of smile, the road
Which to those unknown kingdom rightly
led!”

“Thereupon to her he told the tale
Of agitated hopes that round his mind
Shook like a bannered army.”

“She paused in silent prayer: what passed
within

The infinite world of her soul, there were
Around me hosts of spirits who could tell,
But on mine own the mortal vail still hung.
I could but watch and listen, and I heard
As Isabel bent down her head, these words:
I'll pledge my jewels for this enterprise!
That whispered word gave to Castile a world!”

This description is beautiful; and also the account of his approach to that new world, hitherto seen only in his dreams, believed in only by faith. Winged mes-

sengers come to him "over the waters to his Ark," prophetic of success.

But falsehood follows quick to mar the good and blight the blessing. By her promptings, Christian men, under the plea of religion, murder from lust of gold; while in Spain, the Inquisition, under the banner of the cross, tortures and kills for the sake of God, and shrieks of agony from the victims of both hemispheres, rise together before the throne of the Highest.

A ghastly crowd of victims make a wall between heaven and the terrible Torquemada, who sinks back to utter darkness, and retribution falls on Spain; from that hour her gold and her glory began to depart from her.

Another scene of the drama, and Erasmus is before us, his delicate feeble frame contrasting with his giant mind. He is in colloquy with a monk and a feudal baron, who prove, wisely and truly, that feudalism and monasticism had their mission once for human good, like all other phases of human condition.

Luther appears now before the poet's vision; the last great hero of the century; the man who, above all others, influenced Europe; who rent the human mind from its old moorings, and gave that impetus to religion, and civil and intellectual freedom, which still vibrates throughout the world. See him first, the young monk of Erfurth, struggling in such mental agonies with the dawning truth that his frame wasted, and he often fell down insensible, till the monks restored him by soft low music. Then, warring against the visible devil at Wartburg—warring against and conquering that false fiend—

"Who never in his proudest hours of might
Dared meet a man whose soul rose fixed on
God!"

Again see him, the apostle of spiritual freedom, commissioned by the Almighty, standing in the might and power of that divine diploma undaunted before the Council at Augsburg, before his subtle enemy the Cardinal Legate, and the chief amongst Italian and German nobility; see there this solitary, humble, low-born, spirit-worn monk, prostrating his body three times in the abject humility of old servitude before the proud Cardinal; but again, the next moment, with bold inspired force and eloquence, behold him smite down one after another the hollow

shadows they opposed to the truth, till the legate's face grew white with wrath, and his heart quailed, and he dismissed the assembly with a faint sarcasm on the man he could not confute. The monk had conquered. The weary worn ascetic that day lit a torch, whose light still burns after three hundred years.

Some striking lines may be found in the scene where the tempter tries to dissuade Luther from his work of Reformation by fear of the results. He tells him—

"The rude peasants
Tumultuously meet in arms. They say
The light that thou hast let into their hearts
Shows their condition to be brutes, not
men."

Luther answers:

"Combat's the test of Truth. Good men and
brave
Baptize their faith in blood."
"The world is all a battle-ground—each man
At battle to himself, by battle tried.
The way to Heaven, fiend, lies through
victory;
We thither bring the crowns we do receive
Transfigure back."

Again the tempter pleads by the beauty and the blessedness of "Peace." Luther answers:

"That is to say, corruption—Peace, O Peace!
When it doth mean submission unto ill;
When it doth mean surrender of the man—
His heart, his soul, his thoughts to priestly
powers;
The abdication of his royal rights;
Peace doth stagnating rottenness become."

The great results of Luther's teaching are then sketched boldly and vividly. The peasants gather round their watch-fires at night with low mutterings of bright hopes and stern resolve to claim or take their rights. They demand freedom from the oppression of the nobles; from the greed and tyranny of the Church; and trial by jury of their brothers; and the last words rang on the listener's ears "like hymn of holiest justice."

"Chivalrous Barons in brave council sit,
Passing bright Rhenish round, and lo! a
spy
Reports the immethetical rude strength,
In which enthusiasm breathes living soul."

A sound word from a sound heart has rushed like a storm upon the old social systems of Europe, and shivered them to dust. Men begin to think, to reason, to

compare the dogmas of the Church and the codes of kings with the original handwriting of God upon the tables of the heart; and steel-girded chiefs "shake in their armor when a true voice speaks."

"The Peasants' War" flames up throughout all Germany, and heroes are with them to lead them or to die for them:

"The patriots Hütten, Sickingen, and Goetz—
Great hearts which stormy sunset's flame
sublime
Do swathe with soft rich beauty."

The sympathizing Alps flash signals back; the watch-fires of freedom flush every mountain-peak like sunset, and Zwinglius associates his name forever with his country as the apostle and the martyr of Switzerland.

"Heaven hath lighted up with sacred fire
The Alps' stupendous altar. Victory
Shines from the mountain to reflecting lake,
And looks into the watcher's tears with
light."

Thus every where from the liberated earth to heaven rises up the triumphant Miriam song of thanksgiving for the passage from darkness to light, from bondage to freedom. Meanwhile Falsehood has raised up an agent to mar the good work; for, according to the idea of the poem, Falsehood follows Truth perpetually as her shadow—a powerful agent gifted with zeal, courage, energy, and strong will, equal to Luther's own; a man of heroic endurance, infinite self-devotion and abnegation; yet whose aim, while he fancies he is doing God's work, is only to bind the fetters again upon the freed mind of man:

Ignatius Loyola, who recoiling from Luther's doctrines in direst antagonism, stabbed to death every vital energy, every human feeling, every independent mental effort in his disciples, and left only one principle remaining—a mute, blind, passive, unquestioning *obedience*.

Contrasting strongly with Loyola is a sketch of Calvin. The founder of Republicanism in Christianity—Calvin, with his cold, pure intellect—resolute will, and terrible zeal—the type after which fashioned themselves the republicans of Cromwell and the stern old heroes of "The Covenantant."

The vision passes on now to the tragic scenes of "Saint Bartholomew;" and the spirit of fierce hatred and bigotry that

produced that darkest chapter in religious history is attributed and traced by the author to the teaching of Loyola's disciples the Jesuits.

It is the night of the massacre: Catherine, the Queen Mother, has just given her daughter Marguerite in marriage to Henry of Navarre, whom she destines to be the first of her victims:

"The Huguenots are in the snare at last,
For Catherine hath with her own fair child
The scene obscuring incantation crowned."

Then a moan, like human sorrow, is heard among the spirits in heaven, and a voice tells:

"They are Medicis,
Who felt the Pazzi's dagger at the mass;
And mourn in Heaven, to see that one of
theirs,
A woman, too, of their own house and kin,
Hath gone beyond the Pazzi's crime profane."

While the bell tolls for the massacre, Falsehood and the Evil One, triumphant and exultant, chant the death-song of the victims, and the progress of the assassins, as they watch the events of the night, seated on the belfry:

"Ring, bell, ring, but not for mass;
Ring, bell, ring, but not for prayers;
Red torches are lighted,
Keen daggers are drawn;
Beware, ye benighted,
Ye shall not see dawn.

A curse on psalm-singers, a curse on the mass;
Hist! hist! something wicked is coming to
pass."

The next scene shows us retribution following closely on crime, in the death of the miserable weak-minded Charles IX.:

"One night he broke from tortured sleep, and
stood
Before his mother, in a rain of blood,
Wrenched by remorse from his mad heart,
Through every pore, as if a drop were
claimed,
With its life particle, for every life
Taken in the massacre. So died King
Charles."

Meanwhile, the spirit of Loyola is working in Spain also, producing the dark cruelties and crimes of the bigot, the stern-hearted Philip; while the spirit of Luther—the spirit of truth and freedom—rushes up in light from the swamps of Holland, making the name of the Netherlands synonymous in history with heroism and glory, and Falsehood trembles before

—“These children of no soil;
These dwellers on the land where dwells the
sea.”

A grand scene follows: the defense of Leyden, made memorable by that splendid act of William of Orange, who, finding no other way to dislodge the enemy, ordered the dykes to be broken, and thus, submerged his country to save his country. Falsehood sees with dread that

“Midst these unfavored shoals, where man
hath naught
Save his own right unconquerable soul,
A true, strong man hath risen.”

This true, strong man must be got rid of; this man who stands right in the way of bigotry and oppression. And the Jesuit Balthazar, the disciple of Loyola, is found a ready instrument for the dark deed.

William of Orange, the lion-hearted defender of his country's rights, is assassinated by the secret orders of Philip of Spain, who vainly thinks that truth and freedom will fall by the same blow. But, as he falls, England grasps the flag of freedom from the dying hero and nurtures it evermore upon English soil.

Henceforth Spain and England represent the two antagonistic forces of Truth and Falsehood. One comes with the might of the Armada, haughty in power, certain of triumph, dares—and *fails*. The other, strong in right, humble in spirit, dares—and *conquers*. Then comes the award of divine justice. Philip of Spain, the gloomy, relentless bigot, dies a loathsome mass of corruption,* haunted by the image of his own murdered son; while the murdered William of Orange beholds from heaven his grandson mount the throne of England; the representative to the world of those eternal human rights for which he had fought and fallen. And the poem ends with a chant of glory to England and her mighty Shakspeare, whom the poet considers as the result and crowning of the great century whose storms had produced him.

“A genius cradled in the Armada storm,
And in his magnitude of deathless song
Will mankind grow familiar with an age,

* We saw and sat in the chair in the Escorial in which Philip died. He sat in the chair most of the time for two years writhing in agony. He could not lie on his bed. His flesh was alive with worms and vermin which crawled in and out of his flesh.—EDITOR OF ECLECTIC.

The greatest in the world, because it
brought,
Through its capacity, this genius forth,
Its glories full incarnated in him.
As wild seas lost in caverns leave their
shrieks
Amidst the rocks without. So passions
strong
Rolled off their frenzy as they thronged his
breast,
And moaned into a music that made weep
Soul-purifying tears.”

We have now traced the design of this remarkable poem, have guided the reader through this Valhalla of “The Lords of Life,” and paused before every great historic name. We feel conscious, however, that our necessarily brief extracts can convey but an inadequate notion of the massive grandeur of a drama where each character is one of the world's great heroes. Yet, even our fragmentary quotations will prove the wealth and beauty of the poem, which abounds in passages that are vigorous in thought, epigrammatic in terseness, and resonant with harmony of expression.

Nor does the poem fail to touch by sympathy while it elevates by admiration. The characters are not abstractions merely. A human heart vibrates in each of them, and some natural touch of affection shows the human tenderness with the divine power. We are not dazzled by the glory, for we see it through tears.

“All heroes,” says Fichte, “offer up their lives for the race. Every thing great and good on which our age rests has been bought by the sacrifices made by the heroes of the past for ideas;” and he defines the hero—“Heroes are men who sacrifice life and its enjoyments for the sake of the idea. They enter into a new life-element of spiritual clearness and purity, whereby life in any other form becomes absolutely distasteful to them.”

But what have we that is not bought with suffering? by lives that toil on in darkness and gloom to hew out for others the elements of heat and light. World-saviours and light-bringers—all are doomed, like the workers at the Gobelin tapestry, to work a life-long ever, ever at the bright threads, but, at the *back* of the picture—never seeing the result, never hearing the praise. Yet, one day the work is done, and then, face upward to the light of heaven, it meets the admiration of the world, but—the worker is in his grave.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE LAST VICTIM OF THE SCOTTISH MAIDEN.

A SCOTTISH maiden ! What a pleasant vision do not these words call up. Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors could fail to be reminded by them of some bright-eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn of day crossing the mountain stream barefoot, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land ; or haply, if he has had an *entrée* to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within ; and he has learnt to love the race that once had such deadly feuds with his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak ; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality, whom all men knew and feared throughout broad Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lady was she truly, and one who brooked no rivals—for they whom she had once embraced were never clasped to mortal heart again ; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom, slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the Northern capital ; and oftentimes, when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood, they muttered curses on the "loathly maiden," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot. Yet to some this ghastly lady (which was none other than the public guillotine) appeared to have attractions, such as many a bright-eyed damsel would have envied ; for it is recorded of the noble Marquis of Argyle, the last who had died in her embrace, when our story commences, that he ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed as he laid his head on the block : "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed." This saying of his was often

cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkened life for the gallant noble, whose homage was courted by the fairest ladies, that he should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips ; but when, some few years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstance of his death obliterated all recollections of the Marquis and his dying words.

It happened singularly enough, however, that these two, the Lord of Argyle, and Kenelm Hamilton who succeeded him on the block, had been in life the deadliest enemies ; and by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we shall now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the Marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyle's, found himself, compelled by political business, to pass a night in the little town of Inverary, close to which stood the magnificent castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of his dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton ; he was a young man of a peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded, so ardent and passionate was he in either ; he was the second son of that noble family of Hamiltons, between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time of which we write, when the families had been represented by the Marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with his wild and angry temper ; for his elder brother was an idiot, who bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honor when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyle and Hamilton, which even the new-shed blood of the former had not availed to quench ; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a private quarrel between

them which had fearfully embittered their traditionary hatred. The Marquis of Argyle had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the Lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly: not so the lady, however. She had not been consulted when she was bound, while yet a child, to the Marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accepted the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride. Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months, and this circumstance, no doubt, explained the last words of Argyle, which were destined to be the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of this same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervor. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of Hamilton as he rode down the mountain path which led to Inverary Castle and the little village that lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy winter night: the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking and howling through the pass as if it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in some great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood up like specters among the bleak gray rocks. Truly it was an evening on which the stoutest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though sorely against his will, to rest for the night in the domain of his enemies. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but, unhappily that morning one of his guides had been thrown from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting-place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his comrade and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode on as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable

that he repeatedly lost his way; and when, at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In these turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been considerable risk in a Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unmolested and unobserved through the little town, the streets of which were, in fact, almost deserted; as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw, to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the “Argyle Arms” that night. The landlord, a Campbell, of course, and as sturdy a Scot as one could wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into the huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford, for that he little expected any visitors on a night so “uncanny.”

Hamilton assured him he was not disposed to be fastidious, and having thrown off his dripping mantle and disencumbered himself of his heavy riding-boots, he sat down on the oaken settle opposite the huge fireplace; while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck by the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fireplace, which was filled up with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room, and lighted up with a brilliant glare the figure of a young woman, who sat at one corner of the ample hearth, and who was the only other occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which

riveted Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself. She sat perfectly motionless, excepting for the rapid movement of her fingers, which she was employing in knitting; her plaid thrown back from her head left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly frigid and yet by no means vacant expression. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large light blue eyes, which never moved in their sockets nor brightened with a sparkle of life; it was evident that she was stone-blind, while there lurked certain lines round the thin compressed lips which seemed to indicate that she had all the acuteness, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful — scarcely even pleasing — yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel and yet can not define in the presence of persons unknown to us. She gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room; and as he continued to watch her sitting there in her strong impassiveness, an indefinable feeling of shrinking and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been thinking of his rival's bloody death, and it struck him that the implacable "maiden" who had taken Argyle's young life might have been fitly represented by this weird damsel who sat there so like a blind inexorable fate weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times who feared neither death nor danger, were greatly prone to superstition; and Hamilton, hot-blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to the rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the innkeeper returned and broke the ominous silence which had so oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell, addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days which we will not attempt to reproduce, "Here's a gentleman, cold and hungry, come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak, but she never opened her lips; she rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by the touch, while the staring glassy eyes

seemed to him absolutely ghastly as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whisky, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat immovable as before.

"Is that your daughter?" said Hamilton to the innkeeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.

"My only child; and blind from her birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the subject were painful. "Elspeth's not like other folk, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint and said no more, while he applied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen-set appetite. Nor did he spare the whisky, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride; and when he had finished his repast, he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again, he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together on the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and, as she never moved or spoke, he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well-nigh forgotten also the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from these retainers of his foes, when he was startled into a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

"Ye come from Edinboro', then," said the innkeeper, kindling with a sudden fierceness, and, clenching his fist, he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming: "Curses on the bloody city! — the city of murderers! and may the fire from heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

"Amen," said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear, and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of the Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself, and whilst an involuntary instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyle, he had much ado to hide his own antagonistic feelings.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said, at last. "The capital of Scotland is beholden to you in truth."

"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; "but why should I curse the senseless stones, though they were stained with the blood

of the noble Lord Argyle. Rather let me curse his enemies, who drove him to the death — his bitter foes, who made his life so dark to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die. Curses, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton, who stole his bride."

"Amen," the deep voice answered, but this time Kenelm heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and, starting to his feet, he advanced on the Campbell, saying:

"Man, know you to whom you are speaking."

"I neither know nor care," said the innkeeper, rising also. "But I say yet more: not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her, his lady light-o'-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyle's time-honored house had she become his bride!"

This was too much. In another moment Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand. "Villain, unsay that word," he thundered out; "she is as pure as driven snow."

"His lady light-o'-love," repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had closed with him ere the words had well passed his lips — one fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground as his assailant plunged the dagger into his breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming: "Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat." One deep groan — one strong convulsion of the stalwart limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion cooled in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man he had been talking to so amicably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden upturned towards him as she knelt on the ground by her dead father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthy that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white, ghastly face; but as he receded she crept towards him on her knees and laid her hand, which she had

steeped in her father's blood, on his till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low stifled voice: "You have murdered him, and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape: the vengeance of Heaven will track you out one day." Then flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed — "My father, O my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have rung upon the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself; he must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse without saddle or bridle, and the clattering of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as it was summary; and he felt well assured that the present Marquis of Argyle, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest till he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a dark fir wood, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact, that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him; and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him, except her dead father himself. He was now not very far from the house of his kinsman, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent so fatally in the inn at Inverary had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the

time when he would, according to his ordinary style of traveling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his comrade doing well; so that no doubt was for a moment entertained that he had ever deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact did become known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case—a murder committed by an unknown assassin in presence of one sole witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing the murderer, was, even in those days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyle, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search, by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim; which Elspeth detailed word for word, but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation the search was given up; but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice, and the Lord of Argyle declared that if ever in his lifetime the assassin were discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the interval ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of these times, which recognized a claim on the part of all the helpless and afflicted of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark fore-

boding, which never left him night or day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first he had *murdered*; the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honorable warfare; and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart. Wherever he went, alone or in crowds, from the hour when the low solemn warning of the blind girl came to him as he stood with his feet dabbling in the blood of her father. He heard that voice ringing in his ear, and telling him that vengeance would surely find him yet, and the sleepless justice of the Invisible track him out when least he looked for it. Not even the joy-bells, on his wedding morning, could drown that ominous whisper in his soul, nor the sweet tones of the gentle Lady Ellen, while she murmured her bridal vows. Still was it sounding there, when the feeble cry of his first-born spoke of new ties to make life sweet; and, later still, he heard it through the firing of the salutes that greeted him as ambassador on a foreign shore. Years passed on, most of which were spent at one of the continental courts; and when, at last, he returned, with his wife and family to Edinburgh, the murder of the innkeeper had not been thought of by any one for a long time past.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the Scottish capital, Hamilton was walking along the most fashionable part of the old town, where the houses of the nobility were chiefly to be found, when his attention was attracted by a fray, which was going on in the streets between two young men. Such a sight was by no means uncommon in those days; but the fury of the lads was so great that it was evident some serious mischief would ensue if they were not separated. Hamilton, whose rank in the city entitled him to interfere, at once rushed in between them, calling to them in a loud voice to desist immediately from further quarreling, and with a firm grasp of his strong hands on the shoulder of each he sent them reeling to the opposite sides of the street.

The affair had collected a considerable crowd, and Hamilton's rank and position were well known amongst them, so that they all made way for him as he turned to resume his walk. One moment he stood there in all his proud prosperity, receiving the homage of the people as his right, and

scarce bending his lofty head in acknowledgment of it—the sunshine of a bright summer sky streaming down upon his noble and commanding form seemed but to typify the brilliancy of his worldly prospects. One moment he stood thus, and the next, the vengeance that had so long tracked his steps unseen laid hold upon him with a deadly grasp, and the sun of Hamilton's career sunk down to set in blood. A shriek, so thrilling and intense that it seemed to pierce his very heart, suddenly rung through the air, and all eyes, as well as his own, were turned to the spot from whence it appeared to have arisen—and there a sight presented itself which caused the stately Hamilton to grow pale and tremble like a child. On the highest step of the stone stair which led to the door of the Marquis of Argyle's town residence, a tall haggard-looking woman was standing—her arms were outstretched towards Hamilton, and her eyes, whose glassy vacancy showed that they were sightless, seemed to glare upon him with a horrible triumph as she shrieked out in tones that were heard far and near: "Seize him! seize that man whoever he may be—he is the murderer of my father, I know him by his voice." Many of Argyle's retainers were amongst the crowd, and the Marquis himself had been drawn to the window by the noise of the quarrel. All knew Elspeth Campbell, the blind woman, and remembered her father's mysterious murder—all could testify to the acuteness of her sense of hearing, and to the repeated expression of her longing desire that she might hear the voice of the assassin so long sought in vain, for she remembered the full rich tones that had called on her father to unsay his words one instant ere he fell a corpse, and she felt certain she should know them again if she could but once hear the murderer speak; and now, after the lapse of all these years, the well-known voice had struck her ear, and again and again she screamed out: "Seize him! seize him! I know he is my father's murderer." In another moment Argyle was confronting Hamilton, too thankful to have such a charge established against his ancient enemy. The people crowded round, and if any had been disposed to doubt the blind woman's recognition, Hamilton's own awe-struck conscience set a seal upon its truth, for he attempted no defense, but kept his appalled look still fixed upon the blind woman's

ghastly face; he let his hands fall at his side and exclaimed: "It is the hand of God, and I am lost."

He spoke truly; he was lost indeed. Argyle's speedily brought him to justice. The blind woman's evidence was unquestionable, nor did he attempt to controvert it; it was as if the very blood of the murdered man had risen up to cry for vengeance; and all men deemed it a righteous sentence which doomed him to the scaffold.

Not many days after that bright morning when he stood, as it seemed, on the pinnacle of fortune with admiring crowds around him, he found himself again the center of a large assemblage, the object of interest to all. The deadly maiden had been prepared to receive another victim, and at her feet the noble Lady Ellen Hamilton sat weeping bitterest tears, as she saw the lover of her youth, the husband of her riper years, led up to die.

They let him pause one instant to take leave of her. "My Ellen, do not weep," he said, "this is but the work of God's unsleeping justice. I ever knew that I must die for that rash deed. The blind woman's voice has haunted me through all these years, as it seems mine has haunted her. She told me vengeance would overtake me, and it is come—merciful it is that it meets me on the scaffold and not in the fires of hell." He kissed her pale lips and passed on.

Still nearer to the fatal maiden stood the blind woman, who had murdered him as surely as he killed her father. He laid his hand on hers: "Elspeth, you are avenged," he said; "I am about to die. Now, let your hatred pass away, and pray for me."

"I will," she answered, and tears fell from her sightless eyes as he passed on to suffer.

In another instant the maiden had done her work, and the last of her victims lay slaughtered in her terrible embrace.

The instrument of death thus strangely named was never used again. It was superseded by the more modern fashions of executing criminals, and it may now be seen in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries in Edinburgh, with the dark stains yet corroding on the fatal knife, which were left there by the blood of him who in very deed and truth was brought to justice by the signal retribution we have recorded.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE GRAVESTONE IN THE CLOISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

I.

THE Reverend Mr. Wilberforce sat at the head of his dinner-table, eating his own dinner and carving for his pupils. His face looked hot and angry, and his spectacles were pushed to the top of his brow, for if there was one thing more than another that excited the ire of the master, it was that of any boys being unpunctual at meals, and Cookesley had this day chosen to be absent. The second serving of boiled beef was going round when he made his appearance.

"What sort of behavior do you call this, sir?" was the master's salutation. "Do you expect to get any dinner?"

"I am very sorry to be so late, sir," replied Cookesley, eyeing the boiled beef wishfully, but not daring to take his seat. "I went to see Arkell, and——"

"And who is Arkell, pray, or you either, that you must upset the regulations of my house?" retorted the master. "You should choose your visiting-times better, Mr. Cookesley."

"Yes, sir. I heard he was worse; that's the reason I went; and when I got there the Dean was with him. I waited, but I had to come away without seeing Arkell, after all."

"The Dean with Arkell!" echoed Mr. Wilberforce.

"He is there still, sir. Arkell is a great deal worse. They say he will never come to school or college again."

"Who says so, pray?"

"Every body's saying it now," returned Cookesley. "There's something wrong with his head, sir; some internal injury caused by the fall; but they don't know whether it's an abscess, or what it is. It may kill him they say."

The master's wrath had faded: truth to say, his anger was generally more fierce in show than in reality. "You may take your seat for this once, Cookesley, but if ever you transgress again——Holloa!" broke off the master, as he cast his eyes

on another of his pupils, "what's the matter with you, Lewis, junior? Are you choking, sir?"

Lewis, junior, was choking, or gasping, or something of the sort, for his face was distorted, and his eyes were round with seeming fright. "What is it?" angrily repeated the master.

"It was the piece of meat, sir," gasped Lewis. A ready excuse.

"No, it wasn't," put in Vaughan the bright, who sat next to Lewis, junior. "Here's the piece of meat you were going to eat: it dropped off the fork on to your plate again: it couldn't be the meat. He's choking at nothing, sir."

"Then, if you must choke, you had better go and choke outside, and come back when it's over," said the master to Lewis. And away Lewis went: none guessing at the fear and horror which had taken possession of him.

The assize week had passed, and this was the week following it, and still Henry Arkell did not make his appearance in the cathedral or the school. Was it likely that the effects of a fall, which broke no bones, bruised no limbs, only told somewhat heavily upon his head, should last all this while, and incapacitate him from his duties? Had it been any other of the king's scholars, no matter which of the whole thirty-nine, Mr. Wilberforce would have said that he was skulking, and have sent a sharp mandate for him to appear in his place; but he knew better things of Henry Arkell. He did not much like what Cookesley said—that Arkell might never come out again, though he affected to receive the information with disbelief.

The dull, heavy pain in the head, complained of by Henry Arkell soon after the fall in the cathedral, (a somewhat mysterious fall, as it was looked upon, since nobody could imagine what caused it,) had increased by imperceptible degrees, until it grew to intensity. Then his friends called in the family doctor, who

said he saw no cause for apprehension, and thought he only required rest. But when two or three days more went on, and the pain grew no better, but worse, and the boy more heavy, it dawned into the surgeon's mind that he possibly did not understand the case, and it might be as well to have the advice of a physician. The most clever the city afforded was summoned; and he did not appear to understand it, either. That there was some internal injury to the head, both agreed; but, what it might be, was not so easy to state. So a few days more went on, and the doctors paid their regular visits, and the pain still grew worse; and then the half-shadowed doubt grew into one which had little shadow about it, but stern substance — that the injury was rapidly running on to a fatal issue.

He had not then taken to his bed: he would sit at his chamber-window in an easy-chair, his poor aching head leaning on a pillow. "You would be better in bed," every body said to him. No, he thought he was best up, he answered: it was more change: when he was tired of the chair and the pillow, he could lie down outside the bed. "It is unaccountable his liking to be at the window so much," Mrs. Arkell remarked to Mr. St. John. To them it might be: for how could they know that the sight of *one*, who might pass, and cast a glance up to him, made his day's happiness?

One afternoon, just about the time that the physician was first sent for, Mr. St. John called to see him. Henry was at his usual post, the window, but standing up, his head resting against the frame, and his eyes strained after some distant object outside. So absorbed was he, that Mr. St. John had to touch his arm to draw his attention, and Henry drew back with a start.

"How are you to-day, Harry? better?"

"No, thank you. This curious pain in my head gets worse."

"Why do you call it curious?"

"It is not like an ordinary pain. And I can not tell exactly where it is. I can not put my hand on any part of my head and say it is here or it is there. It seems to be in the center of the inside — as if it could not be got at."

"What were you watching so eagerly?"

"I was looking outside," was Henry's evasive reply. "They had Dr. Ware to me this morning: did you know it?"

"I am glad of that!" exclaimed Mr. St. John. "What does he say?"

"I did not hear him say much. He asked me where my head was struck when I fell, but I could not tell him — I did not know at the time, you remember. He and Mr. —"

Henry's voice faltered. A sudden, almost imperceptible, movement of the head nearer the window, and a wild accession of color to his feverish cheek, betrayed to Mr. St. John that something was passing, which bore for him a deep interest. He raised his own head and caught a sufficient glimpse: *Georgina Beauclerc*.

It told Mr. St. John all: though he had not been without his suspicions. He recalled certain words Miss Beauclerc had spoken to him the night previous to Assize Sunday, when he had gone to the deanery for an hour, after meeting the judges at dinner at the bishop's palace. Mysterious words they had sounded to Mr. St. John then, but now their meaning was cleared to him. So! the boy's heart had been thus early awakened — and crushed.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns,"

whistled Mr. St. John to himself.

Ay, crushing is as sure to follow that *early* awaking, as that thorns grow on certain rose-trees.

The first, beyond the immediate family, to hear the news that there was no further hope, was Mr. St. John. He never missed a day without going to see Henry, and upon going one morning as usual, he found him in bed.

"Like a sensible man as you are," quoth Mr. St. John, by way of salutation. "Now don't rise from it again until you are better."

Henry looked at him, an expression in his eyes that Mr. St. John did not like, and did not understand. "Did they tell you any thing down stairs, Mr. St. John?" he inquired.

"I did not see any one but the servant. I came straight up."

"Mamma is lying down, I dare say: she has been sitting with me part of the night. Then I will tell it you. I shall not be here many days," he whispered, putting his hand within Mr. St. John's.

Mr. St. John did not take the meaning:

that the case would have a fatal termination had not yet crossed his mind. "Where shall you be?" cried he, gayly, "up in the moon?"

Henry sighed. "Up somewhere. I am going to die."

"Going to what?" was the angry response.

"I am dying, Mr. St. John."

Mr. St. John's pulses stood still. "Who has been putting that rubbish in your head?" cried he, when he recovered them to speak.

"The doctors told my father yesterday evening, that as I went on, like this, from bad to worse, without their being able to discover the true nature of the case, they began to fear it might terminate fatally. Afterwards mamma came and broke it to me."

"Why did she do so?" involuntarily uttered Mr. St. John, in an accent of reproach. "Though their opinion may be unfavorable — which I don't believe, mind — they had no right to frighten you with it."

"It does not frighten me. Just at first I shrank from the news, but I am quite reconciled to it now. A faint idea that this might be the ending, has been running through my own mind for some days past, though I would not dwell on it sufficiently to give it a form."

"I am *astonished* that Mrs. Arkell should have imparted it to you!" emphatically repeated Mr. St. John. "What could she have been thinking of?"

"O Mr. St. John! mamma has striven to bring us up not to fear death. What would have been the use of her lessons, had she thought I should run in terror from it when it came?"

"She ought not to have told you — she ought not to have told you!" was the continued burden of Mr. St. John's song. "You may get well yet."

"Then there is no harm done. But with death near, would you have had me, the only one it concerns, left in ignorance to meet it, not knowing it was there? Mamma has not waited herself for death — as she has done, you know, for years — without learning a better creed than that."

Mr. St. John made no reply, and Henry went on: "I have had such a pleasant night with mamma. She read to me parts of the Revelations; and in talking of the glories which I may soon see, will you be-

lieve that I almost forgot my pain? She says how thankful she is now, that she has been enabled to train me up more carefully than many boys are trained — to think more of God."

"You are a strange boy," interrupted Mr. St. John.

"In what way am I strange?"

"To anticipate death in that tone of cool ease. Have you no regrets to leave behind you?"

"Many regrets: but they seemed to fade into insignificance last night, while mamma was talking with me. It is best that they should."

"Harry, it strikes me that you have had your griefs and troubles, inexperienced as you are," resumed Mr. St. John.

"Oh! yes, I have," he answered, betrayed into an earnestness, incompatible with cautious reserve. "Some of the college boys have not suffered me to lead a pleasant life with them," he continued, more calmly: and then there has been my father's gradually straitening income."

"I think there must have been some other grief than these," was Mr. St. John's remark.

"What other grief could there have been?"

"I know but of one. And you are over-young for that."

"Of course I am; too young," was the eager answer.

"That is enough," quietly returned Mr. St. John; "I did not *tell* you to betray yourself. Nay, Henry, don't shrink from me; let me hear it: it will be better and happier for you that I should."

"There is nothing — I don't know what you mean — what are you talking of, Mr. St. John?" was the incoherent answer.

"Harry, my poor boy, I know almost as much as you," he whispered. "I know what it is, and who it is. Georgie Beauclerc. There: you can not tell me much, you see."

Henry Arkell laid his hand across his hot face and aching eyes: his chest was heaving with emotion. Mr. St. John leaned over him, not less tenderly than a mother.

"You should not have wasted your love upon *her*: she is a heartless girl. I expect she drew you on, and then turned round and said she did not mean it."

"Oh! yes, she did draw me on," he replied, in a tone full of anguish; "other-

wise, I never—— But it was my fault also. I ought to have remembered the many barriers that divided us; the——”

“You ought to have remembered that she is an incorrigible flirt, that is what you ought to have remembered,” interrupted Mr. St. John.

“Well, well,” sighed Henry, “I can not speak of these things to you; less to you than to any one.”

“Is that an enigma? I should think you could best speak of them to me, because I have guessed your secret, and the ice is broken.”

Again Henry Arkell sighed. “Speaking of them at all will do no good; and I would now rather think of the future than of the past. My future lies there,” he added, pointing to the blue sky, which, as seen from his window, formed a canopy over the cathedral tower. “She has, in all probability, many years before her here; Mr. St. John, if you spend those years together, will you sometimes talk of me: I should not like to be quite forgotten by you—or by her.”

“Spend them together!” he echoed. “Another enigma. What should bring me spending my years with Georgina Beauclerc?”

Henry withdrew his hand from his eyes, and turned them on Mr. St. John. “Are you not engaged to her? Is she not to be your wife?”

“She! Georgina Beauclerc? No, thank you.”

Henry Arkell’s face wore an expression of puzzled wonder. “But—I do not understand. It must be so. It was for your sake she treated me so ill. She loves you, Mr. St. John.”

“She is a little simpleton, then. I would not marry Georgie Beauclerc if there were not another English girl extant. And as to loving her——Harry, I only wish, if we are to lose you, that I loved you but one tenth part as little.”

“Sorrow in store for her! sorrow in store for her!” he murmured, as he turned his face to the pillow. “I must send her a message before I die: you will deliver it for me.”

“I won’t have you talk about dying,” retorted Mr. St. John. “You may get well yet, I tell you.”

Henry opened his eyes again to reply, and the calm peace had returned to them. “It is better to talk of death than to shrink from it, Mr. St. John.” And

Mr. St. John grumbled an ungracious acquiescence.

“And there is another thing I wish you would do for me: get Lewis, junior, here to-day. If I send to him, I know he will not come; but I must see him. Tell him, please, that it is only to shake hands and make friends; that I will not say a word to grieve him. He will understand.”

“It is more than I do,” said Mr. St. John. “He shall come.”

“I should like to see Aultane—but I don’t think my head will stand it all. Tell him from me, not to be harsh with the choristers, now he is senior——”

“He is not senior yet,” interposed Mr. St. John, in a husky tone.

“It will not be long first. Give him my love, and tell him, when I sent it, I meant it fully: and that I have no angry feeling towards him.”

“Your love?”

“Yes. It is not an ordinary message from one college boy to another,” panted the lad, “but I am dying.”

After Mr. St. John left the house, he encountered the Dean. “Dr. Beauclerc, Henry Arkell is dying.”

The Dean stared at Mr. St. John. “Dying! Henry Arkell!”

“The inward injury to the head is now pronounced by the doctors to be a fatal one. They told the family last night there was little, if any, more hope. The boy knows it, and seems quite reconciled.”

The Dean, without another word or question, turned immediately off to Mr. Arkell’s, and Riverton as immediately turned its aristocratic nose up. “The idea of his condescending to enter the house of those poor Arkells! had it been the other branch of the Arkell family, it would not have been quite so lowering. But Dr. Beauclerc never did display the dignity properly pertaining to a dean.”

Dr. Beauclerc, forgetful as usual of a dean’s dignity, was shown into Mr. Arkell’s parlor, and from thence into Henry Arkell’s chamber. The boy’s ever-lovely face flushed crimson, from its white pillow, when he saw the Dean. “O sir! you to come here! how kind!”

“I am sorry for this, my poor lad,” said the Dean, as he sat down. “I hear you are not so well: I have just met Mr. St. John.”

“I shall never be well again, sir. But do not be sorry. I shall be better off: far, far happier than I could be here.”

"Do you feel this, genuinely, heartily?" questioned the Dean.

"Oh! yes, how can I do otherwise than feel it? If it is God's will to take me, I know it must be for my good."

"Say that again," said the Dean. "I do not know that I fully caught your meaning."

"I am in God's hands: and if he takes me to him earlier than I thought to have gone, I know it must be for the best."

"How long have you reposed so firm a trust in God?"

"All my life," answered Henry, with simplicity; "mamma taught me that with my letters. She taught me to take God for my guide; to strive to please him; implicitly to trust in him."

"And you have done this!"

"I have tried to do it, sir. Though when I think how imperfect it has been, I should shrink, but that I know there is One to intercede for me."

"Have you sure and certain trust in Christ?" returned the Dean, after a pause.

"I have sure and certain trust in him," was the boy's reply, spoken fervently: "if I had not, I should not dare to die. It troubles me so much to think I have not been confirmed."

"But why?"

"Because then I should have received the sacrament."

"Confirmation is not an absolute essential to that," cried the Dean, in his quick manner. "I do believe you are more fitted for it than are some who take it. Would it be a comfort to you?"

"It would indeed, sir."

"Then I will come and administer it. At seven to-night: will that hour suit your friends?"

"O sir! you are too good," he uttered, in his surprise: "mamma thought of asking Mr. Prattleton. I am but a poor college boy, and you are the Dean of Riverton."

"Just so. But when the great King of Terrors approaches, as he is now approaching you, it makes us remember that in Christ's kingdom the poor college boy may stand higher than the Dean of Riverton. Henry, I have watched your conduct more than you are aware of, and I believe you to have been as truly good a boy as it is in human nature to be: I believe that you have continuously striven to please God, in little things as in great."

"Not half as much as I ought," was the whispered reply.

The Dean's interview was a long one, to the discomfort of Cookesley, who was waiting down-stairs with impatience, and, as the reader has seen, nearly lost his dinner. As soon as they rose from table, the boys, full of consternation, trooped down to Arkell's, picking up several more of the king's scholars on their way, who were not boarders at the house of Mr. Wilberforce. The Dean had gone then, but Mr. St. John was at the door, having called again to inquire whether there was any change. He cast his eyes on the noisy boys, as they approached the gate, and discerned amongst them Lewis, junior. Mr. St. John stepped outside, and pounced upon him, with a view to marshal him in. But Lewis resisted violently; ay, and shook and trembled like a girl.

"I will not go into Arkell's, sir," he panted. "You have no right to force me. I won't! I won't!"

He struggled on to his knees, and clasped a deep-seated stone in the Arkell's garden for support. Mr. St. John, not releasing his collar, looked at him with amazement, and the troop of boys watched the scene over the palings.

"Lewis, what is the meaning of this?" cried Mr. St. John. "You are panting like a coward; and a guilty one. What are you afraid of?"

"I'm afraid of nothing, but I won't go into Arkell's. I don't want to see him. Let me go, sir. Though you are Mr. St. John, that's no reason why you should set up for master over the college boys."

"I am master over you just now," was the significant answer. "Listen: I have promised Arkell to take you to him, and I will do it: you may have heard, possibly, that the St. Johns never break their word. But Arkell has sent for you in kindness: he appeared to expect this opposition, and bade me tell it you: he wants to clasp your hand in friendship before he dies. Walk on, Lewis."

"You are not master over us boys," shrieked Lewis again, whose opposition had increased to sobs.

But Mr. St. John proved his mastery; for, partly by coaxing, partly by authoritative force, he conducted Mr. Lewis to the door of Henry's chamber. There, Lewis seized his arm in abject terror; he had turned ghastly white, and his teeth chattered.

"I can not fathom this," uttered Mr. St. John, wondering much. "Have I not told you there is nothing to fear? What is it that you do fear?"

"No; but does he look very frightful?" chattered Lewis.

"What should make him look frightful? He looks as he has always looked. Be off in; and I'll keep the door, if you want to talk secrets."

Mr. St. John pushed him in, and closed the door upon them. Henry held out his hand, and spoke a few hearty words of love and forgiveness; and Lewis put his face down on the counterpane and began to howl.

"Lewis, take comfort. It was done, I know, in the impulse of the moment, and you never thought it would hurt me seriously. I freely forgive you."

"Are you sure to die?" sobbed Lewis.

"I think I am. The doctors say so."

"O-o-o-o-o-h!" howled Lewis, "then I know you'll come back and haunt me with being your murderer: Prattleton, senior, says you will. He saw it done, so he knows about it. I shall never be able to sleep at night, for fear."

"Now, Lewis, don't be foolish. I shall be too happy where I am to come back to earth. No one knows how it happened: you say Prattleton does, but he is your friend, and it is safe with him. Take comfort."

"Some of us have been so wicked and malicious to you," blubbered Lewis. "I, and my brother, and Aultane, and Prattleton, senior."

"It is all over now," sighed Henry, closing his heavy eyes. "You would not, had you foreseen that I should leave you so soon."

"Oh! what a horrid wretch I have been!" sobbed Lewis, rubbing his smeared face on the white bedclothes, in an agony: "and, if it's found out, they might try me, next assizes and hang me. And it is such a dreadful thing for you to die!"

"It is a *happy* thing, Lewis; I feel it is, and I have told the Dean I feel it. Say good-by to the fellows for me, Lewis: I am too ill to see them: tell them how sorry I am to leave them; but we shall meet again in heaven."

Lewis grasped his offered hand, and, with a hasty, sheepish movement, leaned forward and kissed him on the cheek: then turned and burst out of the room, nearly

upsetting Mr. St. John, and tore down the stairs. Mr. St. John entered the chamber.

"Well, is the conference satisfactorily over?"

Again Henry reöpened his heavy eyes. "Is that you, Mr. St. John?"

"Yes, I am here."

"The Dean is coming this evening at seven," he whispered: "for the sacrament. He said my not having been confirmed was no matter in a case like this. Will you come?"

"Henry, no," was the grave answer. "I am not good enough."

"O Mr. St. John!" The ready tears filled his eyes. "I wish you could!" he beseechingly whispered.

"I wish so too. Are you distressed for me, Henry? Do not look upon me as a monster of iniquity: I did not mean to imply it. But I do not yet think sufficiently of serious things, to be justified in partaking of that ordinance without preparation."

"It would have seemed like a bond of union between us: a promise that you will some time join me where I am going," pleaded the dying boy.

"I hope I shall: I trust I shall: I will not forget that you are there."

As Mr. St. John left the house, he made his way to the Grounds, in a reflective mood: the cathedral bell was then ringing for afternoon service, and, somewhat to his surprise, he saw the Dean hurrying from the college, not to it.

"I'm on my way back to Arkell's! I'm on my way back to Arkell's!" he exclaimed, in an impetuous manner; and forthwith he began recounting a history to Mr. St. John; a history of wrong, which filled him, the Dean, with indignation.

"I suspected something of the sort," was Mr. St. John's quiet answer; and the Dean strode on his way, and Mr. St. John stood looking after him, in painful thought. When the Dean came out of Mr. Arkell's again, he was too late for service that afternoon. Although he was in residence!

Just in the unprepared and sudden manner which the news that Henry Arkell was about to die, may have overtaken the reader, so did it overtake the town of Riverton. People could not believe it: his friends could not believe it: the doctors scarcely believed it. The day wore on; and whether there may have lingered any

hope in the morning, the evening closed it, for it brought additional agony to his injured head, and the most sanguine saw that he was dying.

All things were prepared for the service, about to take place, and Henry lay flushed, feverish, and restless, lest he should become delirious ere the hour should arrive: he had become so rapidly worse since the forepart of the day. Precisely as the cathedral clock struck seven, the house-door was thrown open, and the Dean placed his foot on the threshold:

"PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE, AND TO ALL THAT DWELL WITHIN IT!"

The Dean was attended to the chamber, and there he commenced the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, omitting part of the exhortation, but reading the prayer for a soul on the point of departure. Then he proceeded with the Communion.

When the service was over, all, save Mrs. Arkell and the Dean, quitted the room. Henry's mind was tranquil now.

"I will not forget your request," whispered the Dean.

"Near to the college-door, as we enter," was Henry's response.

"It shall be done as you wish, my dear."

"And, sir, you have *promised* to forgive them."

"For your sake. You are suffering much just now," added the Dean, as he watched his countenance.

"It gets more intense with every hour. I can not bear it much longer. Oh! I hope I shall not suffer beyond my strength!" he panted; "I hope I shall be able to bear the agony!"

"You know where to look for help," whispered the Dean; "you can not look in vain. Henry, my dear boy, I leave you in peace, do I not?"

"Oh! yes, sir, in perfect peace. Thank you greatly for all."

II.

It was the brightest day, though March was not yet out, the first warm, lovely day of spring. Men passed each other in the streets, with a congratulation that the winter weather had gone, and the college boys, penned up in their large school-room, gazed aloft through the high windows at the blue sky and the sunshine, and thought what a shame it was that they should be

held prisoners on such a day, instead of galloping over the country at "Hare and Hounds."

"Third Latin class walk up," cried Mr. Wilberforce.

The third Latin class walked up, and ranged itself in front of the master's desk. "Who's top of this class?" asked he.

"Me, sir," replied the gentleman who owned that distinction.

"Who's 'me,' sir?"

"Me, sir."

"Who is 'me,' sir?" angrily repeated the master, his spectacles bearing full on his wondering pupil.

"Charles Van Brummel, sir," returned that renowned scholar.

"Then go down to the bottom for saying 'me.'"

Mr. Van Brummel went down, considerably chapfallen, and the master was proceeding to work, when the cathedral bell tolled out heavily, for a soul recently departed.

"What's that?" abruptly ejaculated the master.

"It's the college death-bell, sir," called out the up-class, simultaneously, Van Brummel excepted, who had not yet recovered his equanimity.

"I hear what it is as well as you," were all the thanks they got. "But what can it be tolling for? No body was ill."

"Nobody," echoed the boys.

"Mr. Roberts," continued the master, raising his voice that it might reach the lower school, "have you heard whether any one of the prebendaries was ill?"

The Reverend Mr. Roberts had not. He observed that the bishop looked pale on Sunday, and he had not seen him leave the palace since.

"Oh! the bishop's all right," returned the master. "Can it be a member of the Royal Family? If not, it must be one of the canons."

"Of course it must," acquiesced the under-master.

And of course it must: for the college bell never condescended to toll for any of the profane vulgar. The Royal Family, the bishop, dean, and prebendaries, were the only defunct lights, honored by the notice of the passing-bell of Riverton Cathedral.

"Lewis, junior," said the master, "go into college, and ask the bedesmen who is dead."

Lewis, junior, clattered out. When he

came back he walked very softly, and looked as white as a sheet.

"It's tolling for Henry Arkell, sir."

"Henry Arkell!" uttered the master, "is he really dead? Are you ill, Lewis, junior? What's the matter?"

"Nothing, sir."

"But it is an entirely unprecedented proceeding for the cathedral bell to toll for a college boy," repeated Mr. Wilberforce, revolving the news.

"Completely so," echoed the under-master. "The bedesmen can not have received orders; they must be doing it on their own account. Half of them are deaf, and the other half are stupid."

"I shall send to inquire," cried Mr. Wilberforce; "we must have no irregularity about these things. Lewis, junior."

"Yes, sir."

"Lewis, junior, you are ill, sir," repeated the master sharply. "Don't say you are not. Sit down, sir."

Lewis, junior, humbly sat down. He appeared to have the ague.

"Van Brummel, you'll do," continued Mr. Wilberforce. "Go and inquire of the bedesmen whether they have received orders; and, if so, from whom: and whether it is really Arkell that the bell is tolling for."

Van Brummel opened the door and clattered down the stairs, as Lewis, junior, had done; and *he* clattered back again.

"The men say, sir, that the Dean sent them the orders by his servant. And they think Arkell is to be buried in the cathedral.

"In—deed!" was the master's comment, in a tone of doubt. "Poor fellow, though," he added, after a pause, "his has been a sudden and melancholy ending. Boys, if you want to do well, you should imitate Henry Arkell. I can tell you that the best boy who ever trod these boards, as a foundation scholar, has now gone from among us."

"Please, sir, I'm senior of the choir now," interposed Aultane, as if fearing the master might not sufficiently remember that important fact.

"And a fine senior you'll make, in comparison with him whom you replace," scornfully retorted Mr. Wilberforce.

It was Mr. St. John who had taken the news of his death to the Dean, and the latter immediately sent to order the bell tolled. St. John left the deanery, and

was passing through the cloisters on his way to Hall street, when he met Mrs. and Miss Beauclerc, just as the cathedral bell rang out. Mrs. Beauclerc was startled; like the head-master had been: her fears flew towards her aristocratic clergy friends. She tried the college door, and, finding it open, entered to inquire of the bedesmen who was dead. Georgina stopped to chatter to Mr. St. John.

"Fancy, if it should be old Ferraday gone off!" cried she: "won't the boys crow? He has got the influenza, and was sitting by his study-fire yesterday, in a flannel nightcap."

"It is the death-bell for Henry Arkell, Georgina."

A vivid emotion dyed her face. She was vexed that it should be apparent to Mr. St. John, and would have carried it off under an assumption of levity, but that his eyes were so sternly bent upon her.

"When did he die? Did he suffer much?"

"He died at a quarter-past eleven: about twenty minutes ago. And he did not suffer so much at the last as was anticipated."

"Well, poor fellow, I hope he is happy."

"That he is," warmly responded Mr. St. John. "He died in perfect peace. May you and I be as peaceful, Georgina, when our time shall come."

"What a blow it must be to Mrs. Arkell!"

"I saw her as I came out of the house just now, and I could not help venturing on a word of entreaty, that she would not grieve his loss too deeply. She raised her beautiful eyes to me, and I can not describe to you the light, the faith, that shone in them, 'Not lost,' she gently whispered, 'only gone before.'"

Georgina had turned her face from the view of Mr. St. John, and was gazing through her glistening eyes at the graveyard, which was inclosed by the cloisters.

"What possesses the college bell to toll for him?" she exclaimed carelessly, to cover her emotion. "I thought," she added, with a spice of satire in her tone, "that there was an old curfew law, or something as stringent, against its troubling itself for anybody less exalted than a sleek old prebend."

Mr. St. John saw through the artifice: he approached her, and lowered his voice. "Georgina, he sent you his forgiveness

for any unkindness that may have passed. He sent you his love: and he hopes you will sometimes recall him to your remembrance, when you walk over his grave, as you go into college."

Surprise made her turn to Mr. St. John. "Over his grave! I do not understand."

"He is to be buried in the cloisters, near to this entrance-door, near to where we are now standing. There appears to be a vacant space here," cried Mr. St. John, looking down at his feet: "I dare say it will be in this very spot."

"By whose decision is he to be buried in the cloisters?" quickly asked Georgina.

"The Dean's. Henry craved it of him."

"I wonder papa did not tell me! What a singular fancy of Henry's!"

"I do not think so. It was natural that he should wish his last resting-place to be amidst old associations, amidst his old companions; and near to *you*, Georgina."

"There! I knew what you were driving at," returned Georgina, in a pouting, willful tone. "You are going to accuse me of breaking his heart and killing him, or some such obsolete nonsense: I assure you I never——"

"Stay, Georgina; do not constitute me your father-confessor. I have delivered his message to you, and there let it end."

"You are as stupid and fanciful as he was," retorted Miss Beauclerc.

"Not quite so stupid in one respect, for he was blind to your faults; I am not. And never shall be," he added, in a tone of significance, which caused the life-blood at Georgina's heart to stand still.

At that moment Lewis, junior, passed them, and swung in at the cathedral-door, on the master's errand, meeting Mrs. Beauclerc, who was coming out.

"Arkell is dead, Mr. St. John," she observed; "the bell is tolling for him. I wonder the Dean ordered the bell to toll for *him*: it will cause quite a commotion in the city, to hear the college death-bell."

"He is to be buried here, in the cloisters, Mrs. Beauclerc."

"Really! Will the Dean allow it?"

"The Dean has decided it."

"Oh! indeed. I never understand half the Dean does."

"So your companion is gone, Lewis, junior," observed Mr. St. John, as the boy came stealing out of the college with his information. But Lewis never answered: and though he touched his forehead (he had no cap on) to the Dean's wife and

daughter, he never raised his eyes; but sneaked on, with his ghastly face, and his head bent down.

III

It was the burial-day of Henry Arkell. The Dean had commanded a holiday, and that the king's scholars should attend the funeral. Just before the hour appointed for it, some of them took up their station in the cloisters, in silent order, waiting to join the procession when it should come, a bow of black crape being attached to the left shoulder of their surplices. Sixteen of the king's scholars had gone down to the house, as they were appointed to do. Mrs. Beauclerc, her daughter, and the families of some of the prebendaries were already in the cathedral; with some other spectators, who had got in under the pretext of attending morning prayers, and who, when they were over, had refused to quit their seats again: of course the sextons could not decently turn them out. Half-a-dozen ladies took up their station in the organ-loft, to the inward wrath of the organist, who, however, had to submit to the invasion with suavity, for one of them was the Dean's daughter. It was the best viewing place, commanding full sight of the cathedral body and the nave on one side, and of the choir on the other. The bell tolled at intervals, sending its deep, gloomy boom over the town, and patiently waited the spectators. At length the first slow and solemn note of the organ was sounded, and Georgina Beauclerc shrank into a corner, contriving to see, and yet not be seen.

From the small door, never used but upon the rare occasion of a funeral, at the extremity of the long body of the cathedral, the procession advanced at last. It was headed by the choristers, two and two, then the lay clerks, and the masters of the college school. The Dean and one of the canons walked at the foot of the coffin, which borne by eight of the king's scholar's, and the pall by eight more. Four mourners followed the coffin, three of them Henry Arkell's relations, the other was Mr. St. John; and the long line was brought up by the remainder of the king's scholars. So slow was their advance, as to be almost imperceptible to the spectators, the choir singing:

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me,

though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

The last time those words were sung in that cathedral, not yet three weeks past, it was by him over whom they were now being sung; the thought flashed upon many a mind. At length the choir was reached, and the coffin placed on the trestles; Georgina Beauclerc's eyes—she had now come round to the front of the organ—being blinded with tears as she looked down upon it. Mr. St. John glanced up, from his place by the coffin, and saw her. Both the psalms were sung, and the Dean chose to read the lesson himself; and then they went back to the cloisters to the grave, Mr. Wilberforce now officiating. The spectators followed in the wake. As the coffin was lowered to its final resting-place—earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust—the boys bowed their heads upon their clasped hands and some of them sobbed audibly: they felt all the worth of Henry Arkell now that he was gone. The grave was made close to the cloister entrance to the cathedral, in the spot where had stood Mr. St. John and Georgina Beauclerc.

A few minutes, and it was over: the Dean turned into the chapter-house, the mourners moved away, and the old bedesmen in their black gowns, began to shovel in the earth upon the coffin. Mr. Wilberforce, before moving, put up his finger to Aultane, and the latter advanced.

"You choristers are not to go back to the vestry now, but to come into the hall in your surplices."

Aultane wondered at the order, but communicated it to those under him. When they entered the school-room, or hall, as it was sometimes called, they found the king's scholars ranged in a semi-circle, and they fell in with them, according to their respective places in the school. The boys' white surplices and the bows of crape presenting a curious contrast.

"What are we stuck out like this for?" whispered one to the other. "For show? What does Wilberforce want? He's sitting still, as if he waited for some body."

They'd all be blest if they knew: unless it was to wind up with a funeral lecture.

However, they soon did know. The Dean entered the hall, wearing his surplice, and carrying his official four-cornered cap: Mr. Wilberforce rose to bow the Dean into his own seat, but the Dean preferred to stand. He looked steadily at the circle before he spoke; sternly, some of them thought; and they did not feel altogether at ease.

"Boys," began the Dean. And there he stopped, and the boys lifted their heads to listen to what might be coming.

"Boys, our doings in this world are generally good or evil, and they bring their consequences with them; well-doing brings contentment and inward satisfaction; but ill-doing as certainly brings its day of retribution. The present day must be one of retribution to some of you, unless you are so hardened in wickedness as to be callous to conscience. How have——"

The Dean was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. St. John; one of the other mourners was with him. They took off their hats, their streaming hatbands sweeping the ground, as they advanced and stood by the Dean.

"Boys," he resumed, "how have you treated Henry Arkell? I do not speak to all; I speak to some. Lewis, senior, does your conscience prick you for having fastened him in St. James' Church in the dark and lonely night? Aultane, does yours sting you for your insubordination to him on Assize Sunday, for your malicious accusation of him to Miss Beauclerc, followed by your complaint to me? Prattleton, have you, as senior of the school, led on the cabal against him?"

The three boys hung their heads and their red ears: to judge by their looks, their consciences were pricking them very sharply.

"Lewis, junior," resumed the Dean, in a sudden manner, "of what does your conscience accuse you?"

Lewis, junior, turned sick, and his hair stood on end. He could not have replied, had it been to save him from hanging.

"Do you know that you are the cause of Henry Arkell's death?" continued the Dean, in a low but distinct accent, which penetrated the room. "And that you might, in justice, be taken up as a murderer?"

Lewis, junior, burst into a dismal howl and fell down on his knees and face, burying the latter on the ground, and sticking

up his surpliced back; something after the manner of an ostrich.

"It was the fall in the choir on Assize Sunday that killed Henry Arkell," said the Dean, looking round the hall; "that is, he has died from the effects of the fall. You are aware of it, I believe?"

"Certainly they are, Mr. Dean," said the head-master, wondering on his own account, and answering the Dean because the scholars did not.

"He was thrown down," resumed the Dean; "willfully thrown down. And that is the gentleman who did it," pointing with his finger at Lewis, junior.

Two or three of the boys had been cognizant of the fact, as might be seen from their scarlet faces: the rest wore a look of timid curiosity; while Mr. Wilberforce's amazed spectacles wandered from the Dean's finger to the prostrate and howling Lewis.

"Yes," said the Dean, answering the various looks, "the author of Henry Arkell's death is Lewis, junior. You had better get up, sir."

Lewis, junior, remained where he was, shaking his back as if it had been a feather-bed, and emitting the most extraordinary groans.

"Get up," cried the Dean sternly.

There was no disobeying the tone, and Lewis raised himself. A pretty object he looked, for the dye from his new black gloves had been washed on to his face.

"He told me he forgave me the day before he died; he said he had never told any one, and never would," howled Lewis. "I didn't mean to hurt him."

"He never did tell," replied the Dean: "he bore his injuries, bore them without retaliation. Is there another boy in the school who would do that?"

"No, that there was not," put in Mr. Wilberforce.

"When you locked him in the church, Lewis, senior, did he inform against you? When you came to me with your cruel accusation, Aultane, did he revenge himself by telling me of a far worse misdemeanor, which you had been guilty of? Did he ever inform against any, who injured him? No; insults, annoyances, he bore all in silence, because he would not bring trouble and punishment upon you. He was a noble boy," warmly continued the Dean: "and, what's more, he was a Christian one."

"He said he would not tell of me,"

choked Lewis, junior, "and now he has gone and done it. O-o-o-o-o-h!"

"He never told," quietly repeated the Dean. "During the last afternoon of his life, it came to my knowledge, subsequent to an interview I had had with him, that Lewis, junior, had willfully thrown him down, and I went back to Arkell and taxed him with its being the fact. He could not deny it, but the whole burden of his admission was: 'O sir! forgive him! do not punish him! I am dying, and I pray you to forgive him for my sake! Forgive them all!' Do you think you deserved such clemency?" asked the Dean, in an altered tone.

Lewis only howled the louder.

"On his part, I offer you all his full and free forgiveness: Lewis, junior, do your hear? his full and free forgiveness. And I believe you have also that of his parents." The Dean looked at the gentleman who had come in with Mr. St. John, and waited for him to speak.

"A few hours only before Henry died, it came to Mr. Arkell's knowledge——"

"I informed him," interrupted the Dean.

"Yes," resumed the speaker. "The Dean informed Mr. Arkell that Henry's fall had not been accidental. But—as he had prayed the Dean, so he prayed his father to forgive the culprit. Lewis, junior, I am here on the part of Mr. Arkell to offer his forgiveness to you."

"I wish I could as easily accord mine," said the Dean. "No punishment will be inflicted on you, Lewis, junior: not because no punishment, that I or Mr. Wilberforce could command, is adequate to the crime, but that his dying request, for your pardon, shall be complied with. If you have any conscience at all, his fate will be an oppression upon it for the remainder of your life, and you will bear your punishment within you."

Lewis bent down his head on the shoulder nearest to him, and his howls changed into sobs.

"One word more, boys," said the Dean. "I have observed that not one in the whole school—at least, such is my belief—would be capable of acting as Henry Arkell did, in returning good for evil. The ruling principle of his life, and he strove to carry it out in little things as in great, was to do as he would be done by. Now what could have made him so different from you?"

The Dean obtained no reply.

"I will tell you. *He loved and feared God.* He lived always as though God were near him, watching over his words and his actions: he took God for his guide, and strove to do his will: and now God has taken him to his reward. Do you know that his death was a remarkably peaceful one? Yes, I think you have heard so. Holy living, boys, makes holy dying; and it made his dying holy and peaceful. Allow me to ask, if you, who are selfish and wicked and inalignant, could meet death so calmly?"

"Arkell's mother is often so ill, sir, that they don't know that she'll live a day," one of the boys ventured to remark: "of course that makes her learn to try not

to fear death, and she taught him not to."

"And she now finds her recompense," observed the Dean. "A happy thing for you, if your mothers had so taught you. Dismiss the school, Mr. Wilberforce. And I hope," he added, turning round to the boys, as he and the other two gentlemen left the hall, "that you will, every one, go home, not to riot on this solemn holiday, but to meditate on these important thoughts, and resolve to endeavor to become more like Henry Arkell."

And that was the ending. And the boy, with his talents, his beauty, and his goodness, was gone; and nothing of him remained but what was moldering under the cloister gravestone.

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

T H E D E A D M O T H E R .

Why are you lying there, mother,
Under that cold, gray stone,
Always out in the wind and rain,
Lying so still and lone?
Little Minnie is very sick;
On her lip lies the gathering foam:
Why don't you come and mind her now?
O mother! come home! come home!

Harry and I, ere we fell asleep
Last night in our little bed;
Were trying to think what they meant by it
When they told us you were dead!
When we asked our father, he answered,
The knowledge would come with years.
But his hands were clasped before his face,
And under them fell big tears!

He said, too, 'twas because you were good,
mother;
That God took all who were such.
Harry thinks we might get you back again,
If we asked God very much!

But why don't you speak when I speak?
Why don't you come to us now,
To hear us say our prayers at night,
And to kiss us upon the brow?

Old nurse cries, and says to Minnie
That with you she soon will meet;
For night after night on the candle
Is a little winding-sheet.
I'd rather that you came back to us
And lived as you used to do:
But if Minnie is going to see you,
O mother! may I go too?

The morning you spoke to us all last
When you kissed us each and blessed,
You said, as I was the eldest,
I should also be the best.
And indeed, I try to be good, mother,
Since you went 'neath that cold, gray stone.
Won't you come back and see how good I am?
O mother! come home, come home!

BROOK.

From the Eclectic Review.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.*

ASTRONOMY, we are told, is the science which teaches the rule or law of the stars. The business of the astronomer is to measure their diameters, and distances, to determine their relative places, to calculate their motions, and by a comparison of observations under the guidance of mathematical principles, to investigate the nature of the forces by which they are controlled, and the laws under which those forces act. The practical astronomer lays the foundation of the science, and is in fact the surveyor of the heavens. The principles which guide him in his work are those, to speak generally, by which a more humble laborer measures the place and magnitude of inaccessible objects on the earth, and he maps stars as a geographer maps districts or states. But while in geodesical measurements the observer has to do with fixed lines and immovable objects, and may suspend his labor for months or years and recommence it from the same stations and landmarks, the practical astronomer is at every instant observing from a new point in space; and while some of the objects are apparently fixed, others have a proper motion independent of that resulting from diurnal rotation. He is constantly traversing, if we may so speak, a base-line many million miles in length; but so distant is the nearest of the fixed stars, that in passing from one terminal station to the other he can detect little or no angular motion or parallax. His observations on the bodies which are nearer, and have an independent motion, are necessarily affected by this change of place; and it is his business to separate the proper motion of the earth from that of the planet, and in all cases to distinguish the real from the apparent.

Observations, however, do not consti-

tute science. They are to it what the skeleton is to the body, what the foundation is to the building. Observations lead to, and are necessary for, the acquisition of scientific knowledge, but they must be compared, classified, or to use an expressive and comprehensive word, discussed, before valuable scientific truths can be extracted from them. The Chaldean shepherds who night after night watched the motion of the moon in a cloudless sky, in a climate peculiarly fit for star-gazing, probably knew quite as much about the path of our satellite in the heavens as a modern astronomer; but of the form of her orbit, her retrograde motion, and her relations to the earth, the sun, and planets, they were more ignorant than many a pale-faced artisan of London or Manchester, who never saw the cold orb or fading disk for an hour on any one evening through a transparent atmosphere. If the Chaldean astronomers, of whom we hear such fabulous accounts, knew any thing more than their pastoral countrymen, they gained their knowledge by the discussion of observations made with instruments; and as they did know how to calculate eclipses and the motions of the planets, as is proved by their practice of astrology, there is no reason to doubt that they possessed a valuable series of astronomical observations. With a knowledge of the periodical recurrences of celestial phenomena, they could scarcely avoid speculating upon the relations of the moving bodies and the causes of their motion, or fail to reduce their imperfect knowledge into some astronomical system that would satisfy the conditions imposed by the facts they had discovered.

It was thus that astronomical systems came into existence. Of all of them the old Greek hypothesis, strange to say, was the most material, uncouth, and cumbrous. We can scarcely understand why Aristotle, a philosopher so speculative, so distinguished for abstraction of thought, in spite of his love for practical research and

* *Popular Astronomy.* By FRANÇOIS ARAGO. Translated from the Original and Edited by Admiral W. H. SMYTH, D.C.L., and ROBERT GRANT, Esq., M.A. Vol. II. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Co. 1858.

strong evidence, authorized a belief in the existence of a series of solid spheres inclosing the planets, and revolving round the earth as a center within that star-studded concave, the *primum mobile*. Explain it as we may, this monstrous conception was the favored hypothesis of the schools upon the authority of the Stagyræ; and until the close of the sixteenth century every fact was explained by it as the proper key of the universe. The epicyclical theory of Hipparchus was the only opposing speculation worthy of notice, and that was rather intended to illustrate the motion of the planetary bodies than to assign a cause for the observed phenomena. It was, however, incomparably the loftiest effort of the scientific mind of the age, and opened a train of thought which led to those great discoveries commenced by Copernicus; it had likewise no important though indirect influence upon the mind of Kepler, when he was searching hopefully for those prime laws of planetary motion upon which all the profound calculations of modern astronomy are founded. In the history of ancient astronomy, Hipparchus stands out as conspicuously among the Alexandrian philosophers, as Newton among the scientific men of modern Europe, for it was he who first taught how to study astronomy as a science of calculation founded on observation. By comparing his observations on the return of the sun to the equinox with those of Timocharis, a philosopher who lived nearly two centuries before him, he discovered the precession of the equinoxes; and to facilitate the researches of those who might succeed to his labors he catalogued the stars. He determined the length of the tropical year within six minutes of the true time, by correcting the estimate made by Aristarchus—he discovered the eccentricity of the solar orbit, pointed out some anomalies in the motion of the moon, and left numerous observations on the planets. We do not know that Hipparchus made more observations than other astronomers of his age; but he did more for science than all of them combined, by analysis, comparison, and discussion, using facts for the exercise of thought, and by the formation of hypothetical explanations which future observers might confirm or disprove.

The great necessity of the astronomical systems of the Greek and middle-age

philosophers, was an acknowledgment of the existence and pervading influence of a unity of design and operation. The study of nature in the constitution and motion of celestial bodies, does not so much satisfy the intellect when it discovers the cause of special phenomena, as when it traces the relationship of one cause to another, and by exhibiting a unity of force and action removes the vague apprehensions of danger, which result from a belief in the existence of struggling antagonisms, and from a mystical association of spiritual agencies with the mechanical, chemical and vital forces which are the sources of all physical phenomena. Antagonism as a principle of activity does not exist in nature, and no error is so great as that of believing in counteracting agencies and preventive forces, as though the order of nature depended on the accidental or conditional ascendancy of one or the other. Centripetal and centrifugal forces, for example, ought rather to be considered as concurrent than as antagonistic in their effects upon planetary bodies, for their influence is to combine not to separate, and their united action produces that orbital motion upon which the invariable relations, and therefore the existence, of systems of bodies depend. Neither should polarity be studied as a disuniting force, for its essential action is to collect and communicate—to separate for recombination. And when we advance from a consideration of such prime motive powers in their first consequences to the phenomena in which their action is masked, or modified by new conditions, we still fail to detect the operation of excessive contending powers endangering the permanence of established order; but every where find unity in the diversity of phenomena, and the evidence of forces acting in combination to produce effects insuring stability by the most simple means.

Thoughtful men have always had confidence in the invariability of physical laws, and the ignorant have hoped for the best so long as the normal conditions of nature were undisturbed. It was this recognition of the persistent operation of causes, in spite of many apparent changes in the direction and velocity of planetary motion, that encouraged ancient astronomers to continue their observations for the information and use of posterity. They perceived less clearly the universal

ity of law in terrestrial phenomena: but it was detected in the succession of the seasons; in the vibrations of ocean, producing the rise and fall of tides; in the growth of plants, and the development and decay of living structures. When they felt the awakening freshness of the morning air and the invigorating influence of the evening breeze, they were reminded of the dependence of the atmosphere itself upon an invariable law. The rains fell at appointed seasons, the temperature of the atmosphere never rose above a known limit, or varied injuriously from season to season; and, amid all the varieties in other phenomena, there was sufficient regularity to prove the invariability of the laws by which their causes were governed. Even with their limited means of research and their imperfect knowledge they could scarcely fail to observe a certain range of effects within established limits; and this deduction, in connection with the invariability of the agency, was perhaps the most remarkable discovery of the pioneers of natural science. The heavens above and the earth beneath testified to the same fact, and led the thoughtful mind onward, collecting observations and suggesting explanations, with a strong conviction that the day would come when the true system of the world would be known.

When the attempts of the early philosophers to interpret astronomical phenomena had given birth to theoretical explanations of the constitution of the visible universe, each succeeding school sought to distinguish itself by more correct and extensive observations; and to give to these a real value, they connected them with a hypothetical conclusion. By this mode of investigation, continued from age to age, our modern astronomy has been produced. It was long before the sequence of the planets was discovered, and when that was proved the connection between them and the sun remained unexplained. When Copernicus made his observations with rudely-constructed instruments in his dilapidated loft on the banks of the Vistula, and demonstrated to the world, in defiance of the authority of Aristotle and the Pope, the motion of the planets round the sun, he announced a fact; but he was as ignorant of the laws of planetary motion as of its cause. Then came Kepler, a man of exalted enthusiasm, refined fancy, profound intellect, keen perception, and

untiring perseverance. Rejecting the old-world hypotheses, he began the great work of his life in earnest; but it was with the free indulgence of his ardent and somewhat extravagant imagination. He rioted in the speculations of his genius; but his intellect, like a drudge, kept pace with his imagination, sifting its brilliant hypotheses, proving truth and rejecting error. In boldness and originality of conception he has had no rival among the men of science: in acuteness of perception Galileo was perhaps equally distinguished: in profound thought and persistent inquiry he may be classed with Newton—that giant among giants. In the theory of Copernicus, the sun was correctly placed in the center of the planetary system—a mighty globe round which smaller ones revolved; but it exercised no force, and was there without an assigned purpose. Kepler seized a key to the mystery of its being when, at the commencement of his research, he proved that the planes of the orbits of the planets and the lines joining their apsides passed through it: but then came that profound and long-continued search for the laws of motion, and the discovery of the three that bear his name. In two-and-twenty years his work was done; and, in defiance of the manifold sufferings of poverty, he rejoiced, as all may rejoice who have, like him, done something for mankind to last through all time. “Nothing holds me,” he exclaimed, at the conclusion of his labor; “I will indulge my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast, the book is written—to be read now or by posterity; I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an interpreter of his works.” Kepler died despised and neglected by the men of his age, because he was enthusiastic and poor; and then, a little while after, Newton followed him as the interpreter of God’s work in the creation and ordination of worlds. Patiently guiding his mighty intellect, calmly investigating effects, inventing processes of analysis, and using observations for the discovery of causes, this man drew a chart and wrote a commentary on the forces of nature; and upon

that book all succeeding investigators have been writing notes and making emendations: and now, what is the teaching of astronomy in this nineteenth century?

In any attempt to gauge the visible heavens, or to obtain a view of the order, constitution, and extent of the Kosmos, we can not, like the ancient Greek, begin our survey from the earth as the center of the universe, or imagine ourselves to be on a world about which all others in their several spheres are revolving. Man's conception of the cosmical importance of his world has been depreciated just in proportion as he has acquired a more correct knowledge of its position and relative magnitude. Instead of its being an enormous globe, necessary to the existence of all others, it is only 8000 miles in diameter, about the same size as Venus and Mars, and very much smaller than Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune; and compared with the sun, which measures 882,000 miles in diameter, its volume is only as 1 to 1,384,472. Instead of being immovable in the center of the universe, it is a small member of a large system of bodies, and revolves round the sun with a velocity of 68,040 miles an hour, in an orbit the radius of which is about 95,000,000 miles; so that the platform from which man takes his observations of the heavens is bounded by two extreme and opposite points of this orbit, which is a base-line barely sufficient for the measurement of the nearest fixed stars.

Still confining our attention to the system of bodies under the immediate control of the sun, (a system we are accustomed to consider, whether correctly or not, as the type of order for all stellar combinations,) we perceive a number of opaque globes varying in size, density, and perhaps in nearly all their physical conditions, rotating upon their axes, and moving in orbits almost circular round the sun. The mean distance of the nearest is about thirty-six million miles; that of the farthest more than two thousand eight hundred million miles. Some of these planets, however, are central bodies to other worlds, for they are attended by satellites which also revolve in orbits nearly circular. Central forces, then, seem to be the conservative powers of nature, sustaining a motion they could not create, and preserving an order of universal necessity. We say forces, although there is no material connection.

They act, we know, under the control of laws; but they act at a distance in a manner we can as little illustrate by comparison as explain by words. If we say that the force exerted by the sun upon the planets, or by a planet on its satellites, is like that of a magnet upon a needle, we rather invite a new difficulty than remove the one that perplexes us. Eye speaks to eye—the spirit is cheered by a sunshine that does not fall on it, and is made sad by a cloud that does not cast its shadow over it—the soul is every where spoken to by material objects without a material communication, and it answers to the distant call; but we can not compare the force which at a distance attracts world to world, and retains motion in given orbits, with the action of external nature, memory, and thought, upon personal consciousness.

The discovery of the existence of an attractive force in nature, common and necessary to all masses of matter, and acting under unchangeable laws, suggests an explanation of that invariability of astronomical phenomena to which we have referred. If this force were confined to the sun as the central body of the system, every problem in celestial mechanics would be much simplified; but as the planets have an attractive power, some perturbations must result from their change of place and consequent variation of power. Long-continued research has proved that from these forces irregularities, which the most careful unscientific observer can not detect, have been produced, and that some of these derangements are so slowly but certainly increasing as to suggest the possibility, notwithstanding the apparent invariability in the motion of the planets, of such an increase of disturbance as to endanger the stability of the solar system. The eccentricity of the earth, for example, is decreasing; the moon is at every succeeding revolution moving faster and faster; and the obliquity of the ecliptic is two thirds of a degree less than it was in the time of Aristotle. Astronomy teaches the origin of these changes, and to it we look for answers to the questions they suggest. Will these irregularities continue to increase? and do they endanger the stability of the system? The problem to be solved is, as may be readily imagined, one of extreme difficulty, for it is nothing less than to determine the place, at some

future given time, of a large number of moving bodies, of different sizes, each attracting the others, while it is itself in turn attracted by them. But the science is competent to make a distinct and satisfactory reply. "I have succeeded," says La Place, "in demonstrating that, whatever be the masses of the planets, in consequence of the fact that they all move in the same direction, in orbits of small eccentricity and slightly inclined to each other, their secular inequalities are periodical and included within narrow limits; so that the planetary system will only oscillate about a mean state, and will never deviate from it except by a very small quantity. The ellipses of the planets have been, and always will be, nearly circular. The ecliptic will never coincide with the equator, and the entire extent of the variation in its inclination can not exceed three degrees."

Although the magnitudes and distances which describe the solar system and its members are expressed in figures which convey no adequate perception to the mind, they are but units when compared with the distances to which astronomy in its further research directs us. Of the four or five thousand stars visible without the aid of a telescope, only six are planets shining by reflected light, and revolving round the sun. All the others are self-luminous, emitting rays or exciting undulations in a diffused light-ether. They appear nothing more than very bright luminous dots; and the most powerful telescope instead of presenting them with a well-defined disk exhibits only a concentration of bright rays. This is the first intimation we receive of their enormous distance, and the probability of their great magnitude. But science demands evidence far more precise. Inaccessible objects are measured by determining the apparent change of place when viewed from two distant stations, and it was reasonable to expect such an angular motion in any one of these stars when viewed from two opposite points of the earth's orbit. The base-line thus obtained is not, however, sufficiently long to determine the distance of more than a few of them; but the parallax of *α Centauri*, which according to present knowledge is the nearest fixed star, has taught us that the space between it and the sun is more than two hundred thousand times the radius of the earth, which as we have

already said is ninety-two million miles. It is impossible to realize such a distance by any expansion or artifice of the mind; but it is equally impossible to obtain a conception of the unit of measurement; ninety-five million miles is a quantity as far beyond apprehension as two hundred thousand times ninety-five million. This point in space, however, is the astronomer's first step beyond the solar system, and for aught he knows there is nothing but unoccupied space between the orbit of Neptune, which has a mean distance from the sun of something less than three thousand million miles, and the nearest fixed star. Once embarked on this adventurous flight, he sees before him distances as incomprehensible as infinity itself, and to give any expression to his incompetent estimates of the visible creation, he is compelled to abandon, as an insufficient standard of measurement, first the orbit of the earth and then the extreme limit of the solar realm, and to compare the distance of the farther stars with the nearest, which having a parallax of less than one second must be at least twenty billion miles from our sun.

We might greatly extend this hasty survey of the labors of the modern astronomer. It would be interesting to review the arguments by which he has convinced himself that not only the stars visible to the naked eye, but the incalculable number exhibited by the telescope are suns, and that many if not all are centers of planetary systems, controlled by the same gravitating force and laws of motion as the system to which our earth belongs. We might direct attention to the existence of double stars, and the detection of a proper motion in some of them, consisting of the revolution of one star round the other in an elliptic orbit, or of both round a common center of gravity; an observation which at once destroys our preconceived notions of the undisturbed repose and profound rest of the firmaments. Still deeper in space are found patches of pale light resolved by powerful telescopes into groups of stars. To this class of sidereal phenomena the milky way, that "circling zone powdered with stars," belongs, and it teaches us, as the younger Herschel says, "that the stars of our firmament instead of being scattered in all directions indifferently through space, form a stratum of which the thickness is small in comparison with its length

and breadth, and in which the earth occupies a place somewhere about the middle of its thickness." And then we might turn to the lofty speculations which relate to the existence of a resisting medium in space, the distribution of cosmical matter, and the nebular theory, adopted by the elder Herschel simply as a scientific fact, but perverted by La Place to support the gross skepticism of his age and country. Such are the subjects which claim the attention of the modern astronomer; and we have now to consider how they have been communicated by men of research and practical knowledge—with a special reference to the author of the volume before us—to readers of sufficient intelligence to value their explanations, though wanting the capacity or the opportunity for personal investigation.

Under the influence of nature, and in her presence, we unconsciously adopt a form of speech which partakes of our enthusiasm and deep sense of enjoyment. We employ words suited to the occasion and scene, but they can not be reproduced in the study or printed in books. As there are mental struggles which can not be described in words, so there are profound impressions of the vastness, fitness, harmony, and unity of action in nature which language fails to communicate when the hearer and listener are withdrawn from the scenes awakening the intense feeling. Hence it is that in describing the sublime or beautiful in nature, authors too frequently, if they do not adopt the rigid style of philosophical explanation, assume either an inflated phraseology, or, still worse, affect an unbecoming, vulgar, and, we had almost said, an irreverent familiarity. The style of a book on such a science as astronomy, and especially when the author attempts to give some not very inadequate conception of the aspect of nature, is of essential importance in an estimate of its fitness and value. The foolish attempts now made to communicate the noblest truths in childish words to unthinking minds, just as if it were possible to give parrots wisdom by teaching them phrases, will some day be rightly judged; but if science, as an abstract study, is neither loved nor respected by the people who think themselves well informed—if the greatest efforts of the intellect, the most profound researches, the noblest generalizations, are treated with an indifference bordering on

contempt, it is not because science is now placed within the reach of all classes of society, but because men now devour taught facts and do not learn principles—the retentive powers of the mind are exercised, while the reasoning remain dormant. In short, there is little intellectual culture in the pretended scientific education of the people. We have, therefore, great reason to rejoice when any subject of investigation is taught by a man of competent knowledge, willing to accommodate himself to ignorance and laxness of thought, to write with simplicity, and to make the method of his communications an object of consideration, but who nevertheless will not yield to the seductions of an unmeaning popularity, by a mere recital of wonderful facts and startling paradoxes.

Of the numerous English authors who have attempted to popularize astronomy, Herschel and Whewell have come the nearest to our conception of what science for the people should be; and of French authors, Arago and La Place. They were all eminent for the accuracy and extent of their knowledge, large capacity, and command of abstract science; but, as the deepest waters are the clearest, and the most extensive vision is strongest when concentrated on a point, so a large grasp of mind can best select and illustrate truths for the ignorant, and raise the mind to higher and higher platforms of intelligence, with an increasing consciousness of dependence, while darkness is being dispelled, and light is breaking upon the awakened intellect. The four eminent authors to whom we have referred were equally competent to teach, but they had methods and styles of their own, and each seemed to address a different class of mind. We may compare Herschel's *Outline of Astronomy* with the volume before us in illustration of this remark.

No living author has written so completely under the influence of the philosophic spirit as Sir John Herschel. He is always correct, cautious, and careful; but he has large views of nature, and a judgment which holds a strong restraining influence over an active imagination, and perhaps too violently represses the speculative element in a well-balanced mind. There is, too, in his writings a consciousness of superiority which he scarcely attempts to hide; and if there be not also an effort to condescend, there is always a

greater tendency to rise above than to sink to the level of his readers. From the opening to the concluding chapter of his *Outlines*, we hear him in clear and in somewhat authoritative voice describing facts and demonstrating the action of causes without the slightest approach to familiarity, or even to the manner of a friend; and we listen to him as the most eminent living teacher of science, but with a consciousness that he is addressing himself to men of intelligence, and a fear that we may be reprov'd for inattention or stupidity. His influence over us is always exerted through the intellect: we know nothing of his internal life, and he makes no effort to influence our own. The teaching of Arago is not less careful: his views of nature are not less extensive and vivid; and his adherence to the simplicity and directness of proof, inculcated by mathematical demonstration, is not less evident: but he seeks to remove error as well as inculcate truth, and thus appeals more directly to the popular mind, and addresses a class of readers to whom Herschel never speaks. He is, in fact, true to his political creed, and introduces its principles into his scientific teaching; for he seeks to raise men intellectually as well as socially, by claiming equality with them—he is as democratic in his labor for scientific truth as Herschel is aristocratic. He seeks to raise the intellectual standard of his readers; to correct their errors; to dispel their prejudices; and to induce them to value scientific truth because it gives confidence in the unity and permanence of nature.

In the absence of knowledge, the imagination is usually permitted to do the work of the reasoning faculties; and mysticism, fanciful relations, and erroneous deductions, from imperfectly observed or misunderstood phenomena, take the place of a sound philosophy. It was so among the early observers of nature, and is so still among a certain class of educated persons. Science doubts assertions, and demands demonstrations; separates between the probable and the certain; looks beyond the results of one course of investigation, to the evidence of a circle of observations; and brands with empiricism every hypothesis that demands belief upon the authority of great names, finds evidence in popular prejudice, or founds a spurious metaphysical system upon the operation of mechanical principles in physical phe-

nomena. It is seldom that Herschel condescends to remove popular ignorance by discussing its evidences or disproving its conclusions. But Arago is never so much at his ease, or enters more heartily into his work, than when undermining the foundations of superstition, and exposing the dogmas of a false philosophy; those castles of ignorance in which societies as well as individuals shelter themselves, when breaking all the laws of prudence and self-control by which they are ordinarily governed. This explains why so many of the subjects discussed by the French astronomer, in the volume before us, are not so much as alluded to in Herschel's *Outlines*; why he seriously examines "the supposed influence of the moon on animated beings, especially in certain diseases; the influence of the moon's phases on the weather; prognostics;" and other kindred subjects.

It may be said, and with some truth, that the discursiveness of Arago's *Popular Astronomy* is an objection to its use by a teacher; but that which may make it unfit for the professor in his class will recommend it to the reader who must depend upon the book itself, without the assistance of a commentator. It was written for the people; and we do not know any exposition of the science that would equally attract or serve the student who must obtain his knowledge by reading. The book anticipates the difficulties of such a man. He desires to know upon what principles the astronomer comes to his conclusions, and how he makes his calculations, but he has no intention of closely investigating the one, or of repeating the other. This is just the character of the information Arago supplies, and always without obtruding the mathematical form of investigation, which to him would have been the easier mode of expressing his thoughts. He has thus produced a work eminently popular. Herschel will be selected as a teacher by those who, from previous education, desire a close and elegant consecutive investigation of the science; Arago will probably be preferred by those who admire a greater familiarity of style: but we doubt whether any reader will rise with much profit from the perusal of either of these eminent authors, if he does not do so with a resolution to take the first opportunity of reading the other.

VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

BELIEVING that the readers of the *ECLECTIC* would be pleased and gratified to see a truthful and well-engraved portrait of Victor Emmanuel, who with noble heroism has drawn his sword and marshaled his army in defense of his own dominions, and in the cause of Italy, to avenge her wrongs and defend her rights against the outrageous despotism and oppressions of Austria, we have enlisted the skill of Mr. Sartain in preparing the very beautiful portrait likeness of the personage which adorns our present number. Our readers may believe that he appeared in this costume on the day he left his palace to begin the tremendous conflict which is now going on in his dominions. We subjoin a biographical sketch of him who is now acting a part so conspicuous on the great war-theater of Europe.

Victor Emmanuel II., King of Sardinia, which country bears almost the same relation to the present European war that Turkey did to the Crimean, is one of the prominent actors in the great drama now being enacted on the Eastern hemisphere. The house of Savoy, of which he is the head, descends from the old Counts of Sardinia. Although it is one of the most ancient and most illustrious in Europe, there are few reigning families in existence on the origin of which so many contradictory versions have been given. All authors agree in carrying back its genealogy to the ninth or tenth century, but while some of them with much appearance of probability derive it from the ancient Kings of Arles, the Princes of the house of Savoy themselves appear to accredit a statement according to which the famous Saxon Chief Witikind is the founder of the royal house of Sardinia. However this may be, Bertold and his son Humbert, the White-handed, were Counts of Savoy in the first half of the eleventh century, and one branch possessed the Principality of Piedmont. It became extinct in 1418, and that principality was reunited by Amédée VIII., chief of the second branch, whom the Emperor Sigismund created Duke of Savoy. In 1631 the house acquired the Duchy of Mont-

ferrat. Victor Amédée II., Duke of Savoy, was in 1713 made King of Sicily, and in 1720 he exchanged that kingdom for that of Sardinia. His son Charles Emmanuel III., acquired a considerable part of the Milanais. In 1815 the territory of the ancient republic of Genoa was united to the Sardinian monarchy, which is now composed as follows: The island of Sardinia, 430 geographical miles in extent; Duchy of Savoy, 176; Principality of Piedmont, 369; Duchy of Montferrat, 49; part of the Duchy of Milan, 147; and the Duchy of Genoa, 110; in all 1277 geographical miles, with a population amounting at the last census to 4,300,000 inhabitants. The house of Savoy has contracted several alliances with the old royal house of France. Louis XVIII. and Charles X. married the two daughters of Victor Amédée III., King of Sardinia, but both these princesses died before their husbands had ascended the throne of France.

King Victor Emmanuel is son of Charles Amédée Albert, of Savoy-Carignan, and the Princess Maria Theresa, daughter of Ferdinand Grand Duke of Tuscany. He was born on the fourteenth of March, 1820, and is at present in his thirty-sixth year.

At the time of his accession the flame of insurrection, never in a more righteous cause, had spread through Italy, and Lombardy had risen against Austria. The King of Sardinia and Piedmont well knew the strength of the power thus braved—too well for success. He delayed his military movements until he appeared to have been forced to adopt them; and this caution, justifiable on narrow views of policy, caused terrible reverses to his arms.

On the twenty-third of March, 1848, one month after the downfall of Louis Philippe, Carlo Alberto issued the proclamation by which he raised the Piedmontese flag as the "standard of Italian unity." His force consisted of two *corps d'armée* and a reserve, which last was under the command of the Duke of Savoy, the subject of our memoir; it numbered about 20,000 men. The artillery was commanded by the Duke of Genoa, the second son, since deceased. A series of strategic

maneuvers, which appear to be universally condemned, resulted in an engagement before the walls of Verona. The success was about equal on either side. The Sardinians had hoped for a rising within the city; they therefore retired without being beaten; while Radetzky considered that he had gained the day, inasmuch as the Piedmontese failed in their object. All accounts agree that the Duke of Savoy behaved with great gallantry, and fully sustained the military honor of his house. The King of Sardinia next took the fortress of Peschiera, and here, too, the Duke of Savoy distinguished himself; but his principal exploits were in the engagement at Goito, whence, after a whole day's fighting, he dislodged the Austrians and drove them along the right bank of the Mincio back on Mantua. Then came the long, tedious, and fruitless attack on Mantua, which furnished Radetzky with the time necessary to concentrate his forces. Then came a series of disasters to the Piedmontese arms. The lines of Carlo Alberto were forced in several places; but his army fought with a gallantry which promised victory, when, the Austrians suddenly receiving reinforcements to the number of 20,000 men, the flank of the Piedmontese army was turned, and Carlo Alberto was forced to recross the Mincio. The present King took part in these transactions, and displayed all the qualities of a gallant soldier. On the third of August, the Piedmontese, pursued by the Austrians, entered Milan, which, however, he soon quitted, as the citizens capitulated. This was followed by a truce, and finally led to the evacuation of Lombardy by the Piedmontese. It was during the progress of these events that the throne of Sicily was offered by the insurrectionary party to the

Duke of Genoa, the second son of Carlo Alberto, and, after some coy hesitation, refused.

The year 1849 was destined to witness new efforts on the part of Carlo Alberto, and still greater reverses. The King opened the Parliament on the first of February, with a speech wherein he spoke warmly of Italian unity, and called on the nation to aid in the sacrifices necessary to continue the war. In adopting this course, he was rather forced than otherwise by the miscalculating enthusiasm of his people.

Most of the history of Victor Emmanuel's government from this point is included in the sketches of his ministers given in this article. His action during the Crimean war, in joining the Sardinian forces to the allies against Russia, and securing for Sardinia a voice in the Congress of Paris, and to settle the questions in dispute, placed Sardinia ahead of all the other Italian States, and gave her the good reason which she now urges against disarmament and the ignoring of her importance.

The alliance of Prince Napoleon with Princess Clothilde of Sardinia has naturally combined with the critical aspect of Italian politics to render the house of Savoy an object of extraordinary interest in the eyes of Europe. In the popular cries of Lombardy the King of Sardinia is saluted as the future King of Italy, and the peace of the continent for the next generation appears now to depend on the policy of Piedmont.

Victor Emmanuel has harbored the Italian patriots, until now there is a division of the army of 20,000 men—the same which is commanded by Garibaldi—and which Austria imperiously demanded should be disbanded.

GREAT SPEECH OF M. KOSSUTH.

A CROWDED public meeting was held May 20, at the London Tavern, to consider the attitude which it becomes the English nation to assume in relation to the war in Italy. The chair was taken by the Lord Mayor. The appearance of Monsieur Kossuth, the celebrated Governor of Hungary, was the signal for several rounds of hearty cheers.

The Lord Mayor, in opening the proceedings, said he was happy to be able to state that the first business which occupied the corporation of the City of London that day was the consideration of a resolution similar to the first resolution which would be proposed that evening. He had now the honor to introduce to the meeting the illustrious ruler of Hungary—[great cheering]—who as an exile in this land of freedom was waiting with longing expectation for the day when the nationality of his country would be recognized, and when in the midst of a triumphant and rejoicing people he would return to his native land to resume in peace the arts which made a nation great. [Cheers.]

SPEECH OF KOSSUTH.

Mons. Kossuth, who was received most enthusiastically, then spoke as follows:

MY LORD MAYOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The cloud, called the "Italian Question," has at last begun to discharge the electric fluid with which it was overcharged for more than forty years. It is a momentous event likely to become epochal in the history of Europe. What is the position which England ought to take in this critical emergency? Your lordship, whose opinions carry with them a threefold authority, that of an independent English patriot, that of a tried and consistent friend of liberty, and that of the exalted representative of this great commercial metropolis of the world—your lordship has answered the question. The position which England ought to take, and from which she ought not to depart, is that of honest neutrality and strict non-intervention. I feel greatly honored in being permitted to take part in the proceed-

ings of this evening, though I know that in my individual capacity my humble opinions can pretend to no weight with this distinguished assembly. But, though by the stormy waves of national adversity, I was cast a homeless exile on the shores of this country—the happy home of the free and the sanctuary of the oppressed—still, the municipality of this great metropolis deigned to receive me as the representative of the down-trodden Hungarian nationality; upwards of one hundred cities, boroughs, and corporations followed in the wake, and the liberal instincts of the people of England and Scotland vouchsafed to make me the depository of their sympathy for my native land. Thus my Lord Mayor, it fell to my lot prominently to stand identified in public opinion with the cause of the oppressed nationalities and of European liberty. Such being the peculiarity of my individual position, I for one, can not help deriving corroborative persuasion from the coincidence that the conclusion at which your lordship has arrived from an English point of view is exactly the same at which I have arrived from a European point of view. As an exile, as a Hungarian, as a member of an oppressed nationality, as a man identified in all his aspirations with the cause of its emancipation, I repeat, as an ardent prayer, what your lordship advanced as the well-matured vote of an English patriot—that England should deliberately adhere to the policy of honest neutrality and of strict non-intervention. If, in consequence of this concurrence of opinions, I were to be asked whether I anticipate that the war which is just commencing may eventually result to the advantage of the cause with which every aspiration of my heart is identified, I should unhesitatingly declare that I do anticipate such an eventual result, provided England does not divert into a wrong channel the natural course of events by interfering with the war. This anticipation does not flow, my Lord Mayor, from the excitement which recent events must naturally have operated on my feelings. Adversity is a great teacher, my lord, and the icy fin-

ger of time is a mighty disenchanter. I have much suffered in the last ten years of my tempest-tossed life, but in compensation I have learned something—I have learnt not to clutch with eager impatience the fleeting forelock of illusory hopes. I have learnt with calm reflection to trace the law of concatenation between cause and effect which presides over the logic of history. Taking my stand on this law, I rest my anticipations on the incontrovertible axiom that the difficulties of the oppressor may become a chance of deliverance for the oppressed. I see Francis Joseph of Austria—the murderer of my nation—the blood-stained usurper of my country—engaged in a great war. I reflect on the relative position of the contending parties, and on the strategical necessities which must develop themselves in the course of the war, and I come to the conclusion that at no distant time emancipation will be within the reach of some of those nationalities the oppression of whom by the house of Austria is the great European nuisance, without the removal of which patchwork arrangements may be devised calculated to disguise for a little while longer the dry rot of the political structure of Europe, but both a permanent peace and a settled condition of the European community are utterly impossible.

Your lordship has appropriately alluded to the royal proclamation by which her Majesty's Government have entered into a public pledge to abstain from taking any part, directly or indirectly, in the war which has just commenced on the Continent, and to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality. This certainly is a right move in the right direction. Condign credit is owing to her Majesty's Government for the constitutional spirit which they have displayed in showing due regard for the demands of public opinion, manifested with more than ordinary emphasis, both from the hustings during the elections, and by numerous meetings held since. So far, so good. But I make bold to say that if it be desired that the proclaimed neutrality should assume the character of a settled rule, not subject to eventual modifications, it is even more than before, necessary that the expression of public opinion should not relax; nay, that it should be made even more explicit than hitherto, in order that no room may be left for any doubt as to the sense in which

the people of these realms desire the proclaimed principle of neutrality to be understood, and as to the consistency with which it ought to be acted upon. Neutrality is a general expression, yet it implies a special meaning, the bearing of which can not be fully fathomed unless we have it clearly understood with which of the contending parties her Majesty's Government would side if they were not to remain neutral. Now, my lord, I do not remember to have heard of one single official or semi-official declaration which has left the impression on my mind that if her Majesty's Government were not to remain neutral they would side with Sardinia and France against Austria. But I have heard of many declarations forcibly leading to the inference, that the alternative was either neutrality or else support of Austria. [Loud cries of "No, no."] It was always universally admitted, that in the beginning England was to remain neutral; but it was added, that she should watch what turn events would take, and should arm in the mean time, so as to be prepared to do—what? To repel any aggression of her territories, colonies and dependencies? Of course, that should be done, that would be done, and gloriously, too. "Come, the three corners of the world in arms"—you know the rest of the proud, bold strain. But this has nothing to do with neutrality or non-neutrality; this is a question of attack and defense, and the plainest common-sense reflection will suggest that England will not be attacked in this war, if she does not run into it herself. No, it was said that England should arm, in order to be prepared to protect her interests. Again, I should say, so far so good; only that "interest" is a very vague word; it may mean nothing or it may mean any thing to suit the fancy of the coming moment. [Hear, hear.] But we have been vouchsafed a foretaste of what it might mean. We have been told that if a French fleet should enter the Adriatic it might be the interest of England to oppose it; we have been told, and on high authority, too, that if Trieste were to be attacked it might be the interest of England to defend it; nay, the inspired ministerial candidate for the West Riding of Yorkshire even told the electors that it might be the interest of England to protect Venice. From what? Of course, from the great misfortune of getting emancipated from the detested yoke of

Austria. Thus, turn it as we may, the alternative is this—either England remains neutral, or else she will be brought to support Austria. If in this war England were to depart from the principle of strict and impartial neutrality, you would be in danger of seeing the colors of England nailed to the mast of Austria—you would have the fair name of Britannia coupled to that Babylon of abomination whose power rests on a tissue of conduct which, as Professor Newman remarks, in his work upon the Crimes of the House of Austria, even in the ancient heathen times caused the holders of power thus gained to be regarded as self-outlawed, hateful to gods, and deserving of no defense from men. This feature of the case, that departure from the principle of neutrality means support of Austria, should never, for a moment, be lost sight of. It will convince every true-hearted Englishman that, though the proclamation of neutrality is deserving of unreserved approbation, there is much left to be watched, to be cleared up, and to be controlled by public opinion. The important question is—What is the world to understand by the assurance that the English Government are firmly purposed and determined to abstain from taking any part in this war? Is this declaration made under the tacit proviso that England will remain neutral provided the war remains restricted to Italy? or is it meant to intimate that England will adhere to the principle of impartial neutrality and strict non-intervention, although, in the natural course of events, the area of the conflict may happen to be extended to other parts of the Austrian dominions, and the eventual issue of the complications happen to be correspondingly enlarged? I wish this assembly to come to a proper conclusion on this subject. I shall therefore, with your leave, my lord, enter on a brief inquiry as to certain preconceived ideas—I might well call them prejudices—which, if they are not emphatically repudiated by public opinion, will be likely to drift England into the war, in spite of the prospects held out by the proclamation of neutrality. These prejudices turn, in the first place, around a radically erroneous interpretation of what is called the Italian question; secondly, around the undue regards which we hear professed on the part of England for the treaties of 1815; thirdly, around what diplomatists call the localization of the

war; and lastly, around that greatest of all imaginable misconceptions, that the integrity of the Austrian empire is essential to the maintenance of the balance of power. May it please your lordship to allow me to make some remarks on each of these points.

First, as to the real merit of the Italian question. There are commotions which owe their origin to mal-administration and misgovernment. These may be put to rest by seasonable concessions, improvements, reforms. But, my lord, ill-governed as Italy is, with the exception of Piedmont, the Italian question is not of this character. The problem imperatively claiming its adequate solution in the Italian question is not such or another form of government, such or another abuse or grievance, demanding such or another improvement, concession, redress. No; the Italian question is a question of nationality, and because it is a question of nationality, the first and foremost point in its practical solution is, the total and definite expulsion of Austria from Italy, her expulsion in such a manner that she should not be able to go back. Many political questions may admit of a compromise; but this is one of those which can admit of no compromise. Either Austria must be definitely ejected from Italy or else, do what the Powers of Europe may, the Italian question will recur again and again. No administrative reforms, no readjustment of provincial frontiers, could conjure it, and no terrorism could stifle it. Nothing short of the utter extermination of the Italians could secure the rule of Austria in Italy; and a nation of twenty-six millions baffles even extermination. Well wrote Lord Napier to Viscount Palmerston in 1848: "The Italians may be crushed, but will not be extirpated. The enthusiasm of hope will kindle and the broken thread will knit again and again." It is from this nature of the Italian question that already, in 1846, when the Papal dominions were even worse governed than they are now—and to say this is to say very much indeed, the moderate liberal party—I say the moderate party—declared to the Papal Commissioners "that howsoever dreadful, howsoever insupportable were the particular sufferings of the Roman people, their questions with the government had for them but a secondary interest—the principal was Italy—that what revolted their

feelings more than any thing else was, that the Papal government had made itself the slave of Austria in Italy, and that whenever an opportunity for fighting the Austrians should offer itself the Romans would join in the fight with the energies of a wearied and indignant people, because the life of all Italy was elevated to the sentiment of nationality. It is likewise owing to this nature of the Italian question that when Venice and Lombardy had risen in 1848 the whole of Italy united in a crusade against Austria. The same nature of the Italian question explains the fact that when, in 1848, from fear lest the French might enter Italy, Austria offered to the provisional government of Milan the unconditional independence of Lombardy, with faculty to dispose of themselves as they might please, the Milanese rejected the offer with the declaration that they would never separate themselves from their Venetian brethren, and that they would fight not for Lombardy but for Italy. It is equally from this nature of the Italian question that we see, at this very moment, the people of Piedmont, though happy and contented with their own condition, cheerfully accept all the sufferings and sacrifices of war, waged in the most barbarous manner by the enemy, that King Victor Emmanuel having inscribed on his banner the independence of Italy, sees a great number of republicans rallying around him, just as the monarchists would have rallied round the banner of Italy if the republicans had unfurled it with a reasonable prospect of success. It is from the same cause that Tuscany threw itself into the arms of the King of Piedmont; that volunteers from all parts of Italy flock to the banner of the King; that the most extraordinary measures of rigor have to be resorted to in Naples to prevent the people from joining them; and last, not least, to the same cause is it due that we see the French received with joy and enthusiasm in Italy. Now, it does strike me that in all the transactions preceding the declaration of war by Austria there was this shortcoming in the policy of England, that the Italian question was not viewed as a question of nationality, but was viewed as one that might and should be solved on the basis of Austria retaining her Italian possessions if she would only consent not to interfere with the rest of Italy.

I shall not now enter on the task of

showing that it is the strangest of all strange misconceptions to believe that Austria may be left in the possession of Venice and Lombardy, and that she could be bound by any treaties, by any arrangements, not to exert the preponderating influence of her position on central and southern Italy in the direction of that principle of unmitigated despotism, in which the House of Austria lives, and moves, and has its being. To show this I should have to refer to diplomatic documents which ought not to have escaped the attention of cotemporary statesmen, but which would carry me to a greater length than I can afford on the present occasion. Therefore I will only remark, that unless it be explicitly understood throughout Europe that the maintenance of Austria in her ill-gotten Italian possessions does not enter into the intents and purposes of England, no proclamations of neutrality will preserve your country from, sooner or later, being drifted into the war in consequence of entangling alliances, for which it is manifest that mighty influences are at work.

It is a strange sight to see what is going on in Germany. That the German nation, which hardly ever was united in any single purpose, should appear ready to sink for once all dissensions in the determination to resist a supposed dash of the French at the Rhine—this, my lord, justly commands the approbation of every sensible man. There is, however, much of a false alarm at the bottom of that agitation, as it is perfectly absurd to suppose that the French government, having already one war on hand, could meditate an attack on the Rhine—an attack directed, not against Austria, but against Prussia and the confederated minor German States—an attack which would be sure to put a mighty European coalition in battle order against France. The fact is, that there are influences at work to turn the patriotic feelings of the German nation to the profit of the House of Austria, for maintaining their foot planted on the neck of other nationalities, which have as much right to assert, or to reassert, an independent national existence as Germany has to maintain hers. But believe me, gentlemen, in spite of the prevailing excitement, the noble instincts of the German nation could never be deluded into the disgraceful part of being made the *valet de bourreau* [hangman's assistant]

of the House of Austria, for enslaving other nationalities, unless it was supposed that England's government sympathized with Austria, that England's government thought her entitled to retain her Italian possessions, and was favorable to the idea that the integrity of her dominions should be maintained. Unfortunately, it has been proclaimed in Parliament, by the official organ of England's foreign policy, that Austria has strong claims on your sympathy because she is kindred in race to Anglo-Saxon England. Well, I am bound to remark, in all humility, that this pitiful appeal to your commiseration happens to be a very unfortunate display of proficiency in ethnographic studies. The unnatural compound of heterogeneous elements, formed by a long series of usurpations, which goes by the name of Austria, is so far from being German, that, though at the last census of 1851 the government of Austria employed both artifice and terrorism to establish for their dominions the character of German nationality, they found it impossible to raise the number of their German subjects higher than to about seven millions out of a population of thirty-seven millions. In fact, Austria is the only Power in Europe which has no national character; it is of no country, of no race—it is just a dynasty, and nothing more; it is simply the House of Hapsburg—no, not even that; every thing in that accursed house is usurpation, down to their very name; they are not Hapsburgs, they are Lorrain Vaudemonts, rebellious crown officers of France, as Napoleon I. used to style them—not they, but the Lords Denbigh, of the House of Fielding, are the only Hapsburgs on earth. However, since such declarations of sympathy coupled with recognitions of the pretended rights of Austria, went forth in an official manner from the English government, it is not to be wondered at that the impression prevails throughout Germany and throughout the Austrian dominions, that in spite of the declaration of neutrality, England will come round by and by, and in one way or another will find out some pretext for either directly supporting Austria or assisting Germany in supporting her. This impression exerts such a detrimental influence on the spirit of the oppressed nationalities as I am sure every liberal-minded Englishman will lament. On the other hand, it pushes Germany into a false

direction, which, if not checked in time, will, sooner or later, first entangle England into untoward combinations, and then drift her, under some eventual pretext, into the war. I think it, therefore, urgent that, while approving of the policy of impartial neutrality and strict non-intervention, the public opinion of the English nation should emphatically repudiate the idea of lending, under any circumstances, her support to Austria against the emancipation of the nationalities oppressed by her.

I now come to the pretended inviolability of the treaties of 1815. It is the more important to have the mist of prejudices cleared away in this regard, as it can admit of no doubt that should it so happen (which God forefend) that England were to depart from the principles of neutrality it would be done in favor of Austria, it would be done on the ground and under the pretext of the inviolability of the treaties of 1815. It is woeful to remember, my lord, that the sovereigns who, on pretense of asserting the liberties of Europe, enticed the nations to shed their blood in streams for nearly a quarter of a century, and to waste away the prosperity of generations for the preservation of dynasties, at last requited the deluded nations, at the Congress of Vienna, by selling and bartering them like cattle, and by treating Europe like an allodial farm. Thus it is that Lombardy, thus it is that Venice, the Fairy City, robbed of its glorious independence of thirteen hundred years' standing, were tossed over like a cricket-ball into the grasp of the House of Austria. These last forty-four years of Italian life, with their groans, with their ever-growing hatred and discontent, with their ever-recurring commotions, conspiracies, revolts, revolutions, with their scaffolds soaked in the blood of patriots, with their horrors of Spielberg, and Mantua, and with the chafing anger with which the words, "Out with the Austrians," tremble on the lips of every Italian—these forty-four years are recorded in history as a standing protest against those impious treaties. The robbed protested loudly enough against the compact of the robbers. Yet forsooth, we are still told that the treaties of 1815 are inviolable! Why, I have heard it reported that England rang with a merry peal when the stern inward judge, Conscience, led the hand of Castlereagh to suicide; and shall

we in 1859 be offered the sight of England plunging into the incalculable calamities of a great war for no better purpose than to uphold the accursed work of the Castlereaghs, and from no better motive than to keep the accursed house of Austria safe? Inviolable treaties, indeed! Why, my lord, the forty-four years that have since passed have cribbled those treaties like a sieve. The Bourbons, whom they restored to the throne of France, have vanished, and the Bonapartes, whom they proscribed, are restored. Two changes—the transformation of Switzerland from a confederation of States into a confederated State, and the independence of Belgium, have been accomplished in spite of those treaties, to the profit of liberty; but for the rest, the distinctive feature of the cribbling process through which those treaties have passed is this, that every poor plant of freedom which they had spared has been uprooted by the unsparing hand of despotism. From the Republic of Cracow, poor remnant of Poland, swallowed by Austria, down to the freedom of the Press, guaranteed to Germany, but reduced to such a condition that in the native land of Gutenberg not one square yard of soil is left to set a free press upon, every thing that was not of evil in those inviolable treaties has been trampled down to the profit of despotism, of concordats, of Jesuits, and of benighted darkness. All these violations of the inviolable treaties were accomplished without England once shaking her mighty trident to forbid it; and shall it be recorded in history that when the object is to drive Austria from Italy, when the natural logic of this undertaking might present my own native land with a chance of that deliverance to which England bade God speed with a mighty outcry of sympathy, rolling like a thunder from John O’Groat’s to the Land’s End—that deliverance for which prayers have ascended and are ascending still to the Father of mankind from millions of British hearts—shall it be recorded in history that at such a time, that under such circumstances, England plunged into the horrors and calamities of war—nay, that she took upon herself to make this war long and universal, for the mere purpose of upholding the inviolability of those rotten treaties, those highwaymen compacts, in favor of despotic, priest-ridden, bankrupt Austria, good for nothing on earth except to spread darkness and to

perpetuate servitude? There you have that Austria in Piedmont carrying on a war in a manner that recalls to memory the horrors of the bygone ages of barbarism, allowing her rigorously-disciplined soldiers to act the part of robbers let loose upon an unoffending population, to offer violence to helpless women, to outrage daughters in presence of their parents, and revel in such other savage crimes as the blood of civilized men curdles at hearing related, and the tongue falters in relating. Such she was always; these horrors but faintly reflect what Hungary had to suffer from her in our late war.

And shall it be said that England, the home of gentlemen, sent her brave sons to shed their blood, to stain their honor in fighting side by side with such a *Soldatesca*, for the maintenance of those highwayman-compacts of 1815 to the profit of that Austria? No, let the people of England raise loud their mighty voice—let them thunder forth the forbidden words, “No, this shall not be!” let them give to the government of the nation the pillar of the nation’s clearly-expressed will to lean upon, remind them that they are the ministers of England and not of Austria, and fortify their natural position against the influence of foreign insidious whisperings. There is danger, I tell you, men of England, there is danger before your doors. Do not blindly confide in appearances. The wooden and iron bulwarks of England went forth to the Mediterranean with sealed secret orders. What if those silent papers should have had something to do with the ship *Orion*, moored athwart the port of Genoa so as to impede the disembarkation of French troops, and refusing to move an inch out of the way? It is rumored that the indignation of the Genoese was loud; that England’s naval officers were obliged to stay all night ashore, as even the poorest gondolier refused to row them to their ship. What if you should hear of the recurrence of petty annoyances, may be chance, may be design, but at all events calculated to annoy the French and Italians, and to provoke some untoward collision, upon the ground of which you may then hear England’s honor talked of in stirring variations, and, as you have been appropriately warned by the *Times*, you may go to bed one evening believing yourself at peace, and may wake on the

morrow finding yourself at war? And all for the glorious purpose of vindicating the inviolability of the precious treaties of 1815! Let the people's voice keep England out of war till Parliament meets. Parliament will keep her safe when it shall have met.

The third point which I have to elucidate is what diplomatists call the localization of the war. If this expression has any meaning at all, it is meant to say that the war shall be fought out on Italian territory. Well, my lord, I apprehend that those who say so talk absolute nonsense; they have not consulted the most elementary principles of strategy. If the war is to have any issue at all, the Austrians must not only be ejected from Italy, they must be ejected in such a manner that they shall not be able to go back again. Tactical victories, without a strategical result, never have finished a war, nor ever will. Now, in the rear of the fortified defensive position of the Austrians, between the Mincio and the Adige, and at a little distance beyond the Tagliamento, is the frontier line which separates Lombardy and Venice from the other dominions of Austria. Well, imagine that the Austrians, attacked in front in that famous position, despair of holding their ground, and retire behind the Tagliamento. Does England mean to say that France and Piedmont shall be forbidden to follow them? Does England mean to say that Austria, being at war, should enjoy all the advantages of neutrality in her seas, or on her own territory? that she has only to retire beyond a certain line, there stop, and mock her enemies, because these would be obliged, by the localization principle, not to overstep the Italian territory? Why, this is absolutely preposterous. We in our own war of independence ejected three armies in succession from our territory; they flew across the frontiers of neighboring Turkey, and we did not follow them from respect for the neutral rights of our neighbor. But Turkey did not disarm the ejected Austrians, as by the law of nations she ought to have done; and the result was, that they came back, and attacked us again. Now, in that case they retreated to a territory which was not their own, and, therefore, was under the rights and duties of neutrality. But in the present case it is pretended, upon the principle of localization, that Austria, though belli-

gerent, should enjoy all the privileges of neutrality in her own seas, and on her own territory. She does not confine her means of warfare to those resources which she might draw from Italy; they would be scanty resources, indeed. No, she uses every nook of her dominions, whether connected with the Germanic Confederation or not, for raising armies, and drawing every implement and supplement of warfare from every where. Yet it is pretended that the Powers with whom she is at war should hold her territory inviolable beyond Italy; it is pretended that she may be belligerent, but should be thought neutral, too. Again I say, that is absolute nonsense.

There is yet another consideration. The strategical position of Austria in the famous square between the Mincio and Adige, with its four fortresses on its four corners, one of them, Verona, not a mere fortress, but a fortified camp, capable of sheltering sixty thousand men—that position is not what it was in the famous campaign of 1796. It was like an embryo then, it is like a giant now. And diplomacy comes with its idea of localization, and claims from France and Piedmont that they should be content with a front attack—content, as it were, with running their heads against a wall; and that they should abstain from taking the power of Austria in flank and rear, either by sea or by land, on any other point of her dominions. Why, the pretension is absolutely monstrous! Then what is to be inferred from these considerations with regard to the policy of England? It would be utterly vain to speculate upon what England would have to do if France were to dash at the Rhine, and occupy Belgium, or attack Germany, because no man in his senses can think that the Emperor of the French can be extremely anxious to get Prussia and Germany to turn upon him while he has Austria upon his hands. If he be attacked by them, he will, of course, defend himself, and will not be without allies I imagine; but that he should intend to attack them is an idle dream.

Therefore, you ought to consider the war such as it is: Piedmont and France on the one hand, and the House of Austria on the other; and on this ground I should ask: Are you willing to guarantee with your blood and money to belligerent Austria the privileges of neutrality for her non-Italian possessions? Are you

willing to have your country plunged in war for the purpose of protecting Austria from such military operations as, consistently with the law of nations, her antagonists may think fit to direct against her without Italy? If you are not prepared to do this, (as I trust you are not,) well, then, do not rest satisfied with vague declarations, but go straight to the practical point, and let it be clearly understood by the government, that whether the battlefield be confined to the Po, or extend to any other portion of the Austrian dominions, you wish England to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality, and that you will as little vote one penny of subsidy, or sacrifice one drop of English blood for the safety of Austria in the Adriatic, on the Danube, or on the Theiss, as you would do it for her safety on the Po. I think it both urgent and important, my Lord Mayor, that public opinion should be explicit in its manifestations, because I can not forget that some distinguished members of her Majesty's government hinted at the possibility of England flying to the rescue of Austria if she were to be attacked in the Adriatic.

And I ask what is that Austria to you, that she should be hugged to the protecting bosom of Britannia, at the cost of your blood to be shed in streams, of your money to be spent by hundreds of millions, at the cost of bringing incalculable confusion into your commercial relations, inflicting deep wounds, it may be incurable wounds on your prosperity, checking your progress, and arresting the course of your peaceful reforms? What, I ask again, is the House of Austria to you? Is its existence advantageous to your commercial interests? Why, just consult the latest returns of the Board of Trade, and you will see that your commerce with small but free Belgium is nearly six times as extensive as your commerce with the big Austrian Empire. Uruguay nearly equals it, the Philippine Islands, poor Norway, and little Greece, rank each before Austria. But I know that when the heterogeneous compound of that European nuisance is once dissolved, your commercial intercourse with Hungary alone must be ten times as extensive as it is with the whole Austrian Empire now.

Or is it true, as some have told you, that Austria is your useful ally, both faithful and true? Useful, indeed! I know that Austria was the insatiable pensioner of

England; that she was the bottomless sack into which England poured millions from the life-sweat of her industrious people. I know that in the late French wars you gave her the little snug sum of seventeen millions of pounds; but what advantage you have got from her in return, that is not yet recorded in history. I know that you have saved Austria, but I do not know that you are indebted for your safety, for your rank amongst the nations, for your prosperity, or for your freedom to her. A dear ally she was to you, forsooth; only too dear. But how "useful?" That I have yet to learn. Austria your ally, faithful and true! Why, gentlemen, remember the Crimean war. Cast your eyes at the gloomy churchyard field before Sebastopol. It is faithful Austria, that pale phantom of death that sent your heroes to die in vain on that barren field, while she stood idle by without firing a shot, without raising a finger, in return for all your consideration for her. But if I can find no answer to the question, "What is Austria to England?" I could tell you a tale of horrors about what Austria is to the great birthright of mankind—liberty, what she is to freedom of conscience, what she is to culture and enlightenment, what she is to every thing that good men prize. No, England, can not, England will not, load herself with the reproach of oppressed millions by stepping between Austria and retribution, for which she appears to be marked by the finger of a long forbearing but just Providence, whose ways are often mysterious.

And why, I ask, why should England plunge into the calamities of war to keep that Austria safe? One answer is given to this question which brings me to the last chapter of my remarks. It is said that the integrity of the Austrian empire is necessary to the maintenance of the balance of power. Oh! this word, specter as it is, that can not stand the light of common-sense, this word is a terrible Moloch, to which right, justice, political morality, freedom, and the existence of nations have been immolated as so many holocausts. Let it not be said that England persisted in perpetuating the sacrifice. I shall not now enter on a theoretical elucidation of the fallacies of this cabalistic abracadabra of balance of power, which, unlike that of the olden Syrians, creates the diseases which it is

intended to cure. I shall restrict myself to one remark of a practical character. Artificial states, without either organic cohesion or harmonizing cement, are an incitement to war, instead of constituting a check upon it. Against what kind of preponderance is the Austrian empire meant to constitute a barrier? Evidently either against Russia or against France. Well, as to Russia. There are in the Austrian empire seventeen millions of people belonging to the Slavonic race; all of them discontented, because not only oppressed politically, but also deprived of national existence. Now, imagine Russia desiring to strike an ambitious blow any where. Will Austria be a barrier to her? Was she ever a barrier at any single moment of the past? Why, Russia need only to say, as the Czar Alexander instructed Admiral Tsitsakoff to say if he found Austria playing fast and loose, "Ye seventeen millions, rise against the oppressor of your nationality—here I am to help you;" and they will rise, and where will Austria be? This is the reason why Austria did not dare to draw her sword in the late Crimean war. Is that a barrier? Why, it is a high road inviting ambition to an easy march. Now reverse the picture. Let those seventeen millions be delivered from the Austrian yoke, and they would be what Slavonic Poland was till quartered with the concurrence of Austria.

Again, as to France. On the nineteenth of November last, I spoke at Glasgow the following words: "In any war in which France will stand on the one side and Austria on the other, France has but to advance to the frontiers of any of the nationalities oppressed by Austria, and say, 'Here I am to help you—rise and throw off the yoke of Austria,' and they will hail the invitation with enthusiasm." You are just on the eve of seeing this anticipation realized in Italy. As the French advance, you can see in them new Deucalions raising up an armed foe to Austria from every stone. And you may see the anticipation, by and by, realized in other quarters, too. If Austria held not Italy in her grasp, would an Italian question be possible? No, Austria is not a barrier; her very existence is the sword of Damocles suspended over the settled condition of Europe; it is the cavern from which the European volcano is fed. Let Austria vanish into

the gulf of eternal perdition which is yawning for her, and we may yet hear, perhaps, of local revolutions, but they will remain mere domestic affairs. European wars of ambition will become forever impossible, and you will not see any longer the life-sweat of Europe drained by the keeping up of large standing armies, because the independence of every nation will find a guarantee in the independence of all.

The truth is very plain, my lord. The nations agglomerated into the artificial compound called Austria certainly contain considerable elements of power; but it is a very great misconception to deduce from this fact the inference that the Austrian Empire is a powerful ingredient in what is called the system of the balance of power. The world has progressed, my lord. The sentiment of nationality which fifty years ago the dynasties aroused for the protection of their thrones, is strongly developed every where. If it be strong in the German nation, it is equally strong in the Italian, Hungarian, and Slavonic nationalities—nay, even stronger, because these are subject to foreign domination. Therefore the fact is, that the nations which are yoked together under the strictly military rule of Austria, detest that rule. Consequently, in any war waged against Austria, one or another of them—it may be all of them—will always be found ready to join any foreign power against Austria. Those nations, emancipated from the yoke of Austria, would certainly form powerful bulwarks of Europe's independence; but coupled together by force and violence in an unnatural compound which they detest, they are not a barrier, but the vulnerable point of Europe's peace and security.

I have thus endeavored, my Lord Mayor, to elucidate the four points which I beg the meeting well to consider, because it is on the view which the English nation shall take of these points, that the policy of England will eventually depend. There is one point more to which I desire to advert. It is said that if the Italians, if the other nationalities whom Austria holds in bondage, would act alone, England would not feel tempted to intervene, but the French intervention alters the case. It is said that the Emperor of the French can not be actuated by any other than ambitious views, that he means conquest; and this England should not allow; nor

should Italy, or the other oppressed nationalities, lend their hands for exchanging one task-master for another. These are grave considerations, indeed, and here is my brief, plain answer to them. It is easy to say that the oppressed nationalities should act alone. Unity of will and harmony of design are not every thing; action must be combined on a preconcerted plan, and before that combination can be arrived at in countries where speech is stifled, and the press is gagged, the disciplined army crushes the unorganized popular masses, and the hangman and the scaffold do the rest. This is the key to the mystery that with a couple of hundred thousand soldiers millions of brave liberty-loving people may be held in bondage for ages. Rare are the instances recorded in history in which deliverance from oppression was achieved without foreign assistance. The United States of America had the assistance of despotic France in establishing their independence. Even England, heroic and brave as she is, had the aid of fifteen thousand Dutch grenadiers and a Dutch fleet of five hundred sail; it was with these that William of Orange came to the rescue of her liberties. We Hungarians achieved our independence without foreign assistance, but it was by foreign intervention that we were enslaved. What a curious change has come on a sudden over the minds of government and of aristocrats that they raise a hue and cry against what they call the intervention of the French in Italy? Why, my lord, for about forty years we have scarcely heard of any thing else than foreign intervention against liberty. There was intervention in Spain, at Naples, in Piedmont, in Sicily, at Rome, in Moldo-Wallachia, in Hungary, in Hassia, in Baden, in Schleswig-Holstein, every where there has been intervention against liberty, and I do not know that England has ever drawn her sword to forbid it. Sometimes a tame remonstrance may have been offered; but, in the case of my own dear native land, England's government had not one poor word of observation to offer. Well, here at last is a case in which a chance of emancipation from the yoke of Austria is presenting itself by an intervention, and a hue and cry is raised against it, and principles are invoked in favor of oppression which were never invoked in favor of the oppressed. It is a discreditable hypocrisy. Let Austria be

VOL. XLVII.—NO. III.

replaced in the position into which the heroic arms of my nation had hurled her in 1849, before foreign intervention lifted her up from the dust, and be sure neither Italy nor we shall want any assistance; but, if England permitted Austria to be saved, and the rights of nationalities to be crushed by foreign intervention, let it not be recorded that, when such intervention might have turned to the advantage of the oppressed nationalities, then only was it opposed for the first time by that England which was so much indebted herself to foreign assistance for her deliverance from oppression. Besides, in this case there is not exactly intervention, there is war between established governments. That one or more nationalities may take advantage of the opportunity is, I should think, not exactly a proper reason for England to throw, Brennus-like, her sword into the scale in favor of Austria, a name synonymous with oppression, and with the murder of nationalities.

What may be the special motives which induced the present ruler of France to engage in this war, I do not pretend to know, but I know what can not be in his interest, and therefore can not be in his intentions. It can not be in his interest to enter on the career of a conqueror, because that would be positive ruin to him, as it was the ruin of Napoleon I. Nay, though that great captain was certainly an ambitious man, yet I feel perfectly certain that if he were to rise this day from his grave, with all his high-towering ambition, not even he could enter now on the career of a conqueror. At certain times, certain things are impossible; and this is one of them. Furthermore, I know that it can not be in his interest, nay that it is positively against his interest, to aim at the oppression of nationalities. It is the irreverent disregard of the sentiment of nationality which sent Napoleon I. to die a fettered eagle on the scorching rocks of St. Helena; it is the same irreverent disregard of the sentiment of nationality that will shatter to atoms the tottering throne of perfidious Austria. And, verily, it does strike me that Napoleon III. is not exactly the man to repeat the fault by which Napoleon I. fell. By doing good to the oppressed nationalities he may earn great moral advantage; by doing them harm he could not earn any thing but ruin for himself. In forming my opinions I take for a starting-point in-

terests, not men; and knowing that in matters where so much is at stake, men are not likely to disregard their interest, I dare trust to the soundness of my conclusions. And, after all, there is some guarantee in the force of circumstances, too. Suppose—I give it you as a supposition—suppose that the logical development of the present war should offer to my own nation, not an incitement to hazardous deslutory riots—these I should sternly advise her to avoid—but should offer such a chance as would, with reasonable prospects, place her independence within the reach of her own determination, would you advise her to reject the chance because, under the mysterious dispensation of Providence, it would have come to her from a Bonaparte? Why, she would be a fool to reject it. Hungary can not be made a French department; she is both too strong and too distant for that; her distance alone places her out of that danger. And even as to Italy. Hated as Austria is by every Italian, the iron rod of Austria was strong enough to prevent Italy from organizing and arming the nation. Thanks to the assistance of France, they can do it now. Let them be wise enough to take advantage of the occasion, and, having had assistance in getting delivered from the foe, if they should not know how to secure their future independence from the friend, they would not deserve to be free. When the fate of nations is trembling in the scales, woe to the man loving himself more than his fatherland, would allow himself to be guided in his judgment by his personal sympathies and antipathies rather than by what he owes to his country. I love my fatherland more than myself—more than any thing on earth; and, inspired by this love, I ask one boon—only one boon—from England, and that is, that she should not support Austria. England has not interfered for liberty; let her not interfere for the worst of despotisms on earth—that of Austria.

The only boon I ask is strict neutrality; and this, too, I should not ask if I were not certain in my conscience that England's interference in the war would bring incalculable calamity on this your free and happy country, without any possible present profit or future compensation. I owe, and gladly profess to owe, eternal gratitude to England. I should feel it

much like a misfortune befalling my own native land should England inconsiderately rush into a calamitous course by coupling her own fate to that of the House of Austria. The English nation has mighty destinies in her hands. Please to bear well in mind this, that no war can be thought to have assumed European proportions, unless Germany and Russia become parties to it. Now, my lord, I am of opinion that, though the German nation be uncommonly excited, Germany will not fly into the war to the rescue of Austria, unless Prussia takes the lead—thus abjuring the policy of Frederick the Great, which raised her to the position of a first-rate power. And I, for one, considering the attitude which the Czar of Russia would be likely to take in such a case—I, for one, can not think that the Regent of Prussia will risk the dangerous hazard unless he shall be made sure of being supported by England. Thus it evidently depends on the resolution of England whether or not this war is to assume general European proportions; because if Prussia, from reliance upon England's support, plunges into the war on the side of Austria, it is more than reasonable to anticipate that France in that case will be supported by Russia. Let, therefore, her Majesty's Government well ponder over the consequences of a rash, inconsiderate step, and let them well weigh the immense responsibility of their position. The course which the national interests of England recommend is very clear. Keep yourselves out of harm; develop your own freedom; advance your prosperity; go on steadily on the road of progress, to your own advantage as well as to that of humanity and of civilization; and allow me to express a hope that if, under the merciful dispensation of Providence, a chance of national emancipation should arise from the present complications for any of the nationalities whom Austria holds in bondage, the good wishes and hearty prayers of this free, generous nation will not be with the oppressor, but with the oppressed; that England will not be backward in cheering the endeavor with her approbation, and in encouraging it by her sympathy. [Great and long-continued applause.]

The resolution offered by the Lord Mayor was then unanimously adopted, with a vote of thanks to M. Kossuth.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

DEATH OF THE KING OF NAPLES.—This long-expected event has at last taken place. A telegraphic message from Rome, dated Sunday evening, says: "The King of Naples died at half-past one o'clock this afternoon."

The King of Naples, Ferdinand II., was born on the twenty-second of January, 1810, and was the son of Francis I. by his second wife, Isabella Maria, the Infanta of Spain. In the year 1830 he ascended the throne of the Two Sicilies, at a time when that country was in a most disorganized state. No actual rebellion, however took place till 1848, although from his accession to that time no single year had passed in real tranquillity. The troops, at first, made scarcely any show of resistance. On the night of the thirteenth, shells and round shot were fired on the city from the foot of Castelmare, but at the intercession of several consuls the fire was suspended. After a delay of twenty-four hours the struggle recommenced, but without result. On the twentieth a steamer brought from Naples decrees reorganizing the council of state, opening up public offices to Sicilians, and promising to provincial councils a voice in local affairs. The Sicilians demanded the constitution of 1812, with a parliament at Palermo. On the twenty-eighth of January the King issued a decree to the subjects of the entire realm promising a constitution. Hostilities meanwhile continued in Sicily, which now began to insist upon a separate administration. Messina joined in the insurrection. A serious dispute ensued, in which neither party would give way. On the morning of the fifteenth barricades were erected in the streets, and the royal palace was garrisoned by troops; artillerymen stood to their guns with lighted matches. The King thereupon declared that he acceded to the wishes of the deputies, and called upon the National Guards to withdraw from the barricades and remove them. The latter replied that they would do so as soon as the royal decree was signed and issued, and not before. As invariably happens at such crises, "a musket of a National Guard went off by accident." The other guards thought that the Swiss troops were attacking them, and fired a volley. A bloody fight now ensued, which lasted for eight hours. The lazzaroni were let loose on the side of the King, and poignarded and plundered in all directions. At length Admiral Baudin, who was in the harbor, notified to the government that if it were not ended he would land a force to restore order. The troops now ceased firing, the King was once more absolute, and the chamber was dissolved. Naples was subdued, but Sicily remained. On August twentieth a body of 15,000 soldiers sailed to Messina, and joined the royal troops in garrison. On the twentieth of September an attack was made on the part of the garrison, the fleet in the harbor, and a force which had landed on the shore. After a bombardment of four days, during which the people fought with heroic courage, the city was taken—a heap of ruins. On the twenty-eighth of March hostilities against the Sicilians were again resumed, but Catania was taken by General Filangieri, after a bombardment which

laid a great part of the city in ruins; Syracuse surrendered without resistance; and on the twenty-second of April Palermo opened its gates to the King's forces.

Since that time the kingdom has been entirely in Ferdinand's power. The first revelations concerning prisons were made by Mr. Gladstone, and since then successive applications have been made to the King by the English and French Governments, in the hope of inducing him to moderate his conduct. These proving useless, diplomatic relations with his government were entirely suspended, and have remained so up to the present time.

DEATH OF HUMBOLDT.—Alexander von Humboldt, who to English readers is best known by his latest work, *Kosmos*, is dead. He was born at Berlin on the 14th of September, 1769. He was an undergraduate at Göttingen, which University he left for Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Geography and geology were his chief studies. His intelligence and zeal were not overlooked by the Government, and in 1795 he was sent to study the nature of the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius; but his mind took a wider range, and he aspired to investigate regions unknown. Africa was his object, and he went to Marseilles and joined Bonpland, who was on the point of starting on a similar mission, with the intention of accompanying him. This plan failed, but, through the interest of Baron Forell, the Saxon Ambassador, Humboldt obtained permission and authority to make a scientific tour of Spanish America. During eighteen months Humboldt examined, geologically and geographically, every part of Venezuela, the Orinoco, and the Rio Negro. He afterwards visited Bogota, the Cordilleras, and Quito. At this latter place Humboldt, at great personal risk, investigated the volcanic mountains. He spent some time at Lima, and in August, 1804, landed at Havre, rich in experience, and with an invaluable collection of specimens of geological and botanical interest. He then fixed his residence at Paris, taking an occasional trip to London; but Prussia could not spare so valuable a man, and the King requested Humboldt to return. The King made him a Privy Councillor, and offered him various diplomatic missions; but mountains, not men, were Humboldt's object. He wished to explore the Andes and Himalayas, to make a comparison of their respective dimensions. The plan failed. He, however, succeeded in another, started for Siberia, and then visited the chief cities of Russia. There is not one branch of science to which Humboldt has not contributed, and his powers seemed to increase with his labors. The friend of Kings, he was a Liberal, and he took a large view of the world in a political sense, while investigating with the utmost minuteness the conformation of some unknown substance. In sheer intellectual capacity Humboldt has, perhaps, not left his equal. A letter, dated Berlin, Tuesday, says: "The solemn funeral procession of Alexander von Humboldt is now on its way to the Cathedral. All that represents science, art, and intelligence in Berlin joins in the procession. Three

chamberlains, in gold costume, bearing the orders of the illustrious deceased, precede the funeral-car, which is drawn by six horses from the royal stables. Upon the car is a simple, uncovered coffin of oak, adorned with flowers and laurel. On either side of the car are students, bearing green palm branches. A line of carriages of immenso length closes the procession. The Prince Regent and all the Princes and Princesses are assembled in the Cathedral, awaiting the arrival of the great philosopher's mortal remains. A mournful aspect overspreads the whole town."

THE REGENCY IN FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* publishes the following Imperial decree:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, to all present and future greeting:

"Wishing to give to our beloved wife, the Empress, the marks of high confidence we place in her;

"And considering that it is our intention to assume the command of the Army of Italy, we have resolved to confer, as we confer by these presents, upon our well-loved wife, the Empress, the title of Regent, to exercise the functions of the same during our absence, in conformity with our instructions and our orders, such as we shall have made known in the General Order of the service which we shall establish, and which shall be inscribed in the Great Book of the State.

"Let it be understood that cognizance shall be given to our uncle, Prince Jerome, to the Presidents of the great bodies of the State, to the members of our Privy Council, and to the Ministers, of such orders and instructions; and that in no case can the Empress deviate from their tenor in the exercise of the functions of Regent.

"It is our wish that the Empress should preside, in our name, at the Privy Council and at the Council of Ministers. However, it is not our intention that the Empress Regent should authorize by her signature the promulgation of any *sénatus-consultum*, or any law of the State other than those which are actually pending before the Senate, the Legislative Body, and the Council of State, referring ourselves in this respect to the orders and instructions above mentioned.

"We charge our Minister of State to give communication of the present letters patent to the Senate, which will have them registered, and to our Keeper of the Seals, Minister of Justice, who will have them published in the *Bulletin des Lois*.

"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, this third of May, 1859."

The *Moniteur* also publishes the following:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will Emperor of the French, to all who may see these presents greeting:

"On the point of starting to take command of the Army of Italy, we have, by our letters patent of this day, confided the Regency to our well-beloved wife the Empress, and we have regulated for the time of our absence the order of service by an act placed in the State archives, and made known to our uncle, Prince Jerome Napoleon to the members of the Privy Council, to the Presidents of the Senate, of the Legislative Body, and of the Council of State.

"Desirous of giving to our uncle, Prince Jerome marks of the high confidence we place in him, and, by the aid of his intelligence, experience, and devotion to our person to facilitate the task of our well-beloved wife, we have decided and do decide that

the Empress Regent shall take, on the resolutions and decrees which may be submitted to her, the counsel of the Prince our uncle. We have, moreover, conferred upon him, as we confer upon him by these presents, the right of presiding, in the absence of the Empress Regent, at the Privy Council and at the Council of Ministers.

"Given at the Palace of the Tuileries, this third of May, 1859."

DEATH OF DR. LARDNER.—Dr. Lardner died on Thursday evening at Paris, at the age of 66. Few if any, scientific men have done more than he towards extending scientific knowledge among the people, and none were more eminently qualified for the work. The son of a Dublin solicitor, Dr. Dionysius Lardner, after receiving such education as was to be had in Irish schools at the beginning of the present century, was placed in his father's office. Erasing, however, a distaste for law, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and rapidly gained an extraordinary number of prizes in pure mathematics, as well as in natural philosophy, astronomy, and other branches of study. In 1817 he obtained a B.A. degree, and for ten years he remained at the university, publishing at first various treatises on mathematics, including the differential and integral calculus, and subsequently on the steam engine. For this he obtained a gold medal from the Royal Dublin Society, and he began to contribute to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia* and the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*. In 1827, on the establishment of the London University, Dr. Lardner accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, and set on foot the scheme for the *Cabinet Encyclopædia*, in which most of the scientific articles are due to Dr. Lardner himself. In 1840 he went to the United States, and delivered with much success a series of lectures, which have since been published. After devoting much time to *Railway Economy*, and writing a good deal on this and other subjects, Dr. Lardner started his last important work, the *Museum of Science and Art*. Dr. Lardner has left one son, a commissary-general of the British army, and two daughters, the issue of two marriages.

FOUR WORKS BY DESCARTES, FOUND.—It had long been a matter of regret to scientific men that four manuscripts, known to have been written by Descartes, and bearing the following titles, *Considerations on Science in General*, *Something on Algebra*, *Experimenta*, and *Olympica*, had disappeared, leaving no trace of their existence. Count Foucher de Careil has now discovered copies of them in an old press, which had not been opened for years, in the library of Hanover.

The Chevalier Guidi has just discovered at the excavations which are being made at Ostia, in the Papal States, a statue of Venus of the size of life, in an attitude similar to that of the Venus de Medici. The newly-discovered statue is in a better state of preservation than the other, and some artists even assert that it is more beautiful.

The source of the Ticino, about which we now read so much, is in Switzerland, near Mount St. Gotthard. The river is about one hundred and twelve miles in length, but it is navigable for only seventy miles. It was on the borders of the Ticino that Hannibal, descending from the Alps, defeated Publius Cornelius Scipio.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.—A correspondent of the *Times* sends the following extract from that journal of May 31, 1813: "Gazette, St. Petersburg, April 20, 1813. In conformity to the directions issued by Government for the complete destruction of the dead bodies of men and horses, belonging to the enemy, which fell in battle or perished from the cold, and had not been committed to the earth, the following reports have been transmitted by the Governors of different provinces: 'In the government of Minsk, up to the end of January, 18,797 dead bodies of men, and 3748 of horses, had been burnt, and there still remained to be burnt—of the former 39,106, and of the latter 27,316, the greater part of which were found on the banks of the Berezina. In the government of Moscow, up to the fifteenth of February, 49,764 dead bodies of men, and 27,894 of horses, had been burnt, besides a number of others that were buried. In the government of Smolensk, up to the second of March, 71,736 dead bodies of men, and 61,430 of horses, had been committed to the flames. In the government of Wilna, up to the fifth of March, 72,302 dead bodies of men, and 9407 of horses, had been put under ground. In the government of Kaluga, up to the eleventh of March, 1017 human corpses, and 4384 dead horses, had been burnt. The sum of the whole was 212,616 human corpses, and 95,816 dead horses.'"

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—**PHOTOGRAPHING SOUND.**—In another part of our columns will be found the details of a very singular discovery of M. L. Scott, by means of which sounds may be made to record themselves, whether these sounds are those of musical instruments, or emitted by the voice in singing or speaking. Professor Wheatstone, during his recent visit to Paris, was invited by the Abbé Moigno to inspect the papers on which these sounds had printed themselves, and is said to have been greatly surprised and pleased with what he saw. The mark produced on the paper by a particular note is invariably the same; so, also, if a person speaks, the tone of voice in which he speaks is faithfully recorded. As yet no practical advantage has been obtained by this discovery; but Mr. Scott is sanguine that in course of time, he will so far improve his apparatus that it will be capable of printing a speech which may be written off verbatim, to the great saving of labor to Parliamentary reporters.—*The Photographic News.*

AN ENGLISH LADY AND AUSTRIAN FORAGER.—An English lady, resident on the Lago Maggiore, received a visit of a detachment of Austrians. She hoisted the British flag over her house, and courageously warned them not to enter. They sulkily obeyed, but in pure wantonness, and notwithstanding that money was offered them to desist, they cut down a much-cherished plantation of fine orange trees, the prime ornament of the grounds. They wanted wood, they said. Wood was offered them in abundance, of a kind better suited to their purposes, but the Vandals persisted, and our country-women sit among faded orange blossoms and mourn the pride of her garden.—*Turkey Correspondent of the Times.*

The Emperor Napoleon, as at the time of the Crimean war, has in his cabinet a telegraphic service by which he can communicate directly with his generals at the seat of war. He is also accompanied by a small and select printing-office.

THE ITALIAN STRUGGLE.—It is now clear from this desperate struggle that the Italian campaign will be one of the deadliest in history. We are it stated that the Austrians have 240,000 men at present in that country, and by the middle of next month the number will be increased to 336,000, with 75,000 horses, and 900 guns. "There are people," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, who supplies this information, "that talk of the war being ended in one campaign; but Napoleon has an enemy to deal with whom he will not either to be able to overcome at all, or only after a long and desperate struggle." The German *Quarterly Review*, quoted by the same authority, gives France credit for 680,000 men and 1200 pieces of field-artillery. Austria, on the other hand, it is asserted, can raise between 750,000 to 800,000 men and 1344 guns. Is it not probable that the absence of that great sinew of war—hard cash—may bring this terrible contest to a speedier close than the belligerents at present imagine? The French peasant will grow sick of lending to his Government when disasters come, and the capitalists of London may yet dictate the terms of peace. As for Austria, her bankruptcy is hopeless and undisguised.

ENORMOUS FRESH-WATER EEL.—On Saturday, the fourteenth instant, two apprentice lads while passing the small canal which supplies Pultney-town distillery with water from Hemprigg's Looch, Caithness-shire, discovered a large eel in the bed of the canal, to which they gave chase, and succeeded in capturing it. It measured six feet four inches in length and eighteen inches in circumference. It was of a dark color, and was furnished with very strong teeth, so much so that upon an old boot being put into its mouth it fastened its teeth so firmly in the leather that its whole weight was suspended by the boot for a considerable time. Unfortunately it was not weighed, but from a moderate calculation it could not be much short of fifty pounds weight, being fully one-half larger than any fresh-water eel which was ever heard of in this country.—*Glasgow Mail.*

THE CHOLERA IN JAPAN.—The cholera has been raging in the northern part of Japan to a frightful extent. At Jeddo alone the deaths are reported at 150,000 in one month. Allsime and Odowara had also suffered greatly. The outbreak of this dreadful scourge so soon after the time the foreign embassies had settled at Jeddo had led the people to attribute to them its introduction into their country, and superstition points to the coincidences as a punishment for opening Japan to foreigners.

A *TURIN* letter of May fifth states positively that, in consequence of the spoliation of his towns and villages by the Austrian troops, King Victor Emmanuel has written an autograph letter to the Emperor of Austria, asking him whether he means to make war as a general or as a brigand chief. Another story has it that Marshal Canrobert wrote this letter.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is called, to approve the heads of a provisional arrangement made with Government. Authority will be asked for the creation of new capital to the extent of £400,000 in preference shares of £5 each.

The Empress Eugénie has addressed a letter of condolence to Madame Bonnet, widow of General Bonnet, killed at Montebello.

A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.—I passed about five hours yesterday in the twice celebrated village, which now serves as headquarters of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers. I met with a foot chasseur, who very kindly pointed out to me the roads, the little hillocks, and the different houses where the principal episodes of the struggle took place. On seeing the ground, it would be difficult not to comprehend the great efforts which it must have required on the part of General Forey's division to resist the attack of the Austrian army. The latter occupied all the elevated points; their batteries swept the plain and commanded the roads, and it was by those roads and by the plain that the French troops came up. Each elevated position required, as it were, a particular attack. The soldiers of Count de Stadion and General Braum fired from an elevation and without any irregularity, and most of their shots must have told. The French, however, by their vigor, made up for inferiority of number and of position. On a little slope, (which might be compared to the first step of a staircase,) leading to the town, the Austrian artillery took up a fine position. But they were in the end obliged to retire, being pressed so closely in by the French battalions, and when the struggle had drawn to a close the slope was covered with dead bodies. Led by my guide, I crossed corn-fields and vineyards, where the enemy had made a short resistance, and nearly at every step I was obliged to make a circuit in order not to trample on a newly-covered trench filled with bodies. The ground is covered with remnants of cartridges, and here and there were shreds of clothing of the French and Austrian soldiers, torn from them by the stakes of the vines or by the saber and bayonet. It is really astonishing how the Austrians could have abandoned a position like Montebello. Such a step can scarcely be comprehended. Every thing was in their favor; they had forces certainly three times superior to the French; they held the ground with artillery, firmly established, and with cavalry strongly posted and well placed for acting. After having gone over the ground near the village, I entered several of the houses which had been sacked by the Austrians. In one of them a wounded Austrian soldier had been discovered only two days before. A ball had passed through his thigh, and the unfortunate man had had the resolution to remain concealed for four days behind a large wine-cask, without food, and suffering severely from his wound. He was half-dead from pain and fear, and yet dared not show himself. The night after the battle he had strength enough to dress his wound by covering it with a colored handkerchief, but the dye of it had brought on violent inflammation. He is now in the hospital at Voghera. The fortitude shown by the wounded Austrian during four days of privation and suffering, has its source in the exaggerated fear which had been excited in his mind with regard to the French soldiers. The Austrian Generals have represented them to be so many savages, and stated that they put all their prisoners to death. Turning to a point of etymology, it is said that Montebello derives its name from the Romans having called it *Mons belli*, because its position in the middle of a valley, which leads towards Central Italy, always made it a field of battle. The adjacent village of Casteggio appears to have derived its name from the Romans having established there a defensive camp, (*castrum*.) The supplying the French soldiers with provisions at Casteggio and Montebello is difficult, as they have to rely solely

on their own resources. The country has been completely devastated, and both the inhabitants and the cattle are deprived of food. The organization of the army is, however, such that the supply of provisions goes on with perfect regularity.

THE FRENCH SIEGE FLEET.—The siege fleet is fitting out with hot haste at Toulon. Independently of screw liners and frigates, it is to consist of ten screw gun-boats, drawing very little water, and intended to operate in the shallows of the Adriatic. Each is to be armed with a heavy gun, working on a pivot, on the fore part of the deck, and behind a semi-circular shield of rolled iron plates, stout enough to resist the heaviest shots, and so to protect the men working the gun. The vessels themselves are said to be constructed of iron plates, possessing the same force of resistance, so that they are, in fact, shot-proof floating steam-batteries. It is difficult to ascertain the exact caliber of the pivot-guns, but they are believed to be 50-pounders, similar to what have been of late years introduced into the French navy. It was also said, with what truth I know not, that they are rifled; if so, they will be very formidable instruments of war, rendering the land batteries and forts of Venice and the coast open to attack with comparative impunity; for it will be almost impossible to hit them from the shore, as they will fight the gun stem on, and present a small surface, which will be kept constantly in motion. It appears pretty certain that both the French army and navy are provided with rifled guns of much larger caliber than the four-pounders mentioned in my letter of yesterday week. Five of the gunboats are made so as to admit of their being taken to pieces and conveyed overland, with a view, it is asserted, of their being ultimately employed on the Lac de Garda, which forms a portion of the Austrian great line of defense, extending from the famous rectangle of Mantua and Verona to the Tyrol. Should the French be able to launch the gun-boats on the lake they would doubtless do good service, but to get them there will be the great difficulty, for they will have to pass through the whole of the Austrian army, which occupies the country between the lake and the shores of the Adriatic.

The equipment of the fleet is proceeding with such rapidity, that merchant-vessels are left without crews, except the superior officers, or so short-handed as to be unable to put to sea. The captains are entering seamen of all nations, and in some cases Englishmen.

THERE is at this moment, at the Great Britain Hotel, in Turin, a very rich Milanese countess, whose two sons are volunteers. The elder is twenty-two and the younger nineteen. The mother of these two young soldiers has taken up her residence in Turin that she may be near her children; she can not see them, for they are fighting at the front posts, but she receives news from them every day, and will not return to Lombardy until the Franco-Sardinian army shall have itself entered at the point of the bayonet.

ADVICES from Marseilles state that the steamers arriving at that port from Italy are crowded with passengers. The English are leaving Tuscany, the Roman States, and Naples.

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.—The *Gibraltar Chronicle* says the Mediterranean fleet is to be augmented to thirty-five screw-ships of the line.



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CONTENTS OF THE AUGUST NUMBER.

EMBELLISHMENT—Trial of QUEEN CATHARINE.

1. SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S LECTURES,	- - -	North British Review,	-	339
2. ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE,	- - -	Fraser's Magazine,	-	458
3. "LEGENDS AND LYRICS," AND "THE WANDERER,"	- - -	North British Review,	-	463
4. PEASANT LIFE IN RUSSIA,	- - -	National Review,	-	470
5. AN ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA,	- - -	Eclectic Review,	-	481
6. WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION,	- - -	Dublin University Magazine,		492
7. THE ROMAN QUESTION,	- - -	Fraser's Magazine,	-	506
8. MAY-DAY SONG—A MONTH BEHIND TIME,	- - -	Dublin University Magazine,		514
9. ITALY SEEN THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES,	- - -	Dublin University Magazine,		515
10. THE KING'S FLIGHT TO VARENNES,	- - -	New Monthly Magazine,		526
11. THE AUSTRIANS AND ITALY,	- - -	Eclectic Review,	-	538
12. THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS,	- - -	Tait's Edinburgh Magazine,		548
13. REVERIE AND ABSTRACTION,	- - -	Eclectic Review,	-	556
14. RAB AND HIS FRIENDS,	- - -	Horæ Subsecivæ,	-	563
15. A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS ON HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY,	- - -	Sharpe's Magazine,	-	570
16. LACES AND EMBROIDERIES,	- - -	Sharpe's Magazine,	-	571
17. THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT,	- - -		-	572
18. TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE,	- - -		-	574
19. LITERARY MISCELLANIES,	- - -		-	576

EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE splendid print, and historic group of renowned personages, which forms the artistic embellishment of our present number, will, we trust, be pleasing and satisfactory. An explanatory and biographical sketch will be found in the letter-press.

Unwilling to task too severely the literary digestive organisms of our readers during the heats of summer, we have spread our table with varied viands, which we hope will be both palatable and agreeable. The Hamilton Lectures, forming the first course, are a powerful tonic, and will aid mental digestion. Peasant Life in Russia will form a pleasant excursion to Northern Europe in this traveling season; and in returning, they can make the grand Ascent of Monte Rosa. Womanhood and its Mission will be found very sensible and instructive to all who feel an interest in the "better half of creation." The Roman Question will stir the reader's sensitivities by its pungent statements. As the eyes of the world are looking to Italy, we ask the reader to look through French Spectacles, and he will see more. He will pity poor Louis XVI. in his flight, if he can pity a king. The Austrians and Italy will add to the reader's knowledge of the great war question. The sorrows of the beautiful but unfortunate Duchess of Orleans will awaken the reader's sympathies. If he is given to Reverie and Abstraction, he will gain wisdom by reading about its phenomena. Rab and his Friends, is a graphic story, rich in artistic attractions. Some other articles will claim the reader's notice. The facts concerning the "Mount Vernon Fund"—Mr. Everett's noble efforts in its behalf—will touch a chord of interest and pleasure in many hearts.

This number closes the *second* volume for this year—another choice volume still remains. The September number, embellished with two splendid plates, will be issued about the middle of August. As we spare no labor, pains, nor money, to render the *ECLECTIC* rich in its literary treasures and beautiful in its artistic attractions, beyond any *other magazine* we know of, we hope our patrons will do us the favor to invite the *attention of their friends* to its choice pages. Our circulation is rapidly advancing.

a conscious recognition of the phenomena as phenomena of Self. If a cognition, act, or feeling exists of which I am not conscious, it is not mine. Consciousness is the distinguishing characteristic of intelligence, and is therefore implied in the statement of every act of intelligence; it is to mind what extension is to body, the essential condition of all its phenomena. It would be a contradiction to suppose a thought of which no being is conscious. But further, to speak of degrees of Consciousness, in the strict sense of the word, is as improper as to speak of degrees of Extension. There may be degrees of feeling, of desire, of vividness of conception—in other words, of the predicate; but in each *I* feel. The feeling is more or less intense—it is not more or less mine. Nevertheless, in a certain sense, we may speak of intensity of Consciousness, inasmuch as feelings, etc., may be more or less obscure, and therefore less easy of recognition on reflection, whether from transiency or other causes. For we must distinguish the different senses in which Consciousness is spoken of. First, in an act of thought I am conscious of the cognition, inasmuch as it is I that know. But I may direct my attention to the cognition itself rather than its object, and thus make it the object of a Reflex Consciousness, which has sometimes been called, by way of distinction, Self-consciousness; but which, as all Consciousness is Self-consciousness, might be better denominated Reflex in contrast to Primitive Consciousness. Now, the more transient and the weaker a feeling has been, or the less attended to at the moment, the less clear will be the Reflex Consciousness; or to speak more exactly, since the phenomenon (except in certain cases) perishes in the desire to observe it, the less clear will be the reminiscence of which reflection takes cognizance. We shall not dwell further at present on this distinction.

Consciousness, then, is the field of the psychologist, and Reflex Consciousness is his instrument. And the phenomena of Consciousness may be classified (with Kant and Hamilton) as Cognitions, Feelings, and Exertions or Conations; the last term being that employed by Sir W. Hamilton to denote the phenomena of Will and Desire. This classification is, of course, open to objection, but it appears at least as good as any other that has

been proposed. But having exhausted Consciousness, have we exhausted all the mental phenomena; or must we acquiesce in the doctrine that there exist, or may exist, modifications of mind, call them what we will, with which we can never become acquainted, except perhaps by their effects—proceedings in the depths of Unconsciousness, of which only now and then a trace reaches the surface? Is Consciousness an instrument by means of which we contemplate our own internal modifications, but whose power is insufficient to cope with the delicacy and variety of the mental energies? The reader will perhaps ask a preliminary question: Are we entitled to put such an hypothesis at all, having spoken just now of Consciousness as the form of internal phenomena, as extension of external? However, let the question for the present be discussed on its own merits, and we give him leave to moot the point of consistency afterwards.

From the question stated must be distinguished another. Do the phenomena which memory testifies exhaust Consciousness? Are we, for example, conscious in sleep when we have no recollection of dreams? But although the questions are in themselves distinct, yet in the discussion they necessarily run very much together, and the same facts bear upon the solution of both. We shall proceed to consider some of these phenomena in their bearing on the first question, and to compare the theories adopted by Stewart and Sir W. Hamilton respectively.

Let us consider the phenomena of acquired dexterities and habits. We shall put the case, for example, of an expert performer on the piano-forte, able to play either from notes or from memory with rapidity while carrying on a totally different train of thought; or that of the equilibrist, who balances several objects at once, and at the same time maintains his own footing on a rope, attending with eye and mind to the rapidly varying disturbances of equilibrium, and willing the motions necessary to counteract them. In these cases there is no memory, even for a moment, of the various separate motions which have been executed. We are conscious of the series of operations, but not of the separate operations themselves. To account for these and similar phenomena, three principal theories have been put forward. "In the first place, we may say

that the whole process is effected without either volition or any action of the thinking principle, it being merely automatic or mechanical. In the second place, it may be said that each individual act of which the process is made up, is not only an act of mental agency, but a conscious act of volition; but that there being no memory of these acts, they consequently are unknown to us when past. In the third place, it may be said that each individual act of the process is an act of mental agency, but not of Consciousness and separate volition; a conscious volition being allowed in regard to the series, but not the separate acts.* The last opinion is Sir W. Hamilton's, the second Stewart's, the first is adopted by Reid and Hartley. The former says: "I conceive it to be a part of our constitution, that what we have been accustomed to do, we acquire not only a facility, but a proneness to do on like occasions; so that it requires a particular will or effort to forbear it, but to do it requires very often no will at all." Now, it would be absurd in the extreme to suppose that Reid meant to deny, in such cases as those above cited, the fact of an initial and general volition; to affirm, for example, that the musician was led to his instrument by an occult power, and commenced or continued to play involuntarily and without knowing what he was about. But, if this be admitted, then Reid's opinion and Hamilton's substantially coincide; while Reid's statement, however objectionable in some respects, has the advantage of comprehensiveness. As Sir W. Hamilton states his theory, it is applicable indeed to acquired dexterities, but it leaves altogether out of account the phenomena of involuntary habits; such, for example, as the apparently unconscious use of certain expressions, manner of address, or gestures of the body. These Reid evidently had in view. There is, of course, room for further difference of opinion in the explanation of these supposed latent agencies, according as they are regarded, with Hamilton as an ultimate fact, or referred, with Berkeley, (who, however, suggests the hypothesis only as an alternative to that of conscious action,) to some foreign intelligence—"the same, perhaps, which governs bees and spiders, and moves the limbs of those who walk in their sleep;" or, thirdly, supposed

to depend wholly or in part on the constitution of the bodily organs. That Reid did not, as Hamilton supposes, incline to the second supposition, is clear from his saying that he saw no reason to think that we shall ever be able to assign the physical cause either of instinct or of the power of habit. His application to them of the term mechanical is far from proving the contrary. It is unfair criticism, although universally adopted by historians of philosophy, to infer an author's views from our definition of his terms to the exclusion of his own. What, then, is Reid's definition of the term here used? "There are some principles of action which require no attention, no deliberation, no will. These, for distinction's sake, we shall call mechanical." The definition applies precisely to the latent agencies of Sir W. Hamilton, and to nothing else. Now, as the latter admits the validity of Stewart's refutation of Reid, it must be equally valid against his own theory, so far as the distinctive characteristic, if any, of Reid's theory is not involved. We shall therefore cite the substance of the passage which contains this refutation, together with the counter theory.

"I can not help thinking it more philosophical to suppose that those actions which are originally voluntary always continue so, although, in the case of operations which are become habitual in consequence of long practice, we may not be able to recollect every different volition. Thus, in the case of a performer on the harpsichord, I apprehend that there is an act of the will preceding every motion of the finger, although he may not be able to recollect these volitions afterwards, and although he may, during the time of his performance, be employed in carrying on a separate train of thought. For it must be remarked, that the most rapid performer can, when he pleases, play so slowly as to be able to attend to, and to recollect, every separate act of his will in the various movements of his fingers;* and he can gradually accelerate the rate of his execution till he is unable to recollect these acts. Now, in this instance, one of two suppositions must be made. The one is, that the operations in the two cases are carried on precisely in the same manner, and differ only in the degree of rapidity; and that, when this rapidity exceeds a certain rate, the acts of the will are too momentary to leave any impression on the memory. The other is, that when the rapidity exceeds a certain rate, the operation is taken entirely out of our hands, and is carried

* Lectures i. p. 367.

* This is not absolutely true, but the qualification does not affect the argument.

on by some unknown power, of the nature of which we are as ignorant as of the cause of the circulation of the blood, or of the motion of the intestines. The last supposition seems to me to be somewhat similar to that of a man who should maintain, that although a body, projected with a moderate velocity, is seen to pass through all the intermediate spaces in moving from one place to another, yet we are not entitled to conclude that this happens when the body moves so quickly as to become invisible to the eye. The former supposition is supported by the analogy of many other facts in our constitutions. Of some of these I have already taken notice, and it would be easy to add to their number. An expert accountant, for example, can sum up, almost with a single glance of his eye, a long column of figures. He can tell the sum, with unerring certainty, while, at the same time, he is unable to recollect any one of the figures of which that sum is composed; and yet nobody doubts that each of these figures has passed through his mind, or supposes that when the rapidity of the process became so great that he is unable to recollect the various steps of it, he obtains the result by a sort of inspiration."

He proceeds to combat the only plausible objection he can conceive, and which is one that Sir W. Hamilton, at least, would not have thought of urging; namely, the astonishing rapidity, thus supposed in our intellectual operations. He argues, from the analogy of the microscope, that having demonstrated the existence of various intellectual processes which escape our attention in consequence of their rapidity, we are entitled to carry the supposition a little farther, in order to bring under the known laws of the human constitution a class of mental operations which must otherwise remain perfectly inexplicable.

"Surely," he adds, "our ideas of time are merely relative, as well as our ideas of extension; nor is there any good reason for doubting that, if our powers of attention and memory were more perfect than they are, so as to give us the same advantage in examining rapid events which the microscope gives for examining minute portions of extension, they would enlarge our views with respect to the intellectual world, no less than that instrument has with respect to the material."

The preceding theory assumes no principle but this, that there may be acts which, though present to consciousness, are so transient that they disappear from memory immediately, or nearly so. The examples to which Stewart alludes in the above passage, as demonstrating this prin-

ciple, are such as these: "A person who fall asleep at church, and is suddenly awakened, is unable to recollect the last words spoken by the preacher; or even to recollect that he was speaking at all. And yet that sleep does not suspend entirely the powers of perception, may be inferred from this, that if the preacher were to make a sudden pause in his discourse, every person in the congregation would instantly awake." Again, in reading a book, especially in a language not perfectly familiar, we must perceive successively every letter, and afterwards combine these letters into syllables and words, before we comprehend the meaning of a sentence; yet this process leaves no trace on the memory. He also confirms the principle by its application to the phenomena of association; but as these are among the facts of which the explanation is in question, they can not be brought as proof of either theory. The principle is, however, fully admitted by Sir W. Hamilton in its application to the example taken from sleep; in fact, he states that we must at once answer in the negative the question, Have we always a memory of our Consciousness? (vol. i. 312.) And again, "The assumption of Locke, [with regard to this matter of Consciousness in sleep,] that Consciousness and Recollection are convertible, is disproved in the most emphatic manner by experience," (319.) What, then, are the objections which Sir William considers decisive against Stewart's theory? In the first place, it assumes, without a shadow of proof, the existence of Consciousness without Memory. In the next, this assumption contradicts the law, that Memory and Consciousness are in the direct ratio of each other. Thirdly, it violates the law of Parcimony, since Hamilton's counter theory is not only beyond the sphere of Consciousness to refute, but is actually proved by the phenomena of Perception. And lastly, Consciousness itself presupposes Memory. Now, passing over the unceremonious treatment of Stewart's supposed "demonstration," there is really nothing absurd in the supposition of Consciousness without Memory. For where, of two relatives, one is known to vary indefinitely, while the other either varies not at all, or in a wholly different manner, there is no absurdity in conceiving that the former may disappear altogether without the latter ceasing to be. But, says

Sir W. Hamilton, they vary in the direct ratio of each other; and therefore, if one disappears, so must the other also. This is to assume, without proof and contrary to analogy, that a proposition in mental science which holds generally, and *cæteris paribus*, may be pushed to its utmost limits according to the laws of Mathematics. Even in Mathematics one quantity may vary directly as another, within the limits of observation, and yet may not vanish with it. But here all we know is, that the more concentrated Consciousness or Attention has been, the longer will its trace remain on the Memory; but it would puzzle even Sir W. Hamilton to prove that the ratio is always identical. What signification can be attached to the notion of ratio between Memory and Consciousness? Between time or space, and intensity, there can be no ratio, nor is there any measure of intensity except by its quantitative effects. The duration of Memory may be measured, but how shall we measure the intensity of Consciousness? How shall we define what is meant by a double amount of Consciousness? Shall we measure it by the duration of Memory, as we measure heat by expansion? Well; if necessary for convenience, let it be so; but let it be remembered that this is a mere conventional basis of comparison, and can supply no reliable knowledge when pushed beyond the limits of possible observation. But further, it is not true that intensity of Consciousness, if we must use the expression, is the only element which determines the retention in the Memory. The attention bestowed upon other concomitant and immediately succeeding thoughts, the variety of succeeding impressions, the familiarity of their suggested ideas, and other circumstances, are all important elements in determining whether and how long a conception shall be retained. Memory, moreover, is dependent in a quite peculiar degree, on a set of corporeal conditions unconnected with Consciousness. The supposed constant ratio, then, is a mere hypothesis, groundless, incapable of proof, and opposed to admitted facts. Let us, however, grant the assumed law in its fullest extent; and let us see whether it will not rather make for Stewart than against him. Memory being conceived only as relative to duration, we have no difficulty in conceiving a reminiscence more transient than the shortest period that can be named. But for the purposes

of psychological observation a recollection of some considerable duration is necessary. For these purposes, therefore, a very brief Memory is as none. In speaking of duration, we mean, of course, duration measured by the succession of our thoughts. By the very terms of the problem, the thought, of which it is questioned whether we are conscious, can not be reflected upon until one or more thoughts have succeeded and passed away; it is therefore impossible to prove that it has not been remembered for the minimum time which Sir W. Hamilton thinks necessary, namely, so as to be present along with that immediately succeeding. Numerous trivial examples, where Memory seems to be no longer, might be mentioned; but we leave the reader to supply them.

But if these objections can not be maintained on their own merit, they are peculiarly incompetent to Sir W. Hamilton. First, he affirms, as we have seen, that in certain circumstances, for example, in sleep, Consciousness is possible without Memory. Secondly, he does not limit this assertion to the case of sleep. "Something similar to the rapid oblivion of our sleeping Consciousness happens to us occasionally, when awake. When our mind is occupied with any subject, or more frequently when fatigued, a thought suggests itself. We turn it over and fix our eyes in vacancy; interrupted by the question what we are thinking of, we attempt to answer, but the thought is gone! We can not recall it, and say that we are thinking of nothing," (i. p. 324.) But there is a greater inconsistency still. He holds, in the next place, that the mind may be conscious of several objects at once; the degree of Consciousness, and therefore the Memory of each, being in the inverse ratio of the number of objects, and in proportion to the vividness of our desire to know it more distinctly," (vol. i. p. 246-7.) Again, he holds that every modification of mind is a quantity, and must therefore be conceived divisible *ad infinitum*, (i. p. 365.) This is therefore true of Consciousness, and Memory in particular; and we are shut up to the conclusion lately established, that an evanescent Memory, implies only an evanescent Consciousness and an evanescent modification. But this is not all. The principle is implicitly adopted by Stewart in the illustration of the microscope quoted

above; and Hamilton, in adopting the principle, was naturally led to the same illustration. "Could we magnify," he says, "the discerning power of Consciousness as we can magnify the power of vision by the microscope, we might enable Consciousness to extend its cognizance to modifications twice ten times ten thousand times less than it is now competent to apprehend; but still there must be some limit," (i. p. 365.) Now, mark the suicidal effect of this doctrine. Consciousness, we are told, can not take cognizance of mental modifications below a certain amount, but every modification must be conceived capable of division *ad infinitum*; we must therefore allow the possibility of Cognitions, Feelings, Conations so small as to escape the ken of Consciousness. But Sir William has established as the very fundamental principle of his psychology, that Consciousness is inseparable from every knowledge, feeling, and exertion; that it is, in fact, the very act itself, only in another point of view. We are taught, therefore, that the act becomes null in its relation to the knowing subject, while it does not cease to exist in relation to the object known. Unless he chooses to maintain that while a cognition, for instance, implies Consciousness, the absence of Consciousness only reduces it to a quasi-cognition; its other characters remaining unaltered.

Sir W. Hamilton considers it a favorable circumstance for his theory, that Consciousness can testify nothing against what, *ex hypothesi*, does not come within its sphere. This we consider rather an argument against the introduction of such a mode of accounting for phenomena. A hypothesis which, by its nature, is beyond direct refutation, is a sort of *Deus ex machina* to which we should be careful of resorting, especially if any other solution is possible. But where no counter evidence is forthcoming, we must be allowed the fullest liberty in cross-examining the witnesses who appear. Three of the demonstrations adduced are not difficult to dispose of. One is founded, strangely enough, on the divisibility of mental modifications, which we have adduced to support an opposite conclusion. "As every mental modification is a quantity, and as no quantity can be conceived not divisible *ad infinitum*, we must, even on this hypothesis, allow (unless we assert

that the ken of Consciousness is also infinite) that there are modifications of mind unknown in themselves, but the necessary coefficients of known results," (vol. i. 365, in immediate connection with the passage already cited.) After what has been said this passage needs no further comment; its refutation is contained in the parenthesis. Another argument precisely similar is taken from the divisibility of time. "Some minimum of time must be admitted as the condition of Consciousness; and as time is divisible *ad infinitum* whatever minimum be taken, there must be admitted to be beyond the cognizance of Consciousness, intervals of time in which, if mental agencies be performed, these will be latent to Consciousness," (i. pp. 369, 370.) The author has supplied his own refutation. "Consciousness is not to be viewed as any thing different from these modifications themselves," (i. p. 193.) "Consciousness and knowledge are the same thing considered in different aspects," (p. 195.) "The mental phenomena are all possible only under the condition of Consciousness,"* (p. 182.) If there be, then, a minimum of time necessary for Consciousness, it is only so far as the same minimum is the necessary condition of a mental modification.

There remains, however, what Sir W. Hamilton regards as a demonstrative proof of the existence of latent modifications — the facts of Perception. We see, for example, a speck on a piece of glass of no distinguishable form; but if we bring it within the field of a microscope, we discern head, wings, legs, and all the other organs of a perfect insect. Now, here we really see nothing with the instrument which had not equally produced its impression upon the naked eye. If the separate parts had produced no impression, we should have seen nothing. Here, therefore, the whole of which we are conscious is made up of parts of which we are unconscious. This example is from Kant. Hamilton's illustration is the greenness of a distant forest, in which no leaf, perhaps no tree, is separately visible. The other senses furnish like illustrations, since in each the minimum perceived is made up of an infinitude of parts too small for perception, but contributing their elements to the whole effect. The noise of the dis-

* So pp. 183, 187, 269, etc.

tant sea is made up of the imperceptible noises of its several waves. Now we are always suspicious of psychological arguments which rest chiefly on explanations of the manner of perception. The ground is a dangerous one, where so much depends on the relations of mind and body, and on the mode of action of the organs of sense; on both of which subjects we are in all but the darkest ignorance. For example, we see in the retina an extremely complex structure, in which new complexity is being continually brought to light, and yet of no single portion of it is the function really known; it is not even ascertained what part is the percipient of the luminous impression. We only know that we must hold ourselves prepared to give up all the hitherto received opinions on the matter. Over the office and action of the nerve still greater obscurity, if possible, rests. Any argument, therefore, founded on the organic phenomena of Perception must be eminently unsafe. The preceding argument in particular, in which Sir W. Hamilton follows Leibnitz, Kant, and other great philosophers, rests upon the supposed relation to the mind of the spatial affections of the organism. When the argument was from the necessity of a minimum of time, we could deal with it fairly, because the mind as well as the organism exists in time; but in the present argument we are wholly at sea for want of any preliminary principle of translation of extension into mental modification. Let us, however, examine whether, even with our imperfect knowledge, we can not discern various possible solutions of the phenomenon in question.

We may suppose, first, that a certain amount of the physical antecedent (for example, in the case of sound, vibration of the air) is necessary, in order that any impression should reach and excite the organ; second, that a certain amount of distinctness is necessary, in order that the impressions on the organ should not run into one; third, that a certain amount of impression on the organ is necessary to the excitement of the nerve; and the same may be said of distinctness of impressions; fourth, a certain excitement of nerve necessary, in order (to be first perhaps propagated to the brain, and then) to produce a mental modification; fifth, a certain amount of modification necessary to produce Consciousness; and, finally, a certain amount of Consciousness in order to be

remembered. Of these hypotheses (which do not pretend to be exhaustive) some are demonstrably true; others are, at least, probable, but, of all, that which separates Consciousness from the mental modification appears in every respect the least philosophical.

We do not think, then, that Perception can be regarded as proving the doctrine of Latency, however useful that doctrine might be in its explanation if otherwise securely established. Nor have we found it necessary to admit it in order to explain the facts previously adduced. There remain, however, some cases in which, according to Hamilton, the doctrine of Stewart "would constrain our assent to the most monstrous conclusions." The example he gives is that of a person reading aloud, when, if the matter be uninteresting, his thoughts may be wholly occupied with meditation on a different subject. As we wish to be brief, we shall not question the supposition that our meditation in such circumstances is wholly undisturbed; nor shall we dwell on the difficulty of conceiving so complex a process carried on without Consciousness, involving, as it does, a series of perceptions (or *quasi-perceptions*) of Light and Sound*—of judgments, reminiscences, volitions. We shall not argue on the necessity of remembering from letter to letter, and syllable to syllable, in order to pronounce correctly, and from word to word, with cognition of the character, at least, of each, in order not to bestow a ridiculous emphasis on prepositions and conjunctions; although, if all this can be done without any act of proper cognition or volition, there are more things in human nature than are dreamt of in our philosophy. But we shall direct attention to one or two facts. First, then, we hold it for certain that a person temporarily deaf could not read with correct intonation in such circumstances—a proof that we are conscious of the just emphasis and correctness of enunciation. Secondly, suppose, in our reading, we should suddenly come upon some monstrous blunder, or if, as is likely to occur, we commit some error ourselves; or suppose some interesting matter should suddenly turn up, our attention is infallibly awaked. Or, again, if suddenly interrupted, we should re-

* On the complexity of the act compare Hamilton, vol. i. p. 228.

member the last word uttered. We speak, of course, from recollection, as the experiment is one which can scarcely be deliberately tried.

An anecdote is related by Sir W. Hamilton which illustrates the possibility of unconscious reading. Erasmus relates of his friend Oporinus, that, when fatigued with his day's journey, he was reading a manuscript to a fellow-traveler. The latter found it necessary to put a question about some word he had not rightly understood, and then discovered that Oporinus had been for some time asleep; and, on being awakened, he had no recollection of what he had been reading. Curiously enough, this anecdote is adduced by Sir William to prove or to confirm the thesis, that the mind is consciously active during sleep; and this, while he carefully distinguishes the conclusion thus arrived at from the question, whether the mind can be unconsciously active. Indeed, although he distinguishes the two questions, the proofs given of the affirmative of the latter, are absolutely swept away by his arguments on the former. We have not space to quote this discussion, which the reader will find extremely interesting. We consider Sir W. Hamilton's chapter on this subject unquestionably conclusive. We shall merely quote a statement of the result of his own experience. "When suddenly awaked during sleep (and to ascertain the fact, I have caused myself to be roused at different seasons of the night,) I have always been able to observe that I was in the middle of a dream. The recollection of this dream was not always equally vivid. On some occasions, I was able to trace it back until the train was gradually lost at a remote distance; in others, I was hardly aware of more than one or two of the latter links of the chain; and sometimes was scarcely certain of more than the fact, that I was not awakened from an unconscious state. When snatched suddenly from the twilight of our sleeping imaginations and placed in the meridian lustre of our waking perceptions, the necessary effect of the transition is at once to eclipse or obliterate the traces of our dreams." We leave the reader to extend these observations to the state in which, some thoughts remaining in this obscure twilight, others are at the same time in the full clearness of Consciousness, and to

judge what ought to be the legitimate conclusion. We therefore retort on Sir W. Hamilton's theory his objections to Stewart's. First, it violates the law of Parsimony, on the one hand, in explaining analogous phenomena on wholly distinct principles; and, on the other, in that, while admitting every principle implied in Stewart's hypothesis, it postulates the existence of a new class of phenomena. The principle it assumes is unproved, and is, moreover, of such a nature that decisive proof of it is impossible. But our last objection has been kept in reserve, and its gravity requires a little further development. It makes Consciousness a special faculty, and thereby again violates the first principles of the author himself.

Sir William accuses Reid and Stewart of committing this capital psychological blunder, both implicitly and explicitly. We shall easily vindicate them from any deliberate error in this respect. Stewart affirms, that a phenomenon of mind of which we are not conscious is inconceivable; Reid, too, asserts that every operation of the mind is attended with Consciousness. The appearance of a contrary doctrine arises from their employing the same word to indicate Consciousness in general, and also the specific faculty, called by Sir W. Hamilton Self-consciousness; just as, in Natural History, the same name is given to the genus and the most characteristic species. But we now retort the charge on Sir W. Hamilton himself, notwithstanding or rather, the more because of, his own deliberate rejection of it. Consistency is the first essential of a philosophical system, the first merit of a philosophical writer; and the most indulgent criticism can not allow a psychologist to defend his special doctrines, on the ground that they are inconsistent with his most express fundamental principles. When, therefore, Sir W. Hamilton lays down the principle, "Let Consciousness remain one and indivisible, comprehending all the modifications, all the phenomena, of the thinking subject," (vol. i. p. 183;) when he affirms that "Consciousness is to the mind what extension is to matter or body," (*ib.* p. 156,) and so forth; these passages may affect his consistency, but can not be used to rebut the inference we are about to establish. We say, then, that the great philosopher, both implicitly and explicitly, erects, or rather degrades, Consciousness into a special faculty. Im-

PLICITLY; for to say that it is a special faculty, not the general condition or form of the exercise of all our faculties, if it have any meaning at all, must mean this—that modifications or energies of mind do or may exist, of which we have no knowledge in Consciousness; and *vice versa*. But, as we have seen, this is precisely what Sir William labors to establish. Explicitly; when he says that a modification must be present before we have a Consciousness of it; and further, that it can be known only on condition of the memory of a preceding modification, (i. 203, 349, etc.); when he treats it as a faculty cognizing mental acts in relation to their objects—the operation being expressly indicated as one term of the relation, of which the object is the other, (i. 228, 212, etc.); when he states it as evident that Consciousness is an act of knowledge, a phenomenon of cognition, (p. 187*); and, finally, in the two decisive passages already partially quoted, namely, vol. i. p. 365: “Could we magnify the discerning power of Consciousness as we can magnify the power of vision by the microscope, we might enable Consciousness to extend its cognizance to modifications twice ten times ten thousand times less than it is now competent to apprehend; but still there must be some limit. And as every mental modification is a quantity,† and as no quantity can be conceived not divisible *ad infinitum*, we must, even on this hypothesis, allow (unless the ken of Consciousness is also infinite) that there are modifications of mind unknown in themselves, but the necessary coefficients of known results.” And again, as of intensity and of space, so of time, p. 349, “In the internal perception of a series of mental operations, a certain time, a certain duration is necessary, for the smallest section of continuous energy to which Consciousness is competent. Some minimum of time must be admitted as the condition of Consciousness,” etc., as quoted previously. See, then, the last shred of the very cardinal principle of philosophy (i. p. 208) torn to atoms and scattered to the winds! We have a momentary glimpse of the last remnant of

this “cardinal point” in the parenthesis, “unless the ken of Consciousness is also infinite.” Here the notion that Consciousness is coextensive with the mental modifications is merely glanced at, in order to remind us that it is not quite forgotten, that the standard we pledged ourselves to follow has not been lost sight of, but wittingly and ruthlessly destroyed. In the second passage now quoted,* there is no further trace of the devoted “cardinal;” it dies and makes no sign; it is now established that Consciousness requires some minimum of time, but that mental energies in general do not.

But it is of importance to examine the principal ground on which Sir W. Hamilton charges Reid and Stewart with making Consciousness a special faculty; namely, their according to it a cognizance of operations, and not of their objects. The knowledge of relatives is one; and as the operation of any faculty is necessarily relative to some particular object, it is manifestly impossible, says Sir W. Hamilton, to be conscious of an act and not of the object to which that act relates. Yet, no doubt, in ordinary philosophical language, Consciousness is confined to the “recognition by the mind of its own acts and affections.” It is Sir W. Hamilton himself who thus describes it. Let us consider for a moment. In an act of Perception, for example, we may recognize three several relations. First, the relation of the knowing subject and the known object—the relation of cognition; secondly, the relations in which the object is conceived to exist, as of quality to substance, etc.—objective relations; and thirdly, the relation of the knower to the knowledge—and this two-fold, as exerting a faculty, and as consciously exerting it. But these relations do not enter equally into the act of cognition. I primarily know the object, and of this knowledge I am said to be conscious; that term expressing the necessary relation of the subject of knowledge to the act. The relations of the cognition to the subject and the object are essentially distinct. I know the object—I am the knower; and these rela-

* Compare p. 191. “Other philosophers say that Consciousness is a knowledge. Here, again, we have the same violation of logical law.”

† How this assumption is to be proved we are ignorant; even a materialist would scarcely maintain it so broadly.

* When writing this, we confess we forgot, for the moment, that p. 365 comes after p. 349. We believe it is the privilege of critics, especially critics in philosophy, to arrange an author's statements according to their logical, not their accidental order. Our remarks, however, are not affected by the order of the passages.

tions are expressed by the terms *Perception* and *Consciousness* respectively; but the several relations implied in the cognition are not brought into Consciousness as the primitive act. Logical and chronological simultaneity are by no means convertible. So far as self is cognized it becomes an object, and this it may be in a reflex act; but it is incorrect to say that in the primitive act of cognition the relation between self and its modification becomes the matter of a judgment.* Common language fully confirms the distinctness of the steps by which these different relations are known. We are said to *perceive* the object, to be *conscious*, or, in unphilosophical language, to *feel* that we know, and to *know* or *believe* the relations of existence of the object. If it be, then, a capital psychological error to class Consciousness as a special faculty, it is equally an abuse of language to identify it with the whole energy of the mental faculties, or, thirdly, to confound the implicit judgment of the Primitive Consciousness. *I know* = I am the knower, with the explicit judgment of the Reflex Consciousness—I know that I know. This Sir W. Hamilton apparently does in the passage last referred to.

When, therefore, Sir William asks of Reid, what must we call the faculty which cognizes self and not-self in their relation; for it can not be Reid's Perception, which is only cognizant of the latter, and it can not be Reid's Consciousness, which is cognizant only of the former. We reply, on behalf of Reid, that Consciousness at least is not such a faculty; for it is but a part of the relation of the activity of every faculty. Hamilton's argument, if it proves any thing, proves the absolute identity of Consciousness and Perception. It will be equally proper, or equally improper, to say, with Hamilton, that I am conscious of the inkstand, and to say that I am conscious of not alone its qualities but its substance, and that I perceive the mental modification, and perceive also the mental substance. We shall then require a new set of terms to express the subordinate relations which require to be viewed as distinct. If Hamilton did not explicitly identify Perception and Consciousness in the passage referred to, it is only because he there treats Consciousness as a higher faculty cognizing the act of Perception. We shall see presently what important

consequences follow from the doctrine that Consciousness of an act implies Consciousness of its object, with reference to the theory of the Conditioned, to which we now proceed.

The sum of this theory is stated in vol. ii. p. 373. "The Conditioned, or the thinkable, lies between two extremes or poles; and these extremes or poles are each of them unconditioned, each of them inconceivable, each of them exclusive or contradictory of the other. Of these two repugnant opposites, the one is that of Unconditional or Absolute Limitation, the other that of Unconditional or Infinite Illimitation. The one we may therefore, in general, call the Absolutely Unconditioned; the other, the Infinitely Unconditioned, or more simply, the Absolute and the Infinite. The term *Absolute* expressing that which is finished or complete; the term *Infinite*, that which can not be terminated or concluded. The notion of either Unconditioned is negative: the Absolute and the Infinite can each be only conceived as a negation of the thinkable. In other words, of the Absolute and Infinite we have no conception at all." From this doctrine is derived a solution of the principles of Cause and Effect, of Substance and Accident, and of the perplexity of Liberty and Necessity. We are equally incapable of conceiving an absolute commencement and an infinite non-commencement of time; but this is merely the result of a mental impotence, not of a mental power; and it is in consequence of this impotence that, when we see an apparent commencement of existence, we are compelled to suppose that what apparently commences to exist must have existed previously, either actually or potentially—that is to say, we suppose for it a Cause. We venture to maintain that this supposed judgment does not give the law of Causality; it does give another judgment not universal and necessary; it rests ultimately upon a different notion of Cause; and lastly, it is not true. With respect to the last allegation, we shall merely remark at present that an absolute commencement of time, or of existence in time, is something very different from the commencement of a particular existence in time. But in an argument such as this, our first business is to ascertain with certainty, and without prejudice, what is the primary datum of Consciousness. It is

* See Hamilton, vol i. p. 193.

not enough to present us with a certain statement, and to say, This is equivalent, logically or metaphysically, to the law of Causality, and therefore we may accept it as the original deliverance of Consciousness. It is false logic in psychology to say, A implies B, therefore B is given as a consequence of A. We are not to seek a metaphysical explanation of the notion of Cause, and set it up as an original datum of belief. Here the question is a simple one, of which Consciousness must be the test. I am conscious of a sensation, for which I am compelled to posit a cause—that is, says Hamilton, to judge that the sensation existed potentially in me, and the exciting cause together. What does this mean? It is only explicable by saying—I had a capacity to be so affected; and the rose, for example, had the power to affect me with the sensation of fragrance. Thus, in endeavoring to reduce the idea of Cause to that of Potentiality, we find ourselves driven to the converse reduction. Again, an animal dies suddenly before me: I conceive no new existence here, but a cessation of existence, and the application of the phraseology in question would produce simply nonsense, or would lead to a judgment very different from that of Causality. When we see a piece of a cliff give way, a branch of a tree broken off, what is it we suppose? Do we necessarily and at once believe that the event was produced by a cause with power? or do we necessarily and spontaneously believe only that the phenomenon did previously exist? If every man to whom this analysis is proposed recognizes it as a correct account of what passes in his mind when he speaks or thinks of a Cause, there is no more to be said. But we doubt whether Sir W. Hamilton, if not defending a theory, *εἰ μὴ θεοῖν διαφυλάττων*, would maintain that this is the primitive form of the judgment, that which is influential in men who have never learned to philosophize. Again, in the case of the act of an intelligent agent, do we infer that the agent had power because we are compelled to believe that the effect existed in him potentially, or are we at first compelled to suppose the power, and then by analysis of our notion conclude that we may say the effect existed in him? One single fact is sufficient to tear asunder these metaphysical subtleties: it is the impossibility of expressing Hamilton's

statement in common language, or of making it plain to common men. It is only by the help of expressions invented by philosophers that it can be made intelligible; it is, therefore, not the primitive datum of Consciousness. This notion of a phenomenon, not a substance, existing in its causes, is a metaphysical generalization, applying to events a conception primarily and properly applicable only to substances. And this it does by introducing the idea of Power. What is meant by saying that an action existed previously in the agent? It is merely an improper way of expressing that he had power to perform it. An oration necessarily supposes an orator. Do we then believe this, because we believe that the sum of existence remains unchanged, and the oration must therefore have existed previously in the author's brain, and in the capacity of the atmosphere to transmit vibrations, and of the ear to receive them, etc.? Well; but are we then compelled to believe that the oration having left the author's brain, his capacity is diminished by so much, or that the capacity of the air for transmitting sounds is enfeebled, or our capacity for hearing is lessened? We believe no such thing. We believe the oration was an exercise of power, which is so far from being diminished, that we can conceive it increased by the exertion; that is, adopting our author's expression, we can actually believe that the sum of existence is increased.

We are confirmed in the above reasoning on the nature of the causal judgment, on the one hand, by the testimony of those philosophers who resolved it into a logical principle, or who considered it self-evident; and, on the other, by that of Kant. He clearly saw, and explicitly states the principle of the Permanence of Substance, as standing at the head of the *a priori* laws of nature; but he saw the necessity of distinguishing from it the law which regulates the succession of phenomena, namely, that of Causality. Sir W. Hamilton takes the former principle alone, and extends it to phenomena at the expense of its evidence and truth. Whatever semblance of truth it retains, is owing partly to the notion of substance still adhering to the terms employed, and partly to the unexplained notion of power which it presupposes. For the theory which makes the causal judgment the re-

sult of impotence is, by its nature, precluded from giving the idea which lies at its root.

But, apart from the necessities of theory, is there any ground for supposing the judgment to be the issue of impotence? We think not. A judgment so issuing can not be a primitive spontaneous judgment; it is first given, not in a primitive act, but in a reaction upon the attempt to pass the limits which our nature imposes. But if there be a conception or a judgment formed spontaneously, given in a primitive act, then, however logically it may be contained in our impotence, it must psychologically be wholly independent. Infant humanity may be unable to digest the strong meat of the Unconditioned; but, in ignorance of its inability, it is impelled by a powerful instinct to seize the only instrument fitted to extract the secret treasures of its parent Nature. It would be no marvel if our whole nature were found to correspond to our instincts, so as even logically to contain the judgments they direct; but the instincts have an unquestionable chronological independence. A learned and philosophic drake might argue profoundly and plausibly that ducks swim in the pond, and quaffer with their bills in the mud at the bottom; because, first, they can not walk easily and gracefully on dry land; and, secondly, the branches of the fifth nerve distributed to the skin of their bill make that organ highly sensitive, while they have little sense of touch on other parts of the body. We should be inclined to tell him that if his ancestors had walked on the dry land, or skipped about on trees to the best of their ability, until they discovered their unfitness for *terra firma*, and the proper use of their bill, they would probably have disappeared without issue. And, we suspect, so would our own ancestors, if they had no judgment of Causality until they tried to conceive an increase in the sum-total of being in the universe. As man lives in society, not because he has found the inconvenience or impossibility of living alone, but because he was born into the family, and his instinct made him remain there; so it is that by other instincts, innate powers, or whatever they may be called, he is enabled to grasp at once the truths which are necessary to his preservation, and on which, at a later period, he turns his philosophic Conscious-

ness, and discovers the law which he spontaneously obeyed.

Such a spontaneous development is that of the principle of Causality at first; the true statement of which, as given by Reid, is: "Whatever begins to exist must have a cause which produced it." This judgment is given, not in the attempt to form an impossible conception, but by a natural inspiration. We have a consciousness of exercising a power of willing, and at the same time become aware that the desired effect has been produced. It is true the production of the organic effect is contingent; and, therefore, some philosophers would have us believe that the whole process has the same character; but it is certainly not so. Our ignorance of the connection of soul and body prohibits us from analyzing all the steps in the effort; otherwise we might be able to mark the exact point where it becomes dependent on the soundness of the bodily organs. But this one thing we know, that in the normal state, we do, by a mere exertion of will, set in motion a chain of processes, all unknown except the last, which is the effect intended. We are conscious of the first step, the effort of the will; with the last we become acquainted contingently; but it is not the less necessary to complete and develop our notion of effective power. The effort, indeed, logically presupposes the imperfect notion; and if thwarted by paralysis, the exertion is not the less, but rather the more, for the disappointment which seems to do violence to the order of nature; the consciousness of power goes on to seek its own completion in the desired effect, by the exercise of the authority which it knows to be rightfully its own. When we will—when the infant wills to move its head and it moves, Consciousness tells him, and tells him truly, that himself produced the effect. This is the instinctive or spontaneous operation of the law, giving us at once the idea of power and the necessary connection of events with agents, which in the next step becomes explicit in particular instances, and is finally formulated in a general principle. And not only is it one of the earliest instincts of the human kind, but even in animals there is trace of a corresponding instinct. No theory, then, can be true which does not account for the spontaneous as well as the reflective judgment, or which ascribes to the de-

veloped principle an origin inconsistent with the earliest operations of the natural revelation which gave it birth.

Now, in general, what sort of causes does the law require us to suppose? Obviously efficient causes. "Savages," says Raynal, and Reid adds, children, "wherever they see motion they can not account for, there they suppose a soul." Experience teaches us to push farther back the notion of efficiency, and then we get the notion, necessary for practical convenience, of physical causes. Yet Stewart notices that even at a later age we often momentarily attribute life to inanimate objects. It is then no mere induction from experience which leads us to assign life where we see motion; on the contrary, it is the first impulse of the child, the savage, and even the beast. The cause we seek is a doer, an agent with power; and our idea of cause is correlative to, or rather convertible with, that of living activity. We can not but suppose for every event, a cause with power to produce it; mere physical antecedents do not satisfy us. But could an efficient cause be discovered, we should seek no further. Let Consciousness decide the question, leaving apart logical inferences for the moment. When we are conscious of willing an act, do we feel compelled to seek an efficient cause of our will? Do we not, on the contrary, say at once, I did so? On this point we may appeal with perfect justice to the unprejudiced testimony of children and savages. They feel as forcibly as the philosopher the necessity of supposing causes for events; but they feel none for believing that they themselves are subject to the same law as the stones. *I choose, because I choose*, is their truly wise and irrefragable judgment, to which the highest philosophy can but return.

It is only reflection and experience which teach us that we act upon motives; and the first step in philosophy is to change analogy into identity, and to subject the mind itself to physical laws. Assume that the law is absolutely universal, and then we must logically include the mind; but we do so by an extravagance of logic, which would perforce include the monarch himself in the "Whosoever" of his royal decree. The soul rebels against the attempt to subject her to the authority she has herself created.

But, is it not asked further of an intelligent agent, Why he did so? True, and

language teaches us that in the answer to the question, it is not now a cause that we seek, but a reason. We say, What reason had he? implying indeed that a rational being acts not without motive — as a judge not without evidence, but still as master of his own determination and will. Nor does the intelligent agent cease to be an efficient, even if it were proved that the will always obeys certain laws. But the proof of this must rest on some other principle distinct from that of the law of Causality. The principle which demands a motive for the actions of a rational being, is as distinct from that which requires a cause for a physical event, as the latter is from the principle of continuance of the laws of nature, or almost any other in the range of philosophy; and the ideas on which they rest are as heterogeneous as those of extension and time: one is necessary, the other contingent; one *a priori*, the other *a posteriori*; the one applicable exclusively in the sphere of body, the other exclusively in the sphere of mind. So far are cause and motive from being identical, that they are contradictory, and exclude each other. The latter notion is applied with confidence only in proportion to the rationality attributed to the object concerned; the former in proportion to the absence of life. To act without motives is called irrational; and the very perfection of independent and purely rational activity, which would be to act uninfluenced by prejudice or feeling, merely on a deliberate comparison of motives, would altogether exclude the notion of preceding physical causes. The will of such a being would be about as accessible to the influence of causes as an Irish millstone to the whistling of a jig.

When Sir W. Hamilton, then, charges the advocates of liberty with inconsistency in postulating a universal principle and then refusing its legitimate consequences, we deny both his premises and the legitimacy of his reasoning. The naturalist who affirms that every bird comes from an egg, is not inconsistent in holding that there was a first generation which did not come from an egg. The question, then, is not one of logic, but of psychology. The principle requires an intelligent cause for every event; but the intelligent cause itself is out of its sphere. And the absurdity is increased, when it is considered that our only ideas of cause and power, and the principle itself, are founded in

our own Consciousness of being the very cause sought. And it remains to be proved that any person, whether necessitarian or otherwise, feels directly impelled to regard his own volition as an effect of a physical or efficient cause. Directly, we say; that is, otherwise than as the consequence of a supposed logical or rational necessity. That we can not conceive free agency is not wonderful; we can not conceive the mental operations of others at all; for we can have no intuition of any mental power except as in self. On the general question of the inconceivability of liberty, we shall have some remarks to offer presently.

The theory of the Conditioned is suicidal in the hands of Hamilton, and leads to the rejection of the ideas and facts of Liberty, God, the Soul, and the World. That it destroys the objective validity of the idea of Cause and the principle of Causality, in resolving it into a mental impotence, needs no further demonstration. But the idea of Substance meets the same fate. It, too, is given, according to Hamilton, by a mental impotence—the impotence of thinking a quality existing in itself, and is a merely negative notion—that is to say, in our author's terminology, no notion at all. What, then, becomes of the external world—in our conception of which, as Locke says, the notion of substance is first and chief? We are thus reduced, in the first instance, to phenomena without a permanent basis. But do we rest here? No; for these phenomena of the Non-Ego are given in the act of Perception as the contradictory of the Ego. But we are incapable of thinking except under the condition of the relation of two contradictories; and one of Hamilton's own examples of this principle is the Consciousness of Self and Not-self. See, then, the belief in the non-ego reduced to a datum of mental impotence! Again, we cognize the external world only* as foreign cause and foreign substance; but the notions, cause and substance, which are really null, as void of content, are suggested only in consequence of our impotence. Here, again, the doctrine of natural dualism is shipwrecked; and bodily substance has no objective reality. But, if the external

world is lost, if the non-ego is reduced to a mental phenomenon, can we stop here? Surely Consciousness must be trusted when it gives us the Unity and Identity of Mind. Let us see. Is the substance of mind thinkable? or is it also a mere negative result of impotence to think modifications apart from a subject modified? Sir William places it on precisely the same basis as bodily substance. It too, then, is a null notion, the vain issue of incapacity. Unity and Identity bear the stamp of the same mint. The one can not be an object of Consciousness, the condition of which is Difference and Plurality; but we can not think Plurality except under the condition of Unity; and hence in the Plurality of modifications, we are blindly impelled to attribute Unity to the supposed subject. We can not think of succession except "the quantum of existence remains unchanged;" and hence, again, the negative notion of Identity. In fact, in the inner world and in the outer, the same law leads to the same results. Mind is given as One, as Substance, as Cause; but all these are negative, that is, null conceptions. There remains the form under which all mental modifications are given—Self. I am conscious of a modification, that is, not the substance is conscious of the modification, nor a new modification is conscious of the former, for the consciousness and the modification are one and the same; it is then the modification which recognizes itself, or rather the plural modifications, which recognize themselves, and conceive themselves to belong to one subject, which we, that is, the aforesaid modifications, are incapable of conceiving, except as something contradictory and inconceivable, namely, as Substance, Cause, and One. In the last result, then, Hamilton's philosophy and Kant's are identical. Hegel summed up the latter thus, "It is not true, for we must necessarily believe it;" and Hamilton almost accepts the principle, when he says, (*Discussions*, p. 28 :) "It behoved M. Cousin, instead of assuming the objective correality of his two elements on the fact of their subjective correlation, to have suspected on this very ground that the reality of the one was inconsistent with the reality of the other."

It is true Sir W. Hamilton escapes this annihilating result by affirming that the belief in Self and Not-Self, and the Unity and Identity of the former, is given by a mental power, not a mental impotence.

* Reasons might be alleged for excepting the case of Vision; but not on Sir W. Hamilton's principles.

But he brings no reason for thus placing these conceptions on a special ground of their own. By his theory we can not think Self as cause, or as substance, or as one. What, then, is the Self which is none of these? If inconceivable as existing under these characters, much less, if possible, is it conceivable out of them—as absolute. If Consciousness is appealed to for the directness of the deliverance and the immediate obligation to believe; the principles of Cause, of Substance, and the Infinite, will not yield to the belief in an external world, even could they be separated. The history of philosophy with incontestable evidence affirms their power of surviving unshaken the destruction of this natural belief.

There is yet another point of view in which, as it seems to us, the weapons of Sir W. Hamilton may be turned against his own theory. But as it is more closely connected with the question of the truth, apart from the consistency, of the theory, we shall proceed to examine shortly the former question.

In the first place, then, we must deny the supposed equilibrium of what Sir W. Hamilton calls the Absolute and the Infinite; but if this equilibrium is disproved, the whole theory falls to the ground. How do we reach, for example, the notions (we can not now call them conceptions) of a bounded and unbounded space? or of an indivisible minimum and of Infinite divisibility? It is true I can not conceive a division finally terminated; but I can place myself mentally at any supposed limit, and then I perceive the impossibility that there should not be further divisibility. Of course, we speak of space, not of matter. So also I can place myself at the supposed bounds of space, I can conceive any finite space of whatever magnitude; but I know then that in its essence it implies space beyond. Small and large are but relative, and a small and a large space must possess the same attributes; I believe therefore that space is infinite. But in trying to compass this Infinite in representation, we find ourselves incompetent to the task; for we can have no presentative knowledge of the Infinite, and therefore no representation. Do we then feel ourselves forced to admit its impossibility? By no means. We feel that it is our own weakness which renders our efforts vain. So far, then, is this example from justifying Sir W. Hamilton in affirming that the op-

posite extremes are equally unthinkable, and therefore alternately rejected, that we say, on the contrary, that the one extreme is known, in the attempt to think it, to involve contradiction; for its supposed attributes are separately thinkable, but can not be united in thought, while the opposite extreme is wholly unthinkable (in representation) in any of its attributes; but not the less is it believed: I seek the Infinite because I can not rest in the finite—I recoil from it only because I am unable to attain it in intuition.

Sir W. Hamilton has, it is true, collected a number of contradictions involved in the notion of the Infinite; but these contradictions do not really arise from the notion, but from the application to it of conceptions which, for want of an intuition, we can not at once judge to be incompatible with it. A little more knowledge might show these antilogies to be as ridiculous as those which the guests of Taurus used to contribute to his intellectual picnics. Such as, Does a man die when alive or when dead; or when does a learner become a skilful artist—when he is such, or when he is not? and the like; and, of course, whatever side be taken can be shown to be absurd. Endless examples of the like dilemmas may be found in the older dialecticians, beginning from Plato; and more may be added *ad libitum*. Take, as an instance, a demonstration of the impossibility of melody. For the sounds must be perceived either simultaneously, and then there is harmony, or only in succession, and then there is a mere series of unrelated impressions. Motion was long ago shown to involve manifold contradictions, and Hamilton affirms the validity of Zeno's argument. We may thank him for placing the conceivability of the Infinite and of Motion on the same foundation; we are content that they should stand or fall together. But, in fact, Sir W. Hamilton really, and to all practical purpose, gives up the equilibrium of the Infinite and Absolute when he says, (vol. ii. p. 539 :) "We can not positively conceive (what however we firmly believe) the eternity of a Self-Existent—of God; but still less can we think or tolerate the supposition of something springing out of nothing."

The Infinite is unthinkable, says Hamilton, because we can think only under the condition of existence in relation; and—the other premise, one would think, ought

to be, the Infinite can not exist in relation—but Sir William does not maintain so absurd a paradox; he admits expressly that the Infinite does not cease to be Infinite by existing in relation, but affirms that, as an object of thought, it ceases to be thought as Infinite if thought in relation. But what then? Is the Infinite, which we are incapable of conceiving, after all not the Infinite which we believe, but a mere abstract notion as impossible as it is inconceivable—an Infinite whose only attribute is infinity, which is neither cause nor effect, substance nor attribute? We are told that we can not conceive God; we, while admitting the inadequacy of our conception, affirm its reality as given in our belief in his existence, his infinity, his goodness, power, and other attributes. But, replies the philosopher, these are Relations; these annihilate the idea. If you would form a conception of the Infinite, you must strip it of all attributes; you must conceive it out of relation; thus only can you attain the conception. But supposing this done, of what then have we the conception? Of the true Infinite as existing? No; it has attributes, it exists in relation. Of a possible Infinite? No; of a metaphysical abstraction, which does not and can not exist, a mere word. What matters it if the Infinite as Infinite is inconceivable, if the Infinite as existing is conceived?

We may appeal to language as containing the universal and unprejudiced judgment of mankind, that the notion of the Infinite is natural to the mind. To this argument Hamilton replies—1. That the word *infinite* is in all languages negative; 2. That words exist in all languages to express the negation of thought, for example, *inconceivable*. Now, to take the second argument first, the words referred to are required to express the impossibility of uniting in one subject two or more given conceptions. In other words, though applied to an impossible whole, they imply the previous conception of the parts; and as we can attempt the combination of our intuitions in all enumerable ways, these words are necessary to distinguish those that are impossible to thought. But if we have no conception of the Infinite whatever, there exists no such reason for the formation of the word. If we know and can think only finite objects, no combination of conceptions can possibly necessitate the use of

such a predicate. In short, the *inconceivable* may arise out of elements of thought being brought together by the ordinary laws of mind; but the Infinite presupposes the Infinite.

As regards the negative form of the word, this only proves that our first notions, or at least those for which we require names first, are finite; and that the Infinite is known as the negative of the finite; but a negative notion is not, in ordinary language, the same as no notion at all. The argument, in fact, has exactly the same value as that which would deny the existence of any but sensible ideas, on the ground (equally true with that here alleged) that all words are originally the signs of these. But as for the word *infinite* itself, it is obviously an abstract term, which would not be needed until a very late stage in the history of a language; but other terms exist which contain the notion, and are not in any language negative. Such as *Ever*, *Eternal*, *God*, etc.

We appeal in the next place, to universal belief. We hold, with M. Cousin, "Ce qui serait absolument incompréhensible n'aurait nul rapport avec notre intelligence, et ne pourrait être admis ni même soupçonné par elle. Croire c'est connaître et comprendre en quelque degré. . . . La foi, quelle que soit sa forme, quel que soit son objet, vulgaire ou sublime, ne peut pas être autre chose que le consentement de la raison." (*Cours*, 2me. série, i. p. 97.) Is our comprehension imperfect, in contemplating its defects our faith partakes of the imperfection. Is faith triumphant, it can scorn the play of contradiction which perplexes the self-overreaching understanding, while it builds on the immovable certainty of the fragmentary knowledge it is conscious of possessing. It has light enough to see its own place in the surrounding obscure, though unable to give a consistent form to distant objects, much less to map out correctly their relative positions.

But let us see whether Sir W. Hamilton is not bound to admit that the Infinite is known. "To be conscious of the operation of a faculty is, in fact, to be conscious of the object of that operation," (i. 211.) "It is palpably impossible that we can be conscious of an act without being conscious of the object to which that act is relative," (212.) The principle is often repeated with expression sufficiently various to give

it the highest degree of generality. It is applied in detail to the act of knowledge, (vol. i. p. 228.) "How can I be conscious that my present modification exists—that it is a perception, and not another mental state—that it is a perception of sight, to the exclusion of every other sense—and, finally, that it is a perception of the inkstand, and of the inkstand only, unless my Consciousness comprehend within its sphere the object which at once determines the existence of the act, qualifies its kind, and distinguishes its individuality?" Now, what is Belief? In Hamilton's classification it must be an act of the cognitive faculty. But he expressly asserts that we believe the Infinite; we believe our own causality and liberty, etc. Without insisting here that this belief is itself a cognition, let us apply the principle that consciousness of the act implies consciousness of the object; and for Knowledge in the above quotation let us read Belief, to which the same observations must be applicable—1. as an act of a faculty; 2. as an act, in particular, of the cognitive faculty. "I believe the Infinite. How can I be conscious that my present modification exists, that it is a belief, a belief of the Infinite, and of the Infinite only, unless my consciousness comprehend within its sphere the object [here a conception] which determines the existence of the act, qualifies its kind, and distinguishes its individuality? The consequence is irresistible. Either Hamilton must give up the principle which he has taken such pains to establish as essential to Natural Realism, and must give up besides his classification, or else must admit that we do think the Infinite.

Again, the knowledge of contradictories being one, the conception of the Unconditioned is given along with that of the Conditioned. To M. Cousin using this argument, Hamilton replies, in the passage already quoted, that although mutually suggesting each other, contradictories are not therefore both real; nay, "it behoved M. Cousin, instead of assuming the objective correality of his two elements [Finite and Infinite] in the fact of their subjective correlation, to have suspected, on this very ground, that the reality of the one was inconsistent with the reality of the other." Surely never was there a more suicidal argument. The question is not now of the objective reality, but of the subjective apprehension, of the two elements. The ob-

jection calls in the latter, which it was intended to destroy, to aid in overthrowing the former, which was to have been carefully preserved. The argument might pass muster in the hands of a sceptic, but in those of Sir W. Hamilton, who affirms the objective reality here refuted, and that on the ground of a necessity of belief, it passes our comprehension.

But it is time, perhaps, to consider more precisely what is meant by the term Inconceivable. First, it is applied when two or more notions which we can think separately can not be thought together, either as being heterogeneous, or as containing contradictory conceptions. Again, when a notion is imperfect, and our intuitions do not supply us with any means of completing it: of this incompleteness all our conceptions partake, more or less. Again, when a fact is known, but we have not the necessary material to enable us to think how it is. This is the characteristic of all the primitive data of Consciousness. Fourthly, when a supposition is logically irreconcilable with our previous convictions, or apparently so; when to use the expression lately cited from Sir W. Hamilton, we can not tolerate the supposition. These cases, where we call a proposition inconceivable, ought to be distinguished from those in which the term is applied to a notion simply. Lastly, omitting more lax applications of the word, a notion is said to be inconceivable when it is incapable of representation to the imagination. What has never been presented, or consists of parts, any of which have never been known in intuition, can not be represented; and therefore, more particularly, whatever our presentative faculties are by its nature incapable of attaining. The Infinite is for this reason not to be compassed in imagination; but it is not therefore incogitable by the Reason, which can attain a knowledge of its attributes; and finding in them no contradiction, not only is capable of thinking it, but asserts its power by discovering the necessary existence of the object of its thought. But further, as to the more special conditions of representative conceptions, Representation takes place, as Sir William Hamilton shows to be probable, through the organ of the original Presentation; for instance, a representation of an object of sight by means of the organ of vision. Experiment seems to show, that when the nervous center appropriated to the sense

loses its power, representation of this class of perceptions becomes impossible. He has not treated the question, how representation of objects of internal intuition is effected; but if a similar law may be presumed, it can only be by a reproduction of the act in the faculty to which it originally belonged. A judgment, for instance, might be reproduced by an act of judgment, but not in an act of will. A volition, on the other hand, could not be reproduced by a judgment or conception, but in its own faculty by a volition. The words *conception of a volition* are repugnant: volition is a simple and momentary act, of which the mind is conscious only at the moment of its existence; by its nature inconceivable in the sense of representation in imagination, but capable of reproduction in a new act of will. This is the only representation which is compatible with it; and the attempt to realize a representation by any other means, whether by the faculties of sense or intellect, must lead to nothing but contradictions. A demonstration of liberty must be impossible; in fact, neither *self* nor *free* could occur in the premises. If our personal causation be assumed as an ultimate fact, the demonstration will be a circle; if otherwise, we have no data whatever, not even the requisite ideas.

Briefly, then to state our conclusion, we would say, that in each of the categories enumerated by Sir W. Hamilton, one extreme can not be compassed by the understanding in representation; the other is, besides, insupposable, repugnant to the reason.

Liberal as Sir W. Hamilton is, in general, towards his predecessors, one of the greatest of them has received rather hard

measure at his hands. Had our space permitted, we should have liked to show that he has altogether mistaken the scope of the passage cited by him from the "Examination of P. Malebranche's Opinion," on the ground of which he charges Locke with holding the separate entity of ideas. This, however, must be deferred.

The last result of Locke's philosophy and that of Sir W. Hamilton's is the same; a confession of ignorance, a knowing when the "mind is at the end of its tether." Had the former possessed the clearness and method which characterized the latter, and had he been able to employ an equally precise and consistent terminology, the history of philosophy would have been very different; how different, it is impossible to tell. To precision and depth, Sir William adds, in his Lectures, the clearness and, we may almost say, simplicity which are so necessary in works intended for elementary instruction in philosophy. It would not be easy to find a work better fitted for such purposes than the present. Although bearing, as might be expected, abundant traces of the author's extensive learning, and of the skill which enabled him at once to draw from his ample stores whatever was to be found most appropriate to the subject under discussion; his pages are not overloaded with recondite learning, which needed not display. Were they adorned with the eloquence of Cousin, or even the brilliancy of inferior philosophers, there would be little to desire. But we can not have perfection; and in philosophy, correctness of thought is certainly infinitely preferable to beauty of diction, which, indeed, too often blinds us to the emptiness or falsehood of the opinions it veils.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIFE in this sublunary world derives its chief value from its use alone; and contemplated in this aspect of the great English moralist, there are few men in any country whose career was more precious, and whose existence was more valuable, in a public sense, than that of Alexis de Tocqueville, who expired on the sixteenth of April last at Hyères, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He had been for a considerable while suffering from the progress of an insidious disease, but it was only within the last five or six months that his friends unwillingly and mournfully renounced all hope of his ultimate recovery.

M. de Tocqueville was the son of the Baron de Tocqueville, a member of the Council General of the Oise, and President of the Agricultural Society of Compiègne. His father, a man of literary tastes, had distinguished himself as a statistician, economist, and administrator during the Empire and the Restoration, and had published at Compiègne more than one work connected with the moral and social economy of the Department of the Oise, in which he resided. In the earlier days of the Empire, amidst the triumphs of Marengo and the coronation of Milan, young Alexis was born, and ere he could lisp the words *Papa* or *Maman*, the battle of Austerlitz was gained, and the Austrians and Russians pursued, *l'épée dans les reins*, by the victorious French. For a period of full seven years the astonishing military successes of the Emperor of the French continued, and when young De Tocqueville had reached the age of reason, though the military prospects of his country were not so bright as in 1805, (the year of his birth,) yet still his country showed a bold front against coalesced Europe. In those days every young man in France was a soldier. No sooner did

the boy of seven or eight escape from the hands of his *bonne*, than he was clad in the uniform of some military school or college, and drilled and disciplined as though the main, the only business of life were to fight battles and maintain sieges. Seven or eight years of this hard and merciless system had, with all its compensations of glory, somewhat dissatisfied France; and when the Russian campaign was fairly entered on in 1812, fathers of families became more and more desponding, and less hopeful of the result. France had then to maintain an aggressive war not only in Russia and Germany, but in Spain and Portugal, at a season, too, when the national instincts of all these hostile nations seemed roused to frenzy against the aggressor. The evil days at length came, in 1814 and 1815, when the tide of invasion was to be turned back on France herself—when she was to find picquets of Cossacks encamped in the Champs Elysées, and strange uniforms glittering in the streets of Paris.

Alexis de Tocqueville was old enough to remember these events, which produced a deep impression on his young mind. His first serious studies were made under the government of Louis XVIII, a restored king, himself a man of letters and a philosopher, and a liberal also, in a certain sense. A member of a family who had served the Bourbons, the father of young De Tocqueville witnessed the extinction of the empire without any very poignant regrets. Like all intelligent and moderate men in France, the Baron de Tocqueville had seen the resources and wealth of France wasted in a fruitless attempt at universal dominion, and he was rejoiced to find that at length there was the hope of his countrymen enjoying a moderate and well-balanced representative government. With the return of peace, liberal and serious studies were

resumed by the youth of France. Classical, historical, and economical prelections resumed their place in the general system of a liberal education, and were conjointly cultivated with the exact sciences, the objects of a too exclusive devotion during the time of the first Napoleon. Under this better and more civil system, Alexis de Tocqueville was brought up. He was instructed in the literature of Greece and Rome, as well as in that of England; and history and political economy occupied a large share of his attention. In almost all the eighty-six departments of France there are a number of places connected with the magistracy which enjoy a high consideration. In the ancient monarchy of France, as well as under the restored Bourbons, the magistrature served to temper the severity of absolute power, and by its calmness and dignity formed a species of bulwark between the crown and the people. The names of L'Hospital, of Molé, of Harlay, of D'Aguessau, of Seguier and Malesherbes, (from whom, on the mother's side, De Tocqueville descended,) are associated with this order, and linked with memories most honorable to France. The family of De Tocqueville had in past times illustrated the gown, and under these circumstances it was not astonishing that the father of Alexis de Tocqueville should educate him for the law. He received all the varied instruction which could be supplied by the best professors, and was admitted a member of the French bar in 1825. In the following year of 1826 he was named *Juge d'Instruction* at Versailles. The functions of the *Juge d'Instruction* in France relate principally to crimes and punishments, to the collection and marshaling of proofs and evidence, and the arrest of those charged with illegal acts. For three years young De Tocqueville filled this onerous and unpleasant office, and in the year 1830 he was named *Juge Suppléant*, a position which he occupied for more than a year. While filling these employments the attention of M. de Tocqueville was considerably directed to the Penitentiary system. The Revolution of 1830 had now placed on the throne of France the head of the younger Bourbons, in the person of the Duke of Orleans, since Louis Philippe I. A more liberal system of government than prevailed in the reign of Charles X. was speedily inaugurated, and some of the most eminent and en-

lightened men in France became ministers of the new dynasty. The intelligence and intellect of the younger members of the French bar were speedily attracted to the new government. Some of De Tocqueville's friends, such as De Broglie, Guizot, and Dupin, had accepted office, and these names, combined with those of Laffitte, Perier, and Baron Louis, conciliated, and in a great degree satisfied public opinion. Moderate and reasonable men saw that there was a hope of improvements, moral and political, and that the reign of brute force and military tyranny was at end. The King and his Ministers were desirous, as far as in them lay, to ameliorate the condition of the people, and above all of the lower classes. With this view, Alexis de Tocqueville, conjointly with Gustave de Beaumont, was dispatched on a mission to America. He and his colleague were directed by the Ministry to inquire into the penitentiary system in the United States, with a view to its ultimate introduction into France. M. de Tocqueville remained a couple of years in America, visiting the different States, and assiduously inquiring into the institutions of the country. In the United States he laid the foundation of some valuable friendships. Circumstances brought the young Frenchman much into contact with Mr. Edward Livingstone, then Secretary of State, and subsequently American Minister at Paris. Mr. Livingstone had greatly distinguished himself as an advocate, and had been appointed Attorney-General of the State of New-York so early as 1802. But his chief and brightest title to distinction was the having prepared the penal code of Louisiana, founded chiefly on the English and French laws. This code, at once simple and apparently humane, abolished capital punishment, for which the penitentiary system was substituted. At the first blush De Tocqueville was charmed with a code which harmonized with his philanthropic views—a code already partially adopted by the Brazils, and wholly by the Republic of Guatemala. But there is reason to suppose that time and experience somewhat modified his views, and caused him to look on the system with less admiration. To the last, however, he retained the highest opinion of Livingstone's merits as a great jurist, a walk in which he considered him second to none.

In 1833, De Tocqueville returned to

Europe, and presented with his colleague their joint report on the penitentiary system. At the close of the following year the first edition of his most valuable and profound work, *De la Démocratie en Amérique*, was given to the world. Not merely his own countrymen, but England and the civilized world, were satisfied with the depth and originality of this masterly production. The style was clear, the reasoning cogent, the illustrations striking; but chiefly remarkable was its spirit of sagacity and forecast, indicating profound thought and deep reflection. So popular and readable was a work many of whose disquisitions would, from the nature of the subject, be considered dry, that at the beginning of 1836 the volumes had already gone through five editions, and a sixth was preparing for the press. Without doubt *De la Démocratie en Amérique* is the best and profoundest work that has appeared on America. The ideas are just, and well expressed, the speculations are equally bold and sagacious, and the insight into the character of the people and the institutions of the country almost marvelous. The volumes of which we speak have been compared to the *Esprit des Loix* of Montesquieu, a work which cost its author twenty years of labor and reflection. This is the highest compliment which could be conferred on M. de Tocqueville.

The literary societies of France were not slow to acknowledge the merits of so remarkable a production. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences elected De Tocqueville in 1837 as member, in the place of the learned metaphysician and philosopher, La Romiguère, a man whom he resembled in the clearness, correctness, and elegance of his style, as well as in the purity and independence of his character, moral and political. Nor was this the only public recognition of his merits. In 1839 the town of Valogues, in the department of La Manche, sent this distinguished writer to the Chamber as its representative at a moment when the Eastern question became so menacing for Europe. M. de Tocqueville made his maiden speech in the Chamber on this question, and gave his vote for the credit destined to extend the French naval force in the Mediterranean. In respect to style and form the discourse was faultless. Patriotic in its sentiments and profound in some of its views, it was marred by a delivery too

cold and calm to suit the popular taste. Graces of elocution and utterance were also wanting. Of a languid and phlegmatic temperament, M. de Tocqueville wanted the *verve* and also the volume and silvery sweetness of voice necessary for a tribune of the people. Byron truly says in *Don Juan*:

“The devil hath not in all his quivers choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice;”

and the names of Berryer and Mauguin, of O’Connell and the late Sir William Follett, may be cited in confirmation of the truth of the remark. Graciousness, suavity, penetrativeness, subtlety, neatness, precision, and profundity, were the characteristics of M. de Tocqueville’s style, and these finer qualities were not relished by the host of hearers in the ex-Chamber of Deputies any more than they would be relished in our own reformed House of Commons. It may not be out of place here to state that the French Cabinet did not, in 1839–40, act a straightforward part in this Eastern question. In seeking a European coöperation on the Turkish question against Russia, it flattered itself with the ultimate hope of finding a lever in London against a Russian occupation of Constantinople, and a lever at St. Petersburg against an English occupation of Alexandria. The super-refined cunning of Louis Philippe defeated his object, and laid his Cabinet open to the imputation of double-dealing.

During the course of this session M. de Tocqueville presented a report on the subject of slavery in the colonies. This subject he had studied probably more profoundly than any other man in France. In the session of 1841 he spoke more than once or twice on the Eastern question, always putting forth ingenious views. He also addressed the Chamber on the question of deputies being at the same time public functionaries, and on the prison question. In the session of 1842 he made an able speech on the “*droit de visite*,” examining the question as an international lawyer and jurist. He also spoke on the Regency, and took the popular side on the questions of secret service money and the *Police de Roulage*. In the three or four subsequent sessions he chiefly addressed himself to the great topics of prison discipline and popular education. As a popular educator his theories were large, liberal, and eminently catholic,

untinctured with those sectarian and ultramontane views which deformed the educational projects of more eloquent deputies.

The senatorial efforts of De Tocqueville in the five years between 1843 and 1848 were eminently distinguished by largeness of view and the sagacity and forecast which distinguish the statesman from the mere politician. There was nothing *ad captandum* in his manner — nothing said with a view to flatter the prince or to delude the people. On the contrary all was simple and straightforward, almost stern indeed, so wholly was the honest publicist “*sans fard*.” But in hearing the accents of that somewhat feeble and passionless voice you felt convinced you were listening to an honorable and honest man — a man of probity and patriotism, who had no private interests to serve. One could have wished his public manner had been a little more popular, and somewhat less didactic. But it is not for the sage and the philosopher to assume the disguises and to put on the wardrobe of smiles with which jury advocates and unprincipled demagogues gull and cajole their complaisant dupes.

In 1842 M. de Tocqueville succeeded the Count de Cessac — one of the most honorable and scientific soldiers of France, to whom the success of Valmy was due, and a man who more than once effectively filled the office of Minister of War — as a member of the French Academy.

But his position as one of the learned forty did not withdraw him from the Chamber of Deputies, where he continued to sit as deputy for Volognes till the fatal days of 1848. The sordid and shameless trafficking in places and employment in 1846 and 1847, as evidenced by the affairs of Drouillard, Cubieres, Teste, Pellapra, and Petit, roused the moral sense of M. de Tocqueville. He denounced this corrupt truck and barter system in indignant terms, touching on the moral side of the question with the hand of a master. Public morals, said he, in a mournful tone, are depraved, and private morals are deteriorating to the lax level of public morals. The sense of conscience is becoming feebler. It is true the working classes are not troubled by political passions as they were formerly, but their politics have become socialist. They no longer seek to upset such a minister, to overthrow such and such a government, but they wish to

uproot and overturn society itself. When such opinions become prevalent and sink into the minds of the people, they produce sooner or later — one knows not the moment — one knows not how — the most formidable revolutions. Subsequently, on the discussion on the affairs of Switzerland on the fourth of February, M. de Tocqueville said with truth and prophetically, “that he scented the wind of revolution;” and in about three weeks afterwards Louis Philippe was a discrowned fugitive, and the republic had been proclaimed.

In the National and Legislative Assemblies which succeeded to the monarchical government, M. de Tocqueville was returned for the department of La Manche. He uniformly voted with the Moderate party, repudiating alike the views of ultra democrats and reactionists. He vigorously opposed the doctrines of the Socialists and Louis Blanc's theories as to the organization of labor. He also strenuously opposed the decree of banishment directed against the family of Louis Philippe. The high and spotless character of M. de Tocqueville — his honorable probity and conciliatory character — marked him out as one fit to be appointed to the Congress to be assembled at Brussels for the settlement of the Italian question. General Cavaignac, the head of the Executive power, and a man altogether of his own pure stamp, proposed this honorable mission to him. Subsequently, on the third June, 1849, he was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs; and it was while he filled this high office that the expedition to Rome was undertaken by France. The measure was a fatal mistake, which has led to serious complications. But that it was conscientiously advocated and defended by De Tocqueville on grounds of state policy — we conceive mistaken grounds — there can not be a doubt. The honorable man who is now no more was a gentleman possessing a conscience and strong convictions, and was the last person on earth who would advocate a system of policy from unworthy motives. Indeed, he proved his purity and independence on the thirty-first October, 1849, by resigning his portfolio in consequence of the President's message of that date. That message interrupted the harmony which existed between the Moderate majority of the Legislature, (a majority represented in the Ministry by Dufaure, De

Tocqueville, and Lanjuinais;) and the consequence was, that these gentlemen retired, and were replaced by such devoted instruments as the D'Hautpouls, the Foulds, and the Lahittes.

As a private member of the Legislative Chamber, M. de Tocqueville continued to oppose the personal system of the *Elysée*. To the last he remained a faithful defender of Parliamentary government, and on the second December, 1851, was one of those who protested at the Mayoralty of the tenth arrondissement against the perjured *coup d'état*. With the principal of his colleagues he was incarcerated till the crime had been safely consummated, and was then set at liberty. From the moment of his liberation he felt that under such a slavish and soulless system his proper place was private life. In the closet he might contend with, and, by argument and reasoning, and the lessons of history, overthrow brute force; but he could not grapple with illegal tyranny in the high-ways and public streets. In the prostrate position of his country, De Tocqueville dedicated himself wholly to literature, and commenced in 1850 his work *On the State of Society in France before the Revolution of 1789*. This work, excellently translated by Mr. Henry Reeve, appeared in an English dress in 1856. In it the author proved to demonstration that the communities the least able permanently to escape from absolute government are precisely the communities in which aristocracy has ceased to exist. Despotism nowhere produces such pernicious effects as in those communities. Far more than any other form of government, despotism favors the growth of all the vices to which such societies are specially liable. It deprives its subjects of every common passion, except the desire to be rich at any

cost. Instead of men being engrossed by public affairs, they are under such a system engaged in the passion of lucre, in the worship of money, in the petty squabble of sordid interests. They do not feel that they have a country to die for, or to save. Great citizens are under such a government unknown, and under such a *régime* there can not long continue a great people. The people must soon dwindle down and sink to the level of the brutal despotism to which they unresistingly submit.

De Tocqueville was a man of genius and independence, who had immortal longings in him, and who had the happiness during his whole life to exercise his faculties in the pursuit of noble ends. This long contributed to the tranquillity and elasticity of his mind, for he was hopeful that better days would dawn on his country. But as year after year passed on, consolidating a kind of political materialism, upheld by mute and enslaved assemblies, he became more and more disgusted with a system which repelled every thing like genius, talent, and independence—a system which ostracised the Guizots, the Villemains, the Cousins, the Montalemberts, the Defaures, the De Barantes, and the Gasparins, only to exalt cupidity and deify dishonor. As the progress of his disease advanced, his conscience was quieted and strengthened by the consciousness that he had opposed a system not less hostile to private morals than to public liberty. He breathed his last too in the firm conviction that he would be well spoken of in his own country by every man of honesty and virtue. In dying he had no regrets, for he felt with Bacon, “that the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations.”

From the North British Review.

"LEGENDS AND LYRICS," AND "THE WANDERER."*

"LEGENDS and Lyrics," and "The Wanderer"—the best "books of verses" of the past year—contain nothing in common but technical skill and general intellectual capacity—*The Wanderer* being in these respects, the better of the two. In spirit and feeling it would be difficult to bring together two books more unlike each other; and the reader who may happen to have perused them, one after the other, can scarcely fail to have been struck by their mutually illustrative contrariety. In each volume there are a few pieces so justly thought, earnestly felt, and completely expressed, as to render it decidedly more than a mere "book of verses;" and of the remaining pieces, few, if any, degenerate into real mediocrity. There is almost always some thought or feeling, worth expressing, apparent as the basis of each poem; and, if most of the pieces do not bear comparison with the poetry of poets who have gained a first-class position by steadily refusing to do less than the best of which they were capable, we are impressed with the sense that the inferiority has resulted from an infirmity of the will to execute, rather than of the intellect to conceive.

The poetical criticisms in this *Review* have usually been written with an assumption of the principle, that the form of *verse* renders all writing therein necessarily subject to be judged as *poetry*. We can not, therefore, admit Miss Procter's modest disclaimer of that name for what she has put forward. She will thus understand that a tone of qualified commendation, given from our point of view, implies far more than unqualified praise, from that which she professes to wish that her readers should assume. Let us, however, take this occasion of saying a few words about that class of books which are,

indeed, nothing more than "Books of Verses." Verse of an ordinary quality is no more to be despised, merely because there exists something higher, than is the great class of ordinary intellects, which such poetry is fitted to please and instruct. This kind of poetry, even though totally wanting in original worth, has sometimes a vast instrumental value, especially when it holds, in a diluted solution, as it were, a large amount of the poetical essence of works belonging to the higher order. Poets of the order of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats, exercise their ultimate influence upon the multitude almost exclusively through the medium of writers who are capable of fully appreciating and partly adopting their spirit, without being able to rival it with an original spirit of their own. Whatever excites the imagination of any class of readers, so as to create, even for a passing hour, a passionate apprehension of beauty or wisdom above the customary knowledge and life of such readers, does unspeakable good; and we believe that the works even of writers so very inferior as Mr. Martin Tupper and the late Mr. Robert Montgomery, exercise this wonderful power upon a class numerically much more considerable than that which is capable of receiving similar edification from poetry of the first quality in its undiluted condition. Readers, to whose cultivated perceptions such poems as the *Proverbial Philosophy* and *Satan* are naturally offensive, should remember that there is, distributed through most such works as these, a great quantity of matter with which they have been themselves delighted on meeting with it at the fountain-heads. Mixed with such matter, is a vast amount of, what to such readers must seem, the dullest commonplace. But to the public, which buys a hundred thousand copies of each of these works, all is brilliant with novelty and apparent originality; and it is not their want of originality, but their false airs and unfounded pretensions to originality,

* *Legends and Lyrics; a Book of Verses.* By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER. London. 1858.

The Wanderer. By OWEN MEREDITH. London. 1859.

which make these works, and the like, justly contemptible in the eyes of judicious readers. The most fastidious lovers of poetry can probably recall a time when it was not the best poetry by which they were the most charmed. It has been with reason questioned whether the man of the highest and purest judgment has ever, in his mature age, derived so much profit and pleasure from good books as, in his youth, he has obtained from comparatively bad ones. It is the advantage, in some respects, of common readers, that they have not the daintiness which refuses to drink except at the sources. Such readers think much less about the writer than the matters written; whereas the highly cultivated reader is apt to attend too constantly to the personality of the author to care sufficiently for truth and beauty apart from it. A principal cause of popularity in the poetry of mediocrity is also its main dependence upon incident. The direct revelation of a new personality, which is the highest luxury to the developed intellect, is without interest to the great, uncultured mass of men. It is a kind of novelty which they can not apprehend, and which, if they could, they would not value. The consequence of the peculiar demand thus made by the highest class of readers has been, that a number of poets of the first rank—though not the first in that rank—have neglected, and even avoided, what are called "good subjects," that is, striking incidents or arrangements of incidents. Such poets have thus been excluded unnecessarily—perhaps, in some cases, intentionally—from the sympathies of the million. Although what is best, what is alone *essential*, in a great poet, can never be received by the majority of readers, yet Shakspeare, Dante, Homer, and the like, if like there are, have shown that when "good subjects" are treated by great poets, such subjects are not necessarily made repulsive to the people by the accompaniment of higher and unappreciated elements. There is, however, a remarkable difference—over and above that habitual and peculiar integrity of verbal expression, which is the chief medium whereby the poet's individuality is conveyed—in the way events are handled by great poets and by merely popular poets. The former never profit intentionally by those elements of *curiosity* and *surprise*, which are so powerfully attractive to most

persons. The transitory and *unrenewable* character of such elements of effect are alone sufficient to cause their careful exclusion from works of real art, which require and assume a repeated consideration. Events, in great poetry, are wholly subordinated to the expression of some truer, but less tangible reality, which constitutes the veritable "subject" of such poetry. In merely popular poetry, the events themselves are the subjects; they mean no "more than meets the ear," or, if a "moral" is occasionally conveyed by them, it is almost always in violation of the truth of Providence, which permits the rain to fall and the sun to shine impartially upon the just and the unjust. Hence poetry of this class, on a repeated perusal, is found, even by the admirers of it, to be infected with the proverbial dullness of a "twice-told tale." Emily marries Richard, instead of John, contrary to what the early part of the history seemed to promise. The surprise of this discovery, and the curiosity which led up to it, can not be repeated; the popular poet has played his card, and exhausted his hand in one trick.

The expression of a peculiar personality, or, as it is called, "individuality," by the poet, constitutes his "style." Not only is it true that every poet, belonging to the first rank, has a style unlike any poet who has ever been before him, or will ever come after him, but this style is usually that which is most valuable in his poetry. A pseudo-poet may have an habitual affectation of manner, which will pass with many readers for style; but real style he can not have, for that would alone and at once constitute him one of the class of which there are seldom in one country more than two or three individuals alive at a time. Thus, however difficult it may be to define poetry, it is not hard to define a poet. He is one who can make verses which, if they do nothing else, at least express that all-important fact of the individuality and absolute diversity of human character which constitutes the foundation of the idea of society.

We may remark, by the way, that the comparative weakness of essential dissimilarity, among women, seems to be some explanation—if what we have just now said is true—of the fact that, although sometimes possessed of understandings as powerful, passions as impetuous, and sensibilities at least as fine, as those possessed

by men of the first order of genius, women have very rarely indeed succeeded in establishing an unquestionable position in the front rank of artistic power, or even in approaching so near to it as the authoresses of *Casa Guidi Windows* and *Legends and Lyrics*.

In addition to characteristics that raise Miss Procter's poems out of the category in which she chooses to place them, they have the quality—almost singular in poems of otherwise equal merit by ladies—of containing no thought, feeling, or phrase, but such as recommends her to her reader's respect and admiration as a woman. How well the feminine character is expressed by her, in combination with a power and simplicity of language rarely to be found, except in the pages of the standard writers of the artistic sex, may be seen in the piece called

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

"Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-
night for me.

"I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I
can pledge to thee?

"Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh! tell me before all
is lost.

"Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole:
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true
mercy tell me so.

"Is there within thy heart a need
That mine can not fulfill?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day my whole
life wither and decay.

"Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon-spirit, change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?—
It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my
heart against thy own.

"Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou, oh!
surely thou wilt warn me now.

"Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse;
So, comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall, remember, I
would risk it all!"

How true to passion, and felicitous in art, is the conclusion of this little poem! Most of Miss Procter's pieces, like this one, have the merit of depending so much upon their totality for their effect, that it is difficult to give fragmentary specimens. Her poems are not mere strings of pretty or striking passages, but are always developments of subjects, many of which are good, some very good, as, for example, those of *True Honors*, *The Sailor Boy*, *The Angel's Story*, and *The Three Rulers*, the last of which, being short and of modern significance, we will quote:

"I saw a Ruler take his stand,
And trample on a mighty land;
The People crouched before his beck,
His iron heel was on their neck,
His name shone bright through blood and pain,
His sword flashed back their praise again.

"I saw another Ruler rise;
His words were noble, good, and wise;
With the calm scepter of his pen
He ruled the minds and thoughts of men:
Some scoffed, some praised; while many heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

"Another Ruler then I saw—
Love and sweet Pity were his law:
The greatest and the least had part
(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart;
The People in a mighty band,
Rose up and drove him from the land!"

Although Miss Procter's poetry is thus mainly dependent on her subjects, her volume offers many passages which show that she is quite competent to that elaboration of detail which, unfortunately, with a large class of readers—and those often the most cultivated—passes for being "poetry" *par excellence*. But we have to add, that the possession of this faculty entails a responsibility which Miss Procter has not always chosen to recognize. The finish, particularly the *metrical* finish of

her verses, is usually below the point which she has proved herself capable of attaining. The reason why so many writers of poetry fall into this negligence is, that the nature and extent of the value of finish is not comprehended by them. If "action, action, action," are the three first essentials of oratory, "finish, finish, finish," may be said to be those of poetry. We will try to explain why. In the first place, we must premise that "finish" implies matter capable of taking finish, which mediocre thought and feeling are not. The process which renders the rough matrix a brilliant, rubs away a common stone into dust, before any polish can be produced. But, assuming the existence of the good rough material, which is by no means a rare thing to find in modern books of verse, then the exceedingly rare quality of finish is necessary to develop poetry. Aristotle says that the essence of poetic language is a slight but continual novelty. Now, meter *produces* this essential quality in the writings of those who finish thoroughly, but not otherwise. A writer may express his thoughts and feelings to perfection in prose without any effect of novelty of expression; but if he determines to express them with equal perfection in perfect meter, he will find that the strict extraneous bonds of verse constantly compel him to adopt that "slight novelty" in the use and order of words which the great ancient critic considered the essence of poetic phraseology. Now, Miss Procter by no means habitually adheres to this degree of finish. Her meter is sometimes very lax, as in this stanza :

"Sometimes, when hard need has pressed me
To bow down where I despise,
I have read stern words of counsel
In those sad reproachful eyes."

It will be observed that each of the last three lines commences with a foot in which the metrical accent can only be obtained by a falsification of the grammatical accent. Nor is Miss Procter's phraseology always up to the poetic mark.

These shortcomings, we repeat, would not have been noticed by us, did we not consider that Miss Procter has a right to be judged by a higher standard than her own. She has produced something more

than a "book of verses." Let us give a proof or two of a higher kind of power than is shown in the foregoing extracts. A sailor has been detained by the Moors in slavery for ten years; he is released, and finds himself at liberty to go home, across the seas, to his wife and child. How strikingly true to nature are these lines :

"I was freed : they broke the tidings
Gently to me : but indeed
Hour by hour sped on, I knew not
What the words meant—I was freed !
.

"Yet at last it rushed upon me,
And my heart beat full and fast ;
What were now my years of waiting ?
What was all the dreary past ?
Nothing—to the impatient throbbing
I must bear across the sea ;
*Nothing to the eternal hours
Still between my home and me.*"

As in these lines, the poetic imagination has enabled Miss Procter to express with great vividness a feeling she is not likely to have known, so the same faculty has, in the following lines, enabled her to anticipate, in her youth, the great lesson of moral experience :

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

"One by one, bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent you here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

"One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land. ;

"Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

In the way of true, forcible, and poetic similes, the following has not often been surpassed. A boy is speaking of his infantine recollections of his dead mother :

"The mere thought
Of her great love for me has brought
Tears in my eyes. Though far away,
It seems as it were yesterday.
And just as when I look on high
Through the blue silence of the sky,

Fresh stars shine out, and more and more
Where I could see so few before;
So, the more steadily I gaze,
Upon those far-off misty days,
Fresh words, fresh tones, fresh memories start
Before my eyes and in my heart."

We must close this hasty notice of *Legends and Lyrics* by assuring our readers that Miss Procter has taken the best advantage of the woman's privilege of being explicitly religious, pure, and high-minded, without incurring the suspicion of cant. "All my delight is upon the saints that are in the earth, and upon such as excel in virtue," is a confession which few men dare now to make, in the face of that prevalent and worst kind of cant which is the perversion and hypocritical assumption of a just antipathy to cant. The world, however, still allows ladies to be as good as they like. Miss Procter has not concealed her feelings upon the various subjects which have offered themselves to her consideration, and they do her more credit than she could have derived from any amount of merely intellectual and technical ability.

In these last qualities she has a rival—sometimes a superior—in "Owen Meredith," who, when he chooses, which is only now and then, writes with an ability, with a command of language and meter, which quite startled us, in his first work, *Clytemnestra, the Earl's Return, and other Poems*. *The Wanderer* scarcely fulfills the expectations which were justified by that first production. It is true that the best of the pieces in that volume, namely, the *Earl's Return*, was no more than an extraordinarily successful and sustained adoption of Mr. Browning's style, when his style is clearest and happiest; but this adoption was so complete as to be apparently the result of genius. To use an American formula, "it was very like Browning, only more so;" it was what Mr. Browning, in his descriptions of external objects and events, is always approaching to be, rather than being; and we accordingly expected "Owen Meredith's" second book with much curiosity; for we trusted that in this he would give us more of himself, and that we should have to welcome an original poet. He certainly has given us more of himself, or of what he believes to be himself, but the individuality he has expressed is neither very novel nor very agreeable. The cynicism and laughing despair of Byron, conveyed

in the language of Tennyson, is a fair description of the quality of many pieces, and those among the most remarkable, in the present volume. The following verses are a portion of one of a number of poems not inferior in power, nor very dissimilar in tone and the views of life implied:

"Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
Through the silent house but the wind at his prayers.

I sat by the dying fire, and thought
Of the dear dead woman up-stairs.

"Nobody with me my watch to keep,
But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
In the chamber up above.

"Nobody else, in the country place
All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,
Who confessed her when she died.

"On her cold, dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear,
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.'

"And I said: 'The thing is precious to me:
They will bury her soon in the churchyard
clay:

It lies on her heart, and lost must be,
If I do not take it away.'

"As I stretched my hand, I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

"I thought, at first, as my touch fell there,
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

"'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other
side;
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
'Who is robbing the corpse?' I cried.

"Opposite me, by the taper's light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse, and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"'What, do you here, my friend?' . . . The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
'There is a portrait here,' he began;
'There is. It is mine,' I said.

"Said the friend of my bosom: 'Yours, no doubt,
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know.'

" 'This woman, she loved me well,' said I.
 'A month ago,' said my friend to me:
 'And in your throat,' I groaned, 'you lie!
 He answered: 'Let us see.'

"We found the portrait there, in its place:
 We opened it by the taper's shine;
 The gems were all unchanged; the face
 Was—neither his nor mine.

" 'One nail drives out another, at least!
 The face of the portrait there,' I cried,
 'Is our friend's, the Raphael-faced young priest,
 Who confessed her when she died.' "

This is extremely well done, and it was worth doing, as a representation of a possible moral horror; but its character changes when we find it forming part and parcel of a large collection of poems which—some in a grave way, and others in a gay—assume a state of society in which the lady and her three friends might have moved without any sense of moral inferiority.

In these poems, which are nearly all about love, marriage is scarcely recognized as a social institution at all. Illicit relationships, in rapid succession, are regarded as the simplest matters of course; and the idea of "purity"—a word which very frequently occurs—seems to attach merely to the relative priority and freshness of those relations. Now, as it appears by the Dedication to J. F., that these poems constitute a sort of moral biography, and as it appears from another part of the volume that the writer is still not much more than twenty-four years of age, we must say that "Owen Meredith" puts Lord Byron quite into the shade in his profession of Cynic and Free-liver. On this point we have only to add, that the tone in question is happily too extravagant to be much more than an affectation. There was little of it in the writer's last book, published only two or three years ago, and we do heartily hope and trust that there will be none of it in his next.

As in the *Earl's Return*, "Owen Meredith" outdid Mr. Browning in his own style, so, in several poems in the present volume, he has done as much as was possible towards excelling Mr. Tennyson in his. Had the Poet of *Love and Duty*, or *In Memoriam*, never lived, we should not have thought twice before pronouncing the author of the following lines, called *Once*, a man of most unquestionable genius:

"A falling star that shot across
 The intricate and twinkling dark
 Vanished, yet left no sense of loss
 Throughout the wide ethereal arc

"Of those serene and solemn skies,
 That round the dusky prospect rose,
 And ever seemed to rise, and rise,
 Through regions of unreach'd repose.

"But half-revealed, each terrace urn
 Glimmered, where now, *in filmy flight*,
We watched return, and still return,
The blind bat searching air for light.

"Deep down, far off the city lay,
 When forth from all its spires was swept
 A music o'er our souls; and they
 To music's midmost meanings leapt;

"And, crushing some delirious cry
 Against each other's lips, we clung
 Together silent, while the sky
 Throbbing with sounds around us hung.

"O happy hush of heart to heart!
 O moment molten through with bliss!
 O Love! delaying long to part
 That first, last, individual kiss,

"Wherein two lives on glowing lips
 Hung clasped, each feeling fold on fold,
 Like daisies closed with crimson lips,
 That sleep about a heart of gold.

"Was it some drowsy rose that moved?
 Some dreaming dove's pathetic moan?
 Or, was it my name from lips beloved?
 And was it thy sweet breath, mine own,

"That made me feel the tides of sense
 O'er life's low levels raise with might,
 And pour my being down the immense
 Shore of some mystic Infinite?

"Long was the search, the effort long
 Ere I compelled thee from thy sphere,
 I know not with what mystic song,
 I know not with what nightly tear.

"*But thou art here, beneath whose eyes*
My passion falters, even as some
Pale wizard's taper sinks and dies,
When to his spell a spirit is come.

"As some idea, half-divined,
 With tumult works within the brain
 Of desolate genius, and the mind
 Is vassal to imperious pain,

"For toil by day, for tears by night,
 Till, in the sphere of vision brought,
 Rises the beautiful and bright
 Predestined, but relentless thought:

"So, gathering up the dreams of years,
Thy love doth to its destined seat
Rise sovran, through the light of tears—
Achieved, accomplished, and complete!"

The two quotations which we have now given show two very different kinds of power, each in a remarkable degree; the power of the story of the portrait being that of rapid, effective narrative; the force of the other consisting in the almost opposite quality of close, psychological observation. In this way, nothing could be more admirable than the last passage in italics. The language is masterly in both cases, and it is clearly owing to the writer's hasty execution rather than his want of ability, that it is not more nearly perfect than it is.

In drawing attention to the strongly imitative character of most of the verse as yet written by "Owen Meredith," we beg to be understood as by no means implying a denial of original power which future labors may develop into a spring of new poetry. Indeed, we will not undertake to say that the present volume does not contain indications of such power. There is nothing more hard to determine upon than the presence or absence of originality in a book, after having just read it. The original element in a book generally strikes the reader, at first, merely as something odd and disagreeable, and a long time may elapse before even a fine taste is able to conclude as to the real nature of that impression, that is, as to whether the unpleasantness and eccentricity are *untruth* or *new truth*. We will frankly own that there is a quality in this volume which we do not feel able to pass an off-hand judgment upon, lest what we might now condemn as queer and repulsive, should turn, by and by, and condemn us for having committed the common mistake of critics, and called a "*rara avis in terris*" an "ugly duck."

We should not be treating "Owen Meredith" fairly, if we left our readers under the impression that there was any thing very deep or hopeless about his prevailing cynicism. We should not be at all surprised at having to welcome, a year or two hence, a volume which should show that this young poet' ad got heartily sick of "going to the bad," and had taken sincerely to the common decencies and sanctities of life. Indeed, some of the

pieces at the end of the volume—the *Epilogue*, especially—show a decided promise of a consummation so devoutly to be wished. One or two are unquestionably "serious;" but the religious effusions of new or merely æsthetic converts are never good for much. The *Epilogue* itself is intrinsically the best, as well as morally the most promising piece in the volume, but it is much too long to quote. The reader, however, may judge of its general merit when we tell him, that the following sentences are all culled from a space of a few pages:

"Father of all which is, or yet may be,
Ere to the pillow which my childhood prest,
This night restores my troubled brows, by Thee
May this, the last prayer I have learned, be
blest!

*Grant me to live that I may need from life
No more than life hath given me, and to die
That I may give to death no more than I
Have long abandoned.*

"Such songs have been my solace many a while
. . . from the great man's scorn,
The mean man's envy; friends' unfriendliness,
Love's want of human kindness, and the stress
Of nights that hoped for nothing from the
morn. . . .

"Now, we part,
My songs and I. We part, and what remains?
Perchance an echo, and perchance no more
. . . . As the wide shore
Retains within its hundred hollow shells
The voices of the spirits of the foam,

Within these cells of song, how frail soe'er,
The vast and wandering tides of human life
Have murmured once."

This last passage explains very well why so many writers of verses, who are otherwise modest, sensible people, are ridiculously mistaken in their estimate of the value which the world—which only hears the obscure "echo," without remembering, as the writer does, the heavy and actual beating of the "tides"—will attach to those verses.

Again:

"The passions are as winds on the wide sea
Of human life; which do impel the sails
Of man's great enterprise, whate'er it be.
The reckless helmsman, caught upon these
gales,
Under the roaring gulfs goes down aghast.
The prudent pilot to the steady breeze
Sparely gives head; and, over perilous seas,
Drops anchor 'mid the Fortunate Isles, at last."

And again :

"Men's truths are often lies, and women's lies
Often the setting of a truth most tender
In an unconscious poesy."

Opening the pages at random for one
or two concluding specimens of "Owen
Meredith's" quality, we find the following :

"Oh ! for the times which were (if any
Time be heroic) heroic indeed !
When the men were few ;
And the deeds to do
Were mighty and many,
And each man in his hand held a noble deed.

Now the deeds are few,
And the men are many,
And each man has, at most, but a noble
need."

Here is a picture of the North Sea :

"By the gray sand-hills, o'er the cold sea-shore;
where dimly peering,
Pass the pale-sailed ships, scornfully, silently;
wheeling, and veering
Swift out of sight again; while the wind
searches what it finds never,
O'er the sand-reaches, bays, billows, blown
beaches—homeless forever !
And, in a vision of the bare heaven, seen and
soon lost again,
Hovers the sea-gull, poised in the wind above,
o'er the bleak surges,
In the green briny gleam, briefly revealed and
gone."

In *The Wanderer*, "Owen Meredith" has
rather baffled than contradicted the hope
we conceived of him from his first work.
We hope to be able to welcome, in his
next volume, the achievement of an
original Poet.

From the National Review.

PEASANT LIFE IN RUSSIA.*

IN the beginning of the year 1854, when
the Russian war was a subject of universal
interest, and any publication on Russia
was eagerly received, a book appeared
in Paris with this title: *Mémoires d'un
Seigneur Russe* (*Memoirs of a Russian
Nobleman; or, a Picture of the present
Situation of the Nobles and Peasants in
Russia, with an Introduction.*) It was
published by Hachette, in the *Bibliothèque
des Chemins de Fer*. M. Marmier, whose
European reputation had given currency
to the name of Gogol by his translation of
some fragments of that writer in the
Revue des Deux Mondes, admired the

work, and many were astonished at the
refined and delicate delineations of char-
acter and scenery, so striking even through
the medium of translation. Speculations
naturally arose as to the author of a work
which lifted for the first time the thick
vail that concealed the east of Europe
from the west. People talked, and made
inquiries, the result of which was that it
had been first published in a volume at
Moscow, in 1852; but some portions of it
had previously appeared in separate frag-
ments in a literary magazine or review
published at Moscow, and called *The
Muscovite, or the News of Moscow*. Each
fragment consisted of one of the adven-
turous wanderings of a sportsman. Sur-
prise was naturally created that so much
truth as to the existing abuses and insti-
tutions of a country known to be subjected
to severe censorship, should be allowed to
circulate; but it was discovered that the
subdued manner and peculiarly unde-
clamatory style of the writer had so com-
pletely succeeded in veiling his intention,

* *Récits d'un Chasseur*. Par IVAN TOURGUEN-
EFF. Traduits du Russe par H. DELAVEAU. Chez
Dentre, Libraire-Editeur au Palais Royal. Paris.
1858.

Scènes de la Vie Russe. Par IVAN TOURGUEN-
EFF. Traduites par M. X. MARMIER. Librairie de
Hachette et Cie. Paris. 1858.

Scènes de la Vie Russe. Par IVAN TOURGUEN-
EFF. Traduites du Russe par LOUIS VIARDOT. Deuxième
Série. Librairie de Hachette et Cie. Paris. 1858.

that the censor had never found out the general ideas that underlay the whole. When the fragments were collected, however, and the government became aware of the real purpose of the work, the author was first sent to prison for two months, and then exiled to his own estate for two years; the censor was sentenced to two years' imprisonment to sharpen his perceptions for the future. It has been stated in the preface to the second translation that the first Russian edition has been long exhausted, and no second had been allowed to appear up to last year.

The French translation, which had first made the book known, satisfied neither the author nor his Russian readers; a second appeared in 1858, by M. Delaveau, with the author's approbation, under the original title, *Narratives of a Sportsman*, by Ivan Tourgueneff. The present translation has not only the author's approbation, but contains several passages that had been prudently withheld in the original, and which must add to its value, as their suppression is a presumption in favor of the exactness of their representations.

The narrative is that of a noble Russian landed proprietor, who professes a passion for shooting and deer-stalking: we find no mention of what is termed hunting in England. This propensity leads him to wander far and wide in search of game, chiefly in the governments of Orel and Kalonga, (about the middle of European Russia, to the south of Moscow.) Returning to his own domicile in Orel to sleep is of course quite out of the question; he is sometimes sixty or eighty miles distant; he therefore trusts to chance for his night's lodging, being sometimes hospitably entertained by a landed proprietor, sometimes by a serf who has acquired a house by his energy and good management, and pays a high *abrok* (duty-money) to his owner instead of working on his estate. Another time he is surprised by a storm, and takes shelter in the hut of a forester, a serf who guards his master's woods; again, he goes to an independent miller, who has bought a serf-wife because she can read and write. One of the most attractive and poetical scenes in the whole series, is the description of a night spent in a broad grassy valley in the government of Toula, where the sportsman, after losing his way, reaches a prairie, and finds, just as the sun has set,

several boys established for the night to guard a herd of horses. The heat in summer is so oppressive that it is the custom in those provinces to drive the horses to graze all night, which saves them from the torment of the gad-flies and the scorching sun. This custom affords a great treat to the village boys, who spend the night in relating to each other the ghost-stories current in their village, while their supper is cooking over a fire. The sportsman, pretending to sleep, listens, and observes their faces; the warm summer night, freshened by the light breeze, the starry firmament, the quiet animals grazing so close to him that he can hear them breathe, the singularity and interesting character of some of the children as it comes out in their conversation, the varying tints of the landscape from the setting sun to early dawn, are painted like a Claude. On another occasion he is detained at a post-house, and meets with a landed proprietor who has been ruined, partly in consequence of his love for a neighbor's serf, which brings him into collision with the law. Again, he gives an account of two neighboring proprietors and the management of their serfs.

Each expedition brings out some incident of Russian life or dialogue; each brings before the reader, institutions, characters, and a state of manners entirely unknown to him; illustrative of a whole country in which an ordinary visitor might travel from the White to the Black Sea, and discover nothing but drawing-rooms, well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and very dirty inns. We should give but a slight idea of the service rendered by this book to the Englishman, were we to say that it gives him a much deeper insight into the state of Russia than he could ever attain by traveling in that country. Nor should we even do it justice if we said that it conveys the same sort of knowledge of Russia which popular English fiction — Miss Austen's novels, for example — conveys of England. It does a great deal more for us than this. The knowledge it conveys could never be attained at first hand except by a thorough mastery of Russian, one of the most difficult of the European languages, and by making use of that knowledge in the huts of the serfs as well as in the drawing-rooms of the upper classes. Popular English fiction like Miss Austen's, introduces us only to that phase of English life

which cultivated foreigners can most easily apprehend; this book takes us into the very heart of many phases of society, we never could have studied for ourselves.

That the work is a sign of the times in a political point of view is certain; but it must not be supposed that all Russia has been transformed within the last few years, since Nicholas died and Alexander was crowned. Numerous have been the throes and subterranean groanings that have for years betrayed, what must burst forth whenever any vent should be found. For the last thirty years Russian writers have been inspired by hatred of existing abuses, and a yearning for improvement. Pushkin, for example, who was born at the end of the last century, was one of the first writers who really knew how to develop all the richness and capabilities of the language. He wrote satires against Nicholas, and was persecuted by him in the early years of that reign. Again, there are Gogol's incomparable dramas, the writings of Lermontof, Felt, and Tourchef, Greboyadoff, Soltikoff, Wikrussoff, Akrusof, and many others. In fact, it would be difficult to name a writer of talent within the above-named period who has not been excited and inspired by the same causes as Ivan Tourgueneff, though none have presented so complete and graphic picture to Europe. Some were banished, or had their career arrested in various ways. Poverty laid them open to temptation, and no means were neglected to draw them into dissipation, especially drinking. In many cases they fell.

Still a shade of progress since the last century may be discerned even in the proceedings of government. Civilization, by which we mean a fuller development of human faculties, was creeping on underground; but, like a plant whose root may be full of life and vigor, it spreads long concealed beneath the surface, till all at once a sunbeam gives it an impulse, and it starts forth into open daylight. Let us hope that Alexander II. may be that sunbeam.

It is difficult for us to appreciate sufficiently the courage required to exhibit the miseries of the serf in all their varied shades at the time when this work appeared—the *régime* of Nicholas in all its vigor, backed by his old Russian party, and Siberia in the distance. The impression left on the mind is one of deep dis-

gust. No fantastic or even flattering picture is drawn of the serfs. The effect is not produced by ascribing to them fictitious virtues or imaginary graces. Ivan Tourgueneff has simply drawn from the life characters and incidents as they presented themselves to the eye of a close observer. His talent is essentially dramatic; his personages are known by their actions and their conversation. Often a sigh, a look, a gesture, betrays much; and even their silence is not without a meaning. He never analyzes his characters; they are completely unconscious. His subject has probably suggested to him the most poetical manner of delineating human beings, who lose much of their grace and simplicity by self-contemplation.

As it is our principal purpose in the present paper to make our readers in some degree acquainted with this very remarkable book, offering only such general comments of our own as a somewhat closer acquaintance with the subject than most Englishmen possess, may seem to render desirable, we shall make no apology for extracting freely from its most characteristic scenes.

We give first a very abridged account of the first chapter, more as a specimen of serf-life than of the author's manner, which is much more minute in its details. Every chapter contains some incident peculiar to the condition of the serfs, but which always appears to come in by chance. The author's delight in the varied aspects of nature; his ardent pursuit of blackcocks, partridges, woodcocks, and wild-ducks—are the ostensible motives for his wanderings and his relation of them; and in truth, his landscape-painting is so beautiful and exact, he brings before one the country he describes so completely, that the reader is at no loss to understand how the unlucky censor's attention was diverted from the dangerous spirit of the stories, as in looking at a beautiful insect we are apt to forget the sting. But no detached specimens can do justice to Ivan Tourgueneff's work, because each scene is but one aspect of a varied and complete whole, a fragment of one large picture; one sketch helps us to understand the next. The work has also another value. It is probable that the greatest event of this century, the liberation of 21,000,000 of human beings, will entirely change, or at any rate greatly modify, the character of the nation. This

book, then, will remain as a photograph of what once existed, and a photograph that can not fade; moreover, the picture bears probably some resemblance to the state of our own ancestors nine hundred years ago, whose circumstances were somewhat similar. We fancy that we can detect a few traits of some of the characters of our fine old ballads, where modern plastering has not entirely obliterated the original strength and rudeness of the uncivilized outline.

The first scene, called "the Burgomaster," is an account of a visit to a gentleman, Arcadi Paolitch Pinotchin, who boasts much of the management of his burgomaster; the title given to a sort of mayor of the village, chosen from among the serfs by the master to manage the land and the serfs. He proposes an expedition to the village, that the sportsman may see how cleverly it is managed. He takes his cook in his carriage, and clothes and cushions enough for six months. He interlards his discourse with French; and as they converse on the road he says: "My peasants are on the *abrok*, (duty-money.) What can one do? However, they pay me very regularly. I should have put them to the *corvée*, but there's not land enough to work upon. I only wonder how they make both ends meet; *mais c'est leur affaire*. I have a burgomaster—such a famous fellow! *une forte tête*, a real administrator. You may judge for yourself." They meet the starosta, the under-manager, next in dignity to the burgomaster; a gigantic fellow, who follows them respectfully. Every creature is in a state of terror as they pass along. The house of the dignitary is in a large field; his wife with low courtesies kisses the master's hand, and is presently seen through the door beating a servant in silence, who receives the thumps in the same profound silence. The burgomaster comes home, smelling much of brandy. On seeing the two visitors, he exclaims, in a loud drawling voice:

"Ah! you who are our fathers, our benefactors—you have deigned to visit us." Here he puts on an expression of tearful sensibility. "What, you have deigned to visit us! Your little hand, my father—your beloved hand," he added, stretching forth his lips with ardor. Arcadi Paolitch hastened to gratify this affectionate effusion. "Well, father Safrone, how are things getting on?" said he in a coaxing voice. "Ah! father, how could they go wrong?

Are you not our father, our benefactor? You have deigned to honor our poor village with your presence; you have loaded us with favors for all our lives. God be praised, Arcadi Paolitch, all goes well, thanks to your goodness." Safrone was then silent for a moment, and stood still staring at his master. Then a new transport seized him, a little heightened probably by his previous potations; he kissed his hands again, and went on, in the same whining voice: "Ah! merciful father that you are, I believe joy will make me crazy. Yes, I take God to witness, I can't believe my eyes. Ah! father!"

"Arcadi just glanced at me, smiled, and said in French, '*N'est-ce pas que c'est touchant?*' But, father Arcadi Paolitch, why did you not deign to let me know . . . your arrival? it is enough to put me beside myself; where can you sleep? every thing here is dirty and untidy." "It is nothing, it does not signify," said Arcadi smiling, "every thing is very well." "Oh! yes, for us peasants; but for you—our benefactors!" Supper was then brought, and we sat down. Safrone sent away his son, telling him he was not fit to remain in such a presence.

"Well, have you done the surveying, my old man?" and Arcadi tried to imitate the speech of the peasant, looking the while at me with a self-satisfied air. "It is done, father, thanks to your beneficence, the paper is signed. The people of Klinova were not satisfied; they wanted, Heaven knows what; they are a parcel of fools. My father, they owe best thanks to you; we have *thanked*" (this is the term for having made a present) "Nikolai," the surveyor. Ah! you are our fathers, our benefactors!" cried Safrone; "we pray for you night and day. No doubt the village is short of land." "Very well, very well," said Paolitch, cutting him short, "I know you are a faithful servant."

Then follows an account of a corpse found on the estate, which Safrone, seeing that his master is displeased at the last observation, artfully relates. The corpse was immediately dragged on to the neighboring estate, and a bribe given to the police-officer in order to avoid the fine, customary on such occasions. Paolitch is so pleased with this clever trick, that he repeats several times in French, "*Quel gaillard!*" They sleep at the burgomaster's, and Paolitch proposes showing the estate to the sportsman, who is rather curious to see something of this much-vaunted management; the burgomaster was less talkative than over-night, and showed much intelligence in his explanations of what they saw. They visited the hemp-fields, drying-grounds, poultry-yard, the orchards, the draw-well; every thing was in perfect order. The visitor was struck, however, with the sad and subdued look of the peasants. Arcadi Paolitch was

quite delighted; he began descanting in French on the advantage of the *abrok* system, though he said he did not deny that the *corvée* was often more profitable to the land. They then rode to the woods, which were extremely thick; the old-fashioned system was followed of keeping the trees very close, and *à propos* of this Arcadi relates as an amusing anecdote, a story of a jocose proprietor who tore off half the beard of his woodman, to make him comprehend that felling trees does not make woods grow thicker.

"He then proposed going to a barn to show us a new instrument, which he certainly would not have done had he foreseen what we should meet there. A few steps from the door, near a quagmire, were two peasants, one an old man of sixty, the other a lad of about twenty; they wore coarse shirts of the village manufacture, a cord round their waists, and were barefooted. The Zemskoi (the man who keeps the accounts, and belongs to the establishment of the burgomaster) was apparently busy with them, and would probably soon have got rid of them had we remained inside a little longer. When he saw us he stood stock still, in the position of a soldier; the starosta did the same, with his fists closed. Arcadi Paolitch frowned, bit his lips, and approached the peasants, who threw themselves at his feet.

"What do you want?" said he in a stern voice.

"They both looked at each other, but did not speak; their eyes winked as if the sun had shone into them, and they breathed quicker. 'Well, what is it?' in the same tone; and turning to the burgomaster, he said: 'Who are those?' 'Of the Tobolieff family.' 'Come, what do you want? Have you no tongue?' looking at the old man. 'Come, you fool, don't be frightened.' The old man stretched out his long, sun-burnt, wrinkled neck; his pale lips moved convulsively, and he answered in a hoarse voice: 'Protect us. O lord!' He struck the ground with his forehead, and the youth did the same. Arcadi Paolitch looked down on them, threw back his head, put one foot forward, assuming a dignified look. 'What's this! who do you complain of?' 'Take pity on us, lord, allow us to breathe—we are destroyed.' The old man seemed to want words to express his meaning. 'Who destroys you?' 'Safrone Jokonitch, O father!' There was a moment's silence; then Arcadi said: 'What is your name?' 'Antipe, my good father.' 'And who is the other?' 'My son.' A second silence; but Arcadi's mouth twitched. He twirled his moustach and said: 'How did he destroy you?' 'O father! he has ruined us past redemption: he has made two of my sons soldiers out of their turn.' From military conscription no family is exempt, but each must take its turn to furnish a recruit. 'And now he is going to take my third son.

Yesterday, O father! he took from our yard our last two cows, and my poor wife was cruelly beaten. That is what his grace deigned to do; and he pointed to the starosta, the gigantic son of Safrone and his under-manager.

"Hey!" said Arcadi Paolitch. 'Let him not complete our ruin; thou art our real father.' Paolitch's face became sterner than ever. 'What does all this mean?' said he in a lower voice, expressing subdued anger, turning to the burgomaster. 'He is a drunken sot,' respectfully answered Safrone, 'an idle fellow; he has been behindhand in his *abrok* these five years.' 'Safrone Jokonitch paid what was wanting to complete my duty-money five years ago,' said the old man, 'and ever since he has made me work for him; and besides that——' 'And why did not you pay your duty-money?' said Paolitch harshly. The old man's head fell on his breast. 'You are fond of drinking, you go to the alehouse——' Here the old man was going to speak; but Paolitch went on with increased violence: 'All your business is to drink and lie on the stove; the industrious peasants must pay for you, and you let them.' 'And moreover he is insolent,' chimed in the burgomaster, continuing his master's speech, who took it up again. 'Of course, it is always so; they are drunk all the year round, and then come crawling at one's fees.' 'O my good father! Arcadi Paolitch,' cried the old man in a tone of despair, 'have pity on us—take our part! We insolent! we are at our last gasp; it is as true as if I were speaking to Almighty God. Safrone Jokonitch hates me, and why? May God be our judge, he has worn us out. That is my last son; and he too, he is going.'

Tears started in the yellow and half-closed eyes of the old man. 'Take pity on us, all-powerful master—protect us.' 'And it is not only us that he treads upon,' said the lad; but Arcadi Paolitch stopped him, and speaking louder said: 'Who speaks to you? Silence, I say! silence! Ah! my God, why, it is an absolute rebellion! No, no, brother, I'm not the person to be——' . . . He stepped forward and stamped; but, no doubt recollecting my presence, he retreated a step and put his hands in his pockets. '*Je vous demande pardon, mon cher,*' he said with a forced smile, turning to me, and added in a low tone, '*C'est le revers de la médaille.* Come. Very well,' without looking at the peasants, 'I shall see about it; I shall give orders. Go away.' But the peasants did not rise. 'I have spoken! Hey day—go, go, do you hear? I will give orders. . . . This is how it is,' muttered he, turning his back upon them, 'always something disagreeable;' and he stalked off to the house, Safrone following him. The two supplicants remained a few minutes on the same spot; then, looking at each other, they slowly walked towards the village.

"Two hours after this occurrence I was at Rebowa, where I went in search of game, taking a peasant whom I knew, called Anpadista, with me. I talked about the peasants of Chipiloka, and of their master Paolitch, and inquired if

he knew the burgomaster. 'What, Safrone Jokonitch? Indeed I do.' 'What sort of man is he?' 'He is not a man, he is a wild-beast, and such a one as you will hardly find between this and Konvsk. Now that estate of Konvsk only nominally belongs to—what do you call him? Paolitchkine.' (This termination to the name shows dislike.) 'It is Safrone's; he is the master.' 'Is it possible?' 'He treats it as his own property, for all the serfs are his debtors; he makes them work themselves to the bone: he sends some of them as carriers; some one way, some another; he has entirely exhausted them. They have not much land, they say. All false. Safrone hires more than eighty dessätins from the peasants of Klinova, and a hundred and twenty from ours, and more which I don't count; but he not only makes the most of the soil—he sells horses, cattle, pitch, oil, hemp, and many other things. And the brute is rich. But the worst of all is, that he strikes; he's a ferocious beast, and not a man.' 'But why don't the peasants complain to their master?' 'Why, because he has all he cares for—nothing is owing to him. Ha, yes,' after reflecting a moment, 'I advise them to complain; he'd . . . yes, they'd better try—ha, you'd see what he'd do.' I thought of Antipe, and told him what I had seen. 'Well,' continued Anpadiste, 'he will destroy them without mercy,—the starosta will beat them till they die. Ah! what an imprudent fellow he was!—can any thing be so foolish? The poor wretch!' 'And why is he so persecuted?' 'I'll tell you. He once disputed a point with the burgomaster before an assembly of peasants; and he has owed him a grudge ever since, and has been always gnawing at him. Now he'll finish him; he knows who to fall upon. He daren't touch rich old men with large families; he is civil to them, the bald devil that he is. But on the others he falls without mercy. He has taken away two sons of Antipe from the village. He's a beast: may God forgive me! And we went on our way.'

We must make a few more extracts from Ivan Tourgueneff's narratives, to give our readers some slight glimpse into the life of the different classes in Russia. The tale called "Kor and Kalinitch" is a picture of two serfs so named, whose master, M. Polontskine, lives in the government of Kalonga, and is a friend of the author's. It begins with a very circumstantial description of the villages in the governments of Orel and Kalonga. Kor's dwelling is in the heart of a wood, situated in an open space, which he has cleared of underwood, and has brought into a cultivated state. It consists of several buildings, connected by palings. The principal *isba* (the name of a Russian farmhouse or cottage) has a porch, supported by

little wooden pillars. A lad of about twenty received the visitors. They entered the chief room; a small lamp burned in a corner before a massive image plated with silver; the table, made of lime-wood, was beautifully clean and smooth, as were also the wainscots, the interstices of which were free from their very common inhabitants, the nimble *prossaks* and slow-crawling beetles. The lad, who was Kor's youngest son, went away, and soon returned with a white basin full of *krass*, an enormous piece of wheaten bread, and a dozen salted cucumbers swimming in a wooden bowl, which he placed on the table. He then leaned his back against the wall, and stood looking at them eat this meal with a hospitable smile. Kor was absent, but six tall sons successively came in. Their horses, their *telega*, themselves, all were at the disposal of the master and his visitor. On the way home the latter inquires why Kor does not live in the village.

"'Because he is an intelligent man. Twenty-five years ago his *isba* in the village was burned down. He came to my father and said: "Nikolai Kouzwitch, allow me to establish myself far down in the wood, in the bog, and I will pay you a good *abrok*." "Why so?" inquired my father. "It is my fancy," answered he; "only, Nicolai Kouzwitch, require no other work from me, and I am willing to pay you any *abrok* you please." "Fifty roubles a year." "Very well." "But mind, no delays." "You may be certain that there will never be any." He then established himself in the bog, and he has been called "Kor" ever since.' 'And has he grown rich?' 'Why, yes; he now pays a hundred roubles of *abrok* a year, and could pay more if I required it. I have said more than once to him, "Buy your freedom;" but the sly fellow wants to persuade me that he can't afford it.'

"The next day, as we were going through a village, we stopped before a small *isba*, and M. Polontskine called, 'Kalinitch,' in a loud voice. 'Here I am, little father; I'm tying my *lapti*,' (a sort of moccasin made of birch-bark, and worn only by the poorest peasants.) We went on, and were soon overtaken by a man of about forty, very tall and thin; this was Kalinitch. I liked his good-natured sun-burnt face directly I saw it. He always accompanied his master in his shooting excursions, and carried his gun and pouch, started the game, brought water, and gathered wild strawberries for him; he was always at his master's heels, always merry and humming a tune; he was very civil to me, but not servile; to his master his attention were like those of a mother to her child. When the heat was intolerable, he would find out some thicket in the wood where the sun-

beams never penetrated; or if we had taken shelter in some hovel, he would fetch new hay for us to lie upon, and hang around aromatic plants; then he would muffle up his face and hands, and climb into some all but inaccessible tree and bring down new honey.

"The next day we returned to Kor's house; and this time he was at home, standing at his door. He was a little old man, bald, broad-shouldered, and robust: his face reminded me of the busts of Socrates, and he spoke and moved deliberately. We talked of the harvest, of sowing, and of every thing that interests farmers. He always agreed to what I said; but presently I began to suspect that my questions were indiscreet, for he did not answer in a plain, straightforward manner. No doubt this was from prudential motives. For instance: 'Well, Kor,' said I, 'why don't you buy your freedom?' 'Why should I? I know my master well, and I know the *abrok* I have to pay; he is a good master.' 'Liberty is better,' said I. 'Yes,' he answered. 'Why don't you buy it, then?' Kor shook his head. 'Pray, father, what am I to buy it with?' 'Come, come, that's nonsense.' 'Well, suppose Kor has his freedom,' he continued, as if talking to himself; 'all those who wear no beard will be above him.' 'Well,' I answered, 'shave your beard; that's easy enough.' 'Kor will be a trader all at once; won't he?' 'Well,' said I, 'you trade now.' 'Yes,' he replied; 'I sell a little oil, a little tar but pray, my father, would you like the horse to be put to the *telega*?' 'Come,' thought I, 'you can keep a silent tongue in your head;' but I answered: 'No; I am going in search of game early to-morrow, and will sleep in your barn.'

"Kor was much less reserved the next day. We all breakfasted round the *Samovar*; his six tall sons and their wives came in and out; they all lived with him; they preferred it, he said. Kalinitch came to see his friend Kor, and brought him some wild strawberries on their stalks like a nosegay. I was struck with this little attention in a peasant. I staid with them four days, and they both became quite friendly with me; their characters were so totally different that I had a pleasure in studying them. Kor was a practical man; Kalinitch full of imagination: he venerated his master; the former understood and judged him. Kor's information was extensive for his position, yet he could not read. Kalinitch could. 'He got it somewhere,' said Kor; 'but the fellow is lucky.' In conversing with him, I for the first time learned how to value the sensible and simple language of the Russian peasant: but, with all his sense, he was strongly imbued with the popular prejudices and superstitions of his country; he had a sovereign contempt for women, and did not spare them when he was in a merry mood. His wife was old and cross; she was always lying on the stove, and did nothing but grumble and scold and abuse every one. Her sons paid her not the least attention; but she kept her daughters-in-law in a state of fear

and trembling; and I recognized in her the spirit of the old Russian song:

'What sort of a son are you to me?
What sort of a family chief will you be?
You don't beat your wife, you don't whip your
child.'

I once tried to induce Kor to interfere in behalf of the poor creatures; but he quietly said: 'What can possess you to think of such trifles? Let the women quarrel, they are not worth meddling with.'

"Sometimes the malignant old woman would descend from the stove, call the dog from the yard, and when the poor thing came, she would assail his thin ribs with an iron poker; then she would go to the door and abuse the passers-by: this Kor called *barking*. It was curious to hear Kor and Kalinitch discuss M. Polonstchine: 'You shall not speak disparagingly of him,' Kalinitch would say. 'Why doesn't he buy boots for you?' returned Kor. 'Pooh—boots! I don't want boots; I'm a peasant.' 'I too am a peasant;' and Kor would thrust out his great thick boot. 'You! yes; but you are not one of us.' 'Well,' rejoined Kor, 'he might at least give you enough to buy *lapti*.' 'He pays for them.' 'Yes; last year he deigned to give you six kopeks!' Kalinitch turned away with vexation, and Kor would shake with laughter."

We see from this sketch what a serf may do under the favorable circumstance of a good master; it gives, too, a specimen of the devoted serf—not the only one in the series. In another tale, a serf who has been beaten will not let his master be blamed, but vows he has deserved it.

The women seem to be turned into actual witches and furies by ill-treatment; and harshness to quadrupeds, its natural consequence, seems to be a universal feature.

The twenty-first chapter contains the account of an *odnodvoretz*, which is the name given to men of old families who have fallen into poverty; probably a rather numerous class in a country where property is equally divided amongst the sons.

Louka Petrovitch Ovrianikof is about seventy: he is tall and looks intelligent, his deportment is dignified, his speech and walk are slow, he wears a large blue greatcoat buttoned up to the throat, Wellington boots with a tassel; he is always very neat in his dress, which you may observe is nearly the same as that of a merchant; his hands are white, soft, and well shaped; he has a dignified and peaceful air, but a certain amount of indolence and obstinacy mingles with his integrity

and good sense. Ovrianiokof may be thought to represent the ancient boyards of the time immediately preceding Peter the Great.

All his neighbors esteem the old man highly, and feel honored by his acquaintance; in his own class he is almost worshiped. It is rather difficult in general to distinguish an *odnodvoretz* from a peasant, for his household is often less comfortable than that of a serf; his calves are ill fed, his horses can only just crawl, and are harnessed with ropes. Louka Petrovitch's establishment, however, was an exception: his house was neat and comfortable, his few servants were dressed in the old Russian costume. He always called them his workmen, and they plowed his land. He neither set up for a noble, nor gave himself any airs; he never forgot himself, and never took a higher place at the first offer, and he always rose when any one entered; but he had such a dignified air, and his politeness was so genuine, that he was involuntarily treated with respect.

He kept to old usages from habit: he disliked springs to a carriage, and drove in an old-fashioned *telega*. His driver, a youth in the old costume, sat respectfully by his side. He read none but books of piety; he received his visitors affably and courteously, but never prostrated himself as the lower classes are accustomed to do, nor loaded them with civilities and sweetmeats. He thought it sinful to sell corn. "It is the gift of Heaven," he would say. But in the scarcity of 1840 he distributed his corn amongst his neighbors, of whom he was the oracle and umpire.

"One day, as we were conversing, I said to him: 'Now, Louka Petrovitch, tell me frankly, were the old times better than ours?' 'In some respects they certainly were,' he answered; 'for instance, we all lived more quietly, and people were better off. This is true; and yet our times are best, and, by the grace of God, our children will be better off still.' 'Well, now, Louka Petrovitch, I expected to hear you hold forth in praise of former times.' 'No, I have no reason to praise them. I will give you an example. You are a seigneur, as was your late grandfather; and yet your power is much less, and you yourself are quite a different sort of man. No doubt we still have nobles who oppress us; I suppose it can't be helped; but by dint of grinding we shall get good flour at last. No, I shall never see again the things I saw in my youth.'

'What did you see?' 'Why, let us take as an instance your grandfather, whom I have just mentioned. He was a powerful man, and he did not spare us poor folk. Well, you know, or you might know, on your estate, the corner of land between Tchasslignino and Malinina, that now bears oats. Well, that is ours—all that is our own. Your grandfather took it from us. One day, when he was riding, he stretched his hand out on that side and said, "That belongs to me;" and it became his own. My late father (God rest his soul) was a good man, but passionate; he took this to heart—one does not like to be robbed without resisting; he went to law and appealed to justice: but every one was frightened, not one would help him or appear as a witness. Your grandfather soon heard that Peter Ovrianiokof accused him of deigning to take his land; he immediately sent his huntaman, Bahoucha, with his men to us. My father was seized, and carried off to your estate. I was then a little boy: I followed him barefooted. Do you know what happened? He was dragged under the windows of your house, and flogged under those very windows. Your grandfather stood in the balcony, looking at the execution of his orders; your grandmother was sitting at the window, looking on too. My father cried out, "Marie Varilaona, mother, deign to intercede for me—pray, take pity on me;" but she merely rose and went on looking. My father was forced to promise that he would never again lay claim to the property, and to give thanks that his life was spared. Ask your peasants what name that piece of land bears; it is called "the Cudgel," because by the cudgel it was acquired. You may perhaps understand now why small people like us can not regret the old times.'

"I knew not what to answer, and felt ashamed to look him in the face. He then related some feats of another neighboring proprietor, who was a confirmed drunkard. In some of his drunken freaks he liked to see people dance; and he did such things! enough to make one carry the holy images out of the room. He half-killed the women servants of the house by making them dance and sing in chorus all night: those who sang loudest had a present; but when, from excess of fatigue, any one of them sang slower or in a weak voice, he would lean his head on his hand and moan, saying: "Poor orphan that I am, they neglect me; poor little pigeon that I am, they forsake me." Then the coachmen would be called in, to revive the flagging strength of the singers with their whips. This man had taken a fancy to my father; and would have been the death of him, if he had not luckily died himself by falling from the top of a turret. These are some of the things that our neighbors did.' 'Times are altered,' said I. 'Yes, yes,' answered he; 'yet one can not but own that our nobles then kept up quite a different sort of state to what they do now. As to the great lords, there is no comparison. I used to see them at Moscow; but I am told that even at

Moscow they no longer keep up the same grand state.' He then described the establishment of a well-known great personage at Moscow in the days of his youth.

"'Yes,' he continued with a sigh, 'I have lived a long time, and the changes have been great, especially amongst the nobles. The small proprietors have gone into the army, or have traveled about. The larger ones are also much changed. I had an opportunity lately of seeing some of them, when they came to make the survey. I must confess to you that my heart rejoiced to see how much more affable and polite they have become: but one thing surprises me; they seem to know every thing; they speak with such fluency that it moves one to admiration; but when it comes to business, they do nothing but make blunders, and they don't even know what their own interests are. Generally their steward, a common serf, manages every thing his own way.'"

The success of *The Russian Sportsman* was so complete in Paris, that two volumes by the same author were published in the latter part of 1858, under the title of *Scenes of Russian Life*. There is more story in these volumes than in the first work; yet they are not formed on the regular plan of our tales. They are, in fact, as their title indicates, scenes of Russian life, only this time drawn from the higher and more cultivated classes: and with the exception of two remarkably clever tales, in which he returns to the serfs and his old manner, they are less exclusively Russian: the characters talk and write about themselves, their thoughts and feelings, and are inclined to be introspective. In this, as in every thing besides, they are a complete contrast to the serfs.

These volumes contain minutely-drawn pictures, taken from all grades of society; but more particularly from the class of persons who reside on their own estates in the country, and who correspond to our own country gentry. One scene in a dramatic form, called *the Bread of Dependence*, presents us with a trait of Russian manners which probably existed in our own country some hundred years or so since, and of which the court-fool was a variety and last remnant—we mean the impoverished gentleman who lives as parasite in a rich family. This character is introduced in several of the stories; he is not only a flatterer, but the buffoon and butt of the rich-man and his friends. Ivan Tourgueneff, with his usual enlarged sympathies, has given something so touching

to this pitiable character, that it may remain as a permanent type. The rest of Europe has no right to be severe on this barbarous taste of the Russians for a human plaything, when they remember Friedrich Wilhelm's delight in the same thing, and the way in which he used his courtiers. If this may be accounted for by the contiguity of Russia to Prussia, and the brutal character of Friedrich Wilhelm, we have only to call to mind the amusements of the elegant duke and duchess in *Don Quixote* at the expense of poor Sancho. This, too, was in the palmy days of Spain's civilization. The ironical suggestion of Cervantes, that Sancho was but a peasant, and therefore much honored in being allowed to amuse such great people in its literal sense, presents probably a true picture of the existing feeling of the times. A fragment, entitled *a Correspondence*, contains some reflections which, as proceeding from a Russian in his own country, deserve attention; we therefore translate a page or two of it:

"For the first time I took a survey of my past life. Yes, there lay my youth spread out before me. It was not a cheerful spectacle. Great God, that I should have so wasted my life! I have now regained my senses, but it is too late. Have you ever saved a fly from a spider? if so, you have put it in the sun; its legs and wings are sticky. How awkwardly it crawls, and endeavors to get free from the glue that has been wound around it! It has escaped with life, indeed, but will never more rise lightly in the air, buzzing merrily in the sunbeams. And it was not the silly thing's own doing: but I—I was my own spider. Yet I must not be too severe on myself. Is the individual to bear the blame when a whole nation is in fault? We are not all equally guilty, but we are all equally stricken. It is often said that every man makes his own destiny; that may be; but the character of each individual goes to make up the national character, which falls like a heavy cloud upon him and becomes his fate. But the Russian who would be a man *must* make himself—'there lies the rub'; he has no great motive out of himself—no noble public interest to absorb his attention and his selfishness; he must spend his energies in working on his individual self, and thus he sits kneading and patting his own mind. He has no exciting examples in the national traditions, no respect for the laws, no faith in the past, and no hope in the future. Each must *invent* his ideal for himself; and in this self-contemplation he dwindles into nothing. One more useless being is added to our nation, whose genuineness is warped by want of freedom, who can never know the healthful joys of open exertion, nor the pains and triumphs of

fighting for a conviction; ignorant without innocence, old without prudence, and, worst of all, young without youth."

The impression left on the mind after reading Ivan Tourgueneff's works is of course a mixed one; but is, on the whole, very favorable to the national character, we mean that of the larger mass of the peasants. They submit with patience to their masters, they are kindly to one another, they bear no malice towards the higher classes, and have preserved the virtues of adversity through their years of probation. Fortitude, patience, humility, and above all, veneration, are their characteristics, and to this last quality they owe their preservation from vileness; having accepted their position as the ordination of Providence, they consider their masters placed over them by God, and never seem to question their rights. This striking feature in their character is well brought out by Tourgueneff in his tale of *The Inn on the High-road*. Here the serf is sacrificed by his mistress in favor of another man; but he only sees that she has a right to sell his inn, and his hatred is entirely bestowed on the purchaser. In these democratic days, some may term this a foolish superstition; but none the less in that superstition we may clearly discern some of the highest qualities of human nature, which no institutions, however bad, can entirely destroy. Envy, conceit, and pride have always been common enough under a free government; and if less despicable than the vices that slavery tends to foster, are not the less despicable enough; and if we speak of the virtues that slavery has not obliterated, or of the vices that freedom has fostered, it is from no wish to undervalue freedom, but simply because it is important to recollect that no external system of government can absolutely determine, either for good or for ill, the moral freedom of man. If we could suppose that human nature might either become entirely vitiated by the one government, or mechanically perfected under the other, where would be eternal justice? Cousin, the eloquent French thinker, who has helped so largely to drive materialism from France, once justly observed: "God has never entirely disinherited any portion of the human race." And is it not in favor of the freedom that is now hovering over wide Russia, that the poorest of her

children are not entirely unworthy of it? In our own self-satisfaction, it may be good for us to examine if we do not sometimes make but a poor use of our blessings; and as a looking-glass in which to discern the spots on our faces, this picture of Russia, under circumstances so far less favorable to the growth of social virtues, may be useful even to Englishmen.

But to return to the peasant. This superstitious reverence for his master, is the effect of the admiring and trusting faculty; the object of it may be a mistaken one, but no human being is utterly debased who possesses faith—the belief in something higher than himself. Intelligent Russians, who have seen much of these classes, assure us that they now wait with a solemn and silent hope for the great deliverance—that they all think of it, and well know what has been promised. We are assured by one who was living in the government of Orel, the very scene of most of Ivan Tourgueneff's experiences, when the late war began, that he had heard peasants say: "Perhaps the strangers may deliver us." The effect of servitude on the women, both as mistresses and serfs, seems to be worse than on the men; they appear to be in a lower position than with us, and what is worse, they deserve it, though the Russian authority above mentioned affirms that they are more high-minded than the men. Another trait worth observing in the *Russian Scenes* is the high value set on education. In the story called *the Miller's Wife*, the miller buys her, and marries her, although her character is lost, because she can read and write. In *Kor and Kalinitch*, the former speaks of the latter as a most lucky fellow because he can read. In *the Inn on the High-road*, Akim, though a peasant-serf, is esteemed much above the others as he can read. In *the Two Friends*, where the personages are both country-gentlemen, one of them tells his friend of his project of marrying; and the other opposes it, on the ground that the young lady is not his equal, having been brought up in a country village and having had no education like his own; yet her character and manners are excellent. The marriage turns out unhappily, on account of her possessing only household qualities, and their having no interests in common.

We have observed before that the Russian serfs resemble, in many particulars,

our own countrymen of seven or eight hundred years ago; another point of likeness is their deep religious feeling, prompting long pilgrimages and solemn vows. An anecdote *à propos* of this was related to us by the Russian before mentioned, which strikes one as though a solemn and devout figure on a church-porch of the twelfth century should suddenly start into life, and step on to the platform of one of our noisy bustling railroads, emblems of the nineteenth century. A Russian lady came to France, and brought in her suite a young serf-girl. In the hurry and confusion of the railroad, she lost her mistress; her signs were unintelligible, she was utterly helpless, and could do nothing but weep. The station-master was very kind, and did all he could to comfort her; gave her food and found her lodging. After two or three days she was restored to her mistress; and in a transport of joy, she pronounced a solemn vow to God, "that whenever she should find a stranger in the same painful position in Russia, she would leave her family, her place, every thing, to devote herself to his service, out of gratitude for all the kindness that she had received."

We have dwelt chiefly on the serfs, as little was known of them in Europe till Ivan Tourgueneff introduced them to notice. His pictures of the higher classes are equally graphic and original; and they leave on the mind the same conviction with all other works* on Russia, from Catherine's Memoirs, in 1759, to these tales in 1858—that the higher classes will be the greatest gainers by emancipation—that the despotism over them has been as grinding as theirs over the serfs. We will not enlarge on this despotism—it is a trite subject; but will only say, it is impossible to suppose that such a change can be a solitary one.

Some of Tourgueneff's best sketches are those of the serfs who have become favorites by flattering their masters and administering to their whims and vices. It is, of course, only the vile and artful who reach this position; and they present

one of the most odious features in Russian society. They are a combination of the American slave-driver and the ancient Roman freed slave, and are far more cruel to their former equals than the masters, whom they rule entirely. It is to be hoped that they may gradually disappear.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the best and most respectable portions of the Russian gentry is their entire want of self-government. It is difficult to believe how careless and incapable of managing their own affairs they are. "*Ils ne savent pas arranger leur vie*," is a French expression which might have been made for them. This peculiarity, which has been noticed by all who have met with them in Europe, and which is not without a certain grace, however detrimental to the interests of its possessor, is very strikingly displayed in Ivan Tourgueneff's scenes. Alexis, from whose letters we gave an extract, describing the feelings of a Russian noble, has a correspondence with a charming girl, for whom he appears to feel the tenderest sentiments, and in a union with whom he would have found happiness. He writes to tell her of the day that he will set off to see her; but on the journey he meets accidentally with a friend, who takes him to the theater; there he instantaneously falls in love with an opera-dancer of the lowest class; he follows her all over Europe, never even answers his betrothed Marie's last letter, destroys his constitution, and ends by dying at an inn at Dresden. This extreme want of reason and common sense appears quite natural to themselves, and to those who are acquainted with many Russians. In the most important pursuits they are turned aside from their purpose by the merest trifle.

In a story called *The Anchar*, one of these men without helm or compass, and a girl from Little Russia, a beautiful character, fall in love with each other; and the same infirmity of purpose destroys both. This is one of the tales in which Ivan Tourgueneff's wonderful power of *chiseling*, if we may so express it, the female character, is best displayed. The title of the story is taken from that of a poem by Pushkin called *The Anchar*, a kind of upas-tree that bears poisonous fruit: even the French translation of this poem gives a wonderful idea of the power

* Haxthausen is an exception; but, though his book contains much information, it must be borne in mind that he was sent to travel over Russia by the Emperor Nicholas for the purpose of writing a book; that he knew not a word of the language, and therefore the Emperor appointed two Russians to accompany him, between whom he was much in the position of a horse in blinkers.

of the poet. Alexis' letter, mentioned above, is both an account and explanation of this wasting infirmity of character, and a Russian's view of the cause of it, is likely to be a more correct one than that of any foreigner. We refer those of our readers who may be anxious for more information on this interesting subject, to the works of this writer. A new story by him has just appeared at St. Petersburg, called *A Nest of Noblemen*, the translation of which by M. Delaveau, will be eagerly looked for by all who have read the previous volumes.

From the Eclectic Review.

AN ASCENT OF MONTE ROSA.*

MONTE ROSA is, in point of height, the second mountain in Europe — being only two or three hundred feet lower than the great monarch of the Alps, who formed the subject of an earlier paper in the present volume. For a long time, it even disputed the palm with its mighty rival, but the more accurate explorations and measurements of modern times have conclusively established its inferiority. It is said to derive its name from the rich hues often flung upon its ample snows by the glowing lights of ebbing day: and perhaps the enormous amphitheater formed by the chain of which it is the principal component, with its western exposure, may be peculiarly favorable to the reflection upon its peak of the ruddy rays of sunset. Till a few years ago, its boasted inaccessibility added the fascination of mystery to the unaided and obvious attractions of the scenery. No human being had ever reached the sharp peak of mingled rock and snow, which, in some lights and from some spots, looked but a stone-throw from the spectator. The difficulties were said to be terrible, but what they were, no one could tell, for no spirit had risen hardy enough to brave the genius of the mountain in his own stronghold — and as usual, the unknown was universally accepted as the terrible. Some years ago, a great Swiss geologist, Professor Ulrich, of Berne, made a resolute attempt to master this invincible difficulty; but, assailed by storm and wind, he was compelled to halt

when still a considerable distance from the top; and, though his guides went on by themselves, he was unable to quit the protection of the rock behind which he was sheltering from the tempest, and could neither confirm nor refute the pretensions they made to the honor of having stood on that summit whereon man had never stood before. Lower peaks, however, than the actual summit were gained from time to time, by one hardy climber after another; and at length, in 1854, three well-known Alpine travelers, the Messrs. Smyth, countrymen of our own, were fortunate enough to reach the actual top of Monte Rosa. The difficulties of the last few hundred feet, they described as of the most formidable character. But succeeding adventurers varied the course which they had taken, and avoided some of the worst of the dangers they had incurred. There still remains, and ever must remain, one long ridge, or rather succession of ridges, along the very edge of which the final ascent, of some twelve or fifteen hundred feet, must be made, where no person who is not proof against giddiness and vertigo has any right to trust himself. During the whole of this last ascent, the travelers, as seen from a neighboring though far inferior height, are cut out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. In a score of places, not two feet on their right, is an unprotected precipice of unfathomed depth; while on their left the ice falls so steeply away that, did they slip, there would be no halting-place for two or three thousand feet. But a "bad head" seems to be a rare phenomenon amongst the class of hardy and

* By ALFRED WILLIS, Esq., Author of *Wanderings among the High Alps, etc.*

vigorous young Englishmen, who flock in shoals to the districts about Monte Rosa; for since the fiction of its inviolability has been exploded, the excursion has become so common that hardly a week—sometimes hardly a day, in the height of the season—passes without an attempt (generally successful) to ascend Monte Rosa.

I knew the neighborhood of Monte Rosa well, and might perhaps have been the first traveler to scale the virgin peak. I was actually on my way to Zermatt, in September, 1854, and laying plans for the attempt on an early day, when I met the Messrs. Smyth, on their way down the Valley of St. Nicholas, a day or two after their ascent. I felt reluctant to take, as it were, the edge off their success, by following instantly in their footsteps, and determined to postpone the expedition; and it chanced that last September offered me the first favorable opportunity for making the attempt, by which time the ascent had become one of the familiar excursions of the place.

As you look at a good map of the mountain groups of the south of Switzerland, you see that Monte Rosa lies at the point of intersection of two great chains, each of which may lay some claim to it. The first is the great backbone dividing Switzerland from Italy, and running nearly east and west; the second, to which Monte Rosa more fairly belongs, is a rib, running nearly north and south, and ending at the valley of the Rhone, which it meets nearly at right angles. It is prolonged for a short distance on the south of the main chain, dividing the water-courses which supply the Lys and the Sesia, two of the tributaries of the Po. Our comparison to a rib, however, would electrify a physiologist, if we insisted upon his following us into details; for it throws off various little irregular “processes” on either side, one of which, called the Gornergrat, plays an important part in the topography of Monte Rosa, and enters largely into the calculations of every visitor to the neighborhood. Certain sharp excrescences show themselves in the western section of the backbone, (reckoning from Monte Rosa.) The most remarkable of them is also the farthest to the west; it is the stupendous peak of the Matterhorn, rising in one bold, sharp pyramidal obelisk no less than five thousand feet above the general level of the

backbone, and closely rivaling Monte Rosa in height—perhaps the most amazing object amongst the Alps. To the east of the Matterhorn lie several other huge peaks, of which the principal are the Breithorn, and the Lyskamm, each nearly fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then the chain trends a little to the north, and away springs what we have called the rib—starting boldly with no less aspiring a summit than Monte Rosa itself. The important “process” of the Gornergrat is an offshoot of the Monte Rosa system, reaching an average height of eight or nine thousand feet, and marked by one irregular cone called the Riffelhorn. It runs nearly parallel with the line passing through the summits of the Breithorn and the Lyskamm, but is separated from them by a huge river of ice, called the Gorner Glacier, which descends from the heart of Monte Rosa itself, receives half a score of affluent ice-streams from the Lyskamm and the Breithorn and at length descends into the head of the valley separating the rib of the Monte Rosa chain from the neighboring rib to the west. The village of Zermatt lies in this valley, a few miles below the end of the glacier; and at a distance from Zermatt of two or three hours’ walk, and at an elevation above it of about three thousand feet, is a pleasant turfy slope of the Gornergrat range, looking towards the north-west, called the “Riffelberg,” on which a little hostelry has been built; an accommodation due, if report speaks truly, to the enterprise of three of the neighboring curés; who have found in it a most promising speculation. These topographical details are, it is to be feared, a little dry, but they could hardly be dispensed with, and we must congratulate ourselves, if, among the mountains, they have brought us to no worse a goal than the clean and comfortable Riffelberg inn.

Monday, the twentieth September, was the day fixed upon for our expedition. I should have been glad enough to wait till a day later, for I had, within one week, ascended Mount Blanc, and crossed two of the greatest glacier passes in the Alps; but a friend H., who accompanied me, was anxious to return to England, and could not spare another day. At the Riffelberg inn, I was fortunate enough to meet with an old acquaintance, Ulrich Lauener, the boldest hunter of the Oberland, who had guided the Messrs. Smyth in their first

ascent, and in the same year had accomplished with me the maiden ascent of the Wetterhorn. We had with us two of the best guides of Chamouni, and a young porter of the same place; and confident that where others could find their way, they and we should not fail, we had resolved to take no guides of the place, but to fight our own way up. I was, therefore, very glad of some information as to the route, quickly, clearly, and concisely given to me by Lauener. There was living proof for us, in the hotel, that the ascent might prove not free from risk, for a gentleman lay there, at that moment, in bed, in great suffering from frost-bite, to which he had exposed himself in an unsuccessful attempt to ascend, three or four days before, and all Switzerland was then talking of a like calamity which had befallen some English pedestrians, who had ascended in very inclement weather, about the end of August. We knew, however, from ample experience, that these accidents rarely occur where there has been no want of precaution, and even Balmat, who had so nearly lost his hands on Mont Blanc, a week before, entertained no fear of the consequences of undertaking the expedition.

After we had made all our arrangements, ordered our provisions, and fixed our hour of starting, we learned that another English gentleman, staying in the house, was going to set off on the same expedition half-an-hour later than ourselves, and we soon came to an agreement to combine our forces — an arrangement profitable to both parties, for *we* could hardly expect not to make some blunders in shaping our course, which would make us lose time and add to our labor; and, on the other hand, as the snow was likely to be deep, eight would find it lighter work than three. We watched a glorious sunset; and as the daylight faded away, the great comet stole into life, above the mountains in the west.

The next morning we rose before two, and found a cup of hot coffee and a quarrel in readiness for us. The two guides of our new friend were "locals;" one of them belonging to Visp, the other to Zermatt. Our three men were *outsiders* from another district, and were about to commit the unpardonable offense of poaching on the Zermatt manor. There were half-a-dozen other Zermatt men in the

house, and they and the landlord combined in an attempt to punish us for our interference with their "vested rights." I heard high words freely bandied about below, and, on going down stairs, found our François Cachat remonstrating against the provisions selected for our use. There was, indeed, good reason for his complaints — a leg of lean mutton, full of veins and gristle, a hunch of black bread, insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, were the staple articles offered us for a most laborious day. When the landlord saw me arrive on the scene, he slunk into a sort of den, but I ferreted him out, and remonstrated with him as the magnitude of the offense deserved. He had reproached our men with not making us take provisions enough. Other people, he said, spent sixty francs in fowls and wine, and etceteras of one sort or another; we had ordered what would not come up to a sixth of that amount. Then the guides chimed in, and declared they would not start with us, to show our Chamouni men the way, unless we would take one of the Zermatt guides as well. One of the latter had actually dressed and breakfasted in anticipation of being able to profit by our necessities. Of course, the landlord professed himself an ill-used innocent: he knew nothing of the confederacy against us, and to him it was a matter of pure indifference how much or how little we chose to take. Our friend of last evening now made his appearance, and found his recalcitrant guides refuse to stir. We expressed our regret at being the cause of any trouble or annoyance to him, and offered to separate from his party, and either go on ahead or follow an hour or two later, as he might choose; but he showed great courtesy and spirit — would hear of nothing of the kind; declined any discussion with his guides, and offered them the simple choice of going with us or staying behind: it was a matter for them, he said, not for him. At the same time he joined in my onslaught on our host, and our united attacks soon silenced the enemy's fire. Better provender was sulkily brought out; and the guides with equal sulkiness, prepared to "eat the leek," and follow in our train. All this fracas, however, took some time, and it was quite three o'clock when we filed off from the hotel. We had been promised a lantern, the better to pick our way over the top

of the Gornergrat range, but the landlord could not make up his mind to forego inflicting *some* annoyance, and he accordingly would not find it, and declared his further inability to furnish us with raisins, which are a great comfort in a long and hard ascent, and which had been readily forthcoming on the previous evening. It was, however, a great consolation to think of the Zermatt guide, his early breakfast, and his rueful face as he turned away from the door—a sadder, and we trusted a wiser, man. One of our local friends still sulked, in no common degree, and kept out of sight of us in the darkness. It was not for nearly three hours afterwards that he deigned to draw near, and give us the pleasure of his company. The other, a smart, brisk, merry, good-tempered fellow, recovered himself directly, and apologized for having appeared in the mess at all: he was of Visp; and he declared (whether truly or not it is impossible to say) that the Zermatt men threatened him with a sound beating if he did not join their faction. At all events, if he had been less unwilling to do so than he represented himself, he made the best atonement he could for his error, and proved himself active and intelligent, thoroughly conversant with the route, a bold iceman, a bold cragsman, and a cheerful and pleasant companion.

It was a perfect September night. The temperature was 4°·5 Centigrade, (about 40° Fahrenheit,) and the stars shone brightly out of a cloudless sky. The comet was now descending rapidly towards the dark outline of the Gornergrat; the magnificent constellation of Orion was in front of us, and seemed like a bright omen of success, as we groped our way across the broken turf by which we had to ascend to a gap in the ridge, where the path to the glacier begins. The omen, interpreted aright, however, betokened a not unclouded day; for some of the largest stars were surrounded by a thin veil of mist, through which their bright rays bravely fought their way, and reached us scarcely less brilliant than they were before encountering the vapor. We could scarcely see a trace of snowy mountains before us: Monte Rosa and the neighboring summits are not visible from the Riffelberg, being hidden by the intervening range of the Gornergrat. When we first started, the Matterhorn towered in solitary grandeur on our right, his great

glaciers streaming down on every side, and lighting up the gloom of the deep valley beneath with a dim and spectral light. We turned to the left almost at once, and left him behind us; and as we rose gently on the soft turf of the Gornergrat, a huge wall of crag and snow loomed upon us through the darkness, and we distinguished the Breithorn, and to its left the Lyskamm, and, last of all, the great mountain we were about to assail, which, with a due regard to effect, was concealed from us for some time after the other peaks were full in view. The effect of that dim starlight on glacier scenery is peculiarly striking: it is impossible to form any conception of the actual or relative distances of different objects; and when we reached the gap of the Gornergrat, the great Gorner glacier, which swept beneath our feet many hundreds of feet below us, seemed so close, that a step or two ought to bring us to it. We had, however, a good hour's walk before we reached it, for it stretches out its long length for several miles at the foot of the Gornergrat range; and a little path has been cut in the mountain side, descending very gently all the way, by which you gain the glacier at no great distance from the base of Monte Rosa. This path is safer by night than by day, for it is a favorite pastime with visitors to the Gornergrat, (with ladies, especially, I am told,) to roll down stones from above, which render the passage neither agreeable nor safe. The path requires some little caution in the dark, for in one or two places it passes at the top of precipitous gullies, or on ledges in smooth slabs of rock, down which you would go much further than you liked, if you chanced to slip. It was somewhere about half-past four when we reached the ice, and climbed up the sloping bank which forms the edge of the glacier. It was freezing very hard, as we found out, when it was necessary to help ourselves up the first few paces with our hands as well as our knees. Here my friend H. had the misfortune to drop his alpenstock into a crevasse, whence it could not be recovered; and one of our men was obliged, in consequence, to go without a stick the whole day long—a great addition to his labor.

After passing a few yards further on to the glacier, the ice was entirely uncrevassed; but we had to pick our way with care, to avoid stumbling into little

pits of water, of which it was singularly full. They were just frozen over, and if we had wet our feet thoroughly by stepping into them, there might have been serious risk of frost-bite, later in the day. It was rapidly getting lighter, however, and we were all fortunate enough to escape a wetting of any consequence. The break of day was very grand. It was later in the season than I have been accustomed to watch it on such expeditions, and the dull, dead violet which I first noticed over the precipices of the Lyskamm, was to me a most unusual tint. It reminded me strongly of the skies in pictures and panoramas I have seen of scenes in the Arctic regions. The glacier appears but a stone's throw across, when seen from the Gornergrat—but it was quite light before we had traversed it, and a delicate rosy blush, the herald of the day, reflected from the sky above or from some cloud in the east, was flung over the long snowy, rounded summit of the Lyskamm. It was not the true daylight, however, for the great Matterhorn still slept in the dead cold white which is the hue of lofty peaks before daylight breaks.

Monte Rosa rises at the head of the Gorner glacier, in one huge hump, totally destitute of the graceful proportions of Mont Blanc. Nor is it surrounded, like the monarch of the Alps, by a forest of those needle-like peaks to which the appropriate name of "Aiguilles" has been given. The Gorner glacier streams from it in three great arms—those on the right and left holding the "hump" in a close embrace, while the middle portion issues from the very heart of the mountain itself. As we stand face to face with Monte Rosa, on the central portion of the Gorner glacier, looking into the great rocky basin out of which it comes forth on its long journey to the valley, where the ice-existence is destined to fade away, and to take a new and more vigorous life, as an impetuous and resistless mountain torrent, we see that the least elevated portion of the glacier lies to our left, and has its origin in the long ridge of snow connecting the upper extremity of the Gornergrat range with the mass of Monte Rosa. Close underneath the mountain, the ridge attains a height of perhaps ten or eleven thousand feet; but Monte Rosa itself shoots forth from it, in a broken wall of nearly perpendicular rock, which can scarcely be less than two thousand feet

high. Above this huge precipice is a long, sharp ridge of snow, leading up to the Nord-end-Spitze, the northernmost of several points which are all called by the generic name of summits. From the lower part of this snow-ridge springs another set of precipices, coming forward towards the spectator with a rapidly lowering outline. This range curves gently round from its highest to its lowest portion, bending from right to left, and then again from left to right, like the printer's mark at the beginning of a parenthesis. The other mark, to complete the parenthesis, is the right-hand boundary of the mass of Monte Rosa—a series of precipitous cliffs of rock, broken by steep curtains and rounded faces of glacier, which bind together the higher and the lower systems of crags. The parenthetical matter included between these two gigantic curves could hardly be left out without seriously damaging the general effect, for it comprehends the great central basin of Monte Rosa—the reservoir of the middle arm of the Gorner glacier. The two parenthesis-marks form a considerable portion of a circle. The circle, however, would be one inclined at a very steep angle to a horizontal plane, for the edge of the rocky wall on either hand rises very steeply, all the way from the foot of Monte Rosa nearly to the summit. The two boundaries, right and left, converge at the bottom, and force the vast mass of glacier which descends from the central portion of Monte Rosa to pass at length down a steep but even incline through a comparatively narrow passage, its only means of escape into the valley, down which the collection of glacier systems from Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn, descends towards Zermatt.

The rounded irregular basin which occupies the central portion of Monte Rosa is filled with ice from top to bottom. Three or four considerable masses of rock alone diversify the vast extent of white. These masses group themselves in a kind of dotted inner ring within the greater boundary just described, and with the humps which form the lowest portion of either of the great boundary systems, make a very tolerable circle. Their effect upon the glacier is shown by the dirtier aspect it wears beneath them; due mainly to boulders, debris, and dust, partly rubbed off them by the movement of the glacier, partly split away by the action of

alternate thaw and frost, and scattered by wind and tempest over the surface of the snow. Above them all is white and dazzling. Dome after dome of swelling snow rises from this ring of rocks nearly to the summit of the mountain, each either separated from its neighbor by a long wall of broken, shattered ice-cliffs, now very generally termed "Séracs," or connected with one another by a smooth curtain of unbroken snow. The upper part of the glacier system is little crevassed, and it is easy to see from below, or with more certainty from the Gornergrat, that the peculiar difficulties of Mont Blanc—the huge gulfs of crevasses and the labyrinths of broken and tumbled ice which must be passed—do not exist on Monte Rosa. On the other hand, it is equally easy to see that the ascent of the actual summit, a steep cone of mingled rock and glacier, may present most formidable difficulties of its own.

The left-hand boundary of the Gorner glacier—the range so often named as the Gornergrat—from its highest portion, called the Hockthäligrat, where rock and glacier unite nearly at the same level, to its lower extremity, a few miles above Zermatt, contributes nothing to the glacier stream. The right-hand boundary is perhaps the grandest chain of summits in the Alps, beginning with the Lyskamm, which is joined by a short snowy ridge to Monte Rosa, and separated from it by a deep valley, filled with a majestic and much-crevassed glacier, whence both mountains rise in precipitous majesty, continuing with the inferior peaks of the Zwillinge, or Castor and Pollux, the vast and frowning mass of the Breithorn, the smaller summit of the Little Mont Cervin, and ending in the awful pinnacle of the Matterhorn. The whole of this long line of rock and snow makes constant contributions to the Gorner glacier. How one comparatively narrow channel can receive all the huge ice-streams which pour into it, and convey their united contents to the valley below, strikes one as one of the greatest of the many marvels of the glacier world. Besides inferior glacier masses which overhang the Gorner in several places, no less than four enormous glaciers flow down from the intervals between these great peaks, or from beneath their bases, the two largest being themselves compounds, each of two distinct affluents. So great an accumulation of ice forced

into so narrow a bed is probably no where else to be seen.

But I am forgetting the actual ascent for the wonders of the way. About half-past five we came to the rocks forming the western or right-hand boundary of the central glacier system of Monte Rosa. The sun was really rising now, for the Matterhorn was just tipped with gold. Here we left the glacier and climbed for about half an hour with great ease up the rocks. They were highly polished and rounded—*moutonnes*, as it is called—by the action of the glacier at some former period when it must have covered them; but also much broken up into separate masses, between which charming tufts of short rough Alpine grass were growing. It was getting near six o'clock when we reached a little valley of rocks, into which a tongue of glacier descended, and here we left a portion of our provisions, and took first to the snows of Monte Rosa himself. The next three or four hours' ascent, was to constitute the laborious part of the day's work. It is almost entirely up this right-hand side of the glacier system of Monte Rosa, that the ascent of it is made. A certain hollow or gap between the actual summit on the left, and a snowy protuberance on the right, lying very nearly straight above the point we had reached, is called the "Saddle," and it is from this "Saddle" that the last and formidable climb must be begun. To reach this "Saddle," which we gained three or four hours later, we diverged less to the right or to the left than in any other great ascent I have made. We began by scaling a slope of snow broken by rocks of about 38° , as measured by the clinometer. In the afternoon we descended this slope in less than five minutes, but it took us a good half-hour to climb it. This brought us to a fine snowy dome surmounting one of the faces of rock I have described as forming the right-hand boundary of the glacier system. We now made a short slanting course to the right, and then addressing ourselves straight to the next slope of snow, passed without the least difficulty through a portion of the glacier where alone I should have anticipated some embarrassment from the crevasses. We now entered one of those delusive hollows, which, seen from below, are always supposed to give a space of level, if not of descending, walking; but which always turn out quite otherwise. It was a

relief, however, for the incline was gentle, which is more than I can say for most of Monte Rosa. Another slope was now climbed, at the top of which we passed again through a small system of crevasses, and emerged into a second seeming hollow, where we had on our left a magnificent wall of ruddy crags, hundreds of feet high, which ran by our side for many minutes, though from the Gornergrat they look like a mere speck. Then came another steep and unbroken slope, up which we were obliged to zig-zag. Each time we reached the right-hand end of our zig-zags, we were rewarded by a grand view of the great system of precipices, raising this part of Monte Rosa above the Lyskamm valley. They can not be less than from 1000 to 1500 feet in height. Arrived at the top of this slope, we found ourselves at the brink of a long, wide, and deep crevasse, so completely masked, that it was not till we looked over the ridge of snow which formed its lower edge, that we had a suspicion of its existence. We had to go far to the right to turn it; and then entered upon the last and steepest of the snow-slopes, up which we zig-zagged perseveringly, against an ever-increasing inclination, till all at once we found ourselves unexpectedly walking more on a level, and a few steps brought us to the long-wished-for "Saddle."

During the greater part of this ascent, the cold was intense; for the last two hours the snow had been quite dry and powdery, showing that even the mid-day sun of the previous days, hot as it had seemed to us in the valleys, had had no power to melt it, and consequently the cold of the night had had no effect in compacting it, and had rendered no service to the climber. At every step we sank nearly to the knees, and even then hardly found secure footing. It was difficult to keep one's feet from freezing. In spite of rabbits' fur wrapped round the toes, and secured and supplemented by a coating of grease, (an invaluable precaution,) in spite of two pairs of stockings, it was only by dint of energetic kicking of one foot against the other, that any ghost of life was kept in them. The mountain itself had lain between us and sunlight; once, soon after nine o'clock, we had come upon the welcome beams, straggling, if I remember right, through the Saddle itself; and for some short time, we had enjoyed the cheering rays. I remember particu-

larly feeling some little warmth, as we skirted the long and deep crevasse; but the slope became steeper, and we entered the shade it cast. The wind at the same time became stronger and keener, and we toiled up the last snow-slopes exposed to cold of no common kind. I was feeling greatly the fatigues of the last week, which my friend H. had not fully shared; he had ascended Mont Blanc two days before myself, and had had two days of comparative rest, while I was making that expedition. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that I had been pounding on for some time in a state of mind and body by no means to be envied. My limbs tottered, my heart beat violently, my eyes shut against my will, and nothing but a stern application of a maxim of Balmat's, "*Les pantalons blancs ne reculent jamais*," (I wore a pair of white flannel cricketing-trowsers,) carried me on. It was only objects of powerful interest that roused me. For instance, on meeting the sunlight it had been proposed to take a glass of wine, and that had stirred me to unwonted life. I drank freely of a vile compound of bad marsala, cognac, and water, dignified by the pretentious name of "old sherry," (save the mark!) The great crevasse was exquisitely bedecked with icicles, and its grim depth of beautiful horrors sufficed to rouse me again from my trance. Within a few yards of the "Saddle" we passed the end of a wild abyss of crevasse, evidently part of a "*bergschund*," at the foot of the far steeper slope above, into which the most wearied or incurious passer-by could hardly look without interest or excitement.

On the "Saddle" itself, however, apathy was out of the question. A few rocks jutted up on either hand, and below them almost a sheer precipice of ice and snow fell away to an enormous glacier basin on the other side, whose existence we had not so much as conjectured before, but which takes its origin in the precipices beneath the summit, or *Höchste Spitze*, itself, and is bounded by the ridge connecting Monte Rosa with the Lyskamm. That ridge we had imagined to be close to the "Saddle;" but now, for the first time, we saw that it sweeps away from beneath the *Höchste Spitze*, and lies far back from the ridge on which we stood. I have rarely gazed down so very precipitous a wall of rock and ice and snow as that on which we were now perched. To our

right was a little hump of snow; but the point of interest was on our left—for there lay a long, narrow ridge of ice, crowned with outcropping rocks, and rising very sharply from our feet. This was the beginning of the famous cone of Monte Rosa himself; and the narrow portal through which we gazed upon the depths of the glacier below was the spot now so well known to Alpine wanderers as the "Saddle."

We now called a halt, the first of any consequence we had made since starting. We had breakfasted at two, and it was now nearly ten o'clock, and we all felt that food was a necessity. We descended a few feet on the further side of the "Saddle," to some straggling rocks. It was ludicrous enough to see us, all blue in the face with cold, and kicking our feet against the rocks as hard as we could, to revive them. There was sunlight, but it was dimmed by having to pierce some white clouds, so that it caused us little warmth, and the wind was as fearful as any I ever encountered. It is difficult for any one who has had no experience of them to form a conception of what these mountain winds are, on elevated summits. They are armed with a dry, scorching, penetrating cold against which no clothing is proof, and they facilitate frost-bite more than any other accident of weather. Balmat had nearly lost his hands on Mont Blanc, a week before, and I was in real anxiety about him, especially as his feet also were very much benumbed. Mine were very cold, but not quite so senseless as his. I believe all of us would have been in danger if we had had to submit to that wind for many minutes. Still, eating and drinking were absolutely necessary, though we performed them as speedily as we could—so hurriedly that, I regret to say, I left a valuable many-bladed knife—a very old friend—behind me on the rocks. We had brought some champagne with us—an inestimable resource in the mountains—and it put new life and vigor into us all; and in a very few minutes we had resumed our journey. The knapsacks were left behind at the Saddle, and an apparatus for boiling water, as a means of measuring heights, I was reluctantly obliged to leave also, for I felt that I had no right to endanger myself or others by staying to use it in such a climate.

The Höchste Spitze, for which we were bound, was not visible at first, being con-

cealed by the ridge we had now to climb; but shortly after we started, a slight bend in the direction of the ridge revealed it towering still more than a thousand feet above us. I confess I had very little hope of being able to reach it, in the face of the awful blast which was shrieking and roaring about us; but, by a fortunate accident, we had not been ten minutes on our way when it began to fall, and before long it was almost a calm. Sometimes, the steep slope we had to mount is all hard ice; then every step must be cut with the hatchet, and the process is long and most fatiguing. Happily for us, the very edge of the ridge was snow, and we were able to dispense almost entirely with step-cutting. In many places, at a couple of feet to our left, all was hard as ice and smooth as glass. To our right was a few inches' width of snow, and then a rocky precipice. The precipice was sometimes absolutely perpendicular, and of course quite bare of snow, and for scores of feet marked by nothing to break the sheer descent; sometimes merely so steep as to be the next thing to perpendicular. No where, however, could we see more than a few dozen feet down the wall of rock; and then the next object was the glacier basin, a good thousand feet beneath!

We toiled slowly up the snow, for the ridge was very steep, (I measured it in descending, and found the angle 36° ,) and there was no room to zig-zag. At length the snow ended, and we took to a narrow ledge of rocks. The description usually given is literally true. It was in no place more than three feet wide; in many, not a third of that width. On the right is a precipice; on the left a bank of snow, so steep as to be just as bad. This sounds awful enough; but I must say that to me the passage seemed, as we found it, destitute alike of danger and difficulty. The rocks are solid, not friable and treacherous as on the Wetterhorn; there is good hand-hold and foot-hold, and a slip seemed to me all but impossible. I can conceive that, when covered with ice, as they often are, they may require the utmost caution; but we had the singular good fortune to find our path thickly paved with snow, or metaled with the solid rock. I can give no better idea of my own feeling of security than by the following fact. In spite of fingerless gloves, well lined with foxes' fur, my hands were numbed and senseless; and, in order to warm them, I stuck

first one, and then the other, into the waistband of my trousers, and actually walked nearly all the way along this terrible ridge with only one hand disengaged. I remember well one place where the ridge was narrowest. There were two large blocks of stone, three or four feet apart. Between them was a little hollow, filled with snow, and in the snow I saw the footprints of my predecessors, in the hollow. It never occurred to me to go down and up again, and I jumped from one block to the other, as a matter of course.

From the top of the first snow-slope we saw exactly what lay before us—a short clambering descent, a narrow level ridge of snow, then a second ridge, shorter, but very much steeper, than the first, and above that another narrow ridge of rocks. Of course, it was the same sort of work again—but if that short connecting ridge were ice instead of snow, it would be the worst place of all to cross; and I am inclined to think I should prefer to sit astride and work myself along in that position. These horizontal ridges are far more trying to walk along than those which have a steep inclination, and they are always narrower. This, being of snow and not of ice, offered no difficulty, and the last ridge was quickly attacked. It proved in equally good condition with the first, and led us to a steep climb over the rocks, ending in a couple of little chimneys, one after the other. Near the top of the second, a rock had fallen in, and half-filled it up, so that passing it was like climbing round a projecting coping. However, hands and knees will do a good deal, and so far on our day's journey, this was not likely to stop us. Being tired, I had gone last, not to hinder any one else, and on poking my head out of the top of the second chimney, I found, to my great surprise, "no more worlds to conquer," nothing but blue sky above me, my companions already seated about on one ledge or another—and I was on the top of Monte Rosa.

It is literally true that on the summit of Monte Rosa there is not room for two persons to stand at a time; but there is a mass of jumbled rocks about the summit on which we all found space to stand, and even to move about. On every side abrupt precipices fall away from the *Höchste Spitze*. The most abrupt are on the north-west, or *Gornegrat* side, and here I, being securely tied by a rope, de-

scended three or four feet, and scraping away the snow, built up a little construction of stones, within which I placed a self-registering thermometer, and covered it again, to the depth of two or three feet, with snow. I shall be curious to learn to what point it has descended during the winter.

The panoramic view from Monte Rosa is one of almost unrivaled interest. I can not compare it with that of Mont Blanc, for twice has the weather been against me, and I do not yet know what is to be seen from that, the only peak in Europe loftier than Monte Rosa; but my friend H., who had had a glorious view, ten days before, from Mont Blanc, declared that it was quite eclipsed by what we now beheld. There were, alas! multitudes of clouds, but they did not form a solid bank of impenetrable obscurity, as when I stood, that day week, almost at the same hour, on the summit of Mont Blanc. The clouds, as usual, lay thickest on the Italian side; but between them we saw plainly the Lago Maggiore, the plains of Italy, and the distant Apennines. The Sesia springs from a huge glacier almost at our feet; but the Sesia's tide was yet uncrimsoned, and the heavy clouds that floated below us were charged with fertility, not with desolation. I little thought, as I gazed upon the rich and peaceful scene—so grateful a contrast to the eternal snow and lifeless rocks which encompassed us—what deeper and more tragic interests would shortly gather round that fated land, or how soon amidst those fruitful plains would

"some stream obscure, some uncouth name,
By deeds of blood be lifted into fame."

Least of all, was there any thing to suggest to us that aught was threatening in the west, for there the whole range of Mont Blanc stood out sharp and clear against the blue sky. The great "Calotte" of the Alpine monarch, the *Mur de la Côte*, the *Col du Géant*, the *Grandes Jorasses*, the *Aiguille Verte*, were as distinctly visible as on a map. We saw them nearly over the ridge of the *Lyskamm*. A vast mountain stood out much nearer to us in majestic proportions. It was the *Grand Combin*; behind which was displayed the rugged outline of the *Velan*, though in diminished size. Nearly in a line with these, but of course much nearer to us, rose the sharpest and sublimest of the peaks of Europe—the stu-

pendous Matterhorn—a narrow pyramid of rock scarcely flecked with snow, and literally looking higher from where we stood than it did from the valley of Zermatt, nearly eleven thousand feet below. No words can convey the grandeur of the range of peaks of which the Matterhorn now formed the intermediate point—the Lyskamm, the Zwillinge, the Breithorn, the Little Mont Cervin leading up to him along a huge rampart of rock and glacier streaming with a score of vast ice-streams pouring down towards the great central flood of the Gorner; the chain continuing with the Gabelhörner, the Rothhorn, the Weisshorn, and the Bruneckhorn, over which were seen a multitude of inferior summits. The Dent d'Erin, which I had seen two days before, from the Col d'Erin, to the right of the Matterhorn, and rivaling it in sublimity, now lay to the left of that peak, and was dwarfed into comparatively insignificant dimensions. To the north and north-west, the eye ranged over a troubled sea of peaks, in which the great summits of the Oberland were of course conspicuous: the Jungfrau standing up in one sharp well-defined pyramid, followed by the long ridge of the Eiger, after which came the pointed peak of the Finsteraarhorn. Rather nearer, and very prominent, were the twin summits of the Engelhörner, and nearer still the huge rocky masses of the Aletschhorn, with the great glacier of the Aletsch streaming round its base. Far, far away, beyond all these nearer ranges, are the snowy peaks of the Grisons; and further still in the east and south-east, are even the distant groups of the Ortler Spitz, and the Bernina; so that even the two-score leagues that roll between us and the remote Tyrol, are as nothing to the eyes that gaze on them from this commanding station.

Perhaps, after all, some of the sublimest objects are the nearer ones. North of us rises a fearful peak, at no great distance, and scarce two hundred feet lower than our own; but connected with the Höchste Spitze by a ridge so steep that we could not see the portions close to us. This is the Nord-End Spitze, which from many a point of view appears the true summit, and which, from what we saw, I believe to be far more difficult of access than Monte Rosa itself. Beneath it, to the right, so near that one would fancy it possible to throw a stone upon it, lies

Macugnaga, at least two miles of absolute depth below. The highest part of the famous Weiss Thor passage, and the fearful precipices down which a passage may be won from Zermatt to Macugnaga, were excellently seen. The sharp outline of the Nord-End Spitze forbade us to follow the whole of the pass, from the head of the Hochthäligrat ridge to the commencement of the descent.

It is often reckoned three hours' work to reach the summit of Monte Rosa from the Saddle. In our case they had dwindled into one. It was barely eleven when we gained the top, and despite the cold, we managed to stay there three quarters of an hour, when, being all chilled to the bones, we thought it as well to descend. I remember well how my teeth chattered and all the bones in my body seemed to be playing rough music against one another. The descent required some caution and all one's eyesight, but by a quarter past twelve, we were all seated once more upon the Saddle, where, happily, the wind was now moderate, and I was able to boil some water. The Saddle I make by this test to be about 6160 feet above the Riffelberg. Oddly enough, I have not been able to find an exact measurement of the Riffelberg, but assuming it to be about 8000 feet, the Saddle would be about 14,100, or 14,200 above the sea, which, I apprehend, is not very far from the truth.

We started down again about one o'clock. The snow was excessively fatiguing. It was quite powdery; and the sun, which was now oppressively hot, seemed to have no power to melt it. In fact, whenever I took any up in my hand, I found it required some length of exposure to the heat of the hand before it could be squeezed into a snowball. I was by this time getting very tired; but I could not help turning aside to look at the grand crevasses we passed every now and then. One of them extended for hundreds of yards, with a breadth varying from fifty to one hundred feet: it showed in long lines of horizontal stratification the beds of snow of many a different year, and vast icicles hung from the upper edge to a depth of many feet. In another place, a great cliff of glacier, separating a lower from an upper dome, overhung the perpendicular by many degrees, and displayed along its face no less than fifteen beds of snow, belonging to as many successive

years. By and by I was wholly unable to stand the pace of my fresher companions, and sent them on ahead, while Balmat and I followed at our leisure. I was glad of the gentler place on another account, as it allowed me to look at many things for which I had not time before. The grandeur of some of the rock precipices on our left struck me very much, and in one place it was enhanced by the *débris* of a magnificent "Sérac," which had tumbled over since we had passed by in the morning. Presently we came upon three great crevasses, presented endways to us, and running parallel to one another in the direction of the Matterhorn. We fought our way through the deep snow to gaze into them, and found two of them to be actual valleys in the ice, not less than one hundred feet wide and two hundred feet deep, one side overhanging the base by many feet, and with several successive rows of icicles depending from the softer snow at the top.

The sun beat down on to these exposed slopes with uncommon force, and there was not a breath of air to take off from the effect of the burning heat reflected from the snow. I experienced an exhaustion such as I have rarely felt. The snow-slopes had seemed long enough in mounting, but now I fancied them actually longer, and several times I was obliged to fling myself on my back on the snow, and to lie there some minutes before I could proceed. The great curtain above the last rocks appeared an *ignis fatuus*; the nearer we approached the farther it retired. However, even it was reached at last, and we had a fine view of the rocks below, on either side, composing the barrier of the aperture through which the central glacier descends. Those on the right were gneiss, those on the left granite. At the bottom of this slope we entered on the little defile conducting from the glacier to the rocks; and just before reaching it I noticed a curious phenomenon, which had escaped me in the morning. Several lines of moraine, at a few feet from one another, were ranged side by side with the nicest parallelism. We turned aside to examine them, and found they had all come from some precipices above, whence they had tumbled on to the glacier, and had been brought down in regular lines without any lateral displacement.

There is a great difference, after all,

between going up hill and going down hill, and despite my deadly fatigue, I reached the rocks where H. was waiting for me by half-past two, and after a short quarter of an hour's rest and a drink of lemonade manufactured on the spot, was ready to continue my homeward route. By the time we reached the Gorner glacier, my exhaustion had so entirely disappeared, that we prolonged our walk very materially, by continuing on the glacier for several miles, and turning aside hither and thither in all directions to examine the numerous objects of interest it presented. A steep climb of twenty minutes, up the side of the Gorner-grat, brought us suddenly upon my wife, sketching and wondering where we could have gone, for although she had traced us from eight in the morning, she had lost sight of us when we descended the rocks above the Gorner glacier, and could never distinguish us again on its broad and trackless surface. A short and pleasant half-hour's walk brought us safely to the Riffelberg, where we were quietly settled by five o'clock after a day of (to me) uncommon fatigue, but also of unusual interest.

I was very glad, the next morning, that we had not taken the day's rest I had so much wished for. The clouds hung heavy on Monte Rosa, it was snowing on many of the neighboring peaks, and the wind was fearful. As I sat on the Gornergrat, jotting down the outlines from which this sketch has been filled up, I heard it raging furiously, howling and screeching far above my head in the clear open sky, where there was nothing to provoke its fury. Against such a blast we should have had no chance of success, and should have been happy enough if we had met with no accident.

NORR.—I have spoken of the Messrs. Smyth as the first travelers who gained the summit of Monte Rosa. While these pages were in the press, I fell in accidentally with an interesting little work, published at Aosta, in 1855, entitled *Les Alpes Pennines dans un jour*, by the Canon Carrel of that city, in which it is said that the Schlagintweits of Berlin, two very celebrated travelers and geologists, preceded the Messrs. Smyth by three years. M. Carrel is an eminent man of science, and I have no doubt he is correct. I commend his little book to those who are likely to visit Aosta or the neighborhood; they will find a great deal of valuable information, nicely given, and in a small compass.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

WOMANHOOD AND ITS MISSION.

P A R T I I . *

WHAT is woman's mission in domestic life? We feel that to investigate this subject with any fullness would be superfluous. We are overcrowded with theories and books upon Homes. It will be sufficient merely to state the principles which render it important.

It is important because the mother is the educator of the race. The child is father of the man; the nation is the result of motherhood. One day Napoleon said to Madame Campan: "The ancient systems of education are effete; what do we want that we may educate young France well?" "Mothers," answered Madame Campan. "Then," said Napoleon, capping the point with one of his pithy remarks, "here is a system of education in a word; but it must be your care to train up mothers who shall understand the instruction of children." One of the portions, then, of the home mission of women is to educate nobly; and in order to do this well, to be continually educating and elevating themselves.

The second principle on which her domestic mission rests is the importance of home. It is needless to show by a series of pictures how the working classes are rescued from intemperance, and the upper classes from evils as great, by a happy, bright, and well-ordered home. Reformers, temperance lecturers, poets, preachers, have all exercised their powers on such descriptions, till the subject is as well worn as the Appian Way. In one point of view, however, it may be touched on. One evil of advancing civilization is, that it brings with it a superabundance of manual toil to the laborer, of mental toil to the merchant or politician. On this follows exhaustion, and on exhaustion, the desire for stimulants. Now, whether these be sensual or intellectual, they wear

the man out more completely in the end. God's barrier against this wear of life is home and its gentle stimulants. A woman who thinks how she may delicatize existence and beautify evening life, by those nameless efforts for which her womanhood adapts her, is pouring, in fact, new blood and new vigor into society. The rest and repair which night gives to the world of nature wearied with the light and corroded by the sun, is strictly analogous to the mission of women in domestic life, where they exist as wives, or daughters, or sisters, to the manual and mental laborers of a great city.

Great is the mission which women have before them in the one word, home. Those of us who live in great cities and partake of the crowd which is called society, can not but feel a faithless fear for Britain, when we watch the many tendencies and habits which uproot the dearness of home. A rage for traveling has come upon us. We hunt with all the eagerness of bloodhounds after false excitements, to free us from the dullness of domestic life. Spirit-rapping, distressed nationalities, religious controversies, large parties—gayeties which are the most mournful stupidities we know—clubs, evil assemblies; all these are followed and thronged, and home-life is ignored. Against all these we appeal solemnly in the name of this great principle which we desire to rivet in the hearts of our women, that true national life rests on home; for there the men of a nation are formed. The stability of England reposes on its purity and happiness. The powers and force of our country in war or peace are molded beside the hearthstone; and when home ceases to be the dearest word on the lips of an Englishman, then, and not till then, shall close the empire of the Mistress of the Seas. A woman who makes home a reality indeed, works no trivial work. She is doing her devoir as

* See page 349 June Number.

a daughter of her nation. She is keeping our empire great, and true, and conquering. We thank God that our ancestral homes are no abstractions. We thank God that our Queen has felt this truth so strongly. We bow in all reverence before the woman who bears witness to the truth that her kingdom reposes on the sanctity of home.

Again we press it on the women of our nation, keep home happy, for then you will keep men pure. Make home a reality, for you will thus concentrate national life. Honor with silent reverence the humble dignity of home, for it is one of the greatest powers in the world; honor it as the rallying word of a nation's battle; honor it as the fountain of all pure emotion and high motives; honor it as the one witness yet existing of the paradise that has past; honor it and keep it pure for the sake of the exile, who holds it as the most sacred thought of the present; honor it as the symbol of the heaven of the future.

There is much difficulty, much struggle in this work; but for it womanhood is wonderfully fitted. Self-sacrifice, which is love exhibited; high ideals, which produce self-elevation; delicate perception and delicate tact, which beautify daily life, and smooth the waters of irritation and complaint—these are her powers. And though the labor seems fruitless and fameless, yet to those who look largely on the work of time there is no name too great or too important to apply to a mission whose center is the heart of home, but whose circumference is the universe—whose effects extend beyond the limits of existence, and shall be found in all their fullness only in that infinite future, where God reigns in a kingdom whose dearest name is, Home.

Then there is the mission of women in social life. Vast and complicated as this is, it is perhaps possible to state it briefly, if we endeavor to discover its principles.

The first thing needed is, that she should be true to her primary mission; but for this she must form a truer conception of her womanhood than at present prevails in society.

To elevate herself, then, is the first requisite for her mission as a social being. Now, elevation does not consist in being a leader of fashion; nor is it won by efforts after increased position. "Fashion," as said Channing, "is a poor vocation."

To be the arbitress of dress, the priestess of frivolity and change, the leader of the apparent, the unreal, and the perishable; to spend life as the copyist of the great—in a struggle after a higher circle, which is misery when gained; as the adorer of the meteor and not of the sunlight: that is too often woman's idea of her mission in society. *That* elevation? No. True elevation is elevation of the soul; is in unwearyed effort after the ideal which God has placed within the spirit; is the effect not of an outward and showy, but of an inward and real change. And this elevation of soul must arise in women from their own exertions. For what is true of the freedom of a nation is true also of every individual: men and women can only cease to be slaves to error and convention by their own native strength. But to gain this power there is necessary for women a more enlarged and wiser system of education.

If that were once gained—if women, through self-elevation, had begun to be true to their own high womanhood, and to work from it, from the inward to the outward—and many are the isolated examples of this—a noble work extends before them. Their mission in society as the helpers and regenerators of men begins. To teach all men the glory of purity, not by lecturing, but by a life; to fill that mass of eyeless, sightless persons who walk this world and see no loveliness in it, with the refining sense of the beauty they are formed to love; to stamp a worthier impulse and a higher reality on all professions; to lay the ideal of his work before the soldier—to teach him, from the quick livingness of self-sacrificing love within her, that the Christian idea underlying war is death for others. What Arnold did for Hodson, women may do for officers. To do the same for the clergyman: to quicken his wearied energies by sympathy, to fill him with the sense of the awful worth of an individual soul, to infuse into his spirit, hardened often by constant contact with sin and misery, the delicate susceptibility which is hers by nature; to prevent the lawyer from subordinating truth to the interests of his clients, by ever holding up the higher duty to eternal truth; to prevent the necessary sternness of restraint over sympathetic feeling in the doctor from falling into coarseness of soul, or loss of true natural feeling—by being the witness to

tenderness and sympathy; to check the merchant's tendency to seek all good in utility and materialism, by pouring the excellence of beauty and spirituality into life; to declare to the politician that national prosperity is not measured by outward welfare so much as by inward elevation: that is something of the mission of women to men in society.

The second thing requisite for woman's social mission is, that she should return to a reverence for natural life and feelings. Woman should be the prophetess of the real and human, against the artificial and conventional. The most unreal, inhuman thing among us is high society. Worldliness, understood not as the catch-word of a party, but as that power which keeps us back from the invisible, eternal, and real, is utterly opposed to a true humanity. For what is it which makes the man or the woman if it is not the undivided, immortal, unsatisfied spirit which lives within? And nothing in that world, which is called society, ministers to, or fulfills the imperishable reality which yearns within us. Consequently high society is eminently unnatural; it has nothing to do with the truest tendencies of human nature. Now, if womanhood is any thing it is intensely spiritual in its powers and its work. We do not use the word spiritual in a religious sense alone, but as embracing every thing which is opposed to the outward and material. Women then, are, or rather should be, martyrs to the truth that real life is a life which rests on spiritual realities, and that it, and it alone, is natural life. Alas! it is too true that they are as worldly as men, even more so; for in proportion as a nature is more spiritual does it fall lower, when it falls at all. When shall women take a high position in society and preach a lofty freedom? For with the bounties of civilization we have corresponding slavery. We are enslaved and degraded by a passion for property. Love has lost its wings of heavenly azure, with which it soared, light as a lark, into the empyrean, and now grovels on the earth weighed down by a burden of red gold. Faith in human nature dies, like Tarpeia, under a mass of unmeaning compliments and untruths, all the more ghastly because they are uttered with the hand upon the heart. The healthy freedom of the soul which fears not to utter its convictions, the natural laugh and natural expression are checked by Duessa in the

borrowed garb of modesty. We are all slaves more or less in the society of a great city; we labor under the weight of our own high civilization. Oh! we want womanhood, true, loving, natural womanhood, with all its religious and inspiring power, to descend and fill the hearts of our women with such force that they may be in the society of the town what they are in the country, and what they feel themselves to be in their truest moments. We want them to cry out of the depths of their inner nature, against all this prostitution of love and natural feeling; to vocalize the thought that property for itself is worthless, that slavery to the spirit of the world is the heaviest and most galling yoke ever yet laid on the eagle neck of that human nature which God created to rise unfettered in aspiring freedom to the sun.

We can not as yet hope for this. The evil seems ineradicable, except at the expense of a revolution in society. As long as no natural communion exists between the sexes, there can be no progress. But the idea is gaining ground each day, and in the slow change, which is the essential characteristic of English life and English politics, will fulfill itself by its own native energy. We care not for objections or impossibilities—immortal truth will and must prevail. We look forward to another race of women, not better women than we have now, but women with truer and more fearless views, who shall understand that only in liberty of spirit, in contempt of worldliness, in a free and unsuspicious intercommunion between the sexes, can society advance to its ideal, and men and women be made more modest, more noble, more pure, more real.

The third and last point we notice in the mission of women in society is, that they are fitted by the delicate appreciation and sympathy of their nature, not only to draw out goodness and genius in those they meet, but also to combine men and women of opposing and various powers into an united body by spreading a spirit among them as a bond of union. Women have no nobler office than this. To recognize the hidden fire which burns in men, and to call it forth to light the world; to touch the fine points of character with an unobtrusive finger in the reserved men of study, and travel, and science; to lure them on by a witchery they are unconscious of to give themselves freely to so-

ciety; to call forth humble genius; to be the defenders of true men and women, and the disseminators of truth. This they are adapted for. It seems an unworthy mission at first sight. But nothing is so worthy as the manifestation of light, however done, if it be done with reverence and purity. Again, it is a noble thing for a woman to bind different characters together into a common cause, by becoming their presiding and spiritual head. Who can forget Vittoria Colonna? Round her the choicest religious and artistic spirits of Italy congregated. Each found in her something accordant with himself; each found in her sympathy and help; each drew from her inspiration, and all were thus bound one to the other by their mutual love for her. We submit these two possibilities to women. In each they may find true and ennobling work. But to fulfill either part they need a strong and high education. To understand or to combine deeply-educated men there must be mental strength and mental knowledge. And against this, men raise the foolish cry: "Our women shall not be blue-stockings — strong-minded women lose womanhood." But was Madame de Sablé a blue-stocking and not a most charming woman? Were the long line of Italian and Arab learned women false to womanhood? Was Lady Jane Grey unsexed? Were the salons of France ruled by blue-stockings and not by real women; and to them we owe the *Pensées* of Pascal, the deep morality and science of Nicole, the *Maximes* of La Bruyère and Rouche-foucauld. We do not wish women to obtrude their knowledge. We do not desire women to make a boast of a little learning, but to use deep learning to draw out other learning. We do wish our women to be nobly educated, purely educated; to be taught to think well, and think strongly; and then the more they know the more silent and humble will they become, for all real knowledge has that stillness of the ocean which is gained from depth. The more wise a woman is the more thoroughly woman she will be.

When from woman's mission in society we turn our eyes upon her work considered in relation to the social questions of the day, we are met at the very outset by the ghastly problem crying in our ears its melancholy data, and waiting for solution. Given the millions of unemployed women who are fading with *ennui*, or

starving, dying, or living in degradation worse than death—how shall we employ them?

On this problem we propose to enter with much humility.

We have written of the qualities which fit women for their work, and of the laws which restrain it within its proper bounds.

There is no question but that want of work is one of the greatest evils which falls on women at present. Men, on the contrary, are overworked. Women are confined to a miserably small sphere of labor. We do not demand field-work for them—that degrades and imbrutes many a woman; but even that is better than idleness or stitching at sixpence a day. It is a bitter cruelty to the upper classes that they are only taught accomplishments; but this is not so much felt or needed when riches are abundant and physical health may be supported by exercise. But among the middle classes, for large tradesmen, shopkeepers, small lawyers, or poor clergymen, to educate their daughters merely to make a figure at the piano or to be able to speak a few languages is a shameful want of foresight. It is in these classes that we find that dreadful amount of hysteria which is the child of *ennui*, of the want of objective interests, of the felt impossibility of realizing their dreams of action. It is from these classes that the bands of governesses are swollen till the supply becomes too large for the demand. It is a cruel thought that educated and refined women are exposed to offers of £10 a year for services which often comprise needlework and nursing, as well as teaching. No wonder, as we were told in Swift's Hospital, that in almost all asylums the third part of the women-patients are governesses. Absolutely for women of the middle classes who have been reduced there is nothing open but millinery or governesship. Now, here women have rights. They have a right to labor—to earn their living by the work of their hands. By strenuous effort we are pushed forward in the scale of being; and as long as no manual work lies before women, so long they must be subject to degradation. They should work at home, or they can sew, is the cry of ignorant men in answer to this. But for thousands there is no work at home; there are thousands who have no home; and the milliners' workshops are so overstocked that girls

can not get sufficient remuneration even to clothe themselves. What refuge is there?

There are one hundred and fifty thousand women in London laboring under a shilling a day, fifty thousand of whom do not gain sixpence per day. Thus, the amount of compulsory and unwilling prostitution is something almost too terrible to think of.

In one case, then, in the reduced woman of the middle classes, there is no hope for her, as she will not resort to crime, but ill-paid governessships, and that but rarely, or sewing—and the end is but too often starvation or madness. What is to be done? Simply to throw open to the women of the middle classes some professions, particularly the educational.* It is too soon as yet to speak of the medical profession as peculiarly fitted for women; yet, in America, there are now female doctors practicing with great success. To us this appears not only plausible, but even right. There are many diseases which especially belong to women. It is a wide field of work, and one which appears to us naturally open to women; and surely all the world is agreed on woman's capability as a nurse. In the Crimea Miss Nightingale and the Sœurs de Charité bound up and tended the most ghastly wounds with medical care and foresight. With all our heart we would desire to see that branch of the profession which especially has to do with the diseases of women thrown open to regular and accredited practitioners of own sex. If once the prejudice were got over, there are many among the middle classes, whose only hope now is governessship, who would go willingly into special training and pass any examinations that might be required.

Even if the whole range of the profession were thrown open to them it would be no new thing. In ancient times they were the great medical authorities. The Greeks and Romans made health a goddess. And womanhood would not be lost, but rather would find a sphere

in which it would be most nobly developed.

Again, Mr. Jameson, in her admirable work, *The Communion of Labor*, has shown what noble results follow from the superintendence of penitentiaries, workhouses, hospitals, and prisons, by women.

It would be too long in an article like this to enter into her work; but we earnestly recommend it to all who are interested in the question of unemployed women. We state a few of her principles. The first is contained in the title of her book: that the energy of the woman should be combined with the directive powers of the man, each rendering a loving, helpful hand to each. In this she carries out the great law which we have laid down elsewhere—the mutual dependence of the sexes. Another principle is, that these women should work solely for love. In this we partially disagree, for it confines the sphere of labor. In England, particularly, we require to be paid. But her element is too important an one to be lost. We would have a compromise. Take, for example, the workhouses. In no institutions are the women so brutalized and so tyrannous. Now, if there were a staff of paid women, superintended by another staff who had devoted themselves to this work for love alone, we think that such a system would eventuate well. On the one side there would be paid labor for those who want it, on the other side there would be a check over tyranny and abuses, for complaints could be made and wrong redressed without suspicion.

Another principle, and the most important of all, is that for all work of this class women should be fitted by *special training*. There is nothing which retards the social advance of women more than their dislike to this. Without it their case is hopeless. As nurses, as superintendents, as teachers, as visitors of the poor, as professional persons, as workers, if they would ever establish for themselves a recognized place in society, they must submit to slow and "special training." It is, unfortunately, the thing they most shrink from. Their enthusiasm, which would rush immediately into work, is damped by the necessity of long and steady perseverance. There is that vaulting ambition which overleaps itself. So much the more reason is there that while young they should be forced, as we are,

* A great step has been made towards this by the institution of normal schools for female teachers, and by women being eligible for grants from the Privy Council. This will give a spur to exertion; and as the subjects examined in are the same for both sexes, women may in time force themselves forward as candidates for higher educational employments.

to work out their object gradually. It is well said in a book* we have lately read, and to which we are indebted, that "dilettante visiting, desultory fits of charity, must give way to serious application, laborious preparation, and long study." The same principle must be carried out if the women of the middle class should ever have the career of business opened to them. And why women who have been fitted for them should not fill partnerships and clerkships, be employed in offices, or as superintendents of departments in the manufactories, we can not understand. In France the wife and daughter are often clerks. In England a public official was desirous some time ago of employing women, but prejudice stepped in and trod the wish under his iron heel.

We have no time to enter on objections. We only state what should be, and rely on the great principle that women have a right to work fulfilling itself in time. The evil is patent and sad enough. That a woman of the middle classes should be reduced to three alternatives—to be a governess, to stitch, or to die—is in these days, when bankruptcy is so common, a terrible social problem.

So far we have turned our attention only to the unemployed women of the middle classes. The other portion of the picture is no less gloomy in its shadows. There are, as we said, 150,000 women in London working under a shilling per day. If we deduct from this 80,000 prostitutes, thieves, and bad characters, we have 70,000 women who need employment. For these there is nothing open. The sewing market is overstocked. Many of these have no domestic functions; all would be glad to eke out their savings at home if they could. Now, they have the right of human beings, as well as men, to participate in labor, and it is a shameless denial of justice to exclude them. But the objection is made that if women are admitted to work, men will be thrown out of employment. To put out of the question the miserable selfishness of this, it is false to the facts of political economy. For if articles are made cheaper by increased means of working, the demand will be greater. At first there would be some distress, but afterwards the benefit would be felt. The very same objection

in a different form was made to the introduction of steam-labor, and now we are aware of its futility.

Let us look on the matter in a particular instance. Mr. Bennett, of Cheapside, has published a lecture which he delivered on the employment of women in watch-making. It is both excellent and practical.

He states that after being struck at the Paris Exhibition with the immense superiority of the Swiss watches over all but our first-class ones, he determined "to take his own eyes for a month through their principal manufacturing districts." He states that "quality, strength, and elegance considered, the Swiss are nearly forty per cent under our prices." He found in these districts "causes in active operation that explained the whole matter. From these leading manufacturers I (Mr. Bennett) learned that 1,500,000 watches were made last year (1855) in the Neuchâtel district, and this over and above the produce of the Geneva district. They declare, too, that their powers of production have doubled in the last seven years. The marvelous ingenuity of their tools and their skillful economy of labor fully confirm this statement. *Thousands of women* are at this moment finding profitable employment at the most delicate portion of watch-work throughout the district round Neuchâtel. The subdivision of labor is there made so minute as to adjust itself precisely to the special capabilities of every woman's individual dexterity. The watch is composed of many distinct parts, some requiring force and decision in the worker, while many are so exquisitely delicate that for them the fine touch of the female finger is found to be far superior to the clumsy handling of the man. Now, within the London district, including all we had in 1851, there are but 4800 in the trade, and last year only 186,000 watches were stamped of British manufacture. This number is so contemptible in proportion to our home consumption, that in 1855 duty was paid on 90,670 watches." Mr. Bennett then asks why the vast mass of our unemployed women should not be encouraged to enter on a trade for which Swiss women "have proved themselves so eminently adapted."

"For any man to declare, whatever his motive, that the women of London are sure to do badly what the Swiss are now doing so well, is an insult and a fallacy in which I refuse to

* *Social and Industrial Position of Women.* John Chapman, London.

join. No factory system is necessary for the manufacture of this very beautiful little machine. The father has but to teach his own daughters, wife, and female relatives at his own home; and then, just as their leisure suits, they can perform each her part without necessarily interfering with the most indispensable of her domestic duties. Thus the whole family is well provided for; and by the reduction of the cost of the watch, the sale would be increased indefinitely, and this increase would give additional employment to men and women in about equal proportion. Working watchmakers have no need to fear the introduction of female labor; the large demand that would necessarily ensue when watches were materially cheapened in price, would more than compensate for any temporary loss; the change it would effect would be found not only a moral good and a great social blessing, but would satisfy the indispensable requirements of a strong commercial necessity."

Now, let our readers remember that these are the convictions of no theorist, but of a practical man, well known to be one of the foremost of his guild. Another point we would call attention to, since it meets an objection frequently brought forward against the employment of women, is that this class of work can be carried on at home. Here, too, we see the communion of labor, and remark that the best work is done by men and women—each complementing the other's labor; and the law of the difference in kind between the sexes is practically stated by Mr. Bennett, when he reserves the portions of the watch requiring decision and force for men, and those of delicate handling for women. Such is one opening for that sad 70,000.

There are many others. We were glad to see in the *Times*, some months ago, that in the northern counties women were largely employed at the telegraph offices. For this business the sex is eminently fitted. That fine sensational perception which we spoke of in our former article as belonging to womanhood seems almost to be given to them in anticipation of such employment. Subtle quickness of sight, velocity of hand, are much needed, and women have these by their very nature. Accuracy, which is the only other requirement, should be given them by special training.

Other fields of labor which we have not seen mentioned, though we dare say they have been, we proceed to suggest. As engravers also women might be largely made use of, for the immense amount of

artistic female power which is running to waste in London and Dublin for want of a few special training schools and a few practically philanthropic tradesmen would astonish an investigator. Engraving does not require inventive power, which is the rare attribute of genius, but artistic talent combined with keen apprehension of what the artist meant to say, a high sense of the justice and honor which ought to be done and felt to his work, and a fine knowledge of the importance and the effects of chiaroscuro. For this, of course, training is necessary; but, supposing that given, we should challenge any objector who should say that these qualities are not to be found in womanhood.

As designers of chintzes, wall-paper, muslins, and lace, we believe that they are employed; but no means have as yet, so far as we know, been taken to teach women the art; and as long as there are no constituted schools or training-places where talent for such business can be discovered, and where the manufacturers may look for women whose genius for the work they may be assured of, so long no practical efforts in this line can be made to meet that sad 70,000.

Much cry is there in America about admitting women to the franchise. It is founded on their rights and duties as human beings. Talleyrand himself declared that their exclusion was, on abstract principles, impossible of explanation. Here, however, in England, John Bright, Quaker as he is, and accustomed, we suppose, to female preaching, would scarcely push reform so far. But there is a cry which every true man should raise in these countries—a cry of indignation against men who exclude women, not from the franchise, but from work which belongs by right to them. One shameful instance stares us in the face every day we live. We enter a large shop in London, or one of the great Dublin marts, and there what do we see? Tall fellows, whose "essences turn the live air sick," with sallow faces and abundant hair, whose sole exercise is a well-calculated vault over the counter, whisking silks and smoothing satins, discoursing on the mysteries of muslin and lace, measuring ribbons with hands in which we long to put the spade or the sword, and often—sometimes with encouragement—muttering some *fâde* complimentary impertinence into the ear of a lady cus-

tomers. It is not the fault of the young men themselves; they are generally a fine set of youths, who desire some nobler and more fitting life, and whose faults are the faults of a false position. But if there is any thing in what we have said on the difference in kind between the sexes, and in the variety of spheres of work following therefrom, these men are out of place. The work itself is not mean work — no work is degrading if well done; but it is shocking to see a man dandling a score of ribbons on his strong arm — not that the work is a degradation, but that it is driving women to loss and ruin. “Back, gentlemen, back,” says Legouv  , “you not only are out of your place, but you usurp the place of others.” In France it is very different, and the preponderating influence of French fashion, which owes its power to the *women of France*, is sufficient proof of the utility of the opposite arrangement. Women sell, too, much better than men; they are quicker in their intuitions of the wish and taste of the customer, and are much more able in that vivid recommendation of an article which persuades the buyer even against his will. We have heard a Frenchwoman selling and recommending a bonnet, and the whole of this *affaire de t  te* was done charmingly. The advantages of employing women largely as sellers in shops follow directly from the natural characteristics of womanhood. The practical advantages would be immense; the things would be shown off better, and sold quicker; the same inventive genius which has put French fashion on the summit of society would be drawn out in England and Ireland.

For all these positions of work a more enlarged system of education and training is necessary. No father or mother to whom there is the possibility of bankruptcy should permit their daughters to grow up without practical knowledge; book-keeping, for example, and a knowledge of trade and its fluctuations. Habits of business should be early instilled into their minds, that they may be able to meet their husbands with help and skilled advice. It is a strange anomaly to see practical men, who wear out life in work, succumbing to the idea that for their daughters and their wives the creed of fashion is good — that deadly creed that idleness and accomplishments, *strenue inertia*, make the lady. She is a lady who

is one in heart, who has that within that passeth show. They will not be the less accomplished for such practical teaching. A woman who feels her feet well set on the rock of some useful knowledge will have a zest in her piano and easel which the mere dilettante in life can never know. The *ennui* which keeps a girl back in her accomplishments will vanish, and Beethoven will be all the more loved when it follows as a relief from the sterner pursuits of single and double entry. The study of business will give tone and vigor to the mind, and will make a maiden feel that she can be useful in life, that her father, or brother, or future spouse, will find in her a helpmeet now and hereafter. We do not confine the practical education of the women of the middle classes to these things, but we are deeply impressed with the conviction that if a parent would save his daughter from hysteria, weakness, morbid self-analysis, that feeling of uselessness which kills existence, he should give her an education which will bear on some practical, remunerative business in life. Each parent may choose such a pursuit as he sees adapted to his daughter’s temperament, or to her future position in the world. If this were so, we should have finer constitutions and finer characters in our women. Sorrow would not fall on them with such a crushing weight; the loss of love would not extinguish life; we should not have so many self-eating women; for in real, productive work is the panacea of the shattered heart. It is easy to tell a woman that she has work, though she knows it not; that the simple round, the common task, are sufficient for her — wise advice, considering present circumstances. But have we ever realized how we men would feel in the same environment; have we ever been just enough to allow the enormous difficulty of a girl’s position who has been given no aim in life, who has no work cut out for her, who is forced to find in trivial duties the only realization of those high prophecies within her of action spent on worthy objects? We talk much nonsense of woman’s sphere. Her sphere is every where, and we confine it to the drawing-room and the kitchen. It is her duty, true, to be at home, and to work at home; but what becomes of all the unemployed time? There are many women who have no home functions. It is a Christian thing to bow before God’s will; and we coolly

tell women that they must work out their life quietly among their circumstances. The question which we never think of is, whether they may not be put out into life under better circumstances; and it is our imperative duty as parents and as men to see that our daughters' lives are not always imprisoned by the chains of circumstance and convention. It is our imperative duty to cease mocking them with a Christian formula, as long as we do nothing ourselves to free them from a bitter and hard necessity. This can only be done by supplying them with an aim and real work in life.

The same holds good of the girls of the lower classes. The evil of many a girls' school is that nothing but sewing is taught. Neither intellect nor character is developed. No aim is given to them in life, and when they leave school, instead of rejoicing to enter on an arena where they hope for conquest, their eyes grow dull, and their intellect and active power lose all energy; for they feel that they are leaving the only home, the only impetus of exertion, in leaving school. We ourselves have known a school in London, where the clergyman refused to teach geography to the girls, alleging that sewing and spiritual instruction were sufficient for them, as if shirt-making could keep them alive—as if spiritual instruction would, in nine cases out of ten, keep them true and chaste, without purpose in life, or intellectual power to understand what truth was.

We will now turn our attention to the influence and mission of women, with regard to the great social problems of the day.

The first of these is the contest between the rights of property and the rights of labor—a contest as old as David's time, when he demanded food as a right from Nabal in requital for protection; as old as Rehoboam's, when on the death of Solomon the oppressed working classes of Israel rose against the tyranny of the rich, which was concentrated in the haughty lordlings of the court; a contest shifting from age to age, and changing with a nation's changes, but always underlying a large national life; a contest which can not be arranged by law, for the rich will always feel that they have an indefeasible right to their property; and the struggling mass of laborers will ever declare, as they look on the vast surplus of wealth

possessed by the higher classes, so called, that they have not a proportional value for their toil. Such a battle, we say, can not be arranged by law, for the law of to-day would not be suitable for to-morrow; and secondly, every political economist knows that the equality proposed by socialism only settles the evil for the time—that twenty years after property had been equalized it would be unequalized again; for the men of intellect and perseverance would soon uplift themselves into wealth, and claim in their turn the right of labor to well-won property.

One remedy alone exists—the spirit of the cross of Christ. Private property, as the name imports, is not to be seized by others; but it may be given freely, sacrificed nobly, through love; given, not by an outward and coercive law, but by an inward and free desire, which feels that by a real right, founded on no written law, but on unwritten equity, the poor should receive of the rich man's surplus. Men cry that the laboring classes have no respect for rights. We know no body of men that, as such, have a deeper veneration for rights than the working classes of this kingdom. Their very nature is built on it. But when they hear their rights decried—and labor has its rights—when they see a rich man feeding high and sleeping soft by their means, and then refusing to give, and denying their brotherhood as men, then they cry against the wrong. Blindly and by false methods, it is true, they try to establish their rights, but nevertheless the cry is based on truth. It is a wrong, not in the sight of earthly law, but in the eyes of the eternal equities of heavenly love. The working man has no respect for wealth and rank *per se*. A lord, a rich manufacturer, who is not noble in heart, or rich in honor, is a worthless piece of flesh in the eyes of all true men. To venerate such a man is to degrade veneration into idolatry. But no honest working man ever grudged the rich man his riches, or the peer his rank, when he beheld him in life and action recognizing the laborer as a brother, as one who had his rights, and giving freely and nobly of that which God had given. For such a man—and many such there are in Britain—the working men have a deep respect, and would with their utmost help defend his property from wrong; but to the fool of wealth and position no honor is due.

Two spiritual principles, widely recognized and largely acted on, can alone atone this war: the spirit of giving in love, and the spirit of Christian brotherhood. To feel that wealth is ours, not to aggrandize or minister luxury to ourselves, but to bless and elevate others; to feel that property or rank does not make us higher or more worthy than him who has them not, but all the more his brother; to meet men as the children of the same Father on an equal footing, giving them our hand, not in condescension, but with all the ease of a conviction which has so entered life as to make it unconscious of itself. By these, and these alone, can the Chartist and the Socialistic cry be stilled.

Now, both these spiritual principles ought to find a natural home in womanhood, if it be true womanhood. Women by their very nature possess the deepest power of self-sacrifice, a keen appreciation of rights, and an exquisite faculty of sympathy. They should be martyrs; that is, high witnesses to the world of the rights of the poor to the rich man's surplus wealth, of the right of the laboring man to be recognized as a man and a brother. Both in society and in action they can do much. They can spread the idea far and wide in those circles where their influence is paramount. They can manifest to the working man that they, at least, despise the unchristian terms of upper and lower classes. They can—by a large sacrifice, by sacrifices undreamt of as yet—show to the world that there is to them a higher right than the right of property—that there is no such thing to them as the glory of rank or wealth apart from worth. They may personally, by visiting and kindly words, by a steady recognition of the brotherhood and equality of all, teach the working man that they hold him as one with themselves—and in this they may find a noble mission; for what is nobler than to sacrifice and sympathize largely, than to promulgate truth, in order thus to crush a social falsehood? Their influence is enormous, as all indirect influence is in a social question of this kind. They act on it not by law or force, but by the spiritual powers of their womanhood; they know not what might one word of theirs may have, spoken at a fitting moment; they know not the power which the quiet inculcation of these truths may possess over their brothers,

husbands, or fathers. The contrary is too often true. Many a woman, marrying a man who before had been interested in the advance of his laborers and tenants, draws him away to vanity and town-life, and spends his money in adorning herself or her house. Such a heart is false to all the high promptings of its womanhood. But if she act with and strengthen her husband in his plans, and add to the directing power and thought of the man her own delicate sympathy, her righteous conviction of Christian right, and her own fine and proper labor, then, in mutual dependence on each other, the man and the woman will work out an answer on their own estate, at least, to the problem of the rights of property and the rights of labor.

We believe that women are willing and ready to do this, but they have not the knowledge. How can they energize against an evil if they are ignorant of the existence of the evil? We keep the powers of woman in abeyance: we crush half the influence of humanity as long as we give to our daughters and our wives inadequate culture. Women seldom take much interest in these social enigmas in after-life. From their girlhood we would teach them political economy, the fluctuations of national life, and the storms which brood upon the surface which appears so still to them. They should be accustomed to look on these problems as subjects of solution which they are to help to solve. They should be acquainted with the condition of the poor and the laboring classes, with their struggles, their aspirations, and their demands, and urged to do their utmost in life to meet their difficulties. They should be taught that the only principles which will solve the social knots, are those Christian principles which God has preëminently given them as women. Again, we say, we want a larger, more human, and more prospective education for our women. We wish them not only to know Christianity, but the application of Christian principles to the domestic, social, and national life of the world.

There is another social question which has arisen more immediately in consequence of the advance of civilization. This is the division of labor and its effects. Now, in early national life, or in savage communities, all the energies of a man are drawn out; for the various nature

of his occupations necessarily calls into vigorous action all the varied and complex powers of the individual. But by the minute subdivision of labor which a large civilization brings with it, and to which we owe the perfection of manufacture, the intellect is dwarfed and confined; for, in all life, excellence is purchased by a corresponding loss. A man whose whole being is devoted to washing bottles, or cutting corks, or pointing needles, becomes only a machine; his whole nature, intellect, and senses are restricted to one thing, and all the rest of his powers lie fallow for want of culture. Life is as wearisome and monotonous as if he were an ass in a mill, ever pursuing the same unthinking round. Now this can not be changed. In a largely populated and productive country the division of labor is a necessity. The question is, can not the consequent evil be alleviated? Much may be done by mechanics' institutes, lectures, and libraries; but it has often struck us that if readers were appointed to the large rooms in the manufactories, in the same manner as was practiced in the refectory of the monastery, some of the men—we venture to say almost all—would be glad. Of course the books should be amusing and instructive. Short explanations also could be given. Now, we see no reason why these readers should not be women who had gone through an elocutive and literary training for their work. They would readily come for a small salary, and should be drawn from the unemployed women of the middle classes. There would be no evil arising from this, no insults would be offered. We have deep trust in the thorough desire of elevation, and in the natural reverence of womanhood, and in the manly character of the mechanics of England. We believe that such a scheme, if carried out in practice, would tell most beneficially on the evil of the division of labor, and indirectly on the character of the men.

We come now to a difficult subject, difficult because whatever views are put forward they are sure to meet opponents. The subject is the elevation of the working classes. Now, a class can only be uplifted by its own power; no outward force can ever succeed. This is the mistake of Socialism: that the improvement of the well-being of a class is equivalent to its elevation in the scale. On the con-

trary, all improvement must begin from the inward and work itself forth to the outward. Only by self-culture can the working classes be raised—by moral, religious, mental, and physical self-culture. But men object to this on the grounds of the division of labor. They say that one man is born to think and another man to work, and that every class should keep to its own sphere. False; for as surely as each man's soul is his own proper care—as surely as no one has a commission from God to hold the spirit of any in his hand—so surely no man has a right to assume the power of thinking for his brethren. No; the working man has a right, as a man, to believe in God for himself; to cultivate his reason for himself. Thought is as universal as religion, and it is as much a man's duty to elevate his intellect as to elevate his spirit; and to keep the working man ever to his drudgery, to unfold his animal powers alone, to shut him out from the progress of the mind within him, is as shameful as to reserve the Gospel of Christ only for the initiated. Protestantism protests, in behalf of the liberty of the individual to investigate truth for himself; and we are false to the foundation-stone of the Reformation when we close the avenues of culture from the working man, by prating of the division of labor as God's law. Our work as educated men and women is not to damn thinking in our laborers, but to help them to think for themselves. Every thing is given to us to impart fearlessly and freely. A great soul only finds its true existence in making others great. We have said that the elevation of the laboring classes must begin from themselves, must arise from their own wish. Our business, then, is to awake that wish, to stir the spirits of a class we have too long ignored to mental exertion, by manifesting to them truth, religious and intellectual, by representing with a brother's kindly power the ideals of existence.

To enter into the means by which men can initiate this is foreign from our subject. Let us see what powers woman can bring to bear upon the masses.

Practically, a woman may do much towards the improvements of the home life of the laborer. To expect that a man or a woman living in a narrow room and eating daily unwholesome and half-cooked food, can have the wish for elevation spir-

itually or intellectually, is a miserable mistake. There is nothing which so depresses mind or so enfeebles struggle as bad food succeeded by bad digestion. Now, here a woman—a lady—in her visits may do much. Every woman who has any interest in the poor should make herself a mistress of cooking. She should possess herself of Soyer's receipts for cheap dishes and teach them to every laboring man's wife and daughter. She will find that many a satisfying, wholesome family dish can be made for a few pence. To us it is most melancholy sometimes to see young girls reading the Bible only to the poor, while half-starvation is staring greedily through the eyes of the listeners. How can they feel an interest in spiritual truth while they have that bitter inward gnawing? And yet by a little trouble these ladies can really lay the foundation of a desire for knowledge by giving the laborer better food and a more healthful stomach. In the worst parts of the parish of St. Giles, full of ghastly poverty and more ghastly degradation, a young girl, who had been redeemed from the midst of them, and whose story is one of those romantic ones which we meet frequently in the details of the London City Mission, has opened a large district to the means of improvement. She had sought instruction in books, in the Bible, and in easy literature, in cooking, and then she went a self-constituted missionary among her early friends. She taught simple dishes, she read the Scriptures and other books to the men and women. There was but one large kettle among the inhabitants of a whole street. She induced them to club together and to make tea for themselves in this monster of ironmongery, and got them to meet socially at one another's houses, linked them together by a common bond, excited them to learning and elevation, established a system of comfortable food, and spread thus a spirit of communion and a desire of something higher through the worst streets of the district.

Now, if ladies would do this where they could, and where they could not would educate and train some one to do it, of the place and rank they wish to improve, they would give a vast heave to that inert Sisyphæan stone, the awakening of the lowest class of working men and women. To begin at the beginning, it would make this more practical and more possible for

ladies, if they would resolve on teaching every girl in the parish-school a cheap system of cookery. Again, there comes before us that cruel thought that our education of poor girls is not a prospective one. If they left our school good cooks, there is not a shadow of doubt that one of the reasons which drives the husband and the father to the gin-palace would be removed. A good dinner will keep a man at home, and give him a quiet rest and exhilaration after the labors of the day, prevent him from seeking a false repose in false excitement, and establish in him a love of that home where he is so comfortable. A pleasant home life is the first step toward the elevation of the working man.

Again, women are calculated by their very nature to impress men by order, neatness, and cleanliness, and nothing tends more than these to elevate the condition of the working man. These principles, and the high ground Christianity puts them on, should also be engrained in girls by ladies.

All this may seem contrary to the principle we started with, that the elevation of any class can not be gained by bettering their condition, but must be the product of their own inward force. But we do not say that these things will elevate them; they are solely our duty, because they remove impediments in the way of elevation; they do make the field of self-culture an easy one to work in.

But women can do far more. Their very nature teaches them with keenness the eternal distinction between right and wrong, and leads them to the thought of the importance of the individual; and so, as the first step in culture, they may make a man feel his dignity and worth as a human being; may induce him to believe that there is something within him, spirit and mind, infinitely more grand than any thing material; and that to degrade either by neglect is ruinous, to exalt either is the essence of manliness. Women have a strong sympathy; we beseech of them to be true to their nature, and to go fearlessly and sisterly among the men they may chance to meet, and witness by their lives to the fact of brotherhood, and the individual responsibility of man. Impossible! But what has not Miss Marsh done? Taught a whole class, and that generally esteemed the rudest, to elevate themselves. Casting herself in a noble womanly

trust of manhood on the hearts of these rough men, she tamed, and blessed, and exalted all. With one word she quelled the riot at Sydenham, when the law had failed; for the men loved her who had taught them that they were men; they loved her, for she had been to them the apostle of Christian brotherhood, of serious religion, of a high morality; they loved her, for she had gone amongst them, not as one of a higher rank, but as a sister; they loved her, for she had instructed them how to elevate themselves; they loved her, for she had given them the truth of eternal rest to balance a life of toil; the hope of everlasting life, to uplift them above the privation of their position; and belief in one Father and one incarnate Son, to elevate them above the theories of Chartism into the knowledge that not by outward force but by actual real sonship they were already equal to all in the sight of Him; all sons of the one Father; all brothers in the one Christ. To a working man believing that, all systems of false elevation, of pushing into a higher rank, were dreams, Socialism and Chartism were foolish, for they were attempting to realize that which had been already realized for them in Christianity.

It was high womanhood which performed this wonder. She was true to that delicate intuition, which saw the good under the hard rind, and touched it into life. She was true to that unfailing trust which believed against hope in good; true to that fine sympathy which felt what was necessary to each peculiar character, and applied a fitting balm; true to truth, she made the men believe her; true to her whole womanhood, she upraised them by presenting to their spirits an unconscious ideal in humanity to which they strove to rise, and which they felt to be pure and worthy. She performed her mission well, because she was true to God; and what she has done among the rough laborers who have no settled home may be done by every woman, not in *her* sphere, but in the sphere of action which God has given to each. At home, in society, to all those whom she touches in life, a woman may give high impulses, may enable them to elevate themselves by working from the same principles as Miss Marsh; by a deep trust in men, by a delicate human sympathy and intuition, by a belief in good, by a life of pure womanly love, and by a firm belief that in the principles of Christianity

alone can be found the solution of the problems of existence.

The fourth important social difficulty on which the influence of woman is beneficial, is the better working and arrangement of institutions and schools. Under this head we class hospitals, penitentiaries, workhouses, prisons, lunatic asylums, emigration offices, homes for fallen women, training-schools, and many others. Now, in making use of women for the improvement of these, two principles, founded on the laws of the sexes which nature has laid down, are ever to be kept in mind—that the energetic sympathy and delicate powers of the woman should always be combined with the directive powers of the man, and that women should act in those portions which are fitted for them. All true womanly work in such institutions as we have mentioned has been done in obedience to these principles. Where they have been ignored, the work has failed. An illustration of the success which follows on a practical recognition of these laws is to be found in Miss Nightingale's organization of the female hospital staff in the Crimea. She and the others labored in concert with, and under the superintendence of the medical officers. It was a communion of labor. They attended, with feminine delicacy and care, to those minor duties, such as dressing wounds, poulticing, alleviating bed-sores, distributing extras, and taking care of linen, which are too small, in the press of business, to engage the surgeon. They filled their proper sphere. By performing these offices they saved many lives. Above all, they gave to sternness, and terrors, and misery, an element of tenderness, and elevation, and religion; they infused into an atmosphere of pain and horror the softening influence, the order, the gentle voice, and exquisite sympathy of living womanhood.

“By and by

Sweet order lived again with other laws :
A kindlier influence reigned, and every where
Low voices with the ministering hand
Hung round the sick
Like creatures native unto gracious act,
And in their own clear element, they moved.”

This is poetry, not practice; in the *Princess* the unattractiveness of the work is concealed; but the influence described is true. The mission of women in an hospital is no easy, pleasant, popular task. It is a terrible and woful labor, and ought

never to be undertaken by a lady without strong resolution, long training, and a deep dependence upon God. The dilettante nurse is worth little or nothing. In the Crimea the paid nurses were far more efficient than those who went out from love without study. But a lady who, like Miss Nightingale, really trains herself for hospital attendance, and who gives her energy through love, and love alone, is, on the other hand, invaluable.

The results of an investigation into the hospitals at home, and into the account of the military ones in the Crimea, are two. First, that a better class of nurses are required; secondly, that a steady system of training is absolutely necessary. For till lately the body of nurses in our hospitals has been a most degraded one; we are glad to say that in London means are being adopted which will lead a higher class of women to enter on this profession. In some cases board, and even rooms, have been allowed; and a retiring fund for worn-out attendants has been set on foot. Every thing, we believe, should be tried to induce true-hearted women to enter as nurses into hospitals, for, as Mrs. Jameson says, an hospital ought to be not only a "large medical school, but also a refuge and solace for disease and suffering." Men and women are more open to religion and more softened in heart in suffering; but when they are left alone in their agony and see none but the doctor whose sympathies must necessarily be restrained if he would do his work well, and a rough, harsh, vulgar, and indelicate nurse, what hope is there that they will leave the house better or more believing? We must have true womanhood to tend our sick. Our nurses must be true to the soft voice, and the tender hand, and the gentle sympathy, and the deep religion of womanhood.

We expect the time when true women — feeling, believing, and realizing their own womanhood — will go round our wards and bless by their very presence the sick; when Milton's terrible lines will fade into falsehood — when it may be said of many what the soldier said of one, that the very shadow of Miss Nightingale passing his couch seemed to do him good.

In the United States, Miss Dix, starting in life as a teacher, began, when she had gained a sufficiency, to visit the prisons. There her attention was directed to lunacy; for before her time there were no public asylums, and the mad were sent if violent to prison, if harmless to the workhouses. She has now been the means of establishing nineteen asylums. She has, though openly appearing in none, obtained thirty-two acts of legislation for the insane, managing all the details herself, and employing neither clerks nor official men; and she has gone through all these asylums, overseeing them and correcting their abuses. Very unpractical and very poetical, no doubt, but where is the *sensible man* who would do the same?

Elizabeth Fry made an era in prison management. Mary Carpenter is now the referee on all subjects connected with reformatories. Every where womanhood is standing up our equal. We are finding out by slow degrees the old law of God; we are getting back to the truths of childhood. As of old in Eden, manhood and womanhood are being wed anew — wed in dignified equality as high helpmeets in the work of the world. God help the labor, and give strength, hope, and a noble humility to each, till man become more womanly and woman more manly, and both unite in Him in whom there is neither male nor female, but one divine and true humanity.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE ROMAN QUESTION: THE POPE—HIS CHURCH, COURT, AND MINISTERS.*

A VERY remarkable work has just appeared at Brussels, by M. About, author of a volume called *La Grèce Contemporaine*, published about four years ago. M. About, a Frenchman by birth and education, brought up at the *Lycée Charlemagne*, unlike some of his countrymen who write about Italy from the *Boulevard des Italiens* at Paris, has studied the Roman question from an actual point of view, in the States of the Church itself. It was on the very ground of Rome, as well as at Bologna, at Civita Vecchia, and at Rimini, that he picked up his information and collected his facts. His first impressions, written freshly as they occurred, appeared some months ago in the Parisian *Moniteur Universel* with such changes and modifications as the editor of the French Government journal imposed. His articles, somewhat desultory and fragmentary, were nevertheless truthful and impartial—so truthful, indeed, as to provoke violent remonstrances on the part of the Pontifical Government. The consequence was that the clever writer, though backed by the patronage of the greatest personage in the state, was forced suddenly to suspend his labors in reference to Rome, the Pope, the Cardinals, and the States of the Church. The Papal nuncio at Paris, the sleek Sacconi, exhibited a diplomatic and episcopal dissatisfaction to the French authorities; and his secretary, the Abbé Compieta, did not fail to proclaim in ultramontane society the scandal caused to all truly devout Romanists by these Voltairian sketches, so sparkling with wit, humor, and that mocking irony before which even truth itself sometimes, and for a season only, fares second-best. Nor was this by any means the worst of it. The Archbishop of Nicea, acting on behalf of his spiritual father, the Pope, had roused the five French cardinals, the Archbishops of Besançon, Bordeaux, Bourges, Lyons, and

Rheims, and the most ultramontane of the bishops, vicars-general, and priests in the west and south of France, to a common feeling of anger and complaint. Here were five cardinals, fifteen archbishops, sixty-five bishops, hundreds of deans and archdeacons, and about fifty thousand priests, and a vast number of Jesuits, lay brothers, nuns, and religious women, all at once set in motion to influence every religious or seemingly religious household in France. Allusions were made to the harsh conduct of the first Napoleon towards Pius VII.; and the Home Minister was warned that it would fare ill with any French Government which could countenance attacks on the Vicegerent of God on earth. To these passionate assertions, urged with priestly perseverance, M. Delangle was not wholly insensible; and M. About was told by the Minister that he must write no more on Rome, the Pope, the Cardinals, or the congregation of the Propaganda, at least in the Government *Moniteur*. The articles which had already appeared had, however, greatly piqued public curiosity, and pleased the most intelligent portion of the reading and thinking public in France. Testimonies to this effect crowded on the gifted author from all sides; and as the situation of Italy grew more uneasy, urgent, and unquiet, M. About determined to devote himself to the production of a special book on Rome, the Roman Question, and the States of the Church. He retouched his notes, he revised his reminiscences, he consulted statistical volumes, he conversed and corresponded with illustrious Italians in and out of Italy, and the result of all this thought, labor, and penmanship is the volume now before us. The first edition was published in Belgium in the first days of May—a country in which there exists nearly as much freedom of the press as in England; and this imprint was exhausted in a very few days without satisfying half the people in Paris, who would be satiated with the work under any circumstances.

* *La Question Romaine.* Par E. ABOUT. Bruxelles: Meline, Cans et Cie.

A question then arose whether the volume might not be printed in France by some independent publisher. The Council of State sat on the subject and decided in the negative, so that on the fifth or sixth of May the partisans of the Pope and his bad government thus felicitated themselves that the volume could not appear in France; but in the last moments, before leaving for Italy, the Emperor of the French decided that the work should be also published in Paris as well as admitted from Belgium, so that the Parisians will have the opportunity of reading as clear and pungent prose against the Papacy printed both in Belgium and in France as has been written since *Candide* or *Micro-mégas* first saw the light some hundred and thirty years ago.*

It is not that M. About has any personal spite against the Pope himself; on the contrary, he feels kindly towards a man aged and infirm, whose private life is exemplary, and who practices self-denial and disinterestedness on a throne often disfigured by selfishness and corruption. The French critic admits that Pius IX. commenced his reign by acts favorably regarded by Italy — acts which gave a hope of better days, doomed to be subsequently disappointed. But while lamenting the sufferings of the Pontiff in exile at Gaeta, and the moral tortures which his Holiness must have suffered in exercising a precarious and dependent royalty under the protection of two princes, M. About contends that there are thousands of the Pope's subjects whose position is a million of times more deplorable than that of the Monarch, owing to the weakness and wickedness of the Pontiff's government. This is a government administered certainly in the Pope's name and under his authority, but of many of the iniquities and oppressions practiced under it, it is hoped the Pope himself is personally ignorant.

Pius IX. has now just entered upon his sixty-eighth year, having been born on the thirteenth May, 1792; but he looks older than his real age, being of delicate health and feeble constitution. M. About describes him as a short stout little man, with pasty cheeks and a somnolent look.

His countenance indicates good feeling and a certain lassitude, his Holiness having no commanding traits. The predecessor of the present Pontiff, Gregory XVI., was a plain, nay, a downright ugly, man, with a blotched and pimply face; but ugly as he was, he played his part well in spiritual shows, exercises, and spectacles. Pius IX. is, on the contrary, a very sorry performer in these magnificent representations — the great and often too successful religious melodramas of the Romish Church. The faithful who travel long distances to hear his Holiness's masses are surprised to see him take pinches of snuff at the very moment when the Thurifer covers him with an azure cloud of odorous frankincense. When mass is over, the Pope it appears plays at billiards, it is said by order of his physicians. He is, says the Frenchman — as though the fact were wonderful — a believer in God. He is not merely a sincere but a devout Christian. In his enthusiasm for Mariolatry he has invented, it is true, a useless and silly dogma, but *en revanche*, he has testified his sincerity in raising a monument to the Miraculous Conception, certainly in the worst taste — a monument which still unhappily disfigures the *Piazza di Spagna*. The moral character of Pius IX. is above reproach, and was so even in his youthful days as a subdeacon, deacon, and parish priest. This purity of conduct in Romish ecclesiastics is common enough in France, but very rare indeed in the States of the Church, where morality is the exception not the rule. The present Pope has nephews, who, miraculous to tell, are neither rich nor powerful, nor yet titled; and this is the more wonderful as no law whatever interdicts the Pontiff from levying black mail on his subjects for the benefit of his own particular family.

Gregory XIII., for instance, gave to his nephew, Ludovisi, four millions of good paper money, quite equivalent to solid specie; and the Borghésés purchased eighty considerable farms with the money of Paul V. Nothing therefore prevented the present Pope, even according to the commission appointed in 1640, and presided over by Vitelleschi, general of the Jesuits, from creating a majorat of £16,000 a year on behalf of a favorite nephew, or a *secundo geniture* in favor of a second nephew, or even to pay over a dowry of £36,000 to a too indiscreetly loved niece or daughter, if he had such

* While these sheets are passing through the press, we learn that the volume has, on the denunciation of the Editor of the *Univers*, been seized in Paris.

child, of which there is no evidence whatever. But Pius IX. has not followed the example of the Gregorys or Pauls, or of his own namesake Pius VI., in this respect; and though his family are of no great rank, and are poorish in point of fortune, yet he has done nothing whatever to better their position. His nephew, the Count Mastai Ferretti, married recently, and all that the Holy Father did for him was to give his young wife diamonds to the value of £8000 of our money. And even this liberality cost not a sou to the Roman nation. These diamonds were a present from the Sultan of the Sublime Porte to the Pope on his election in 1846; and what remained of them after the spoiliations of Gaeta and Portici, were offered as a marriage-gift to the young Countess of Ferretti, the Pope's niece-in-law. This is to the honor and credit of the man Pope.

The character of Pius IX. is (according to our author, from whom we have gathered all this detail) an amalgam of devotion, good nature, vanity, weakness, and obstinacy, "dashed and brewed" with a spice of bitterness and rancor. Though his Holiness gives his benediction with unction, he is not placable, and does not very easily forgive. A good priest enough, he is an indifferent and incapable sovereign. He is a man of ordinary mind, without elevation of views, and is the very reverse of infallible in the affairs of this world. His information is on a par with that of the bulk of the Cardinals, which does not say much for his intelligence or learning. He expresses himself tolerably in the French language.

The Roman people have judged Pius IX. in a kindly spirit. In 1847, when he manifested a desire to act well, his people called him great. But, poor man, he was not in the least great, but only an excellently well-intentioned person, desirous to act differently from and in a better spirit than his predecessors. In those early days Pius IX. coveted the applause of Europe. In 1849, nevertheless, he passed for a violent reactionist, because events ran counter to his volition, and above all, because Cardinal Antonelli, who had aroused his fears and completely overmastered his weak will, drew him violently backwards in all that related to state policy.

The unprosperous issue of all Pius IX.'s efforts at reform, as well as some two or

three accidents that have occurred in his presence, have accredited the notion among a section of the lower population of Rome that the actual Pope is a *jettatore*, and possesses what is called in the south and east of Europe "the evil eye." When he takes an airing through Rome or the environs in his carriage, the good women undoubtedly fall on their knees as before his predecessors, but they resist the fascination of the evil eye by circumvallating their countenances within folds upon folds of their ample cloaks.

On the other hand, the affiliates of the Secret Societies impute all the ills, misfortunes, and servitude of Italy to this self-same Pontiff. The men of the Secret Societies, according to M. About (and we fully believe him) would make short work with Pius IX. if the French army were not on the spot to protect him.

M. About did not ask an audience of the present Pope. He did not kiss his Holiness's hand, his toe, or his mule; and, *per contra*, the only mark of attention shown to the French writer by the Papal government was the insertion of a malignant paragraph against him in the *Giornale di Roma*. Notwithstanding this malignant and offensive paragraph, M. About, however, generally takes the part of the Pope, and makes every allowance for his peculiar situation. Let it be remembered, too, in estimating the character of Pius IX., that after having been for a couple of years the favorite of public opinion and the lion of Europe, his Holiness was suddenly obliged to shift his quarters from the Quirinal. At Gaeta and at Portici he knew the bitterness of exile. A great and an ancient principle had in his estimation been violated in his own person, and his ministers and councilors said to him: "It is your Holiness's own fault; you have placed the monarchy in danger by your ideas of progress." Immobility, they then urged, was an indispensable condition to the stability of thrones, and Antonelli pointed to the history of antecedent Popes in confirmatory proof. There was abundant time to convert Pius IX. to these views before the armies of the Roman Catholic powers restored him to Rome, and he was ultimately truly converted to them before his restoration. Too happy in seeing what he conceived the principle of lawful authority saved in his own person, Pius IX. vowed never again to compromise it by

any indiscretion, and to remain as immovable as former Popes. But here were the French, his saviours, who imposed on him the condition of moving onward with the time. What, then, was the Pontiff to do? He neither could refuse all, nor yet promise all. He hesitated a long time—then engaged himself as it were against the grain—then after a while released himself from engagements which he entered into from considerations of present interest only, and wholly irrespective of principle or conviction. Now, having done this in a temporizing and dishonest spirit, he is out of humor with his people, with the French, and with himself. He knows well enough the Italians suffer from his acts; but he compounds with his conscience by arguing that the misfortune of the nation is indispensable to the security of the Church. The churchman in his person effaces and obliterates the man. The murmurs of his conscience are stifled by the remembrance of 1848, and the fear of revolution, by which he is oppressed and appalled. In a word, the Pontiff now closes his eyes and shuts his ears, trying to die in peace midst complaining subjects and discontented protectors. We agree with M. About in thinking that weak men, without energy and character, would act pretty much after the fashion of Pius IX. if they were in his place. That he is weak, inenergetic, and easily led by designing knaves, are the chief faults of the present Pontiff.

The minister of the Pope is quite a different man from the Pontiff. Antonelli, the chief minister, is not a man of respectable or even decent, but of ignoble birth. A near relative of his was shot for brigandage during the first French occupation; and the father of the Cardinal himself was a mere wood-cutter. The Cardinal Minister, according to M. About, was born in a den of brigands, and was enabled to reflect upon the consequences of highway robbery before he tasted any of its sweets. The first employment of the young Giacomo was in tending bullocks. He next became an intendant of a household; then a municipal receiver, in which he was able to make more money at a less risk. He lived in plenty, enjoyed every pleasure, made himself every where at home, frightening people at need, so as to be able the better to rule them. Not to risk his life, which he always valued highly, and partly also with the hope of better-

ing his condition, the future Cardinal that would be entered the Grand Seminary. In France, the country of skepticism, young men enter a seminary with the hope of being ordained priest. Antonelli confidently, and as it happened correctly, counted on escaping the punishment of ordination. In the capital of the Roman Catholic world, Levites of a little intelligence become magistrates, prefects, councilors of state, and ministers. Parish priests are in these parts not made of fresh, but of dried and sapless fruits. Antonelli so distinguished himself, with Heaven's help, that he escaped—to his infinite comfort and relief—priest's orders. He has never, therefore, said mass—he has never shriven others. "I shouldn't even like to swear," says M. About, "that he has confessed himself." The young seminarist obtained, some eight-and-twenty or thirty years ago, the friendship of Gregory XVI.—more useful to him than all the Christian virtues. He became Prelate, Magistrate, Prefect, Secretary General of the Interior, and Minister of Finances. Shall it be then said that he did not take the right road to success? "A minister of Finance," says M. About, "provided he knows any thing of his business, saves more money in six months than all the brigands of Sonnino in twenty years." Under Gregory XVI., with a view to render himself agreeable to the sovereign, Antonelli became reactionary. With equal reason, on the accession of Pius IX., he professed liberal ideas. A cardinal's hat and a ministerial portfolio were the recompense of his new convictions, and proved to the inhabitants of Sonnino that even liberalism itself was more lucrative than brigandage. Antonelli got hold of the new Pope as he had done of the old. Pius IX., who had no secrets from him, confided to him his desire to correct abuses, without dissimulating his fears of going too far. He served the holy Father even in his irresoluteness and want of all firmness of mind. While, as President of the Council of State, he proposed reforms, he as Minister carefully postponed them. No one was at first more active in preparing the Constitution of 1848, nor at last in violating it. He was the man to send Durando to fight the Austrians, and the first to disown him when he was vanquished. He withdrew from the Ministry when he saw there was a chance of danger, but aided the Pope in secretly oppos-

ing his ministers. The murder of Rossi very seriously perplexed Antonelli. When one has taken the trouble to be born at Sonnino, (says M. About,) it is not in order that a man may permit himself to be assassinated—quite the contrary, indeed. Antonelli therefore provided for his own safety and that of his master, and proceeded to Gaeta, to play the part of Secretary of State *in partibus*. From that period of exile may be dated the despotic power of Antonelli over the mind of the Holy Father, his restoration in the esteem of the Austrians, and the complete unity of his conduct. From that epoch, too, there have been no contradictions in his political life. From this period of exile his design was to restore the absolute power of the Popes, in order to dispose of it at his case. He prevented any reconciliation between the Pope and his subjects. He solicited the arms of the Roman Catholic Powers to the conquest of Rome. He shut his ears to the advice of the Emperor of the French; he designedly prolonged the exile of his sovereign; he drew up the promises of the *motu proprio* with the firm intention and design of eluding them. At length he returned, with the Pope, to Rome; and from that day to this, now a period of nearly ten years, he has lorded it over a timid sovereign and a prostrate people—opposing a passive resistance to the councils of diplomacy and to the wishes of Europe; clinging to the good things of office with the tenacity of a nature semi-brigand, semi-clerical. Indifferent as to the present and careless as to the future, the Cardinal daily adds to his gains. Antonelli is now fifty-three years of age, but looks younger. He is robust yet sinewy, and preserves the health of a mountaineer. His breadth of forehead, his sparkling eyes, his aquiline nose, and the upper portion of his face, inspire a certain amount of wonder. There is a flash of intelligence in those bronzed and Moresque features; but the heavy face, the long teeth, and the thick lips, disclose the grossest appetites. It is as though a Cardinal and Papal minister were grafted on an unmitigated savage. When Antonelli accompanies the Pope in the ceremonies of Passion week, his impertinence and disdain are magnificent. He looks ever and anon at the diplomatic gallery, and sarcastically regards those poor ambassadors whom he tantalizes from night to

morn. There are not wanting some who admire the actor who thus boldly brazens out his part.

When Antonelli, on the other hand, pauses in a drawing-room before the actual presence of a pretty woman, and when he addresses her in confidential tone *sotto voce*, grazing as it were her shoulders, you see before you the sensual savage man of the mountains and the woods; and you shudderingly think of post-chaises overturned by the roadside.

Antonelli, M. About tells us, has his apartments above those of the Pope. The Romans inquiringly ask, in a sort of interrogative pun: "Which is the higher, the Pope or Antonelli?" All classes of society equally detest the Cardinal. Concini himself was not in his day more intensely hated than is this *parvenu*. A Roman prince, in speaking to M. About of the wealth of the Roman *Grandeza*, said: "You will perceive that there are two families whose wealth is indicated by an arbitrary mark, for nobody knows the extent of their riches. One of these is the family of Torlonia; the other is the family of Antonelli. Both made their fortunes in a few years; the one by speculation, and the other, Antonelli, by politics—which means, in Rome, by intrigue and time-serving." M. About is, however, in error in thinking that old Torlonia, the father of the present duke, made his fortune in a few years. He took somewhere about forty long years to make it. Originally the old schemer commenced as a baker. Having obtained a perfect mastery of the rolls, he became a dealer in grain, (we don't say a rogue in grain,) and a contractor in flour, biscuit, etc., somewhat in the style (though on an infinitely smaller scale) of the first Sir William Curtis of the days of George III. and George IV. In this capacity of contractor for flour and fodder, the dusty old miller made nearly a million of crowns; and having then set up as a Cambist and banker, sent one of his sons to Oxford, some five-and-fifty years ago, to study English and become a gentleman. This son afterwards presided in the bank, and was well known from 1815 to 1840 or 1841, changing circular notes and acknowledging letters of credit from London and provincial bankers in this country. He may be still at work for aught we know, in a similar capacity, though the probabilities are the other way, as the younger.

Torlonia must now be at the shady side of seventy — at least seventy-four or seventy-five years of age.

Cardinals of birth, breeding, and position in Italy, or of acknowledged status and position in their own countries, have no liking for Antonelli. He is looked on as an intriguer — as a kind of clerical brigand, “*Sans foi et sans loi*,” according to M. About.

The Roman nation reproaches him with all the evils which it has suffered for ten years. Public misery and public ignorance, the decay of arts and letters, the violation of all rights, the extinction of all liberties, in addition to the permanent scourge of a foreign occupation, are all laid to the door of Giacomo Antonelli. It may even be doubted whether the Cardinal Minister has adroitly served the party of the reaction. What internal factions, asks M. About, has he suppressed? Let it be remembered, too, that it is under Antonelli's reign that secret societies have propagated themselves through Rome. Europe has long complained of this man's government of the States of the Church; and every day's delay of needed reform raises her complaining voice more and more in *alt*. Antonelli has reconciled no parties to the Holy See — has conciliated no Power. He has had ten long years of dictatorship, and has gained neither the esteem of foreigners nor the confidence of the Romans. He has gained a little time, and that is all that he has achieved. His pretended capacity, if we are to believe M. About, is a myth. He has the finesse of the peasant, the cleverness of the hack cardinal, but he is without the abilities to consolidate oppression as a system of government. No one can better than Antonelli delay and dally with a question, interposing artful dodges; for he can alternately amuse and fatigue the players, and pique and soothe them by turns by an adroit sleight of hand. But it is not by petty arts and contrivances of this kind that a shaky, tumble-down tyranny is rendered firm.

Antonelli has all the trickery, unprincipledness, and rascality of the lower and craftier diplomacy: it is yet to be proved whether he has any of the talent of the higher and the better diplomacy. When Antonelli (as M. About says) left the mountains of Sonnino, he had no thoughts of becoming the benefactor of the Roman people, or of being the testator of a pos-

terity which would treasure up his name. He was not — not he — either an Italian Don Quixote, or such a pious Papist fool as this. His first object was to take care of his own precious person; his second, to take care of his family. That family, thanks to his efforts, is in an excellent position. His four brothers — Philip, Louis, Gregory, and Angelo — who in early life were mere peasants, are now all counts. One is Governor of the Bank, and since the condemnation of Campana, he has been made manager of the Monte di Pietà. Another is Conservator of Rome. Another is a forestaller and regrater, a notorious monopolist. The youngest is the Clerk and *Commis Voyageur*; the diplomatist and messenger of this interesting, virtuous, pious, taking, and flourishing family. A certain Count Dandini, a cousin of the Cardinal, governs the police. Between the lot they nurse, manage, and notably augment an invisible and intangible fortune. They who know the Cardinal best, say that he passes a right pleasant life. If it were not for the bore of holding his own with the diplomatists, and giving audiences daily, he would be the happiest of mortals. His codes are simple — a cardinal's robe, unlimited power, an immense fortune, an European reputation, and all the pleasures which man can enjoy. These trifles satisfy his Eminence's very moderate desires. The good souls who find every thing perfect at Rome, vaunt much how satisfactory it is that Antonelli is not a priest. If you accuse him of being too rich, agreed, say the indulgent Christians; but remember that he is not a priest. If you remark that he has read Machiavelli with profit, admitted, say the optimists; but he is not a priest. If his *bonnes fortunes* are alluded to, bosh, cry the perfectionists, what imports it; he is not a priest. On this M. About sily remarks: “I was not before aware that deacons might do any thing with impunity.”

Antonelli has one weakness; but it is a natural one. He is terribly afraid of death. A distinguished and beautiful person whom he honored with a cardinalitial preference, told M. About that once when she arrived at a solicited rendezvous, his Eminence sprang upon her like a madman, and eagerly searched her pockets. When satisfied that there was no deadly weapon about his Dulcinea, his Eminence remembered that the lady was a friend. Prob-

bly this affair occurred after the attempt which had been made on Antonelli's life. A miserable idiot, egged on, it is said, by the secret societies, posted himself on the staircase of the Vatican, and brandishing a fork, sprang upon the Minister. His Eminence bounded on one side like a chamois of the Alps. The idiot was seized and tried. The Roman tribunals, who too often pardon the guilty, at once condemned him, and he was decapitated. The Cardinal magnanimously conferred a pension on his widow. Was not this, says M. About, the act of an "*homme d'esprit*?" Since the affair of the fork, Antonelli never goes out without the greatest precautions. His horses are trained to gallop furiously through the streets, to save him from a chance shot. With the following extract we must conclude our notice of Antonelli:

"Antonelli has been occasionally compared to Mazarin, both being characterized by great fear of death, inordinate love of money, regard to family interests, and certain other accidental features. They were born in the same mountain, or nearly so. The one insinuated himself furtively into the heart of a woman, the other into the mind of an old man. Both have governed unscrupulously, and have earned the hatred of their contemporaries. One speaks French as comically as did the other, yet they have an equal appreciation of the delicate niceties of the language. The selfish Mazarin dictated to Europe the Treaty of Westphalia and the Peace of the Pyrenees, laid by diplomacy the foundation of the greatness of Louis XIV., and managed the affairs of the nation without neglecting his own. Antonelli has made his fortune to the detriment of the country, the Pope, and the Church. Mazarin may be compared to a skillful but roguish tailor, who, though he dresses his customers well, contrives to secure sundry yards of cloth for himself. Antonelli resembles those Jews of the middle ages who demolished the Coliseum to steal the old iron it contained."

This comparison is more ingenious than exact or truthful. Mazarin, unlike Antonelli, was a man of noble birth, who had the advantage of a Spanish as well as an Italian education, having passed three years at the Universities of Alcalá and Salamanca. Neither was he born in the mountains near Sonnino, but at Piscina, a city of the Abruzzi. It seems also absurd to compare the Minister of such a kingdom as France, and one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Westphalia, and the author of the Peace of the Pyrenees, with such an adventurer as Antonelli.

With a Pope so weak and incapable as Pius IX., and Antonelli, such as he is described, for minister, it is not wonderful that legislative, executive, and judicial powers have been and are confounded together, and that all the provinces of the Papal States are ill-governed. Agriculture, trade, and manufactures are in the most backward state; the roads are the worst in all Italy, and it was not till very recently that railways and gas were introduced on a very small and partial scale. The only buildings about which the Pope's Government concerns itself are Basilicas, churches, convents, and religious houses. As to the army, the only regiments worth their salt are the Swiss. Many of these are from the Protestant cantons of Switzerland. They laugh at and have no belief in the religion of the sovereign whose pay they receive. So long, however, as the Swiss guards receive their rations and regular pay, they will scrupulously and faithfully fulfill the necessary duties they have undertaken to perform. As to the native Roman troops, they are badly officered, and without instruction, discipline, or courage, and never make war but on their fellow-citizens. All that is good and great in Rome, is as M. About with most other authors say, the production, not of the Popes or their governments. The gigantic aqueducts, the stupendous sewers, the magnificent roads which number twenty centuries, attest the industry and civilization of long-buried nations and of an extinct civilization. Yet the Roman people are brave, most intelligent, muscular, and well-grown, and would be industrious under a civilizing and progressive lay government. It was the general belief in this country and in France a few years ago, that the Romans were a debased and white-livered populace, without any of the masculine virtues. Yet when emancipated in 1849 from the guidance and control of about 38,000 priests and 21,000 monks, aided by a few bold and courageous adventurers from all quarters of Europe, the Romans kept the French army at bay for months, and performed signal acts of valor. If these men were under a good secular government, there is in them the material to make ingenious artists, mechanics, watchmakers, jewelers, sculptors, engravers, civil engineers; to make thoroughly practical farmers, and even excellent soldiers and sailors. The descendants of Romans, and Romans,

themselves, in every country in Europe and out of it, excepting Rome their native city, form able men of science, excellent merchants and commercial men. Witness the Mammianis, the Armellinis, the Pepolis, the Farinis, the Saffis, and the Mecchis, who in England, France, Sardinia, and America have obtained renown. Yet had these men remained at home a prison or a dungeon would be their reward from a theocratic government. The remedy M. About suggests for this misgovernment and malversation is the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power. Make the Pope, he says, Bishop of Rome, and give him as large a salary as you will, drawn from all the Roman Catholics in Christendom, but deprive him of all temporal power, which he misuses and abuses horribly.

"I have often (says M. About) spoken with honest, honorable, and enlightened men in the States of the Church—the leaders of the middle class—who have talked to me as follows: If, said they, there came down from heaven a man strong enough to cut into the core of abuses, to reform the administration, to send the priests and monks to their churches and the Austrians to Vienna; if there was a man strong enough and honest enough to promulgate a civil code, to render the country healthful by drainage, to introduce good husbandry, to promote industry and manufactures, to facilitate commerce, to finish the lines of rail, to secularize education, to propagate modern ideas, and to place the Romans on a level with the Western nations—we should fall down and absolutely worship him. It is said by people that know us not, that we can not be governed; but give us a prince capable of governing, and you shall soon see if we are niggard in conceding to him the fullest powers. Whoever he may be—from wheresoever he may come—we will give him *carte blanche* to be absolute master, to do every thing he likes so long as any thing shall remain to be done. All that we ask in return is, that his task once finished, he will permit us to share power with him. We will not be niggard in meting out to him ample authority, for the Italians are accommodating and not ungrateful; but we will not any longer support that eternal old lazy, tricky, tumble-down despotism which paralyzed greybeards transmit from hand to hand. Each of these ruling and paralytic priests hands us over manacled hand and foot to the wickedest and worst of the College of Cardinals."

If a Cardinal Secretary might by any possibility himself become Pope, he might use his power honestly and mildly, if not ably or discreetly. But there is no instance of such a thing in modern times.

Lambruschini and Consalvi tried their best to be elected popes, but with little success.

If the Pope were simply a Roman bishop—chief of the Western Church; if he confined himself only to spiritual things, and eschewed temporal government, his countrymen of Rome, of Ancona, and of Bologna might govern themselves as we heretics do in London, and as those very pale-colored papists, the French, do at Paris, Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Nancy. The administration of the Finances of Justice, of the Police, of War, and of the Home Department, would then be carried on by laymen and not by priests, bishops, or cardinals. The Roman Catholics in communion with the Pope, according to M. About, number 139,000,000; and if every one of the faithful and orthodox subscribed a half-penny a head, the chief of the one Holy Roman Apostolic Church would have a revenue of some £7,000,000—enough to provide for all the expenses of the Church and Court of Rome, including even the repairs of St. Peter's.

It may be supposed that M. About speaks of the result of the French occupation of Rome: that result may be summed up in a few words. At Portici, Pius IX. promised the French Government the reform of certain abuses mentioned in his *motu proprio*. Once established in his own capital, he eluded those promises. Nine years have since passed by, and though politely invited year by year to advance a little in the way of improvement by the French Government, the Pope has refused to budge an inch. Had the French soldiers retired from Rome three months ago, the Roman citizens told them they were themselves capable of winning all their rights; that is to say, the secularization of the Government, the proclamation of an amnesty, the Code Napoléon, and liberal institutions. Now it is too late to achieve these things, for the Austrians are in force at Ancona and in the Marches. What, then, has the French occupation of Rome for nearly ten years effected?—Literally nothing in the way of good government. Left to themselves, the Romans, without either Austrians or French, might have redressed their wrongs. Now Austrians and French, or French and Austrians, will play off the Pope as Court Card against his subjects or against each other.

We have as little faith in French sym-

pathy for Italy as we have in Austrian. France and Austria are both playing a game entirely selfish, and Italy is the battle-field on which they fight. We desire as much as any Italian patriot the freedom of Italy; but in the interest of Europe, of the world, and of France herself, we greatly more desiderate the freedom of France and the restoration of her constitutional Government.

There are difficulties in the Roman Question to which we are not insensible; but these difficulties are not wholly insuperable and are very capable of solution. Rome and the Roman Question are hack-

neyed subjects, yet M. About has thrown into his volume so much force and freshness, so much good sense and wisdom as well as wit, that he extorts conviction. The point and epigram of the style only serve to barb the weighty argument and the forcible reasoning of one of the most brilliant and able books it has been our fortune to read.

We need scarcely say that the statements put forth as facts in this article, and most of the strong things said as to the Papal Government, are given on the authority of M. About, from whose work we have rendered them into English.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MAY-DAY SONG—A MONTH BEHIND TIME.

BY JONATHAN FREKE SLINGSBY.

[EVERY one in Ireland knows that May did not come to us this year for eight days after the 30th of April. The interval was made up of some odds and ends of days, that fell out of the previous winter, with keen east-wind and a nipping frost. Who could write a May-day song for last month's *Maga* under such circumstances? Nobody—and nobody did it. 'T would have been an anachronism. 'Tis just in time at present.]

BEAUTIFUL May, beautiful May!
 I've longed for it all the year;
 When every spray with blossom is gay
 And the sky is sunny and clear.
 All night on the lawn, till the break of the dawn,
 I watched for the welcome day,
 Till the sun came out, and with gleesome shout
 The birds sang, "Here comes May!"
The May,
 Here comes the beautiful May!"

I marked her feet trip light and fleet
 Adown the mountain gray;
 I saw her eye, in the kindling sky,
 Laugh out with the merry day;
 Her waving curls were bright with pearls
 Of hawthorn flowers gay;
 Her kirtle was green with the dewy sheen
 Of leaves from every spray.
The May,
 So came the beautiful May!

I felt her breath like fragrant heath;
 I heard her cheery voice
 Like rustling trees, or the hum of bees,
 That made my heart rejoice.
 And as she trod the grassy sod,
 Up sprang the daisy gay;
 And o'er the mead the butterfly spread
 His painted wings for May,
The May,
 To greet the beautiful May,

Beautiful May, beautiful May!
 To-day I am first of the maids
 To weave for my hair the hawthorn fair,
 And bind it in snowy braids.
 And in my hair the braid I'll wear
 For one that will be on the green;
 If win I may his heart to-day,
 I'll care not who shall be Queen
Of May,
 Who shall be Queen of the May.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ITALY SEEN THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.

THE witty and wise author of *Walks, Talks, and Chalks*, in the pages of this Magazine, cautioned his readers against circumstantial, or what the lawyers call presumptive evidence. "This we are told is founded upon the connection which human experience demonstrates usually to exist between certain facts and circumstances and certain other events. When the one occurs, the others are presumed to accompany them almost as a matter of course. The probability is so strong in some cases that they say it creates a moral conviction. In my opinion, this ought not to be called a presumption of law, but a piece of presumption in lawyers. Nothing can be more unsafe or uncertain than this mode of drawing conclusions from probabilities; for my experience accords with that of Rochefoucault, who maintains that 'what is probable seldom happens.'"

In the discussions which have arisen out of the Italian question we have had some notable instances of this presumptive evidence. The facts of French aggression upon Austria are presumed to tally with similar aggressions fifty years ago, and the conclusion follows that Napoleon the Third is about to throw the madman's stake of France against Europe, which cost the first Napoleon his throne. The panic, in fact, of the Stock Exchange, during the last days of April was grounded on little else than a historical parallel—a piece of presumptive evidence that the days of the Empire are to begin over again. The convention between France and Russia was the treaty of Tilsit revived; the Danes were to lend a fleet, unless a second Nelson sailed forth in time to batter a second Copenhagen; a second passage of the Alps, amid snow and ice, and a second Marengo were to scour the Austrians out of Italy; a second abduction of a Pope Pius from Rome to Fontainebleau; a second kingdom of Etruria; and a second Murat reign in Naples; presumptions like these, from past to present

experience, flitted fast and thick through the affrighted minds of journalists and stock-jobbers; and every one seemed to forget the wise saw of Rochefoucault, that "what is probable seldom happens."

These historical parallels have caused an infinite deal of mischief; they have disabled the judgment of many. Men have lost their wits on the Italian question, and are suddenly reduced to the condition of some doting old volunteer of the days of the threatened French invasion, who "sans eyes, sans teeth, sans sense, sans every thing," pieces in the events of to day with the events of fifty years ago, in the disjointed talk of a poor weak old man. We have heard of a country parson who when called to preach a thanksgiving sermon for a peace with Russia, three years ago, produced from the old drawer an old sermon written for the thanksgiving-day after the peace of 1816. The old gentleman read the old sermon through from the pulpit, and greatly to the amusement of his congregation, denounced the "Corsican Usurper," and crowned with stale laurels "the brave Wellington, who laid him low on the blood-stained plains of Belgium." Now, the panic about the French invasion of Italy, and the secret treaty with Russia, is about of a piece with this old clergyman's mistake of Napoleon for Nicholas—the Crimean for the Corsican upstart.

What is probable seldom happens, and therefore these prolix parallels between Napoleon the First and Napoleon the Third may be left to the pages of Alison, whose interminable history of Europe, "from Napoleon to Napoleon," like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along the fifty years that lie between the Uncle and Nephew.

We will not pause to argue with those who suppose that history only moves in circles of fifty years' sweep, and that in this, the jubilee year of the Pope's French captivity, the events of 1809 must happen over again. But there are many who do

not avow any theory of "parallels" so absurd as this, who yet are startled by what they suppose are coincidences between the policy of Uncle and Nephew, and who unaccountably to themselves allow their judgment to be warped upon the Italian question by traditional jealousy of French intervention. The phantom form of the Corsican usurper—Marengo—Boulogne—Austerlitz—start up before them; and their desire for the liberation of Italy is dispelled by the deeper dread of a new Napoleon, and a second partition of Europe between the Emperors of the East and West.

Till this delusion, which confounds the past with the present, is dispelled, we can not hope to convince Englishmen that the question of Italian liberation merits attention by itself. Our suspicions of the French are too deep to allow us to spare sympathy for the Italians.

Fifty years ago all kinds of abuses at home fattened and throve under cover of our execration of French principles. Rotten boroughs; game laws; the hanging code; Lord Eldon's Court of Chancery; slavery and the slave-trade; impressment of seamen—all throve, because it was the mark of a Jacobin to move for reform in these things. The unanswerable argument of the Eldon school of statesmen was: "Sir, your principles are revolutionary; once concede these reforms, and we can not answer for the throne and the altar." There is as unreasoning a panic about French principles in the affairs of Italy. Italian liberty is a very good thing, but the harpy touch of France is thought to have tainted the liberal banquet in Italy. The Italians may not taste of liberty if French intervention has cast its shadow on it. The high caste constitutionalist must throw away his rice and break the pot, because the French Pariah has obligingly brought the sticks and lighted the fire to boil it.

Now, we can not undertake to satisfy these purists for liberty, as we can not satisfy other high castes in India or elsewhere. We can offer no guarantees for the moderation of Napoleon, and his own professions will not even be listened to. If men will be suspicious there is no Mandragora to drug their suspicions to sleep—no dittany to heal the wound of broken confidence at a touch. We must only leave them to the teaching of history, and say, "Time will tell." For ourselves, we

confess we have no such fears: that it will be only a change of masters for Italy—from the bondage of Austria to the bondage of France. Nations are not so easily handed over from one illegitimate usurpation to another. We delivered Spain from the French and Greece from the Turks; but we neither sat down in Spain nor Greece as armed protectors of the liberty we had procured for them. Nor will the French now succeed in possessing Italy after dispossessing the Austrians. The silly horse, says the fable, when worsted by the stag called in the aid of man, who mounted his back, first subdued the stag, and then kept his seat, and would not take off the bridle. We do not believe in these anticipations of the evil to arise from French intervention; but were they to occur, the change of masters would be a certain gain. Admitting the worst that could occur under any possible contingency, and the full substitution of French for Austrian ascendancy in the peninsula, still, if the Italians are to have a voice in their own affairs, the change will be a gain to Italy. What Lombard would not exchange the *Concordat* for the Code Napoleon; French vivacity for Austrian stolidity; the democratic Imperialism of Paris for the Royal Apostolic Imperialism of Vienna? We have admitted the worst that could happen, for argument's sake; but we are far from believing that this contingency will ever occur. By the time France has well chastised Austria she will be as weary of war as at the end of a two years' war with Russia, and will make peace on terms almost as easy. Prosaic Englishmen may think it a poor indemnity for the cost of war to build a *Boulevard de Sebastopol* and create a *Duc du Malakhoff*: but a puff of praise will satisfy a Frenchman—these are the kickshaws of glory on which solid John Bull would starve, while our volatile neighbors thrive on this light food. *Chacun a son gout*, we can not understand Frenchmen. We forget, moreover, that Louis Napoleon is conquering France in Italy. Louis Philippe lost his throne, it is thought, because he declared himself, in 1830, the Napoleon of peace, and kept his word. Napoleon the Third, professing the same policy, "*L'Empire c'est la paix*," finds it dangerous to adhere too strictly to this peace policy. He would have peace in the main, with an occasional brush of war to remind the French that

he is no *faineant* king. If he exists in Europe on condition that his empire is peace, he also exists in France on condition of keeping alive traditions of an empire which was war. He is thus held balanced between contrary fears; and now that he inclines to the policy of conciliating the French ardor for war, we are not to forget that he will gravitate back in a year or two to the safer policy of peace. There may be wars again in Europe, as the two years' war with Russia; but the age of war is gone forever, the temple of Janus is not seldom closed and often open, but seldom open and often closed. We need not fear that France will wantonly continue a war one hour beyond the point when she has gained her objects, and exhausted her resources. Another *Boulevard des Italiens* in Paris, and an Italian Dukedom for a French Marshal will be the cheap return France will get for her intervention in Italy.

The policy of England during this crisis is simple and straightforward, if our rulers have the common sense to remember the homely proverb, "least said soonest mended." Lord Malmesbury has been so busy for peace that he has almost hustled us into war. The mission of Lord Cowley to Vienna ended in the sorrowful experience of the Psalmist: "I labor for peace, but when I speak thereof they make them ready to battle." We were so anxious for peace, at any price, that we would not listen to the complaints of either side, and tried to cajole France and Austria, like sulky schoolboys, to shake hands and promise not to fight. When cajolery did not succeed, we tried what bluster would do. The *Times* threatened that the first cannon fired should blow from the guns the English and French alliance; whichever of the great powers dared to disturb the peace of Europe would rouse the British lion; and then, woe to the offender. It chose to assume that there was no *gravamen* in Italy whatever—that it was a quarrel only between France and Austria; and that there were no more grounds for a French intervention in Italy than for a French invasion of England. It was easy to see where this neutrality would lead us to. Professedly neutral, it would really engage us on the side of Austria, and against France. Austria stood on her rights: for forty years her intervention with affairs of the petty despotisms which afflict the people of Italy had been

understood, and had acquired that sanction which time and impunity give even to crime. For France to interfere to put a stop to this, was to disturb the established order of things. It is evident that if Austria was not culpable France was highly so; so that to judge of French intervention candidly we must first pronounce a judgment on Austrian intervention. The merits of the Italian question, which the *Times* has very persistently sneered at from first to last, must thus help us to a decision on this question of the quarrel between France and Austria. The Italians have long since pronounced, that though no lovers of French Imperialism they will welcome it as a deliverance from Austrian. The real question, then, is not whether we shall side with the French against the Austrians, or the Austrians against the French; but whether we shall side against constitutional Italy or for it. If it were only a war of Louis Napoleon against Francis Joseph ours might rightly be a neutrality of indifference—in so wicked a war we could neither have part nor sympathy. But in a war for the liberation of Italy from the hated Austrians we can not be indifferent, even though absolute France enters the lists against absolute Austria. We are not ashamed of liberty, even with such lovers in her train as Napoleon the Third. We should like to see Italy able to strike for herself; but even if the French should be called in to chase out the Austrians, we will not belie our love of liberty, and deny the cause of constitutionalism for any absurd jealousy of France. The wise man does not give up a cause because those who maintain it have not always clean hands. To wait for righteous ministers of a righteous retribution will be to wait for the Millennium. All we can say of French intervention is, that it is the best Italy can get under the circumstances; and even if bad is the best, it is better than none at all. The policy of free England is clearly, then, to sympathize with free institutions in Italy. Between France and Austria let our neutrality be the neutrality of indifference; but between Italy and Austria, the neutrality of sympathy for the oppressed against the oppressors—for constitutional against absolute rule. In so far as it is a French and Austrian question, let us have no more to say to it than to the battle of kites and crows; but in so far as it is a question of self-govern-

ment against slavery, our sympathies are heartily and entirely with Cavour, Poerio, and Manini — that noble triumvirate who have proved that Turin, Venice, and Naples, at the three extremities of Italy, are united in one common love of liberty, and a common desire to model their country after the institutions of England. We are fallen on days of small men and selfish measures. Oh! for an hour in the House of Commons of Brougham, when in his best days he thundered defiance at the Holy Alliance! Or when Canning generously threw aside the traditions of Toryism and “leaden Castlereagh,” to declaim upon Spanish liberalism, or to shield constitutional Portugal; or when Sir James Mackintosh rehearsed *Edinburgh Review* essays on the floor of the House of Commons, on the part England should take in the vanguard of liberty all the world over. Lord John Russell, to do him justice, has not forgotten the lessons of his youth; and Lord Palmerston is repentant for the slips he made in handing Italy back to the hangman and Croat in 1848. On the other side of the House, Sir Hugh Cairns has something of the Canning fire about him; and Mr. Gladstone, below the table, can tell the House, as no other man of the day, what Naples has endured under Ferdinand, the “*padrone assoluto e unico*” of police blasphemy. Lord Shaftesbury’s religious instincts point out that, if Protestantism is to have a chance in Italy it must be under cover of constitutional states like Sardinia: so that, putting these forces together, the cause of Italian independence will muster a strong body both in and out of Parliament. Against that must be reckoned the cynicism of the *Times*, and the peace-at-any-price policy of the stock-market, together with the traditional ignorance and indifference of most Englishmen to continental questions. Still there is hope that public opinion will settle down into the right direction. Among the leading journals, the *Times* is almost alone in its cynicism; and if it were not unfortunately the case that nine men read the *Times* for one who reads the *Daily News*, *Globe*, *Post*, *Chronicle*, or *Herald*, the interest in Italian independence would not be as languid as it is. But great questions are always fought and won by minorities. As Nelson said of the *Gazette* that omitted to mention his name: “Never mind; we shall have a *Gazette* to ourselves by and by.” So we shall have

the *Times* on the side of Italy, when Italy has asserted her right to independence. All in good time; it will take the side of Cato when for once the gods take the side of Cato, and send the Cæsar Francis Joseph once for all out of Italy.

We have thus cleared the Italian question of two disputed points which blocked up the way and prejudiced our judgment. We doubted the sincerity of France, and despaired of the neutrality of England; and in this state of mind, between doubt of our neighbors and allies, and despair at the prospect of an European war, we could only look at Italy through the green spectacles of jealousy of France. Once assure Englishmen that France neither desires nor dares to possess Italy, and that the war will not spread from the Alps to the Rhine, (which Austria, by her alliance with the Catholic States of Southern Germany, is craftily trying to compass,) and we are sure that the instincts of our countrymen will be to side with Sardinia and against Austria. It is now an Italian war; our policy as well as our duty is to prevent it becoming an European war. It will be time enough to menace France when she menaces Germany. The Russian alliance with France so grossly misstated by the *Times*, meant only this, to neutralize Austrian influence in Germany, and hold Germany neutral in a non-German quarrel. Prussia, Russia, and England can now *bonâ fide* unite to keep the conflagration from spreading beyond the Alps. The first thing an experienced fireman does is to isolate the conflagration. He will ply the hatchet as well as the pumps and hose. It is seldom that we can drown a fire, but it is often easy to cut it off. Lord Malmesbury’s hose was neither long enough or strong enough to deluge the fire of revolution in Italy; but it can and still may isolate it between the Alps and the sea. So long as the French are not marching on Vienna, or the Austrians on the Rhine, we need not despair of maintaining neutrality. We found it an Italian question, let us leave it thus for the present.

As Englishmen want not so much the disposition to sympathize with the wrongs of Italy, as information how they may best be redressed, we think we shall most serve the cause by giving the information on which to ground an intelligent sympathy. To render our statement as unbiased as possible, we will group together the

observations of two intelligent Frenchmen who have very opportunely published their rides and reveries in Italy at the same time. The one is *L'Italie Politique et Religieuse*, by the Abbé Michon,* an eloquent preacher of the old Gallican school, which is dying out, we fear, in France before the aggressions of ultramontanism. The other is a pamphlet on the Roman question, by M. Edmond About, the well-known author of *Tolla*, *La Grèce Contemporaine* and *Le Roi des Montagnes*. Between a French Abbé and a French wit, we are not likely to take up either extremely advanced or extremely retrograde opinions of Italy; if the one leans a little too much to one side, we can right our judgments by reading the other; where they differ we can balance between the two, and where they agree their testimony must be like that of two independent witnesses, in whose mouth every word may be established.

First, for the Abbé Michon. He sets out with a preface, in which he spurns the *Univerts*, and like Count Montalembert, nobly avows that he scorns the blasphemers of modern civilization, who have undertaken the task of denouncing the age in the name of those religious theories of which they proclaim themselves the defenders. "If the Church," he says, can not maintain itself but by the oppression of the people, and the eternal alliance of its priesthood with those institutions that deaden every generous impulse in the human heart, the Church would soon be at her last gasp. Happily the Church is no accomplice with those who thus excrete liberty. They can not efface those words from the sacred page on which the Church's charter is based, "Be ye not the servants of men." This liberal Abbé dedicates his work to the Cardinal de Andrea, as a guarantee that in championing Italian independence he is not unmindful of his allegiance to Rome and the chair of Peter. He set out from Paris the 14th April, 1857, and entered Italy by Nice and Genoa. Every where he remarks the same thing—that priestly influence and good government are opposed to each other. From Massa to Messina the wants of Italy are summed up in two words—*Secularization* and the *Code Napoleon*.

Thus Carrara, he tells us, groans under the dull tyranny of the Duke of Modena. The state of siege had been taken off only three months before his arrival there, and imprisonments were even still of daily occurrence. A little while before, a priest, who was suspected of having denounced some liberals, was assassinated in the environs of Carrara. Many arrests had been made on account of this crime, but it was impossible to discover the murderer, though he was well known to the mass of the people. One of the inhabitants said to the Abbé: "I love this country, it is my native home, and the home of the arts; but if I had the power I would not remain in it twenty-four hours, for I am weighed down with the thought that some day one of my brothers, or my son, a young sculptor here, or perhaps myself, may be thrown into prison." The Duke of Modena, too, has added to the discontent by raising the duty on the rough marble. Instead of encouraging the trade by lowering the duty, the Duke taxes the marble as it leaves the quarry, and thus kills the hen to get the golden eggs. Political economy, being one of the liberal sciences, is evidently proscribed in Modena; and so the people languish because their ruler is both ignorant and obstinate.

It is the same story as the Abbé journeys on to Lucca. His remarks on the evils of superstition sound strange from a Romish ecclesiastic. We can only conclude that in the Gallican Church at least there are the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of modern Ultramontanism.

"I saw," he says, "along the road, inscriptions set up by the clergy for the use of the people, either at the foot of a cross or on the *façade* of the chapels; but I observed, with regret, that none of these recalled the great themes of Christianity. They nearly all referred to some act of external religion; hardly any recalled the pure and elevated spirit of the Gospel. Every where, but in Italy most of all, the people are too much in the habit of attending only to the forms of religion. The clergy there should resist and not encourage this tendency, by reminding the people that ours is a God that reads the heart, *Deus autem intuetur cor*. I blame, then, the Italian clergy for having so long petrified with formalism the minds of men—a worthless formalism, which some day or other will fall to the ground when its political props give way, and bury all religion with it in its ruins. Facts only too truly confirm these reflections. Not to speak of that mock-modesty which throws a veil over the image of the

* *L'Italie Politique et Religieuse*—suivie de *La Papauté à Jérusalem*. Par L'Abbé J. H. Michon. Bruxelles et Leipzig.

Madonna, as if God did not see the deed of shame, the bandit who stops you on the high road would think his soul in danger if he did not make the sign of the cross in passing by a holy place. The assassins who stabbed a young Englishman, at Naples, on the open quay, had certainly heard mass the Sunday previous. The procurers who tout you on the Toledo-street have made their Easter confession. As for those poor fellows in Rome who are denounced at the church doors for not going to confession, they are either workmen or stage-drivers, who by their nomad life escape the Holy Office—while thieves and prostitutes attend regularly the holy table. I have had some horrible revelations on this subject at Rome. I can account for these deplorable facts, by describing the kind of preaching heard in Italy—a preaching which in general does not go to the quick of the heart, seeking to form there the new man after the type of the Gospel, but which lulls the mind to sleep over a sterile mysticism, or in vague contemplations."

From Lucca the Abbé traveled on by Leghorn along the high road to Civita Vecchia, and thence by steamer to Naples. At Civita Vecchia he meets with an old man with white hair, who predicts that in ten years religion will have died out in the Papal States. The revolution will have swept away the priests, and the religion itself will not survive long after. At Naples the state of things is, if possible, more horrible still. Between cannon pointed in the streets, sentinels at every corner, spies creeping in and out of houses, swarms of monks in the pay of the police, Naples is in the lowest circle of the political Inferno of Italy. Our liberal Abbé launches out in no measured terms at the iniquities of the modern Tiberius. The reflections of Arnold, when in Italy, are those of every thoughtful Frenchman or Englishman. "It is almost awful to look at the overwhelming beauty around me, and then think of moral evil; it seems as if heaven and hell, instead of being separated by a wide gulf from one another, were absolutely on each other's confines, and, indeed, not far from any one of us." Systematic and long-continued tyranny in Naples has produced its effect at last. It has crushed out the life of the nation—the spirit of resistance is dead, or nearly so, in the masses. The middle classes, and some few of the nobility, are liberal, but the rabble are for their absolute and adorable Ferdinand. The *Times* insinuated the other day that revolutions in Italy must be factious and party movements, because they broke out in those

parts of Italy which were comparatively well-governed, as in Parma and Tuscany, while in Naples, where even a Red Republic would be excusable, there has been no stir whatever. But these half-apologists for absolutism forget that there is a *vite vite* in nations as in men—fever is not so much a disease as the effort of nature to shake off the virus—physicians will tell you that the best patient is not the one who most patiently succumbs to the malady—it is the same with nations. Who is so impatient as John Bull himself? he is constitutionally a grumbler, and will fly into a fury with a Chancellor of the Exchequer who puts on an extra penny in the pound. He is a full-blooded animal, full of life and spirits, and, therefore, throws off those peccant humors that sometimes afflict the State in a rash of public excitement or the fever of a dissolution. Now, there is more life in North than in South-Italy, and, therefore, Tuscany and Parma have bent and broken the leaden sword of the Grand Duke and Duchess, while Naples has not yet snatched the iron sword of her jailer-king. "For my part," said a fat Neapolitan to M. About, "I don't care an orange-peel for politics. I take for granted we have got a villainous government, for all the world says so; but my grandfather made twenty thousand ducats by a shop; my father doubled this capital, and I have bought an estate which brings me in six per cent for my money. I feed well four times a day, I have a good digestion, and I weigh over two hundred weight; and at supper, over my third glass of Capri, who can blame me if I hiccup out *Vive le Roi!*" A hog that was passing under the window at the time gave a grunt of approbation.

As it was somewhere along this coast that Circe worked her spells, we must leave such Neapolitans to their fate; if men will be swine they will never want a driver—

"Let Grad be Grad and have a swinish mind,
Yet, hence let us embark while weather serves
and wind."

At Naples our liberal Abbé witnesses the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood. In those ages of faith which Lord Flaubert would wish to revive, this was only one of many prodigies performed in the churches of Naples. There was the blood of St. Stephen, of St. Pantaleon, of St. Patrizia, of St. Vitus, and of St. John the Baptist—there were even two vials of

Virgin's milk which were liquefied annually on Lady Day. Whatever be the reason, these liquefactions have all ceased, with the exception of St. Januarius, which is still too popular and profitable to fall into disuse. Our skeptical Abbé tells the old story of General Championnet, who threatened to bombard the town unless the miracle took place within one hour; but it seems that Marshal D'Estrées had threatened the same in 1702, when he took possession of Naples for Philip V. of Spain. It appears that the saint has a particular respect for the Provost Marshal, and will work the miracle under due compulsion, equally in French or Austrian interest. It is amusingly like the strict neutrality which Ferdinand has promised to observe during the present war in North-Italy. The French are near at hand, and the Austrians far away, and, therefore, the King is prudently neutral. Napoleon III. must be infinitely obliged for nothing.

The Abbé gives the following explanation of this prodigy. The vials contain some colored matter which he supposes to be spermaceti, and which is a solid at the ordinary temperature, but easily liquefies under a little heat. The heat of the chapel, the lighted wax candles which every now and then are applied to the bottle, the kisses of the devotees, and the handling of the priest, together contribute to warm the glass, and so the contents of the vial become liquid. It is evident that the Abbé is heartily ashamed of his fellow-clergy at Naples, and his only excuse for them is that they seem to enact this prodigy *dans une complète bonne foi*. He is careful to add that this is not an article of faith, and that no one above the rabble of Naples pretends to believe in it. But kings and priests have always made of superstition a convenient scarecrow to guard the forbidden fruit of knowledge; and so long as adorable and absolute Ferdinands reign in Naples, blood will liquefy in those musty glass vials, though it has stagnated long since in every other reliquary in Europe.

The Abbé travels from Naples to Rome, skirting by the Pontine Marshes, and naïvely admits that to drain those marshes nothing is wanting but a secular government. "I shall never forget," he says, "when one day in the ante-chamber of his Holiness, at Bologna, I observed to a Monsignor Pacca that Rome lies in a

desert; that the sterility of the campagna is frightful." "But you forget," I was told in reply, "we get some revenue out of it; it gives winter grazing to cattle."

What a crushing accusation against this priestly regime, that it reduces the teeming basin of the Tiber to a sheep-walk.

The only remedy the Abbé can suggest is secularization *pur et simple*. No Legislative Council, admission of the laity to office, or even a Chamber of Deputies will suffice. These partial reforms have been recommended and tried over and over again, and as often have failed. The only remedy is the entire separation between the spiritual and the secular. Our Abbé is an out-and-out reformer. He would reduce his Holiness to the primitive model of a Bishop when the successors of Peter dwelt in a modest shed by the Tiber, ages before a stone of the Vatican was laid, or the triple crown had even been thought of. "*Regnum meum non est hinc*"—my kingdom is not of this world, is a favorite text with our Abbé; he quotes it more than once, and his views on the separation of the temporal and spiritual are so far in advance of his age and Church that we can hardly wonder if the *Univers* gnashes its teeth that there is no Holy Office in Paris, and prays that some day or other he come within reach of the Inquisition at Rome. He tells on this point a story of a certain French bishop who was suspected of liberal opinions, and who disappeared mysteriously when on a visit to Rome, in 1832. Years rolled by, and in 1848 he was among the victims of the Inquisition that the Revolution then set free: "One day a parish priest in Paris is accosted by a stranger in long, white hair, who asks him: 'Do you remember me.' After some hesitation the Curé said, 'I think I remember meeting you in the Coliseum at Rome sixteen years ago. I recognize the pastoral ring, too, which you then wore on your finger.' 'I am the same man,' said the stranger. Only ten days after I met you in Rome I was seized and thrown into a frightful dungeon. I was not permitted to write to my family, or even to the French Ambassador; and had it not been for the Revolution in Rome I should probably have ended my days there.'" We are glad to believe, for the sake of human nature, if not for the credit of the Church of Rome, that the majority of the French clergy sympathize more with the Abbé Michon than with the *Univers*.

If the forty thousand parish priests of France were all the dark fanatics that the *Univers* would persuade us they ought to be, we should despair of Modern Europe. The Abbé Michon reassures us on this score. Party, like the serpent, moves by the tail, and the most rancorous journalist, full of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, seems to express the feelings of thousands of men who are too timid or too indolent to disown his leadership. We are not ignorant of this kind of tactics even in Protestant England, and therefore need not wonder at its success in Paris. It was in the last days of Jerusalem that the zealots carried all before them—their rancor rose as the real life of the nation declined; so it is with party zeal now, it is as often the sign of a dying cause. When sensible and brave men open the gates it is the zealot who calls to a hand-to-hand fight in the streets. If there is any hope for the Papacy it is in following the counsels of such advisers as the Abbé Michon, and turning a deaf ear to the *Univers*. We have no space to devote to the Abbé's proposal to transfer the seat of the Papacy from Rome to Jerusalem. The pamphlet was written during the Russian war, and has reached a third edition, a sufficient proof that fantastical as it may seem to us it is not too Utopian for Frenchmen and Gallicans. Since the only reform for the Papal States is summed up in the two words *secularization* and the *Code Napoleon*, Rome would become too secular a city for the Holy Father, the visible center of Christendom. The Abbé reminds us that the Pope is not necessarily Bishop of Rome. He is successor of Peter, who fixed his chair provisionally at Antioch, and afterwards migrated to Rome. The Popes, as successors of Peter, have generally resided at Rome; but not always, as during the seventy years' exile in Avignon, and later still, when Pius VII. resided at Fontainebleau. He therefore proposes to transfer at once the chair of Peter to the Holy City, and thus to work a double good: to give a secular deliverance to the misgoverned subjects of the Papal States, and to bring the schismatic East under the jurisdiction of the successor of Peter. We are not likely to hear of the adoption of this suggestion, and therefore need not gravely sit down to count up objections to it. It is like one of those ingenious constitutions which the Abbé Siéyes devised for France, and

which Napoleon, who hated *idéologues*, swept away as a pope's-head sweeps away cobwebs.

From a Gallican priest to a Parisian novelist is not such an abrupt transition as we might expect it to be. M. About* discusses the Roman question with the same moderation, and dethrones the Pope with the same *sang froid* as the Gallican Abbé. The only difference, perhaps, is, that the priest would send the Pope to Jerusalem, and the novelist to Jericho; and between the two cities the poor Pope, wounded and half-dead, might lie, while the Gallican priest and the Levite of letters passed by on the other side.

M. About wrote several letters in the *Moniteur* some time ago, which were interdicted at last on account of the indignant remonstrances of the Papal Government. M. About then threw his letters into the fire, gave a year to reflection, and the result is a book, in which the caustic wit and good sense of Voltaire have embalmed, as a fly in amber, the follies of Antonelli and the vices of the system which he represents. The style defies translation—the point and piquancy of the French is lost in our blunt, British tongue. It is like olives and wine, which go very well together, so, if these extracts appear too salt, we can only refer our readers to the original; all we desire is to provoke their thirst. Chap. i. opens as follows:

"The Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, contains one hundred and thirty-nine millions of individuals, without counting the little Mortara.

"It is governed by seventy Cardinals or Princes of the Church, in memory of the twelve Apostles.

"The Cardinal-Bishop of Rome, who is also styled Vicar of Jesus Christ, the Holy Father, or Pope, is invested with boundless authority over the minds of these one hundred and thirty-nine millions of Catholics.

"The Cardinals are nominated by the Pope, and the Pope by the Cardinals. From the day of his election he becomes infallible—at least in the opinion of M. De Maistre and all good Catholics. Bossuet was not of that opinion, but the Popes have always thought so. When the Sovereign Pontiff has pronounced that the Virgin Mary was born without the stain of original sin, the one hundred and thirty-nine million Catholics are bound to believe it, because he has said so, as we saw occur quite recently."

* *La Question Romaine*, par E. About, Bruxelles et Londres, 1859.

The necessity for the temporal power of the Popes, in order to support their spiritual, is treated by M. About with much raillery. It is as if the one hundred and thirty-nine million Catholics throughout the world said to 3,124,668 Italians: "You must sacrifice yourselves to a man; our religious chief will be neither venerable, august, nor independent, unless he reigns despotically over you. Were he to lose this golden crown, if you were to dispute his right to make laws and break them as he pleases; if you were to get out of the habit of paying in your money to him, which he spends for our use and edification, all the sovereigns of the universe would treat him like a little boy. Drop, then, your private interests."

"But the Apostles were independent at a cheaper rate; and besides, the vast conquests of Catholicism were made before the Pope was a temporal prince. The primitive Popes had no budget and no deficit; they had nothing to say to M. Rothschild; therefore they were more truly independent than our crowned Popes. From the day that the spiritual and temporal power were linked together, side by side, like the Siamese twins, one of the two has had to give way to the other. The Pope has had to choose between the Earth that was near, and Heaven that was far off. I will say nothing of those Popes who would have sold the dogma of the Trinity for a few square miles of territory; it is not fair to judge it by these extreme cases. But I ask, when the Pope absolved Francis I. of perjury, after the Treaty of Madrid, was this done in the interests of good morals or in the interests of his temporal crown? If he organized a traffic of indulgences, and drove half Europe into heresy, was this done to multiply Catholics or to portion a young lady? When he allied himself with Protestant Sweden during the Thirty Years' War, was this in the cause of the Church or to humble the house of Austria? When he excommunicated Venice in 1606, was this done to attach that Republic to the Church or to pay out a grudge of Spain against the allies of Henry IV.? When he dissolved the order of the Jesuits, was this to augment the army of the Church or to please France, which then was ascendant? If he broke off all relations with the revolted provinces of America, was this in the interests of the Church or of Spain? If he threatened excommu-

nication to any Roman who should invest in a foreign lottery, was this done to bind their hearts to the Church or to bring in their crowns to the treasury? Is it not deplorable that bailiffs seize goods in Rome in the name of the Pope? Judges condemn an assassin in the name of the head of the Church. The executioner cuts off heads in the name of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Is there not a scandal in these two words — *Pontifical Lottery*? And what must one hundred and thirty-nine million Catholics think when they hear their spiritual chief applaud the increase of vice and the success of the lottery for the good of the treasury?"

M. About describes the state of discontent among all classes of the Pope's subjects. The common people are savage and ignorant; processions and puppets are the diversions which their rulers encourage — a monk to teach them morals, and a raffle and fireworks on saint-days to teach them religion. As to the middle classes, they are kept *in statu pupilaris*, like over-grown school-boys. As an example — medical students are not allowed to study female pathology until they take their degree. It is like the old lady, who would not allow her son to bathe till he had taken lessons in swimming on a mahogany table.

As to the noblesse, they are a class by themselves. "Who knows," said an Italian, one day, in irony, "but the microscope may discover globules of nobility in the blood." M. About's account of a Roman noble is as follows:

"See that nobleman's child, walking down the Corso, between two Jesuits. These little ones of six or seven years of age, lovely as little Cupids, in spite of their black dress and white cravats, will grow up under the shadow of the wide hat of their master. When at last they shall have passed their examinations and obtained a diploma of ignorance, they will be dressed out in London fashion and let loose on the streets. They will parade up and down the Corso, will walk and drive with a pane of glass in their eye. Punctual at Mass, faithful to the theater, they will smile or frown, applaud or make the sign of the cross, with equal indifference. They all belong to some religious confraternity, and have no club. They play cautiously, never drink, and are as innocent as dolls that say, 'Papa! Mamma!'"

"At last they reach the age of twenty-five. At that age a young American has been a Jack of ten trades; he has made four fortunes and lost one; has had a law-suit; has preached a new religion; has killed six men with a revol-

ver; and conquered an island. An Englishman at twenty-five has taken two degrees; he has been on an embassy; he has founded a bank; he has converted a Catholic; he has been round the world; and has read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has written a tragedy in rhyme; written for two newspapers; has had three stabs with a sword; has attempted two suicides; has had fourteen amours; and nineteen times changed sides in politics. A German has pinked fourteen college chums; has swilled sixty tuns of beer and the philosophy of Hegel; has sung eleven thousand couplets; has smoked a million pipes; and been out in two revolutions. A Roman Prince has learned nothing; seen nothing; done nothing; suffered nothing. At twenty-five, they open the bars of a cloister and bring out a young girl as inexperienced as himself, and the two innocents kneel down before a priest, who joins the sweet creatures as man and wife."

M. About is respectful to the character of Pius IX. "Old age," he says, "majesty, virtue, and misfortune have their rights, and be assured I intend to respect them; but truth, also, has its rights; it, too, is holy, and has been often cruelly maltreated by the world." The Pope is a sincere devotee; he believes in God, and the Immaculate Conception; he snuffs and plays billiards; has no private vices, and is not even a Nepotist. When his nephew, the Count Mastai Feretti, was married, the marriage present of diamonds, worth £8000, cost the State nothing. Some years ago the Sultan sent the Pope a saddle adorned with precious stones. Many of these were made away with by his retinue at Gaeta; the rest are in the jewel-case of the young Countess, his niece. This honest old man is a compound of devotion, good-humor, vanity, weakness, and wrong-headedness. He blesses with unction, but is slow to pardon. He is a good priest and a bad king.

But Antonelli is the *bête noir* of the Papacy. M. About spares the Pope only to lay the lash on the Cardinal. We are told of his birthplace, Sonnino, a little village of bandits in the Apennines. If it were the life and adventures of Captain Jack, or Dick Turpin, we could understand the particularity of describing his birthplace. But the biographer of a Prince of the Roman Church should tread more lightly over these antecedents of Antonelli's life. "Young Antonelli was not born in Arcadia," and "hawks do not hatch doves," are M. About's two epigrams upon Sonnino. Having taken the trouble to be born there, the young Gia-

como resolved to run no risks with a life so precious to himself, and therefore went to Rome to enter a seminary.

"Here he distinguished himself so that he escaped the sacrament of orders. He has never said Mass. He has never heard a confession. I would not swear that he has ever been to confession. He obtained the friendship of Gregory XVI., which was of more use to him than all the Christian virtues. He became prelate, magistrate, prefect, Secretary-General of the Interior, and Finance Minister. A Minister of Finance can make more money in six months than all the brigands of Sonnino in twenty years. Under Gregory XVI. he was a retrograde. On the accession of Pius IX. he was converted to liberalism. A red hat and a portfolio were the price of his new convictions. What a lesson to the mountaineers of Sonnino! — one of themselves, riding in his carriage by the police barracks, and the guard turning out to present arms to him, instead of turning out to shoot him! He has shared Pius IX.'s fortune; and when Rossi was murdered in the streets of Rome he bethought him of his own safety. A man born in Sonnino is not such a fool as to let himself be assassinated; he accordingly decamped with the Pope to Gaeta, and became Secretary of State *in partibus*. He is now fifty-three years of age. He has the health and strength of a mountaineer. He has a broad forehead, bright eyes, an eagle's beak, and a commanding figure. There is a light of intelligence in his dark and almost Moorish face; but his heavy jaw, long teeth, and thick lips, express the grossest appetites. He is a minister grafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope at the ceremonies of the holy week, he is full of magnificent disdain. But when you see him seated at an evening party near a pretty woman, and eyeing her charms, you are reminded of the savage of the woods, and you think, with a shudder, of a post-chaise overturned by the road-side. He is lodged in the Vatican over the Pope, and the Romans jokingly ask, Which is higher—the Pope or Antonelli? I have said before, that he has managed to escape the sacrament of orders. He is a Cardinal-Deacon. Those simple souls that maintain that every thing in Rome must be right, have this excuse always on their lips: If you say Antonelli is too rich — 'Yes, but remember he is not a priest.' If you say he has read Machiavelli to advantage — 'Yes, but he is not a priest.' I never knew before that a deacon may do almost any thing with impunity. At that rate what may not poor laymen do who have not received even the tonsure?"

To the countrymen of Voltaire, these epigrams of M. About will tell with a force which no philosophy or religion could give them. The government of Pius IX. has stood the invectives of Italian

exiles, and the arguments of philosophic Protestants. But it is sharpshooters like M. About who will clear the streets of Rome of its priestly occupants. Louis Napoleon has sent out a picquet of these *esprits moqueurs* to clear the way for the French army, and the first affair of outposts in the coming Italian campaign has been between these tirailleurs of the French press and the old Pope's guard of the *Univers* and the Censorship. Printed in Brussels, M. About's book had a narrow escape of being prohibited in Paris. The *partie prêtre* brought all their guns to bear on the Council of State. Threats and bribes were freely used; and they would have succeeded, it is said, in excluding the book from France but for the Emperor, who wisely took off the interdiction and sent M. About to open the battle against the Austrian and Jesuit rulers of Italy.* All M. About asks is, to secularize the Papal States, and to leave the Pope his city, his palace, and his church of St. Peter. Italy would no more suffer from such a limited sovereignty as this than a veteran from an old musketball, which the surgeon had forgotten to extract years ago. Will the Pope and Cardinals content themselves with this reduced sphere of action? We fear not. On the other hand, M. About very significantly hints that the sovereigns of Europe will come to read history and discover, that as the sovereigns of England and Russia have made the civil capital also the religious, so the legitimate center of French Catholicism should be in Paris, not in Rome. None can foresee the course of events. Perhaps Europe may have, as in the fourteenth century, three anti-popes, one in Paris, one in Vienna, and a third in Italy; or, perhaps, the Pope may betake himself to Jerusalem as to neutral ground; or, last of all, the Pope may content himself with the more modest title of Bishop of Rome and Patriarch of Italy, and leave the Anglican, Gallican, and German Churches to govern

themselves, or appeal to General Councils as in the fourth and fifth centuries.

Of these solutions of that difficult question—the Pope's temporal sovereignty—we should prefer the third. It was the course which our Reformation in England took, and which, from time to time, other princes have been inclined to follow, as Louis XIV. in France, and the Emperor Joseph in Austria. One thing, at least, is certain, that Italy will never attain temporal independence till she gives up spiritual supremacy. The Pope and the people of Italy are as two buckets over a well, and the same wheel that swings the Pope up swings the people down. The Pope puts his foot on the neck of kings, and kings have their revenge by putting their foot on the necks of the people of Italy. The sentiment of Byron, though generous, is unsound:

“Parent of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven,
Europe repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem that, and all backward
driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be for-
given.”

So far from her religious supremacy procuring her independence, it is quite the contrary. *She can never be free while the center of visible Christendom.* Spain, and Austria, and France will go to fight their battles there, and while the Pope has Austrian, French, and Spanish consciences under lock and key, he will be regarded as too great a prize to be let slip into the hands of their rivals. European intervention in Italy is the consequent of Italian intervention in Europe. The Pope sends his black-coated soldiers to Vienna, and the Emperor sends his white-coated soldiers into Italy. The see-saw of spiritual and temporal is inevitable. If the Pope gets a Concordat out of the Kaiser in Austria, the Kaiser pays himself back in kind, in Bologna and Ancona.

There are a few writers for our press, “with something of a narrow brow, and something of a narrow heart,” and who, by some mischance, were born freemen and Englishmen, who reason something in this way, that the Italians never have been free and independent, and, therefore, never can or ought to be. Such conservatives, in the cause of lawlessness and disorder, ought, for the same reason, to encourage the slave-trade; because negroes always have been used to it. The

* Since the above was written, M. About's book has been seized by the police in Paris, and the author threatened with a State prosecution; but 20,000 copies are already in circulation. The steed is stolen, and a padlock then put on the stable-door—Antonelli's reputation blasted in Europe, and the Emperor offers 6*l.* damages and costs. There is worse mockery in this than in the book itself.

independence of modern Greece was a huge mistake in their mind—our Reformation was a rebellion, and our Revolution of 1688 the first day of England's downfall. If nations are never to be free, unless they can show their crest and quarterings of freedom, men should never use their reason till they have learned logic, or speak till they have studied grammar, or bathe till they can swim. It is only in Italy that they still swaddle children to make their limbs grow straight. We have seen a child swathed like a mummy, and swung up to a hook in the wall, or hanging on a pack on its mother's back. Young Italy wants to get rid of its swaddling-clothes; but a small clique in England and Germany say no; you have swaddled your children for generations from the hook on the wall of Austrian despotism to the pannier on the back of the Pope—the blessed *bambino* has been slung hitherto, and as we are not sure that he can walk, we are not going to undo the bandages, or try a doubtful experiment.

It is clear as day that Italians must strike for their own freedom, and get what help they can in Europe. We have such respect for parliaments, a free press, and a constitutional king, that we can not help wishing the Italians the same blessings, even though the intervention of absolute France is necessary as a set-off against that of absolute Austria. Count Cavour, like a wise man, takes the French alliance since he can not get the English—we have no right to be angry with his choice, particularly since he paid us the

compliment of proposing to us first. When France abuses her influence in Italy, as Austria has long done, it will be time enough to cry out—for the present there is a safe rule to attend to—not to cry out till you are hurt.

But should Italy obtain her heart's desire, deliverance from Austria, we would remind her beforehand the price she must pay for it: she must give up her spiritual supremacy. So long as Rome is the mother of churches, and her Bishop the center of unity, Europe will interfere in the temporal affairs of Italians; because Italian priests interfere in the spiritual concerns of Europe. You may say that Italians are not responsible for the Pope's supremacy, and, therefore, should not suffer for it. True; but while the excuse for intervention exists, Italy will never be left to herself. Let the provinces of Italy, then, reclaim their spiritual independence, and then political will inevitably follow. Let Milan reclaim her ritual of Ambrose, let the Archbishop of Turin act as Claude of Turin once acted, a reformer before the Reformation, let Venice treat the Pope as the republic often treated the center of unity, and France will then reclaim her Gallican liberties, and Spain and Austria follow her example. Italy will thus become independent of Europe, because Europe is independent of her. It is the spiritual power of the Pope which lies at the bottom of the Italian question; and we thank a French ecclesiastic and a French wit for having the courage, at this juncture, to tell the world this plain, though not self-evident, truth.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE KING'S FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

THE flight of Louis XVI. and his family to Varennes is not the least interesting episode in the history of the French revolution, yet it is, strange to say, the one which has hitherto been involved in the greatest mystery. Notwithstanding the labors of historians, as the Abbé Georgel, Lacretelle, Thiers, Michelet, and Louis Blanc, and of writers of memoirs, as

Madame Campan, Weber, Leonard, Bertrand de Molleville, Bouillé, Choiseul, Valory, De Moustier, and Goguelat, the whole circumstances of the case have never yet been made public. We are indebted, strange to say, to a romancist—and that a most distinguished one—for clearing up this mystery. M. Alexandre Dumas insists, and, at all events, in this instance

with great show of reason, that he takes far more trouble in obtaining his historical materials than the world gives him credit for. Being engaged in a work, the scene of which was intended to open at Varennes on the night of the 22d and 23d of June, 1791—that is to say, the night upon which the King and Queen were arrested at that town—he found the details of the event involved in such inextricable confusion and contradictions, that he determined upon proceeding to the spot and investigating for himself. His researches he also resolved should commence at Châlons as a starting-point, and thither he went, accompanied by a friend, on the 21st of July, 1856, bent upon tracking the traces of the royal fugitives step by step till their arrestation at Varennes.

Louis XVI. was a captive in the Tuileries. On the 18th of April, 1790—Easter Monday—he wished to go to Saint Cloud, but the mob opposed itself to the departure of the court. The King insisted, and leant his head out of his carriage to address the rebellious multitude. But the answer he got came from a thousand voices: “No! no! the King wishes to run away!”

Now it is permitted to a captive to run away if he can. From the moment that Louis XVI. definitely perceived that he was such, he resolved upon making his escape. He could possibly have easily done so alone, but Marie Antoinette insisted upon accompanying him, and it was agreed that the flight should be general—King, Queen, children, and even a portion of the household. This multiplied the difficulties a hundred-fold. The King took M. de Bouillé into his confidence, and wrote to inform him that he was having two traveling-carriages (*berlines*) made on purpose for the journey. M. de Bouillé replied by advising his majesty to make his escape in two English diligences, as they were then called. He also recommended that the Marquis d'Argout, major in the French Guard, should be associated in the enterprise, as a man of skill and courage, as well as tested loyalty. The Queen objected to the first part of the proposed plan, but she agreed with the King to the second, and money was sent to M. de Bouillé, who had command of all the troops stationed on the frontier between the Meuse and the Marne, to provide for the expenses of

moving the troops, and to dispatch a trustworthy officer—M. de Goguelat—to explore the road which leads from Châlons to Montmedy by Varennes.

The troops were in consequence disposed as follows: Those of doubtful loyalty were removed to a distance; Montmedy was occupied by artillery, the Austrians being only six miles in advance; Stenay by the royal German regiment; Clermont and Sainte Menehould by detachments of dragoons; while detachments of Hungarian hussars, with brown pelisses, were stationed at Dun and Varennes, a further detachment of forty or fifty having been pushed on to Pont de Somme-Vesle, which M. Thiers calls, by mistake, Pont Somme-Ville. The King would thus be provided with detachments at every change of horses—at Pont de Somme-Vesle first, at Sainte Menehould afterwards, then at Clermont, next at Varennes, and lastly at Dun and Stenay.

The Baroness de Korff was about to leave Paris with two children, her steward, and two maids. She was induced to cede her passport to the royal family, who were thus provided for, with the exception of Madame Elizabeth and M. d'Agout. The King was to be the steward, Mesdames Brunier and de Neuville the maids, and M. de Malden was associated under the name of *Jean*, M. de Moustier under that of *Melchior*, and M. de Valory under that of *François*. The evasion was fixed for the 19th of June, then for the 20th, the 21st, and the 22d. This procrastination was productive of the greatest inconvenience, more especially to M. de Bouillé, who had to issue new counter-orders to the troops stationed along the whole line of flight, as also to M. de Choiseul, who was to go on in advance and order the relays of horses.

The untoward chapter of incidents, characteristic of a luxurious and corrupt court, began at the same time, and continued till the final catastrophe. The Queen would not go without her hair-dresser—the renowned Léonard—and he was deputed to M. de Choiseul's with the Queen's diamonds, and a letter, in which Marie Antoinette* intimated that they were to start at midnight—this was the 20th—and that Léonard must accompany M. de Choiseul. It was in vain that the terrified

* See her portrait and Memoirs in May number of this volume.—Ed. REYNOLDS.

functionary objected. M. de Choiseul made him get into his carriage, on the plea that they were only going a short distance on a special mission.

In the mean time, instead of satisfying herself with some simple resources, the Queen had ordered a traveling dressing-case to be made of such magnificence as to have been the talk of all Paris. Instead of disguising the body-guards, they were dressed in the livery of the Prince of Condé, and whilst the arms were hurried into boxes, to them were only left useless "couteaux de chasse." Instead of placing the King, as Madame de Korff's steward, in a second carriage, he was placed in the first with his supposed mistress; instead of being satisfied with four horses, it was resolved upon traveling with six—a number only permitted to royalty; and lastly, M. d'Agout, a man of parts and resolution, had to make way for a governess—Madame de Tourzel—and thus his valuable services were lost to the fugitives.

The first difficulty was to get out of the Tuileries. The royal family were really prisoners. La Fayette was responsible for them to the Assembly. There were sentinels at every door—even of the retiring rooms. The King or Queen could not move without an escort of two or three national guardsmen. Most of the attendants were paid spies. It was resolved that the attempt to escape should be made at eleven at night—the hour when, the service at the palace being concluded, a number of persons were in the habit of returning to their homes. A valet by the name of Hue, who was of the same height as the King, was made to go forth at that hour for several days previously in the costume which the King was to adopt, so as to accustom the porters to his appearance. The same day La Fayette received intelligence of the projected flight, and he repaired to the Tuileries, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, MM. de Gouvion and Romeuf. He even remained there till half-past ten, but he appears to have gone away satisfied from what he saw that no such project was really entertained, or else secretly conniving at it.

No sooner had La Fayette gone than every one proceeded to dress. The greatest difficulty was with the poor little dauphin. He had to be woken out of his first sleep and accoutred as a girl. The child naturally did not approve of these pro-

ceedings, and only submitted when he was told it was to take part in a play. Madame Elizabeth went out first with Madame Royale, and they were followed by Madame de Tourzel and the dauphin with one of the gardes du corps. The sentinel contemplated the party so curiously that Madame Royale said: "O aunt! we are lost! that man knows us." But Madame Royale was wrong: either they were not known, or, if they were, it was by a friend, for the sentinel turned his back upon them and allowed them to pass by. A hackney-coach awaited them at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle.

The King came up soon afterwards, his hands in his pockets, rollicking like a well-to-do bourgeois. He was accompanied by a second guard. One of his shoe-buckles had dropped on the way; he did not care to stop to pick it up, but the soldier did.

"Where is the Queen?" inquired M. de Fersen, who awaited the royal family, disguised as a hackney-coachman, at the station.

"She is following," the King replied.

But half an hour went by and no Queen came. The third garde du corps, who was with her, knew no more of Paris than the Queen; they had gone out to the right instead of the left, got on the quays, crossed the bridge, and penetrated into the Rue du Bac before they had found out their error. They had then the whole length of the Carrousel to traverse to get to the Rue de l'Echelle. When, at length, the Queen got to the hackney-carriage she fell, trembling with cold and fear, in the arms of the King. The gardes du corps followed in another hackney-carriage. The road pursued was, strange to say, alongside of the Tuileries; but they reached the Barrière de Clichy in safety, and, close by, the traveling-carriages were in the house of an Englishman named Crawford. The hackney-carriages were dismissed before getting up to Mr. Crawford's house. They were thus enabled to get into the traveling-carriages totally unobserved, and in an hour and a half they were at Bondy, without having experienced the slightest misgivings, save what were occasioned by Marie Antoinette's strange mistake. At Bondy they were joined by two maids, who had been sent on in a cab, and M. de Fersen left them at the same place to return to Paris. M. de Valory mounted a post-horse and

galloped off in front to rouse the postillions. MM. de Malden and Moustier occupied the coach-seat. The cab followed behind.

At Montmirail the spring of one of the carriages broke, and they were detained two hours. Then came an ascent, up which the King persisted in walking, and thus another half-hour was lost. It was striking half-past four at the cathedral when the traveling-carriages stopped at the post-house of Châlons, which was at that time situated at the extremity of the Rue Saint Jacques. Unfortunately M. de Valory went up to the carriage-door to speak to the King and Queen. In replying, they put their heads out of the window, and were recognized by Oudet, the post-master, as also by a stranger, attracted by curiosity. Oudet was a loyalist, and seeing the stranger make off, he became terrified, and hurried the postillions and helps, assisting them himself in getting the horses put to. When about to start, the horses stumbled twice, causing a further delay; and once off, M. de Valory, warned by Oudet of danger, rode by the side of the carriages. As they issued forth from the town a man passed the carriages on horseback, saying:

"Your measures have been badly taken; you will be arrested."

It was never known who this man was.

In the lapse of an hour they reached Pont de Somme-Vesle, a hamlet consisting of a farm and one or two houses only. It was in vain that they looked out for M. de Choiseul or M. de Goguelat, and their forty hussars; in vain their eyes peered beneath the shade of the trees that flanked the streamlet, or under the cover of the orchards. They were nowhere to be seen.

In order to understand the contretemps that had now arisen it will require to go back a little. M. de Choiseul had sent on a courier in advance, and had followed with Léonard, the mystified and affrighted hair-dresser, behind. M. Léonard, at each new change of horses, could only lift up his hands to heaven in despair. M. de Choiseul felt that the task of consoling him for his abduction was beyond his powers, so he let him to do just as he liked. Whilst supping at Montmirail, two men dressed as national guards came up and insisted upon post-horses at once. M. de Choiseul had his horses accordingly also put to, and bidding the driver follow

the strangers, he began, to the hair-dresser's infinite horror preparing his pistols for action. Luckily, between Etoges and Chaintris, the strangers left the highway for a cross-road. M. de Choiseul passed through Chalons at ten in the morning, and arrived at Pont de Somme-Vesle at eleven. The hussars had not yet arrived. He got down, however, at the post-house, and asking for a room put on his uniform, to the momentarily increasing astouishment of M. Léonard. M. de Choiseul, however, relieved the poor barber from his perplexity. He told him that the King and Queen were expected to be there in about two hours. M. Léonard wept with joy.

Shortly afterwards the hussars arrived, M. de Goguelat at their head. M. de Choiseul ordered them to picket their horses, and he distributed bread and wine among them. M. de Goguelat brought bad news. Every where the country was in a state of effervescence and rumors of an attempt at flight on the part of the royal family were prevalent on the road. Whilst M. de Choiseul and de Goguelat were conversing and taking some refreshment, the peasants kept accumulating around the hussars. These peasants were mainly Swiss, and they came from villages that lay hidden in trees up the valley of the Vesle. Unfortunately there had been a dispute a few days previously between a land-owner—Madame d'Elbeuf—and the peasantry; the latter had been threatened with a visit from the armed force, and hence they thought that the hussars had arrived with hostile intentions towards them. All the peasants of the environs were accordingly summoned to a common resistance.

In the mean time the delays that had occurred were the cause that entailed a failure in the whole of the prearranged plans. It was in vain that M. de Choiseul, impatient, rode up an ascent that commanded a long extent of the road to Châlons—no equipages came in view. Four hours elapsed, and the hussars were, in the mean time, surrounded by upwards of three hundred hostile peasants, many of whom were armed. M. de Choiseul deemed that, under the circumstances, the escort being insufficient to protect the royal family, it would only be an obstacle in their way, so he resolved upon withdrawing the troops altogether. He accordingly left the place at five o'clock.

Thus it was that upon the arrival of the royal family there was no escort; but there were also no peasants, and the road was open. The King obtained a relay of horses, but the Queen, contemplating the solitude of the place, uttered these prophetic words: "We are lost!"

When the hussars left Pont de Somme-Vesle, they took a by-way to avoid Sainte Menchould, the inhabitants of which place had been found the same morning to be in a very excited state. This state of excitement had been since much increased by the arrival of a party of dragoons, engaged on the same service, and intended to protect the royal family on their passage through Sainte Menchould itself. These dragoons were under the command of M. Dandoins, and they were stationed at the guard-house, between the place of the Hôtel de Ville and the garden of the Arquebusiers. Several times in the course of the day M. Dandoins and his lieutenant walked out to an ascent that commanded the road of Châlons. To do this they had to traverse a great part of the town and the suburb of Fleurion, and their proceedings excited the curiosity of the people. To the questions put to them they contented themselves by replying that they were expecting treasure.

At seven o'clock in the evening, a courier with a chamois-leather vest arrived at the post-house and ordered a relay of horses. M. Dandoins approached M. de Valory, for he it was, and whispered to him. A few moments afterwards the royal equipages arrived, and the crowd soon gathered around them.

"Who are these travelers?" they asked of M. de Malden, as he descended from the box.

"Madame la Baronne de Korff," was the reply.

"More emigrants taking away the money of France!" murmured the spectators.

"Not so," observed M. de Malden; "the lady is a Russian, and therefore a foreigner."

In the mean time M. Dandoins had approached the carriage-door, cap in hand.

"How is it, monsieur le commandant," said the King, "that I found nobody at Pont de Somme-Vesle?"

"I was myself wondering," replied M. Dandoins, "how it was that you arrived without an escort."

The King took no precautions, and a

captain of dragoons, addressing a kind of steward with so much respect, having increased the suspicions, several persons thought that they recognized the King. Among these was Jean Baptiste Drouet, not the son of the post-master, as Thiers has it, but the post-master himself, according to Dumas, and further, a patriot, an ex-dragon of the Queen's Regiment, and an ex-deputy of the Federation. Drouet compared the features of the supposed steward with those of the King on a paper assignat. A municipal officer named Farcy was standing by. Drouet touched his elbow.

"Do you know who that is?" he inquired.

"The King, to be sure!" was the reply.

"Run and inform the municipal council," said the post-master.

But the equipages had by this time proceeded on their way. Only at starting a young officer of dragoons had the imprudence to fire a pistol in the air behind the carriages. This roused the populace, and a man came forth out of a barn and attempted to stop the progress of the officer with his flail. The officer put it on one side with his sword.

The municipal council decided that the equipages should be pursued and brought back. Drouet undertook the mission, accompanied by a friend, Guillaume by name. Two others accompanied them, mounted on mules, but did not proceed far. Drouet, says M. Dumas, has been described as a fanatic resolved on regicide, but he was in reality a citizen, authorized by the magistrates to take the steps that he did. M. Dumas says that he satisfied himself of this fact by examination of the acts of the municipal council of Sainte Menchould. Again, the Abbé Georgel and M. de Lacretelle assert that the feelings of the people were favorable to the King; Louis Blanc and Michelet say that they were hostile. Dumas asserts that they were deeply hostile, but he also adds that they were constitutional royalists, and that they only sought to prevent the King's evasion, because, the King absent, a republic became possible.

Drouet and Guillaume having started in pursuit of the royal family, M. Dandoins ordered the dragoons to mount and follow. It was, however, easier to give the order than to put it into execution. The crowd had accumulated, and the national guard had armed. M. Dandoins

was summoned before the municipal council, where he was asked to show his orders. They were satisfactory enough. A company of the First Regiment of Dragoons was to leave Clermont on the 19th for Sainte-Menehould, where it was to wait for treasure convoyed by a detachment of the Sixth Regiment of Hussars coming from Pont de Somme-Vesle. But the mob was not satisfied; the disarmament of the dragoons was clamorously insisted upon; and the request being backed by the town council, M. Dandoins was obliged to submit. Being then in a defenseless condition, he and his lieutenant, M. Lacour, were locked up in the common jail.

Legay, an officer of the national guard, had in the same interval posted some marksmen behind the trees at the angle of the Rue des Marais and the Rue de la Porte des Bois, with orders to fire upon any man who should come in or go out of the town at a gallop. At the same time news came that the hussars had got round the town, and that Drouet and Guillaume ran a risk of falling into their hands. Legay and two gendarmes, Collet and Lapointe, volunteered to go and reconnoitre. They had not gone far, however, before they met with the two citizens, whom we have previously alluded to as accompanying Drouet and Guillaume, but who were so badly mounted that were they obliged to return. They brought with them news, however, of the safety of the pursuers, at least as far as the Islettes. Delighted at this intelligence, Legay and his two gendarmes galloped back to town, when a sad incident occurred: the sharpshooters seeing three men enter the town at a gallop, fired at them, and one of the gendarmes was killed, the other grievously wounded, and the third—Legay—slightly so.

Many of the citizens, not liking the turn that events were taking, wished upon this to return to their houses, but the mob barricaded the streets, and those who were on the "place" were obliged to remain there all night. At midnight dispatches arrived from Châlons leaving no longer any doubt that it was the royal family who passed through, and whom Drouet and Guillaume were in pursuit of. At one in the morning, Romeuf, aide-de-camp to La Fayette, and Bayon, an officer, arrived from Paris on the traces of the fugitives.

When M. Alexandre Dumas was at

Sainte-Menehould, he put up at the Hôtel de Metz, because Victor Hugo had said in his *Rhine*: "I saw at Sainte-Menehould a fine thing, and that is the kitchen of the Hôtel de Metz." He was also introduced there to an octogenarian, M. Mathieu, who was an eye-witness to the events that occurred in the town, and who gave to M. Dumas the particulars of which we have given only a very brief *résumé*.

The royal equipages had left Sainte Menehould at a gallop on the road to Clermont. M. Damas awaited them at that station. At eight o'clock the same evening a courier had reached that officer—it was poor Léonard and his cabriolet—and who informed him of the straits in which M. de Choiseul and his hussars were. M. Damas' own position was, however, little better; the town was in a state of great excitement, caused by the presence of his men—so much so, that he felt he would be obliged to withdraw in a brief space of time.

At this conjuncture the sound of the postillion's whips was heard, and the royal carriages came up. M. Damas hurried to the carriage-door to receive the King's orders.

"Let the carriages get off without your moving," intimated the King, "and then follow as soon after as you can with your dragoons."

Scarcely, however, had the royal carriages got away, than the evil genius of Louis XVI. and of his family—the ex-dragon Drouet—arrived at a full gallop. Arrived at the Islettes, Guillaume and Drouet had separated—Drouet taking the road to Clermont, Guillaume following a cross one to Varennes, by which means he expected to arrive there before the traveling carriages. Drouet arrived in Clermont, not in time to prevent the carriages getting their relays of horses, but in time to prevent the dragoons following. The latter were already mounted when the municipal officers made their appearance, and ordered them back to their quarters. This was, strange to say, the third escort that had failed the royal family, one after another. In the mean time, Drouet had changed his horse and galloped onwards. The movement did not escape M. Damas, who suspected its meaning. Taking a soldier, Legache by name, aside, he ordered him to start at once in pursuit of Drouet, to arrest him, and, if necessary, to kill him. Turning then to his men, he en-

deavored to excite them to resist the mandates of the town council. Failing in this, he put spurs to his horse and started off on the road to Varennes, calling out, "Let those who love me, follow!" Three men only answered to the summons.

Drouet was some two miles in advance, but he was followed by a resolute and well-mounted cavalier. At a short distance the road divided, one leading to Verdun, the other to Varennes. Drouet thought to himself that the King would not go by Varennes as there was no post-house there; besides, Guillaume was to be at Varennes, so he would go to Verdun. But he had not gone far on his way when he met a postillion returning from Verdun.

"Did you meet two traveling-carriages, one with six horses?" inquired the postmaster.

"No!" was the answer.

So Drouet had to regain the road to Varennes; and he did so by the fields. This it was that saved his life, for the dragoons, seeing that he took the road to Verdun, when he knew that the King had gone on to Varennes, let him go his own way. According to M. Dumas, we are solely indebted to M. Mathieu for these curious details. As to M. de Lacretelle, of the Académie Française, the Abbé Georgel, and Camille Desmoulins, "enfant terrible de la Révolution," they are as ridiculous and as false in their royalist apologies as they are in their popular diatribes. They confound Clermont with Sainte Menchould, they make the soldier start in pursuit from the latter, and they send him after Guillaume instead of Drouet. The Abbé Georgel describes the King as being arrested at Sainte Menchould, while Camille Desmoulins says of the same place: "The name recalls to mind the famous pigs'-feet of our crowned Sancho Panza. He was determined not to pass through Sainte Menchould without partaking of its renowned pigs'-feet, and the delay was fatal to him!"

The preparations made at Varennes were as follows: M. de Choiseul was to provide horses, Varennes not being a post-town. There was also to be a detachment of sixty hussars stationed there. The horses arrived on the 20th, the hussars on the 21st. The town of Varennes, it is to be observed, is divided, like Boulogne, into an upper and lower town. The upper portion is called "la Château."

A traveler coming from Clermont enters by the high town, descends by the principal street, called Rue des Religieuses, and arrives at the Place de Latry, which has been described by Victor Hugo as being in shape like the knife of a guillotine. It was formerly a cemetery.

In the month of June, 1791, the church of Saint Gengoulf stood on this "place," and a traveler, to reach the Rue de la Basse-cour, would have had to go round the church had it not been for an archway under which carriages could pass so long as they were not too lofty. At the other side of this archway the Hôtel du Bras d'Or stood to the right, and twenty paces beyond was the house of the magistrate Sauce. The Hôtel du Bras d'Or is now a grocery, Sauce's house is simply No. 287. The Rue de la Basse-cour, which the traveler will have now entered, has a steep descent to a little "place" through which flows the river Aire, and which was spanned at that time by a still narrower bridge than exists there now. This bridge separates the high from the low town. No sooner is the bridge passed, than turning the corner of the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, the traveler finds himself on the "grande place," the center of which is occupied by the parish church. A fine wide street, called Rue de l'Hôpital, leads to the high road to Cheppy, and this sends off to the left the high road to Stenay, which ascends a hill-side clothed with vineyards. These details are essential to the full comprehension of the events that took place in Varennes. The unfortunate royal fugitives never got beyond the house of M. Sauce. Thiers labors under ignorance of the topography of the place when he makes them cross the bridge, pass under an archway beyond that, and reach the Hôtel du Grand Monarque. Lamartine also errs in placing the archway at the head of the bridge. The fact is, that the royal carriages could not have passed through the archway, which is carried through the church of Saint Gengoulf. M. Dumas' informant and cicerone at Varennes was a M. Bellay, a contemporary of the events he undertook to describe.

When the carriage-horses arrived at Varennes, the circumstance excited suspicions, and these suspicions became still more grave when the hussars followed. They were, however, provided for at the old convent of the Cordeliers, on the

other side of the bridge. The horses were to have been stationed at a farm in advance of Varennes, but by some sad fatality they were sent to the lower town. On the morning of the twenty-first, General de Bouillé sent his son and M. de Raigecourt to Varennes to see that the relays were stationed at the farm, but they found the populace in such a state of excitement, that they delayed interfering till the courier should arrive, and he was expected to precede the royal carriages by two hours. We have explained, however, how it was that M. de Valory remained with the royal party, and it was not till they were near Varennes that he went on in front. It was half-past eleven when he arrived at the first houses: all was darkness, no horses were to be seen! He knocked at the door, no one answered. At this conjuncture the carriages came up. The King thrust his head out at the window:

"Well, is not the relay there?" he inquired.

"No, sire," replied M. de Valory. "I have been knocking and calling for ten minutes, and can not obtain an answer."

The Queen, impatient, got out of the carriage, and, taking M. de Valory's arm, approached the door. By dint of knocking, a gentleman made his appearance in a dressing-gown, his naked feet hurried into his slippers. To the question he put to the party as to what they wanted, the answer was that they were on their way to Stenay, but did not know the road.

"But if I show you the way I may be compromised," replied the astute gentleman in slippers.

"And suppose you were to be compromised," replied M. de Valory, "would that prevent you giving assistance to a lady who is in a position of danger?"

"Sir," replied the stranger, "the lady behind you is not merely a lady—she is the Queen."

M. de Valory attempted to deny the fact, but the Queen drew him away, saying: "Do not let us lose time discussing matters; let us tell the King that I am recognized."

The King then requested that the stranger should be brought to him.

"Your name, sir?" inquired the King, with his characteristic frankness.

"De Préfontaine, sire," replied the gentleman, rather taken aback.

"What are you?"

"Major in the cavalry, knight of the royal and military order of Saint Louis."

"Then, in your double quality of major and of knight of Saint Louis," said the King, in a tone of authority, "you have taken oaths of fidelity to me twice; it is your duty, then, to help me in the predicament in which I am now placed."

The major still hesitating, the Queen stamped her foot with impatience.

"Sir," continued the king, "have you heard that a detachment of hussars and carriage-horses are waiting for treasure in Varennes?"

"Yes, sire, they are in the lower town; the officers are at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque."

"Thank you, sir," said the King. "You can now go into your own house; no one saw you come out of it, no one heard you speak, therefore no harm can come to you."

The gallant major took advantage of the permission thus granted to him, and took himself, dressing-gown and slippers, off as expeditiously as possible.

The King was at the same moment giving orders to proceed to the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, when a man came up, covered with dust, and his horse bathed in foam and perspiration, and placing himself in front of the carriages and across the road, he called out, with a loud imperative voice:

"In the name of the nation, postillions, stop! You are driving the King!"

The postillions stopped as if thunder-struck. The Queen saw the danger that threatened them.

"Speak to him!" she said to the king.

"Who are you, sir! that you give orders here?"

"A simple citizen, sire—only I speak in the name of nation, and I represent the law. Postillions, not a step further; you know me well, and are accustomed to obey me. I am Jean Baptiste Drouet, post-master at Sainte Menehould."

So saying, the inveterate enemy of the royal family dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped down the Rue des Religieuses.

"Postillions!" shouted out the King, "to the Hôtel du Grand Monarque!"

But the postillions did not move. It was in vain that M. de Valory and M. de Malden argued with them. They said M. Drouet was their master, and he had spoken in the name of the nation. The

young officers were about to adopt forcible means to get rid of the recusants, when the Queen interfered, and offered 50 Louis to each and a pension of 500 fr. Whether it was dread of the weapons that had been unsheathed, or the temptation of the money, the postillions went off at a quick pace.

Drouet in the mean time had got down the Rue des Religieuses, passed under the archway, and arriving at the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, he met there his friend Guillaume, who had just arrived by the Rue de la Basse-cour. Both jumped from their horses simultaneously, and pushing them towards the stables by the gateway, they themselves rushed into the kitchen.

"Quick!" exclaimed Drouet; let every body be alarmed; the King and the royal family are making their escape! They are about to pass in two traveling-carriages, and they must be arrested!"

Then, without stopping for any reply, and calling out to Guillaume to follow, the post-master rushed out into the streets, sought or found at his hand a van laden with furniture—strange coincidence! and, leading the horses to the bridge, they upset the van there, thus effectually intercepting all communication between the upper and the lower town.

At the same time one of the two brothers Leblanc, hosts of the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, had hastened to the house of the grocer and magistrate, Sauce, and, awakening him, informed him of what was going on. The worthy grocer got up, and arousing his children, bade them go into the Rue Neuve and the Rue Saint Jean, and cry out "Fire!"

The royal carriages had, in the mean time, accomplished the descent from the upper town, and arriving at the church of Saint Gengoulf, they turned off to avoid the archway, through which the carriages could not pass, and made for the Rue de la Basse-cour. At that moment, and just as they reached the angle of the "place," the smaller of the two carriages in front, two men leaped at the horses' bridles. These men were the brothers Leblanc. The lesser vehicle only contained Mesdames Brunier and De Neuville. Sauce, who had had time to dress himself, now also came forward, and requested to see the passports.

"We do not carry them," replied the ladies; "they are with the people in the carriage behind."

M. Sauce accordingly repaired to the latter, backed this time by an armed force, consisting of five national guards, the two Leblancs, Coquillard, Justin Georges, and Soucin, and reinforced by two travelers from the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, MM. Thevenin, from the Islettes, and Delion, from Montfaucon, both armed with fowling-pieces. M. Dumas has preserved the names of all the actors in this melancholy drama, or rather in the preliminary scene which led to so fatal a catastrophe. M. Sauce having reached the door of the second carriage, he summoned its occupants.

"Who are you? where are you going?"

"I am the Baroness de Korff," replied Madame de Tourzel, "and I am going to Frankfort."

"Madame the Baroness," retorted Sauce, "has got out of the highway. You have, no doubt, a passport?"

The passport was produced, but M. Sauce, dissatisfied with its authenticity, lifted his lantern up into the faces of the travelers, and recognized the King. Then turning round to the pretended Madame de Korff, he said:

"Madame, it is too late to *viser* a passport at this hour: it is my duty to oppose myself to your prosecuting your journey."

"And why so, sir?" interrupted the Queen, with her curt, imperative tone.

"Because, on account of the rumors abroad," replied Sauce, "there would be danger in your proceeding further."

"What are these rumors?"

"They refer to the pretended flight of the royal family."

The travelers did not reply. The Queen threw herself backwards.

The passport had, in the mean time, been carried into the kitchen of the Hôtel du Bras d'Or, where it was subjected to a most rigid scrutiny. The only fault that could be found in it was that it was not signed by the President of the National Assembly. The leading spirit of mischief, Drouet, was also there, and returning to the carriage, he addressed himself to the Queen, and not to Madame Tourzel, saying:

"Madame, if you are really Madame de Korff—that is to say, a foreigner—how is it that you have sufficient influence to command an escort of dragoons at Saint Menehould, another detachment at Olermont, and a detachment of hussars at Varennes? Be kind enough to step down,

and come and explain these matters to the municipality."

The royal travelers naturally hesitated in obeying this rude summons of a postmaster; but the tocsin was now sounding through the town, and Drouet even placed his vile hands on the King's person. The unfortunate magistrate, Sauce, also began to find himself in a position of embarrassment. He did not know precisely how to act. If he aided and abetted the patriots he compromised himself before royalty; if he did not arrest the King, he compromised himself with the patriots. Hence, he was induced to adopt a mean term. Humbly, and with his hat in his hand, he approached the carriage-door, and thus addressed the travelers:

"The municipal council is about to deliberate as to whether or not you can continue your journey; but the rumor has spread that it is the King and his august family whom we have the honor to receive within our walls. I beg of you, whoever you may be, to accept my house as a place of safety till the deliberation is over. The alarm-bell has, as you must have heard, been sounding now for a quarter of an hour, the mass of the inhabitants of the town will be increased by that of the country people, and the King—if it is really the King to whom I have the honor of speaking—may find himself exposed to annoyances which we can not prevent, and which would fill us with grief."

There were no means of resistance. The *gardes du corps* were at the mercy of thirty men armed with guns—the escort was, by some extraordinary fatality, for the fourth time wanting—in fact, it had never been at the right place at the right moment throughout the whole journey, and Louis XVI. and his family had no alternative but to accept the shelter proffered to them in the grocer's shop. The grocer himself persisted in addressing the King as his majesty; the King persisted in declaring that he was M. Durand, simple valet de chambre. But the haughty spirit of Marie Antoinette could not brook the humiliation to which she saw the King subjected.

"Well," she exclaimed, in her wrath, "if he is your king, and I am your queen, treat us with the respect that is due to us."

The King, roused by the words, raised himself up, and said, with an expression of majesty:

"Well, yes, I am the King, and there is the Queen, and there are my children."

But the cruel romancist has no pity even for Louis XVI. The King, he intimates, naturally without dignity even in the regal garments, was absolutely vulgar in his disguise, and his words had no effect. This we should suspect was altogether an uncalled-for remark. The rebels by whom the King was surrounded would have as little regarded regal dignity as they did the royal person.

A sudden inspiration had, however, nearly saved the monarch.

"Surrounded in the metropolis by bayonets and daggers," said the King, "I have come to the country to participate in that peace and liberty which you, my faithful subjects, all enjoy there. I and my family can no longer remain in Paris. They seek our lives."

And opening his arms, he pressed the grocer-magistrate to his bosom. All those who witnessed this scene felt the tears come to their eyes. At that very moment the sound of cavalry was heard. It was M. de Goguelat at the head of his forty hussars. The King hoped for assistance. Sauce became apprehensive of danger, and made his illustrious visitors ascend to a back-room. Voices were already to be heard exclaiming, "The King! the King!" and others were replying: "If it is the King you want, you shall only have him dead!"

Sauce descended for a moment, and then returned with M. de Goguelat. The King beat his hands on seeing a friendly countenance, and was still more rejoiced when, behind M. de Goguelat, he saw M. de Choiseul, followed by M. Damas. The three officers, as they entered, cast their eyes around them. It was, indeed, a strange sight. In that small room there was a table, and on that table some glasses and a bit of paper; the King and Queen were on one side; near the window were Madame Elizabeth and Madame Royale; the dauphin, worn out with fatigue, slept on a bed; Madame de Tourzel and Mesdames de Neuville and Brunier sat at the foot of the bed. Two peasants, armed with pitchforks, stood as sentinels at the door.

The first word the King uttered was:

"Well, gentlemen, when do we start?"

"Sire, whenever it shall please your majesty."

"Then, gentlemen, go down, get the road opened, but do not use violence."

The young officers withdrew. Already the national guard was summoning the hussars to dismount.

"Hussars!" shouted M. de Goguelat, "remain mounted."

"What for?" inquired an officer of the national guard, Le Roy by name.

"To take care of the King," replied M. de Goguelat.

"We can take care of him without you," retorted the officer.

Messrs. de Goguelat and de Choiseul once more went up to the royal family, and addressing themselves to the Queen, they told her that it was of no use thinking of getting off with the carriages; but one chance still remained, and that was for the King and herself to start on horseback. The bridge was barricaded, but at the extremity of the Rue St. Jean the river was fordable, and the hussars would act as an escort. For once in her life the Queen shrank before peril—that resolute heart trembled at the idea of an encounter, a skirmish, a few balls!

"Speak to the King, gentlemen," she said; "it is the King who resolved upon this step, it is for the King to order; my duty is to follow." And then she added, timidly: "M. de Bouillé will probably come to our rescue."

"Gentlemen," said the King, oppressed by the same apprehensions as the Queen, "can you satisfy me that in such an encounter some stray ball shall not hit the Queen, my sister, or my children?"

A deep sigh escaped simultaneously from the breasts of the young officers. They felt that the King and Queen were not equal to an effort for their liberty or their lives. The three gardes du corps bit their lips with vexation. They were there ready to do any thing.

"Then," added the King, "let us reason coolly. The municipality does not refuse to let me pass; the worst that can happen is that we shall be detained till to-morrow. Now, before morning, M. de Bouillé, who is at Stenay, eight leagues hence, will be informed of our position. He can not, therefore, fail to be here to-morrow. Then we can go away without danger, and without having recourse to violence."

Scarcely had he uttered these words than the municipal council made its appearance. Their decision was brief and precise: "The people is absolutely op-

posed to the King's continuing his journey. It has been resolved to dispatch a courier to the National Assembly to ascertain its wishes." A citizen of Varennes, M. Maugin, a surgeon, had, indeed, already started on the mission.

M. de Goguelat saw that there was not a moment to lose. He threw himself down stairs, jumped on horseback, and shouted out, "Hussars! are you for the King or for the nation?" The hussars were Germans; they did not perfectly understand the appeal made to them, and some replied, "La nation! la nation!" and others, "Der Koenig! der Koenig!"

The miscreant Drouet rushed up at this crisis to M. de Goguelat, gun in hand:

"You wish to have the King," he exclaimed, "but I swear to you that you shall only have him dead."

"If you move a step," shouted M. Roland, the commandant of the national guard, cocking a pistol he had in his hand at the same time, "I will kill you!"

M. de Goguelat pushed his horse upon him. M. Roland fired so close that the flame of the pistol terrified the horse, and it fell over on its master. Seeing their leader down, the hussars began to move, but Drouet cried out:

"Gunners, to your guns!"

The hussars could see in the obscurity two lights borne to two little guns stationed as a battery at the bottom of the Rue Saint Jean; they believed themselves to be placed between two fires, and shouted out:

"Vive la nation!"

The two guns were perfectly useless, the rust had long ago eaten up their touchholes. M. de Goguelat had, in the mean time, rejoined the royal family, his head severely cut by the pavement. The scene had also changed with them. They had heard the shouts and the firing, and now that M. de Goguelat came in, bathed with blood, their fears got the better of their judgment. Even Marie Antoinette, who was, in reality, the life and force of the family, gave way to terror. She appealed for succor to the grocer's wife, whilst the King was addressing himself to Sauce, as if he, poor man, could do any thing at such a conjuncture.

Day dawned at length upon the town of Varennes. The streets, the place of the Rue Neuve, and that of Latry, were encumbered with people. The citizens cried out from their windows: "To Paris!"

to Paris! take the King to Paris!" The King was then prevailed upon to show himself at a window to calm the excitement. Alas! Louis XVI. was scarcely himself, and great was the stupefaction when, having shown himself, he proved to that hostile multitude that which it would never have credited — that a king could be a fat, pale, heavy-looking man, with red dull eyes, hanging lips, tattered wig and gray coat, with not a word to say for himself! The crowd stared, howled, and then took pity. Some even shouted, "Vive le Roi!" It is possible that if Louis XVI. had been an active, resolute, and intelligent man, he could have taken such advantage of the kindly feelings awakened by his presence as to have induced the mob to come to his aid and that of his wife and children; but the monarch who had to be prompted by his queen at the Hôtel de Ville could not find a word at Varennes. He had neither dined well nor slept well. Louis XVI. had sunk into a state of almost total apathy.

At about half-past six M. Deslon arrived from Dun with a hundred men, and got permission to speak to the King. Three times he told him that he had come at the sound of the tocsin, and that M. de Bouillé would no doubt come to his aid. The King made no answer, till M. Deslon, annoyed, said: "Sire, do you not hear me?"

"What do you want with me?" at length said the King. "I have no orders to give you, I am a prisoner." The only reply that M. Deslon succeeded in obtaining was: "Let him do what he can for me."

At seven in the morning two men arrived on horses panting with fatigue, and covered with dust and perspiration, by the road from Clermont. They were M. de Romeuf, La Fayette's aide-de-camp, and Bayon, officer of the national guard. The former was a bearer of a decree from the Assembly. Forcing their way through the crowd, they obtained access to the royal family.

"What sir, is it you?" exclaimed the Queen, on seeing M. de Romeuf. "I could not have believed it."

M. de Romeuf was ashamed, and held down his head. The King saw the decree in his hand, and tore it from him, and then looking at it hastily, said:

"There is no longer a king in France!"

The peasants had all this while continued to crowd into Varennes, armed with guns, pitchforks, and scythes. The streets were encumbered by some four or five thousand men, and all were shouting at the top of their voices: "To Paris! to Paris!"

Every thing was indeed now prepared for the departure of the royal family. The post-horses were harnessed to the carriages. Still the King hesitated. He had lingering hopes of M. de Bouillé's appearance. At length he got up to go. One of the ladies fainted at the very moment. The Queen would not leave her companion. A "patriot" then seized upon the dauphin, saying: "You may stay if you like, I shall take the dauphin." The Queen rushed indignant to the rescue. As they descended the staircase, Madame Elizabeth was terrified on perceiving that the Queen's hair had gone partly gray — it was destined to become white at the Conciergerie during a night of still more terrible trials. At last, the carriages were once more off, but this time on their way back to Paris, escorted by a party of national guard, under M. de Signemont, and by some four thousand inhabitants of Varennes and of the neighboring villages.

M. de Bouillé had been all this time at Stenay, but scarcely in a position to act. Of all the troops under his command, the regiment known as the "Royal Allemand" was the only one that he could depend upon. The garrisons of Verdun and Metz, and even of Stenay itself, were disaffected. A bottle of wine and a louis were given to every man of the "Royal Allemand" regiment, and they started at seven in the morning for Varennes. On the way they met with a hussar, who told them that they were compelling the King to return. On hearing this, M. de Bouillé put spurs to his horse. His regiment followed. Varennes saw them rush down upon the town like a flood from the vineyards. The King had been gone an hour before. There was no time for hesitation. The bridge was barricaded. The town must be turned, the river forded, and the highway to Clermont reached. And the river was forded, but beyond was a mill-stream, with six feet of water and a high bank! There was no getting past it. It was proposed to try the other ford, and traverse the town. But it would have required to fight at every step. The horses and the dragoons were also done up.

They had come eight leagues in two hours! The garrison of Verdun was reported to be on its way with great guns. There was no means of getting further; all chances were lost! M. de Bouillé returned his sword to its scabbard, weeping tears of passion and regret. The King, in the mean time, continued his journey. "He was traveling on the road of the cross!"

"The scaffold," says M. Dumas, "on which Louis XVI. mounted to have his head cut off, had five steps. The first was the capture of the Bastille; the second the fifth and sixth of October. He had just ascended the third, that was the arrest at Varennes. He had still two to mount: the twentieth of June and the sixteenth of August. The twenty-first of January was only a dénouement."

From the Eclectic Review.

THE AUSTRIANS AND ITALY.*

THE famous treaty of Vienna, in too many instances, sacrificed the welfare of nations to the personal ambition of their sovereigns, and aimed at founding a European equilibrium upon the mutual rivalries of the great powers, rather than upon their common interests. In virtue of that treaty, in which the Italians were never consulted, the Austrian yoke has pressed with iron weight upon the Lombardo-Venetian provinces for nearly half a century, a period amply sufficient to afford time for the fusion of the Teutonic and Latin races, and for the softening down and removal of their mutual prejudices and antipathies, if such a result is ever to be brought about by the combined influence of time and political association; but such a result is an impossibility. The irresistible testimony of facts shows it to be so. To-day the antipathy of the two races is far stronger than it was in 1815; years of oppression on the one hand, and of suffering on the other, have widened the gulf of hatred that separates Italy and Austria. In 1848, the nobles, the middle class, and the clergy, were at the head of the movement for Italian freedom, and their influence pushed on the mass of the people. To-day, on the other

hand, all classes, the shopkeepers and the peasantry, as well as the higher ranks, share in it with equal ardor, and a union with the Sardinian monarchy is the cherished hope of the oppressed Lombards. The Austrians, though absolute masters of the country, find themselves compelled to live in a state of quarantine, and to associate only with their own countrymen. No Italian will entertain an Austrian in his house. On the streets, in the cafés, at the theaters, the Austrian officers are sedulously shunned, and *Tedesco* (German) is the deepest insult that can be addressed to an Italian. Forty-five years of Austrian occupation have made impassable the breach that separates the hostile races.

It is worth inquiring why this should be the case, why these antipathies of race should be eternal, and whether there has been any thing in the so-called "paternal government" of Austria, to justify the intense and universal hatred with which it is regarded in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The volume which we have placed at the head of this article will enable us to answer all these inquiries. It is written by a legitimist, who can not be suspected of entertaining any bias against monarchical government; but who, after a long residence in Lombardy, found himself compelled by the facts constantly falling under his observation, to pronounce the Austrian rule in Italy to be

* *Les Autrichiens et L'Italie. Histoire Anecdote de l'Occupation Autrichienne depuis 1815.* Par M. CHARLES DE LA VARENNE. Troisième édition, revuë et augmentée. Paris, 1859.

one of the most degrading and detestable tyrannies that ever pressed upon a subject nation. His book is carefully and temperately written, his statements are founded upon official documents; and, after careful verification of the authorities upon which he relies, we deem it important that they should be explicitly laid before the English public, in order that they may learn the real causes of the long-smothered, but now flagrant fires of revolution in Italy.

We cherish a deep suspicion of the final objects of the Emperor Napoleon, who so chivalrously professes to liberate the Italians from foreign oppression; but, after reviewing the notorious facts which we present to our readers, it is impossible to refrain from ardently sympathizing with the Lombardo-Venetians in the present strife, and hoping for their emancipation, while the suspicion of an alliance between England and Austria, in order to perpetuate such barbaric tyranny, is a wound upon our national honor and an insult upon our own dearly-bought freedom, which no Englishman will for a moment endure. M. de la Varenne commences by a sketch of the Austrian occupation; and examines how far the legitimate and hereditary rights over the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, so much vaunted by the House of Hapsburgh-Lorraine, are well founded, historically, legally, and in the free consent of the people. He shows that, since the ninth century, the name of German has been the symbol of most of the calamities and unjust invasions to which Italy has been exposed; that, at the death of the last Visconti Duke of Milan, the German Emperor did not possess a single inch of Italian soil. That the House of Austria has three times usurped the Lombard provinces, in 1535, in 1702, and in 1815; that the states of the ancient republic of Venice, have been twice seized by her, first in 1797, when she accepted from a French revolutionary general, the territories of that republic, although her own ally, and, secondly, in 1815, when she obtained possession of them by the aid of treason, and flattering promises only kept till she found herself strong enough to break them; and that the Treaty of Vienna, which finally riveted the yoke of Austria upon the neck of Italy, was a gift of the Italian people to Austria, by Russia, Prussia, and England, without, in any way, consulting their in-

clinations, and contrary to their nationality and their tendencies.

M. de la Varenne afterwards proceeds to examine the "paternal government of Austria" in all its branches since the "confiscation of Italy." He does this with great ability, and at very considerable length, dividing his subject into—1st. Administration and Justice; 2d. Finance; 3d. The Army; 4th. Public Instruction and the Press; 5th. Commerce and Industry; 6th. Police; 7th. Individual Liberty; 8th. Judicial Murders and Abuse of Power; 9th. Public Morals; and 10th. The Austrians in relation to the other Italian States. We shall select some of the most striking details from these ten chapters, which can scarcely fail of interesting our readers in the present crisis of Italian affairs. Upon securing Lombardy and Venice by the Treaty of Vienna, Austria immediately set to work to Germanize her Italian provinces as thoroughly as possible, and, for this purpose, substituted for the existing institutions, the courts, the laws, and the judges of Germany, placing the Italians in an inferior and subordinate position. The true government resides in the Aulic Council of Vienna, which regulates every thing of importance, so that often men who have never seen Italy, who are ignorant of its customs, wants, and interests, are made its absolute, irresponsible masters. Foreign troops, Bohemians, Hungarians, Croats, Illyrians, occupy Lombardy. The administration of justice, the magistracy, even the professorships in the universities, are filled by foreigners. Then, the venality of the Austrian employes—from the chief judge of the police to the lowest spy who does his dirty work of espionage for two francs a day—is proverbial. The power of the police is unbounded: it is almost the sole authority which exists; and, as there is no national representation, to make known the feelings of the people, these are only known at Vienna by the reports of the Austrian police authorities, whose interest it is to exaggerate and falsify facts, in order to preserve their own powers in their fullest extent.* The police possess the power of arbitrary arrest, fine, imprisonment, and torture: there is no personal security, criminal procedure is secret, and the accused neither sees the evidence against him nor is he allowed an

* See B. Giovini, *L'Autriche en Italie*.

advocate.* Corporal punishments form a prominent feature of the administration of justice, and even women and children are subjected to them.† The magistrates are intrusted with discretionary powers of torture, which give the president of the court the right to employ the bastinado, fasting, and irons against the accused who shall refuse to answer the questions put to him, shall feign madness, or shall persist in his denials in spite of the evidence to the contrary.‡ The system of procedure put in force against political offenders is worthy of the Spanish Inquisition. The 377th section of the *Code Pénal* enacts that, under pain of complicity, the wife must denounce her husband, the brother his brother, the son his father. Most political offenses are tried before a court which is thus described by Giovini:

"The *tribunal statario* is composed of military officers of various grades ascending from that of a captain. There are Germans, Bohemians, Croats, Poles, etc., who don't understand a word of Italian, or who speak an unintelligible gibberish, and constantly misunderstand what they hear; none of them comprehends the Milanese dialect, which the artisans and all the common people ordinarily speak. As to witnesses, they are the soldiers or the police who have arrested the accused. The judges speak German among each other; the witnesses are interrogated in German, so that there is no possibility of comparing their testimony with the statement of the accused, or rather the comparison is made by means of an interpreter, and that interpreter one of the judges. *The accused having no advocate*, is judged without even knowing of what he is accused, and then only learns it to his surprise, when he is told that he is condemned to be hanged, and *that, in half an hour*, the noose will be placed round his neck."§

Some frightful stories are related by M. de la Varenne of Mazzetti, Zaiotti, and Salvotti, three Tyrolese who were judges of the Austrian State Inquisition. The first of these worthies, in the process against Arrivabene in 1831, being unable to find any thing to condemn him, ordered belladonna to be administered to him in his food; the effect of this was, that the prisoner in his delirium allowed a great many extravagances to escape him, in which the state of his country naturally played a prominent part; these were all

taken down by the judge and his recorder in writing, and, upon this evidence alone, several individuals were arrested and condemned. In the Austrian courts even-handed justice is unknown. No Italian ever gains a suit against a powerful Austrian official, or against the crown; and, on one rare occasion, where sentence had been given against government, the judges were degraded, and the advocate Marocco struck from the list.

The administration of finance is as bad as that of justice. The Lombardo-Venetian provinces, though forming but an eighth part of the population, and a seventeenth part of the extent of the Austrian empire, pay the third part of her revenue. "Austria (says Guerrieri) lives by the blood and the gold of Italy." It is her strong-box, her granary, the field on which her numberless employés, civil and military, come to fatten and grow rich. In 1814, when the Austrians insinuated themselves into the Italian provinces, Count Nugent, their commander, made great promise of financial reform, which, like other promises made at the same time, have been recklessly broken. The first thing the imperial functionaries did was to empty the public chest. At the Mont-Lombard at Venice, they stole forty millions of francs, and at the Mont-Napoleon, at Milan, a still larger sum. Pensions, rents, the funds of benevolent societies — even though guaranteed by the Treaty of Vienna — were all appropriated, nothing escaped their rapacious clutches. Afterwards, regardless of the promised financial reforms, new and heavy taxes were imposed, and vexatious relics of feudality revived, so that, instead of paying less than formerly, the inhabitants had to pay twice as much under the Austrian rule. Each individual in Lombardy, according to the calculations of the economist Guerrieri,* pays nine livres to the State budget; whereas, even in the most highly taxed of the Austrian provinces to the north of the Alps, each inhabitant contributes only six livres. From sixty to seventy millions of livres are annually sent from Italy to Vienna, none of which ever finds its way back, for every thing connected with the clothing of the troops, *matériel* of the army of occupation, etc., is made in Germany; and the result of this is, that one of the richest countries in

* See Code Pénal, § 337. † Ibid. §§ 17, 20, 21.

‡ Ibid. §§ 363, 4, 5.

§ B. Giovini, *L'Autriche en Italie*.

* Guerrieri, *L'Autriche et la Lombardie*.

the world, from natural fertility and the perfection of its agriculture, is utterly miserable, and possesses almost no capital, while its best productions pass into the hands of aliens who spend them in a foreign country. During the last ten years, especially, the exactions of the Austrian officials have passed all bounds, so that not only individuals and families, but even whole towns have been ruined. When Radetzky, after the defeat of the Sardinians and Lombards, in 1848, found himself once more master of Milan, he hit upon a system of "extraordinary contributions," by which each individual of the nobility and higher ranks of the citizens of Milan, was obliged to pay a ransom proportionate to his fortune; and these he enforced, in spite of the articles of the capitulation of Milan, (sixth August, 1848,) by which he had bound himself to respect persons and property. In this way, he raised, in the city of Milan alone, during the years 1848-9, 23,315,000 livres. Five of the Milanese nobles were taxed 800,000 livres each; and this at a time when the maintenance of the Austrian garrison cost the town 100,000 livres daily. Radetzky's subordinates in the other towns imitated the rapacity of their chief; and the forced contribution throughout Lombardy, in 1848-9, produced 140,000,000, whilst Radetzky and his staff are said to have divided amongst themselves the pretty little sum of 50,000,000. All the Austrian generals then in Italy became rich; and one of them — General Gorzkonski, who died Governor of Venice in 1855 — left a fortune of 12,000,000 francs. Since 1849, enormous forced loans have been repeatedly raised by Austria in her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, in some cases amounting to more than 100,000,000 in a single year; and the result has been, that the landed proprietors are almost ruined; an estate worth two thousand livres a year, yields but four hundred to its possessor, owing to the pressure of the taxes; the value of land has every where decreased, and judicial sales are of constant occurrence.

"In truth," says M. de la Varenne, "ruin strikes especially the landed proprietors. Property also has singularly diminished in value throughout the realm. In the province of the Valteline a number of estates are absolutely unable to pay the excessive taxation, and are daily sold by auction, God knows at what price! In the other districts, Brescia, Bergamo, the high

Milanese, Cremona, Verona, Vincenza, Padua, countries formerly exceedingly rich and fertile, land brings scarcely any thing, and judicial sales have never been so frequent, a strong symptom of the state of affairs. In fact, the revenue yielded by land not being sufficient to pay the taxes and maintain the proprietors, they are annually compelled to borrow upon their estates, and end by being obliged to part with them. Capital has disappeared from a country so little secure. There is a singular scarcity of money. Properties of the middle size no longer exist, and, as to the rest, we may say with truth, that to-day the proprietors of the soil, large or small, are more or less ruined."

We now come to consider the Austrian army in Italy. No servitude is felt to be more galling by the natives of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces, than their compulsory enlistment under the banners of Austria. Many circumstances combine to produce this feeling. The discipline is severe, the punishments bloody and atrocious; and the Italian conscripts are sent to spend the best years of their lives in a foreign country; for Austria well knows the hatred which her tyranny has inspired, and never leaves any considerable force of Italian troops in Lombardy. Only two or three native regiments remain in Italy; the others are distributed in her northern capitals, Buda, Prague, Vienna. It is by this astute policy alone, that Austria keeps together her marqueterie empire, composed of so many different nationalities; placing race against race—the Croats and Germans against the Italians, and the Italians against the Hungarians; and thus, in 1848-9, she made use of her Italian regiments to quell the insurrection in Vienna, Prague, and Hungary; and of her Hungarian and Bohemian troops, to crush the rising in Italy.

When Austria found the possession of the Italian provinces secured to her by the Treaty of Vienna, she lost no time in disbanding and suppressing the Italian army, and in putting a stop to all the military institutions of the country. Military schools, manufactures of arms and clothing, cannon-foundries, were all put down; and Vienna was made the great center of administration, military as well as civil. But the conscription, whose abolition had been promised, was not only retained, but rendered much more severe. Instead of two men, three were taken, and the small Lombardo-Venetian provinces, with scarcely five millions of inhabitants, were compelled to furnish

60,000 men to a service which they detested, and in which they were, and are constantly exposed to arbitrary corporal punishments, at the hands of all their officers, from the corporal upwards. Add to all this, that, for the Italian conscript in the service of the "paternal government" of Austria, there is no hope, no possibility of advancement, and it is very easy to believe the truth of our author's assertion, that Austria has no such mortal enemies among her Italian subjects, as those who have endured eight years of her military service, and have afterwards returned to their homes. The following instance of wanton cruelty — one out of many — will convey some idea of the savage treatment of which the Italian conscripts are too often the victims :

"My excellent friend and brother-in-arms," says our author, "the Commandant Eugene Carini, one of the heroes of the defense of Venice, a man not less distinguished as an able writer than as a brave soldier, and at present residing in Paris, was *eye-witness* of the following fact. He was, in 1838, cadet in an Austrian regiment of chasseurs, and was on the march from Treviso to Verona with a detachment of his corps, when they met a body of infantry, which they joined. The detachment was composed of Italians; there was among them a poor little conscript, quite pale and thin, who dragged himself painfully behind the others, and who was truly a pitiable sight, so much did he appear exhausted. The poor fellow was evidently suffering under one of those garrison fevers, which young soldiers take so readily in the Austrian service. Collecting all his strength and courage, he hastened his steps for a moment, and approached the lieutenant who commanded the little troop, in order to obtain the favor of being allowed to mount the baggage-wagon. The Austrian examined him with a stern air, then, summoning an assistant-surgeon who marched a considerable distance in front of him, he thus accosted him: 'Eh! doctor; here's a fellow who pretends not to be able to march: will you come here and see him?' The second German, annoyed at having to retrace his steps, felt the pulse of the conscript; then repulsing him with indignation, exclaimed: 'The fellow does not choose to march! Well, then, to give him strength, order him twenty-five strokes of the stick; I warrant you that he will then run.' 'Hallo, the drum and a corporal!' cried the lieutenant; strip that animal, place him on the drum, give him twenty-five strokes, and take care you strike hard.' The poor victim became of a deathlike paleness. He was so exhausted that he suffered himself to be seized and placed upon the drum without a murmur. The unfortunate uttered but a single word, 'My mother!' at the first stroke.

When the punishment was over, and they went to raise him, *he was dead.*"

Besides the conscription, the Austrians have another and peculiar method of recruiting the ranks of their army, by arbitrarily arresting any young men, students at the Italian universities especially, suspected of entertaining liberal ideas, and compelling them to enter the imperial service as common soldiers. If they refuse to put on the Austrian uniform, they are beaten by a corporal until they yield. Of this phase of the "paternal government," our author furnishes a number of instances, and his testimony upon this point is corroborated by many unimpeachable authorities, among others by that of M. Anatole de la Forge, who tells us that, on one occasion, positive orders were sent from the highest quarter to the authorities of the town of Padua, that every man whose political tendencies or opinions were suspected, should be carried off and enrolled by main force in an Austrian regiment.*

But though the conscription presses with a leaden weight upon the liberty and prosperity of Lombardy, it is not more felt than the irresponsible and insolent tyranny of the Austrian army of occupation, of which Guerrieri gives the following graphic picture :

"In general the Austrian soldier when he descends into Italy, does so under the fixed idea that it is an enemy's country. And truly the Austrian officers, especially at Milan, treat, and are treated as enemies; excluded from all reunions, shut out from every circle, avoided in public, they revenge themselves by exciting each other to hate still more a country in which they are ever made to feel themselves foreigners and detested. The total separation which exists between the Italians and the German soldiery, prevents from being well known the incredible boastings and basenesses with which the idle and ignorant Austrian officiality seeks to console itself for these humiliations, by every-day recounting stories of the infamy of our women, and the cowardice of our young men. We are not, however, ignorant that the Austrian exults as soon as there is a rumor of any political movement; he demands nothing better than to prove his courage upon a disarmed population, and to give vent to the bile which he has accumulated during so many years. There are, certainly, educated and enlightened men among these German officers; but they are few in

* *Histoire de la République de Venise sous Manin*, tom. i.

number, no one cares for their opinions, and, from the necessity of their position, they embrace the prejudices of their countrymen.”*

The insolence and cruelty of the Austrian soldiery towards the peasantry and working classes are excessive. If a countryman or workman transgresses some trifling order of the police, or gets into a quarrel with a soldier, he is quickly seized upon, conducted to the nearest military post, stripped, and fastened to a bench, while two corporals armed with canes, strike him alternately like smiths smiting an anvil. If he is able to walk on the conclusion of his punishment, he is immediately turned adrift, if not, he is carried at night to the hospital. An Italian servant of M. de la Varenne had, in this way, received thirty strokes of the stick.

The second of the secret articles of the treaty of Verona in 1822, to which Austria was one of the high contracting parties, runs in the following terms: “As it can not be doubted that the liberty of the press constitutes the most powerful of the means employed by the pretended defenders of the rights of nations against the rights of princes, the high contracting parties reciprocally pledge their faith to adopt all measures proper for its suppression, not only in their own dominions, but throughout the rest of Europe.” Following out the spirit of this article, the Emperor Francis of Austria, in an address to the professors of Padua, used the following language, “Know, gentlemen, that I care not to have in my empire either learned men or literature, but obedient subjects;” and it is not to be expected that either the press or public instruction can be in a flourishing condition, when such are the sentiments of those possessing absolute power. In all the schools of Upper Italy, children are made to learn, along with their catechism, a little book entitled *Duties of Subjects towards the Sovereign*; on the thirteenth page of which occur the following questions and answers. Question. “How ought subjects to conduct themselves towards their sovereign?” Answer. “Subjects ought to conduct themselves as faithful servants† towards their master.” Question. “Why ought they to conduct themselves like

faithful servants?” Answer. “Because the sovereign is their master, and because his power extends over their possessions as well as their persons.” These questions and answers have been taught in the elementary schools for forty-three years; how many “faithful servants,” have they made for the house of Austria, let the present attitude of Lombardy reply. There is, unquestionably, an elaborate system of schools—elementary and advanced—crowned by the two celebrated universities of Pavia and Padua; but, owing to the jealous precautions, the avarice, the distrust, and suspicion of the imperial government, they are as inefficient in developing the intellect as the wretched system of scholasticism whose overthrow paved the way for the Reformation. Children and youths may become familiar with the history of China, but of the history of modern Europe, of that of Italy especially, they can learn nothing; then, at the universities, the Professors are chiefly chosen from among the protégés of the police, and for their subserviency rather than for their learning. The exact and natural sciences are tolerably well represented, but moral and political science is in a state of utter debasement. The subjects of the lectures are inspected and approved of by the police authorities before they are allowed to be delivered, and thus all spontaneity, all force of mind, or play of imagination, are completely extinguished; and it ought to be carefully kept in mind that no better instruction is accessible to the Lombardo-Venetians, for they are expressly forbidden to send their children to study in foreign countries. Most of the chairs in the universities are filled by Germans; one of them, a Dr. Lamprecht, professor of midwifery in Padua, was originally a barber in a Croatian village, and has never even been able to learn Italian; while another, the professor of pathology in the same university, was for a long time veterinary surgeon in a regiment of hussars. One of the ablest writers of the nineteenth century, speaks thus from personal observation of the Austrian system of public instruction:

“Not being able to forbid to the higher classes a certain amount of instruction, she scrupulously regulates that which she permits them to acquire. All knowledge would not be good for them; mutilated instruction is only a mockery, an official lie. Have you heard of the

* *L'Austria et la Lombardia.*

† The Italian word “*servi*,” has almost the force of slaves.

university of Padua? There exists of course a professor of modern history; but in order to be sure that his teaching shall be exactly what she wishes it to be, *his MS. is sent him from Vienna*. He is forbidden to alter a single phrase, to displace a single word. And this MS. what does it contain? A long and pompous panegyric of the house of Lorraine. From this you may judge of the rest. However, it must be confessed that the Aulic Council has not yet interfered with astronomy; no order emanating from it has refused permission to the celestial bodies to describe those orbits which the laws of nature assign to them." *

The censorship in Austrian Italy exercises a most rigorous supervision not only over the publication of new works, but also over the admission of all works which it chooses to consider of a dangerous tendency. Thus Sismondi's History of the Italian Republic, Daru's History of Venice, Colletta's History of Naples, Botta's History of Italy, Pignotti's of Naples, and our own Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, are strictly prohibited. It is, however, of newspapers that the Austrian authorities are especially jealous. Radetzsky's proclamation of February, 1851, punished the circulation of French or Piedmontese journals with death by the sentence of a military tribunal, and their mere possession, or the neglecting to denounce their possessor, with from one to five years' confinement in irons.†

Despotic governments have often greatly increased the material prosperity of the countries over which they ruled, and, in this way, compensated to a certain extent for the liberties which they extinguished. Austria, however, has not offered even this poor compensation to the oppressed Lombards; all the financial and commercial regulations have been framed in favor of Austrian and Bohemian commerce, and to the great disadvantage of that of Italy, which, since 1815, has been systematically sacrificed to promote the interests of the hereditary provinces of the house of Austria. At the time of the Austrian occupation, there were splendid cloth manufactories at Como, Gandino, and Schio; famous fabrics of arms at Brescia; foundries and iron-works at Bergamo; and many other great and flourishing industrial establishments, which have all been since ruined by the unjust and one-sided policy

pursued by the Austrian government. As with manufactures, so with commerce. Venice, once the merchantile queen of the Adriatic, has been sacrificed to Trieste. Her superb port is silted up, her canals are filling with mud, and that romantic city will soon become but a fetid sewer, unless some of the numberless millions which Austria filches from her provinces be devoted to arresting her decay.*

The Austrian police possesses absolute power over the persons, the liberty, the honor, of the Lombardo-Venetians. They interfere with every thing, and impose their laws upon all. To them nothing is sacred; neither modesty, innocence, nor the sanctity of home, which they violate by night and day at their pleasure. Property and personal liberty are constantly in peril, since they depend entirely on their caprice or their suspicions. The expense of this terrible police is enormous. Its spies are every where, in all ranks of society, in every place of amusement. A well-informed writer† has stated the cost of maintaining the spies of the Austrian police in Milan alone at eight thousand pounds a month. The lower class of spies who frequent the streets, taverns, and inns, receive two francs a day; the middle class, who haunt the cafés, hotels, and other places of public resort, four francs; the higher class, who appear in the theaters, the houses of pleasure, and the mansions of the rich citizens, ten francs; while the spies of the "great world" can make their own terms by the month or year. It is impossible to imagine any system more calculated to degrade and demoralize the whole tone of society; for these spies are the worst of mankind, and yet the happiness, the honor, and the life of respectable citizens are absolutely at their mercy. We have said that the Austrian police penetrates every where, and that nothing is exempt from their control. The professors in the advanced schools and in the universities are compelled to furnish them with a monthly report upon the sentiments of their pupils, and upon the principles with which they seem to be indoctrinated at home; even the confessors of these establishments are obliged to give an account of the morality and political views of their penitents, and

* Lamennais, *Affaires de Rome*.

† On this subject see Guerrieri, *L'Austria et la Lombardia*, p. 28.

* See Lamennais, *Affaires de Rome*, p. 119.

† H. Misley, *L'Italie sous la Domination Autrichienne*.

every doctor or surgeon who is called in to see a wounded person, must, on leaving the house, immediately furnish to the police authorities a full account of every circumstance connected with his case, on pain of forfeiting his diploma. The secret of letters exists but in name, and the work of opening them goes on regularly, and with very little effort at concealment, in the post-office.*

From what we have already said, it may be easily inferred that the inhabitants of the Austrian provinces of Italy do not enjoy either personal liberty or freedom of action; and, in truth, the Austrian government interferes with both in the most vexatious and insolent manner. It is difficult even to leave the town where one lives to go into the interior of the country; and as for a passport to visit foreign countries, you must explain to the satisfaction of the authorities the motives of the journey, the length of time you expect to be absent, your means of support during your absence, give a promise to approach no enemy of Austria, and frequently, furnish a guarantee for your return; and, even after all this is done, the administration reserves to itself the right of refusing a passport. Every subject who leaves the Italian provinces without a regular passport, is declared civilly dead at the end of three months, and all his property is confiscated. If he leaves no property, he is seizable as a criminal on his return, and is condemned to three years of imprisonment with hard labor. The police, without any previous appeal to the tribunals, forbid any one they choose to go beyond the limits of a town, or a place, for a certain length of time. If he wishes to travel ten miles by railway, the Lombardo-Venetian must provide himself with what are termed *papiers de sûreté*, and, while the train is moving, the police-guards go from carriage to carriage, by means of a system of communication expressly established for this purpose, and collect these papers from each passenger; and these absurd and jealous precautions have materially interfered with the success of the Lombard railways. Even when abroad, the Italian subject of Austria does

not escape from the surveillance of the "paternal government." He is recommended to the attention of the spies established in every capital in Europe, and woe to him if he commits the least political indiscretion. While abroad, too, the Lombardo-Venetian is expressly forbidden to publish any book, pamphlet, or letters to journals, without the previous examination and permission of the Imperial government. There is no spot of earth where the iron weight of Austrian despotism does not press upon him; and, to escape from its pressure, he must condemn himself to perpetual and hopeless exile. Arbitrary arrests are constantly resorted to by the Austrian police. In the years 1820 and 1821, they made no fewer than eight thousand arrests without any form of justice, and solely upon their own authority; and, since 1848, about a fourth of the population of each town has individually experienced the effects of this abuse of power.

The chapter devoted by M. de la Varenne to the examination of the judicial murders and abuse of power chargeable upon Austria, is a dark and melancholy one. It has been beautifully said by M. Chateaubriand: "The earth drinks in silence the blood of battle-fields, but peaceful blood spouts groaning towards heaven. God receives and avenges it." If so, a fearful reckoning is yet in store for the house of Hapsburgh. General Pietro Coletta tells us that, during thirty years, "100,000 Neapolitans have perished by every kind of death in the cause of political freedom, and for the love of Italy;"* and, in Austrian Italy, where a kindred spirit animates the government, matters have been but little better. Between the 6th of August, 1848, the date of the triumphant return of the Austrians to Milan, and the 22d August of the following year, the official records show a total of 961 capital sentences, regularly pronounced and executed against Lombardo-Venetians. In the autumn of 1848, the steward of Councilor Rampini and his eldest son were shot at Milan, while the younger son, being under age and not being convicted of any crime, was beaten to death with sticks. In October of the same year, three Milanese were shot for having responded to the provocations of

* We might easily multiply examples of the insolence, heartlessness, and cruelty of the Austrian police, but we rather refer those of our readers who wish for such details to M. de la Varenne's work, pp. 190-96.

* *History of the Kingdom of Naples*, translated from the Italian by S. Horner, vol. ii. p. 471.

three Hungarian soldiers disguised as police. The Abbé Pulcina was shot at Brescia about the same time, and another priest at Mantua, merely for having expressed liberal opinions. To have a weapon of any kind, in the house or on the person, was certain death. At Brescia, a butcher was sent for outside the town to kill an ox, and went, bearing along with him the implements of his trade, mace, knife, etc. On his return, he was arrested by the patrol, and, in spite of his protestations that he was a butcher, and that there was no order against butchers carrying their implements along with them, was forthwith tried, condemned, and shot. At Lodi, 28th February, 1849, a native of the place was beaten to death for having allowed some insulting expressions to escape him when maltreated by an Austrian officer. But the most disgraceful and flagrant instance of tyranny remains to be recorded. On the 18th August, 1849, the anniversary of the birth of the late emperor, which was kept with great pomp by the Austrians in Milan, a courtesan named Olivari had attached to the balcony of her house an Austrian flag. This house was in one of the most frequented streets of Milan, opposite the café *del Mazza*, and the crowd hissed in passing it; upon which several patrols and a number of officers, who had apparently been lurking in the neighborhood, instantly rushed to the spot, seized indiscriminately on the passers-by, and carried them off to the castle, where a military tribunal was quickly assembled, which first released the foreigners and public functionaries, and then proceeded to try the rest of the crowd of prisoners, all, be it observed, Italians. They were speedily condemned, seventeen to the bastonnade, from twenty-five to fifty strokes each, and three to various periods of imprisonment in irons. Among the former class, were an advocate, a painter, two landed proprietors, and two students, and *Ernesta Galli of Cremona*, and *Maria Conti of Florence*, both opera-singers, the first twenty, and the second eighteen years old. They were sentenced, the former to forty strokes of the stick, and the latter to thirty. All the sentences were immediately executed in public, in the open air, in the court of the castle, the Austrian officers looking on and laughing the while. The punishments were carried out to the letter; all the sufferers were severely injured, and

the two poor girls especially, were a long time before they recovered from the effects of Austrian brutality. The military commandant of Milan, subsequently sent in an account of 191 francs to the municipality "for the expense of ice," (applied to the mangled flesh of the victims in order to prevent gangrene,) "and of rods used and broken in the punishment of the seditious of the 18th August."* Finally, the marshal ordered the town of Milan to indemnify the courtesan Olivari, by a gift of 30,000 livres. The melancholy necrology of this gloomy chapter on judicial murders and abuse of power is closed by our author with the case of the Count Montanari, and five of his relations, accused, as usual, of conspiring with Mazzini, and summarily condemned to be shot. Moved apparently by the frantic entreaties of the wives of these unfortunates, Marshal Radetzky† promised "that not a drop of blood should be shed." He kept his word by *hanging* the whole of them.

The Austrians have sedulously endeavored, especially since 1848, to set the rich and poor among the Lombards at enmity, and thus prevent that union which might render them dangerous. When, in March, 1849, the French minister at Turin went to the camp of the victorious Radetzky to solicit a change of system towards Lombardy, and the proclamation of a general amnesty, General Hess, the chief of the staff, thus answered him—"Never! It would not be conformable to Austrian politics to pardon rebel subjects; their punishment ought to be not death but misery. The people love us; the nobles, the rich proprietors, detest us; they must then be annihilated."

With regard to the paramount influence of Austria in the affairs of the whole Italian peninsula, there can be but little doubt, and as little of her disposition to interfere with armed hand on the slightest and most trivial pretexts. At the smallest semblance of political liberation, she at once steps in, superseding in the most

* The words in the original are, "*Per spese di ghiaccio et di bacchette rotte e consumate nel castigo dei rivoltuosi del giorno 18 agosto.*"

† We were in Italy at the time, and had our home in Milan, at the Royal Hotel under the same roof with this cruel, heartless, and blood-thirsty tyrant. But the wretch has gone to give up his account for the murder of innocent men and women—a blessed riddance for Italy.—
EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.

nonchalant and insolent way the sovereigns of the country; hangs, shoots, flogs, and exiles, at her pleasure, occupies places of strength, and levies forced contributions, until she has reduced every thing to the state of passive and unreasoning obedience most approved of by her "paternal government." Her conduct in Tuscany on the restoration of the Grand Duke; the sack of Leghorn, in the summer of 1849, by the troops of General Aspre; the judicial tortures and murders at Ferrara and Bologna, in 1853-4, by the Austrian military tribunals, and many other cases which might easily be cited, furnish most convincing proofs both of the extent of her power, and of its withering influence upon political freedom and intellectual progress.

We have already related so many instances of Austrian brutality, that we shall not advert to those by which they made themselves detested during the revolution of 1848-9. Those who wish to investigate the subject will find ample details in M. de la Varenne's book, and in that of M. Perrens, entitled *Deux Ans de Révolution en Italie*. As to the present state of Lombardy, it is subject to an irresponsible military oligarchy, first instituted by Radetzky in 1848, and ever since continued; and the address of the Baron Schultzy, Governor of Mantua, to the municipality of that city gives a good idea of its nature: "My absolute commandment constitutes the only and supreme law; thus all the population and all the authorities have nothing wiser to do than to conform to it without reply."

At the present hour according to our author, there is not a single partisan of the dangerous doctrines of Mazzini in the whole of Upper Italy; the common need, the universal aspiration, is a union with

the Sardinian monarchy. "The immediate union of the whole peninsula, under the chivalrous and warlike house of Savoy, would be the happiness of Italy: such is at least the profound conviction of the author of these pages. Perhaps it is the future which Providence reserves to that nation and that dynasty so well fitted for each other. But, doubtless, we must practically be satisfied to content ourselves with a less result."

And now it may perhaps be thought that we have dwelt too long on the principles and practice of that terrible despotism which, for nearly half a century, has steeped the fairest provinces in Italy in blood and tears. But we have done so purposely, that the resolution of the English people may be formed, to abstain from any unholy compact with Austria. England respects treaties, but she detests tyranny, and if a people rise against such a system of oppression as that we have detailed, she must abjure every tradition of her own history and every instinct of her own spirit, if she lend her mighty power to crush them again beneath its yoke.

We expelled the Stuarts, our legal and hereditary princes, for misgovernment and oppression, and who will now say that we did wrong? And, if the Italians—delivered over by the treaty of Vienna, without their own consent, to the foreign yoke of Austria, after an endurance of forty-five years of her grinding, all-pervading, unrelenting tyranny—have now risen to burst their fetters; can we say that they are in the wrong, or dare we aid their tyrants? We trust not. An armed neutrality, such as has been already proclaimed, such as Austria observed during the Crimean war, is our truest, our safest policy, for the present.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.*

THIS work is the history of a great and good lady, who being placed in circumstances of extreme danger and difficulty, sought in England safety and shelter. Not many years since two little boys might have been seen running about happily and healthily on the beach at St. Leonard's. A middle-aged gentleman attended them, and they were frequently joined by a tall, grave-looking woman, always dressed in black. Sometimes they would be met in the lanes or country walks, always with the same sable-clad lady; or again, they might be seen walking by the side of a garden-chair along the esplanade leading to Hastings, and talking to its occupant, a fine-looking old man, who seemed to be in feeble health. The children were the Comte de Paris, and his brother the Duke de Chartres, while the lady was the Duchess of Orleans, and the occupant of the garden-chair, the unfortunate monarch, Louis Philippe. The birth and parentage of the Duchess of Orleans are described in the following sentence:

"The Princess Helen Louisa Elisabeth, of Mecklenburg Schwerin, born at the castle of Ludwigslust, on the 24th of January, 1814, was the daughter of Louis Frederic, Hereditary Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and of Caroline of Weimar, his second wife. Princess Caroline, remarkable for her charms and intelligence, was the daughter of one of the most distinguished princes of Germany, Duke Charles Augustus, of Saxe Weimar—the friend of Goethe and Schiller, and of that Duchess Louisa of Weimar, of whom Madame de Stael has left a charming portrait, in which we seem to recognize the image of her granddaughter."

The ancestors of the Duchess were both estimable and intellectual people. The Princess Helen was only two years old when she lost her mother, who on her death-bed besought her husband to mar-

ry again, and "mentioned her cousin, the Princess Augusta of Hesse Homberg."

The Grand Duke complied with her wishes, and married the Princess Augusta in 1816. He died soon afterwards. His Duchess then withdrew entirely from the world, and devoted all her attention to the children of her cousin. She formed a strong attachment to the little Princess Helen, and this was reciprocated by the child, whose early disposition seemed to promise repayment for the care bestowed on her. We read that—

"When only four years, the Princess Helen showed the same generosity, the tenderness towards the sufferings of others, and the fortitude in enduring her own, as we in France afterwards witnessed. 'She never knew a selfish feeling,' say those persons who educated her, and hence, at that early age, she inspired them with a devoted attachment which has never varied, and which now leaves a mournful blank in their lives. Her piety and benevolence were too fervent to be always restrained within the strict bounds of duty. One day, when surprise was expressed at the ardor with which she sacrificed some childish fancy, she replied in a low voice: 'Our Lord said, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."'"

During her childhood, not being considered of sufficient experience to visit generally among the poor, and yet not liking to be totally unemployed, she collected the families of her brother's servants round her, and "taught them what she had herself just before learned."

"This gentle and fragile being inspired with a tender respect the sturdy robust young Mecklenburgers who stood before her, listening and gravely answering her questions, and left her more often rewarded than punished. The presents which were yearly hung for her on the Christmas-tree, were soon in the hands of her playfellows, although they had resolved never to admire any thing in her presence, well knowing that the object she most valued, would be the first and the most joyfully sacrificed. The loving desire to give pleasure, to see herself surrounded by happy faces, which in children may be a graceful sort of coquetry, arose in her

* *The Duchess of Orleans, Helen of Mecklenburg, Schwerin.* A Memoir. Pp. 192. Translated from the French, by Mrs. Austin. W. Jeffs, 15 Burlington Arcade, London.

from more serious feelings; and thus, unconsciously, she early won the deep and faithful esteem of all who approached her."

She was brought up in comparative retirement. In the spring of 1821, she was taken for the first time to the Court of Weimar. During a great part of the year she resided either at Doberan, on the shores of the Baltic, or at Plushow, an estate which had belonged to the hereditary Grand Duke, and scarcely knew any one but her instructors, Professor Schubert and Mr. Beinecke, and the lady who also took charge of her.

The religion of the Princess was "Lutheran," and, therefore, she was confirmed according to the rites of the Lutheran Church, on 30th May, 1830. In 1834 the first of those series of accidents which seemed, like fatalities, to fall on Helen of Mecklenburg, happened. It was as follows:

"In exploring some ruins near Jena, her brother, Prince Albert, had a dangerous fall. He was conveyed, at his own request, to his family at Mecklenburg, where, after lingering some months, he expired."

His sister felt his death acutely, and even seven years afterwards, when time might have been supposed to have erased it from her memory, thus she wrote in a letter to a friend:

"The date of my letter will have recalled to you the trial which marked this day. The Lord has richly blest me, since that sad epoch. He has given me a friend and a protector instead of the one I lost. He has permitted me to taste a happiness of which I had not even an idea; nevertheless I feel that my heart was crushed by that blow, and that I have never recovered the joyous elasticity of youth. But tears have borne their fruit. I felt it then, and I feel it now, and render thanks to God. I have learnt to love his holy will, even when it afflicts me, and to acquiesce in it with a cheerful heart."

Such was the woman whom the Duke of Orleans chose as his wife and the future partner of his prospects. In 1836 he visited at Berlin, and there renewed an acquaintance begun some time before at Toeplitz, with the Princess Helen. The favorable impression created on their first introduction was confirmed; he made proposals for her which, after a certain amount of negotiation, were accepted; the marriage contract was signed on April the 5th, 1837, and on "May 15th she quitted Ludwigslust, accompanied by the

Grand Duchess, her mother, who wished herself to present her to the Queen."

Her journey to Fontainebleau was characterized by successive demonstrations of joy and welcome from the inhabitants of the various places she passed through. The Prince Royal was a very popular person, and as his marriage seemed to "provide against every future contingency, it also became a popular measure, and his bride consequently was well received." Her arrival at Fontainebleau was like all other arrivals under similar circumstances, and her reception quite in accordance with courtly etiquette. We read that the carriage of the Princess as it rolled on, called forth repeated acclamations of "Vive le Roi," while the people manifested universal marks of satisfaction which bespoke a genuine enthusiasm.

"The inner courtyard was lined with troops; an immense crowd pressed round the railing. At the foot of the grand flight of stairs stood the King with the Princess, his sons, awaiting her; near him the Duke of Orleans, just returned from Chalons, where the first interview with his betrothed bride had taken place the evening before. At the top of the stairs stood the Queen, surrounded by the Princesses, the ladies of her household, and those who were invited to the marriage festivities; and lastly, behind was a group of gentlemen, composed of all who for the last seven years had appeared in the great arena of politics; all whom France then possessed, illustrious for their talent, or distinguished for their eminent position in the country."

"The young Princess stepped from the carriage, the eyes of all riveted upon her, with singular grace. She bent before the King, and kissed his hand with affectionate deference; then threw herself into the arms of the Queen, with an emotion so genuine, yet so subdued, that no one could remain an indifferent spectator."

She was only twenty, and little fancied or thought of the terrible scenes through which she had to pass. The next few years of her life were, however, supremely happy. She was devotedly attached to her husband, her tastes were similar to his; she welcomed warmly those intellectual men whom the Duke of Orleans loved to have about him; she was deferential and respectful to the King her father-in-law, and in each position of life acquitted herself with credit. At that time she was an excellent wife and daughter, the mother she made we shall see afterwards. The following statement of the way in which

she passed her days at this period of her life gives an interesting picture of the royal family of France :

"She avoided with scrupulous delicacy whatever could attract particular homage or attention to herself. Denying herself the noble pleasure of assembling about her a society suited to her own tastes, (which malevolence might have transformed into a political coterie,) she made not the slightest distinction between her own living and that of her sisters-in-law. Part of her mornings was passed with them in the Queen's room, in which each had her work-table. The King generally joined them, and had the most remarkable publications of the day read aloud to him in the midst of the family circle. In the evening the Princess Royal took her place by the side of the Queen, and when her Majesty retired, returned to her own apartments, and employed herself with the Prince reading."

Two children had been born to her, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. She was unremitting in her attention to them; and that she never lost an opportunity of seeking to elevate their thoughts and exalt their tone of mind, may be gathered from the following fragment of one of her letters. She says :

"You know that nature has always had a great influence over me. I think that we can not sufficiently identify ourselves with her by observation, for she is one of the admirable manifestations by which God speaks to our hearts. I think it is good to encourage this taste in children; in admiring the works of nature, they learn to love the Creator. You may imagine, therefore, that I do not let a beautiful sunset, or a bright moonlight escape me, without pointing it out to my child, or without speaking to him of the Being who made these wonders. The sense of the beautiful must be developed in all its forms in these infant souls."

And again, she says :

"The minds of children unfold themselves more freely when we are alone with them. I try to be alone as much as possible with my son. Oh! how happy is a mother in humble life!"

Such passages as these show the tone of mind of the Duchess. About this time the eighth attempt at assassinating the King was made. It alarmed and cast a gloom over the Royal Family. The Duke of Orleans, too, was a source of anxiety; he had been seriously ill on his return from Africa. He took a journey with the Duchess through the South of France, and the enthusiasm of his reception proved

how universally he was beloved by the people.

But the Duchess was far from strong, and the physicians now became seriously alarmed about her health; at their recommendation, she removed to Plombières, to take the waters. Her departure, and a beautiful little incident which happened on the journey, are thus stated :

"She quitted happy Neuilly, with the Duke of Orleans, on the 8d of June. Although the maneuvers at the camp of St. Omer did not permit him to be absent more than twenty-four hours, he insisted on conducting her himself to Plombières. In traversing the exterior Boulevards, they passed by a cemetery, round the entrance of which there are little shops, hung with funeral wreaths and ornaments for sale. 'I hate these people who speculate on sorrow,' said the Prince. 'Look!' he continued, glancing his eye over the different inscriptions; 'they have calculated on every body; here are garlands for a young girl, and here is one for a little child.' These words touched the Princess, who, no doubt, thought on her absent children, and her eyes filled with tears. The Prince smiled, and taking her hand, continued: 'Well then—no, it shall not be for a little child; it may perhaps be for a man of thirty-two.' She raised her head directly, and looking him in the face, affectionately reproached him with trying to banish one sorrowful thought, by another infinitely sadder. But he soon succeeded in diverting her mind, and this last journey which they took together ended cheerfully."

At Voges, and different places on their route, they were received with the loudest acclamations: triumphal arches were erected, processions formed, to meet and welcome them, and the affection of the people shown in every possible manner. They arrived at Plombières on the 5th of July, and the Prince at once proceeded to inspect all the preparations which had been made for the reception of the Princess. He enjoined the greatest care on part of the attendants, and bade them remember that they must take care of her, as she never would take care of herself. During his short married life, he always evinced the most tender solicitude and affection for her, and well did she deserve it, for her whole earthly thought was to please him. The Duke left Plombières on the 7th of July: on Thursday, the 14th, the melancholy event occurred, which deprived France of its heir-apparent, and the Duchess of Orleans of as kind a husband as ever breathed. We give the detail in the words of the book. It must

first be observed that the Duchess had been walking in the neighborhood of Plombières, and talking to some of the simple peasantry of the place :

"It was late when she returned to Plombières, where she was to receive a few persons to dinner. Enlivened by her walk, and with her hands filled with flowers, (which were found, and carefully preserved, the following day,) she hastened up stairs and began to dress. Madame de Montesquieu likewise had just begun her toilet, when a servant came to tell her that General Baudrand begged her to go down into his room. Surprised by this request, she made him repeat it again — 'Madame, he begs you will go down this instant.' 'Good Heavens, Monsieur, you look quite aghast!' — 'Madame, come down directly, I conjure you.' 'Good God! what has happened? Is the King assassinated?' 'Madame, you must be prepared for the worst, but do not stay so near to the Princess; come down stairs quietly.'

"She went down stairs to the General, whom she found holding a letter in his hand, unable to speak or rise from his chair. He reached her the fatal letter, which contained only these words — 'The Prince Royal is dead!' Had the Duke of Orleans been assassinated? Had he fallen in suppressing an insurrection? Had he been carried off by a sudden illness? These few words announced only the irreparable calamity, which must be communicated to the Princess without preparation, without any circumstance of mitigation or comfort. Time pressed; the valet-de-chambre, who had his watch in his hand, said: 'It only wants a quarter of an hour to dinner-time.' No one here has yet heard the news: it is still possible to conceal it from the Princess. But this suggestion was rejected, and the prefect and physician were sent for. The latter insisted that she should only be told at first that the Duke was dangerously ill. 'Her life depends upon it,' said he; 'I shall hold you responsible for it.' At length it was determined that the prefect should himself go and write a dispatch, ostensibly received by the telegraph, announcing that the Prince Royal had been taken seriously ill at Paris. There was no further time to deliberate — in a few moments the Princess would leave her room.

"Madame de Montesquieu imploring God to give her the strength she vainly sought in herself, ascended the stairs which led to the Princess's room, and were only separated from it by a small inclosed landing-place, and a glass door. On reaching this door she stopped a moment. Through the thin curtain which covered the glass, she saw the Princess finish her toilet, and then, elegantly dressed, graceful and smiling, open the door.

"Leaning motionless against the wall, Madame de Montesquieu could not summon courage to utter the words which were at once to destroy the whole fabric of her happiness. 'What, not dressed yet!' said the Princess cheerfully.

'But what is the matter?' she added, coming nearer. 'You are very pale — what has happened to you. Some misfortune in your family? Are your children or your husband ill?'

At length the lady-in-waiting summoned courage to break a portion of the truth to her. She stated that the Duke was dangerously ill at Paris. The telegraphic message was also shown her, but she detected the imposture.

"'This is not the usual form of telegraphic dispatches,' she said, a doubt flashing across her mind; but it was soon dissipated by the prefect. She burst into tears; then rising with firmness she said: 'I will set out this instant; perhaps I may still be in time to nurse him.'

"Orders were given for her departure; at moments she had gleams of hope, and said: 'Perhaps I may find him nearly well, and then how he will scold me, and how happy I shall be to be scolded.' Then fear predominated again, and she said, 'He is so afraid of alarming me, he must be ill indeed to desire that I should be informed of it,' and her tears flowed afresh."

She left Plombières at eight o'clock in the evening. The garlands which had been put up to grace her arrival were not dead, while he, to whose honor they had been prepared, was gone forever from her, although at that time she was ignorant of the fact. She reached Epinal at midnight, and from thence proceeded on again. In about another hour the courier told her that another carriage was coming in the direction of Paris.

"'Open the door,' cried the Princess, and she was with difficulty prevented from rushing out of the carriage. At that moment she saw two men advancing towards her, and recognized Monsieur Chomel, physician to the Royal Family. At the sight of him she uttered a piercing shriek.

"'Monsieur Chomel — O God! the Prince?'

"'Madame, the Prince is no longer living—'

"'What do you say? No, no; it is not possible! What disease can have carried him off thus? Speak, and kill me at once.'

"'Alas! Madame, a strange and dreadful accident—a fall from a carriage. . . . He never recovered his consciousness. A few words of German, which he pronounced from time to time, were the only signs of life he gave. No doubt it was some remembrance to your Royal Highness.'

Still she refused to believe in his death. She could not realize such intense misery; her sobs burst forth with great violence. Her attendants sought to calm her, and spoke to her of her children. Her answer

was, that she could think of nothing but her husband.

She was joined early in the morning by her sisters-in-law, and they all proceeded to Paris—the only wish of the wretched Duchess being to see once more the features of “him she was to see no more in life.” She reached Neuilly on the sixteenth of July, and was received by the King and the young princes. With them she at once repaired to the chapel where the remains of the Duke lay, but her last wish, that of looking on him once more, was denied her.

“The coffin, already closed, alas! stood in the middle of the chapel, which was hung with black. She knelt beside it, gazing intently upon the pall which covered his remains; after a short prayer, she rose strengthened, and withdrew to her apartment to put on the mourning dress, which she never again laid aside.”

Many months passed, and the Duchess still continued sad at heart—everything she saw tended to remind her of the frightful calamity. A chapel was built on the spot where the melancholy accident happened—the chapel of St. Ferdinand; it was consecrated on the eleventh of July, 1843, the Duchess being present at the consecration.

And now came the third of those terrible occurrences, which threatened to be still more fatal in its results than the two former. It was described in the public papers of that date, and will be remembered by many; but to others it may be new, and for their benefit we transcribe it. The King having expressed his intention of taking a drive in a char-à-banc, the Duchess asked permission to accompany him. The Royal party consisted of the Queen, the King, the Royal Duke, the Duchess of Orleans and her children. A char-à-banc, it may be stated, is an open carriage, something like an excursion omnibus, with seats placed across it, the faces of the occupants being all turned towards the horses. There are several of these carriages in the royal stables at Windsor Castle—one in particular, which was presented to our Queen by Louis Philippe. The curious may inspect them there, as the royal stables are, on certain days, when her Majesty is absent from the castle, open to the public; but we proceed with the description of this very startling occurrence. They had all alighted at

“A little village, on the edge of the sea, where he inspected a battery, and had a cannon fired off by Paris, who put a lighted match to it with a coolness that delighted every body. The King got into the char-à-banc again to go to Tréport, where he proposed to inspect another battery. To reach Tréport you must pass over a bridge across floodgates; the Queen begged earnestly to be allowed to alight, declaring that it was dangerous to cross the bridge, the side-rails of which were so low as to be hardly perceptible.”

The King, however, maintained that there was no danger, and persisted in going on. They proceeded, therefore.

“At the same moment the cannon roared, the floodgates opened, the horses started off, and three of them rushed headlong into the abyss. The char-à-banc would have been dragged down if the postillion who rode the wheel-horse had not, with uncommon coolness and presence of mind, held in his horses, which were on the point of following the others. Fortunately, the traces broke, and the char-à-banc stopped.

“After the accident, the King proceeded on foot to the battery at Tréport. An immense crowd followed him with shouts of joy; all looked happy. ‘I alone of all the train was weeping,’ says the Duchess, ‘for it recalled to me another train, in which the King then as now on foot, and giving his arm to the Queen, followed the body of the victim.’”

In 1847 the public mind in France began to evince symptoms of disquietude. The Duchess was one of the first to feel the shudder which precedes the storm.

“There are, she writes in that year, (1847,) some distressing subjects now commonly discussed, which make me blush to open the papers. I am saddened to the very soul at the perturbed state of the public mind, at the discredit into which the higher classes have fallen—the general disaffection of all below them—and the sort of vague disgust which seems to have taken possession of every body.”

The gradual increase of insurrectionary feelings which led to the abdication of the King and the exile of the Royal family is of too recent date to be forgotten. Things came to a crisis on the well-remembered 24th of February. The populace were in a state of the most intense excitement; and as the King, accompanied by his son and aide-de-camps, rode along the trees drawn up in the inner courtyard of the Palace, and on the “Place du Carrousel,” he was greeted with conflicting cries of “Vive le Roi,” “Vive la Reforme.”

These ejaculations clearly showed the

state of things; and the disaffection of the military being proved beyond dispute, by the coolness with which the National Guard received him, he returned to the Palace sad at heart, both fearing and feeling that all was lost. We can not do better than describe his state at this terrible moment, in the words of the authoress :

"Whilst sitting there, with his head in his hands, trying to collect his thoughts, an officer hurriedly entered, and exclaimed: 'Sire, there is not a moment to lose — give orders to the troops or abdicate.' It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The King, after a moment's silence, replied: 'I have always been a pacific king, I will abdicate.' Then rising from his seat, he opened the door of his closet, adjoining the apartment in which the Queen and Princesses were assembled, and repeated, with a firm voice: 'I abdicate.'

"At these words the Queen and Princesses rushed up to him, and conjured him to recall these fatal words. The Duchess of Orleans, bending respectfully before him, took his hand and kissed it with tenderness. 'Do not abdicate, sire, do not abdicate!' she said bursting into tears. The King, without replying, returned to his closet, whither all the Princesses followed him, and sat down deliberately to write the act of abdication, which he then read aloud, in the following words: 'I abdicate the crown, which I assumed in compliance with the will of the nation, in favor of my grandson, the Comte de Paris. May he succeed in the great task which this day devolves upon him.'"

The members of the Royal Family still urged him to forego the act of abdication. He was, however, resolute, feeling the truth, that he had gone too far in acting adversely to the people's wishes, and must now take the consequences of his own obstinacy.

The whole of the occurrences of the following days is described in the work before us; the account is very interesting, too long for extraction and too good to be divided into fragments. The unhappy King escaped from Paris, and ultimately from France, firmly believing that his absence would appease the tumult, and that his grandson would be quietly accepted as the sovereign. He was mistaken; the cry of the mob was now, "Pas de Princes," "pas de Princes." They approached the gardens of the Palace, tried to pull up the iron railings, and showed, by other unmistakable signs that even personal hostilities would be resorted to. The peril to the Duchess and her children, who still remained in Paris, was extreme;

she was advised to fly, but she thought it her duty to remain; her post, she said, was in Paris, and nothing would induce her to desert it while she could do any good by remaining. Her courageous conduct in this trying time we learn from the following:

"Taking her two children by the hand, she walked with them through the long galleries that led to her own apartments; and stopping before the portrait of their father, she said with calmness: 'If we are to die, it must be here.' She then ordered all the gates to be opened; preparing to undergo herself, and to see her children undergo, the most frightful death, should her calm courage fail to subdue the fury of the frantic multitude, whose cries already reached her ears.

"At this instant two deputies entered hurriedly, and told her, from the Duke de Nemours, to go without delay across the garden to the bridge; that he had been himself to watch over the departure of the King, and would return to her, and protect her on her way from the Tuileries. They appeared to her a succor sent from heaven. She had no time to ask questions, and set out, almost borne along by the group of persons who surrounded her, and tried to guard her from the bayonets that glittered at the railings of the Carrousel. As she passed through the garden gate the mob took possession of the Tuileries."

The conclusion of this scene is too well written for us to give it in any words but those of the author, which must be the apology for the length of the extract.

"On reaching the Place Louis XV., the Princess saw the Duke de Nemours on horseback; but separated from the crowd, they were unable to have any communication. She knew nothing of the measures he had taken to escort her to St. Cloud. Her instinctive courage urged her to take the way to the Boulevards: there she would encounter the real people of Paris, and not a mere band of insurgents: it might be that she would perish there; but it was also possible that her presence might recall the people to reason. M. Dupin dissuaded her with all his power. Just then one voice exclaimed, 'A la Chambre,' and the cry was instantly repeated by the crowd. Thinking that she was doing what seemed best to the Duke de Nemours, she turned, or rather she allowed herself to be carried in that direction. The Duke saw her from a distance without having the power to stop her, and could only follow. The crowd, well-disposed at this moment, shouted: 'Vive la Duchesse d'Orleans! Vive le Comte de Paris!' They formed as it were two walls, between which the Princess advanced, holding by the hand the Comte de Paris; whilst behind her, M. Scheffer, in his uniform of officer of the national guard, carried in his arms the little Duc de Chartres, who was ill, wrapt in a cloak

... When the Princess entered the chamber, the disorder was extreme—the deputies besieged the tribune—a strange crowd blocked up the lobbies, barring the passage of the royal party. Cries of ‘Pas de Princes, nous ne voulons pas de Princes ici!’ were heard, but they were overpowered by the still louder cries of ‘Vive la Duchesse d’Orleans! Vive le Comte de Paris!’ She took her place near the tribune, and remained standing there with her two children at her side; behind her stood the persons of her suite, using all their efforts to keep off the crowd that pressed around her.”

There the abdication was announced from the tribune: the tumult increased, and the Duchess was advised to quit the chamber, but she refused.

“‘If I leave this assembly,’ she said, ‘my son will never enter it again.’”

She was then conducted to a more conspicuous part of the chamber, where M. Odilon Barrot presented the Comte de Paris to the people as their future King. “Vive le Comte de Paris,” shouted one side of the Chamber, while the other strove to drown the cry by invectives and demonstrations. The Duchess rose to speak. For some time she could not make her voice heard above the uproar; then a partial silence ensued, and she uttered a few sentiments, when

“A violent knocking resounded through the hall; the doors of the tribune of the Press were burst open by an armed mob, who rushed forward with loud cries; they pointed their loaded muskets towards different parts of the chamber, till at length they perceived the royal mother and her children, at whom they took deliberate aim. Most of the deputies quitted the chamber, leaving the Duchess of Orleans and her little sons exposed, with no other protection from the musket-balls of an infuriated mob than that of a small number of deputies, who remained in their places before her. From the calmness of her face it might have been thought that she only was in no danger. Leaning over to the bench below her, she gently placed her hand on the shoulder of a deputy, and said, in a voice which betrayed no emotion: ‘What do you advise me to do?’ ‘Madame, the deputies are no longer here; you must go to the President’s house to gather the chamber together.’ ‘But how can I get there?’ she replied, still without moving from her place, or betraying any alarm at the muskets which glittered above her head. ‘Follow me,’ said M. Jules de Lasteyrie.”

He then led her from the chamber, and so closely did the crowd follow on her steps, that she was pressed against the wall, the Comte de Paris separated from

her, and the poor little sick child, the Duc de Chartres, thrown down and trampled on by the mob. He was, however, rescued, and conveyed, frightened and bruised, to his mother and the Comte de Paris, who had also been found, and brought to her. To linger longer now would have been insanity; so the Duchess immediately left the Presidency, intending to go to the “Invalides.” The governor of the latter place, however, was ill; and fearing that the soldiery were not to be depended on, and that the place was none of safety to her, he advised her to proceed on her journey; but she was as resolute now as she had been before.

“‘This place,’ she said, ‘will do to die in, if no morrow awaits us—to remain in, if we can defend ourselves.’”

She remained at the “Invalides” until noon, when a message came from Odilon Barrot, telling her that only a handful of the National Guard remained faithful to her; that the rebellion was increasing, and that an armed band was approaching the Invalides. She hesitated.

“‘Is there any one here who advises me to remain?’ she said. ‘As long as there is a person, a single person, who thinks it right for me to remain, I shall remain. My son’s life is more precious to me than his crown; but if France demands his life, a King, even a King nine years old, must know how to die.’”

All, however, persuaded her to depart, and at last she consented to leave Paris, intending to remain in the neighborhood, awaiting the termination of the struggle. She had a narrow escape, however, for—

“The sounds of wheels in the evening in those deserted streets attracted the attention of some of the insurgents. Leveling their muskets at the coachman, they called on him to stop, but he lashed his horses over the barricade, at the risk of breaking the carriage, and got out of Paris.”

Her sufferings after this were extreme. She took up her abode in a deserted chateau, where not even the luxury of a fire could be allowed her, lest the smoke should betray her hiding-place. Again the urgent entreaties of her friends prevailed, and in accordance with their wishes she consented to leave France. Her route to Eisenach (where she fixed her abode) may be found in the volume in hand. She fixed on the latter as a place of temporary residence, because her mother’s family had offered her hospitality there.

In 1849 she left Eisenach to join the Royal Family of France in England. She joined them at St. Leonard's, remained there for a time, and then returned to Eisenach, from which place she once more came to England, and on her arrival proceeded to Claremont.

The death of Louis Philippe, which took place on the twenty-sixth of August, 1850, was a sad grief to her. She was then living at Richmond, and was able to be with him up to the last. Little remains to be said of her now. She devoted herself entirely to the care of her children, and cared for none of the gayeties of her station. During the years 1851 and 1852, a dreadful accident, the last of those to which we have alluded, befell her. It was as follows:

"In the neighborhood of Lausanne, at the spot where the road runs just above a small stream, then swollen by the rains, the carriage was overturned and rolled down into the water. In an instant the Princes succeeded in extricating themselves, jumped upon the bank, and looked for their mother to assist her; but, to their horror, they perceived only her hair floating on the water. She had fainted; and Madame de V., likewise senseless, had fallen upon her; her face was already under water, and she was taken out with the greatest difficulty. On coming to herself, her first cry was one of joy, on seeing her sons safe at her side."

In 1853, she became nervous and ill; she removed to Italy, and from that change, and the beneficial effects of the mild climate, partially recovered her health.

In 1857 she took a house at Ditton on the Thames, a village not far from Claremont and Twickenham. The royal family of France gathered round her; and once more there seemed to be a little sunshine in their path, when the melancholy death of the young Duchesse de Nemours threw them all into gloom again. In May the Duchess of Orleans removed to Cranbourne House. It was damp and dismal. The Duc de Chartres fell ill about this time, and the assiduity with which his mother nursed him is thought to have injured her very feeble health. She took

cold, and was obliged to keep her bed. No fears as to the speedy termination of her malady were entertained at this time, but her symptoms soon became serious enough to alarm those about her.

On the seventeenth of May she became much worse, and was seized with suffocation and faintings. Her strength decreased rapidly during the day; she slept at times, being under the influence of narcotics, taken to subdue the violence of her cough. She was ordered to take some nourishment every quarter of an hour; they evidently feared her sinking from exhaustion. As the night crept on she became worse, more and more feeble. The physician asked her how she felt. She answered:

" 'Oh! not ill—I have often been thus. I wish to rest.' Upon this, M. de Mussy retired into the adjoining room, and wrote notes to Claremont and Twickenham. While he was doing this, the silence was profound; so profound, that a friend who had remained near the door, was seized with a frightful presentiment. 'It seems to me that the stillness is extreme here,' said she to M. de Mussy. He went back into the Princess's chamber, gave one look, came out raising his hands to heaven, and ran to fetch the young Princes. The passage from one life to another had been so gentle, that the two women who remained close to her bed, with their eyes fixed upon her, had not perceived the slightest distortion of her features, nor the slightest change in her countenance. The only difference was, that her face was of a deadlier whiteness."

She was buried at Weybridge, in the same vault with the exiled King and the young Duchesse de Nemours.

The work from which we have drawn these extracts is truly worthy of commendation. It is not only extremely interesting and most ably translated, but it is the history of a good Christian, who in her exalted station employed to the best of her ability the "talent" intrusted to her charge. The loss to her sons is irreparable; but they are now young men, and at an age to remember, profit by, and put in practice the admirable maxims she inculcated both by precept and example.

From the Eclectic Review.

REVERIE AND ABSTRACTION.

THE brain* is the prime minister of the body; he is chief of the police, president of the legislative, and head of the executive departments. In an ordinary government, this would be a more than sufficient monopoly: but in our microcosm, other and even more important functions devolve upon the premier. He is the head of the commissariat, manages the home department, and has direct and uncontrolled sway over all our foreign relations. Yet, with all this, he has time for idleness; and, besides the stated number of hours which he devotes to repose, he occasionally, in working hours, refuses to respond to the claims upon him; and some of the departments, chiefly that of "foreign affairs," are neglected.

In every ordinary act, there are many elements involved; an impression is received from without, and conveyed to the mind; it is there perceived, attended to, and compared with other impressions which the memory brings forward; a judgment is passed upon it, and a course of action determined upon, which, through the medium of the will, is carried into effect; it includes, therefore, perception, attention, and will, as chief elements. Or, according to laws which we need not now inquire into, an idea is originated within the mind itself; the energy of the subjective impression, on the one hand, and the force of will on the other, determine

the amount of attention to be accorded to it; and it is either detained for consideration, or for action, (if it be of a nature to require action,) or allowed to pass away, most probably leaving an associated thought behind it, to be similarly treated.

Thus attention and will are most important elements in all serviceable thought; and according as these are more or less prominent, practical results will follow the operations of the mind. Sir William Hamilton remarks that "the difference between an ordinary mind and the mind of a Newton, consists principally in this, that the one is capable of a more continuous attention than the other—that a Newton is able without fatigue to connect inference with inference in one long series towards a determinate end; while the man of inferior capacity is soon obliged to let fall the thread which he had begun to spin." Bacon also places all men of equal *attention* on one level, recognizing nothing as due to genius. Helvetius goes so far as to say that genius is indeed nothing but a continued attention, (*une attention suivie*.) Buffon also speaks of it as a protracted patience. "In the exact sciences, at least, (says Cuvier,) it is the patience of a sound intellect, when invincible, which truly constitutes genius." Lord Chesterfield acknowledges that the power of applying an attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius.

Whether we give full credence to all this weight of testimony or not, we are bound to recognize in attention an element of paramount importance, as influencing what is generally called the "train of thought;" and as one which, in appearance at least, and in popular estimation, often makes the difference between a wise man and a fool; and we think it useful to investigate briefly some few of the phenomena of thought, considered in this point of view chiefly, as more or less affected by attention. These are worthy

* If in the following sketch, the terms Brain and Mind appear to be used convertibly, it must be understood that no material identity is implied; they are so used for convenience merely, inasmuch as we become acquainted with the phenomena of our immaterial mind, only as it can be corporeally manifested through the material organ. So, also, if we speak of will, thought, judgment, memory, etc. as acting sometimes together, and sometimes apparently in opposition, it is by no means intended to signify that these are separate elements of what must be considered necessarily as one and indivisible; but only that they are different modes of action of the same essence. In short no metaphysical theories are involved; the terms used are intended not to be strictly analyzed, but to convey a clear history of certain noteworthy phenomena.

of much more scientific analysis than they have hitherto received; and much empirical observation is still needed. When in dreams, where volitional attention is in entire abeyance, we find that we live months or years in a few hours, we are too apt to be content with saying that these are "the stuff that dreams are made of;" perhaps, never considering that whether sleeping or waking, this is a veritable phenomenon, and potentiality of mind—perhaps more wonderful than our most brilliant waking thoughts. And when we meet with a student so deeply immersed in his problem, or his thought, as to know nothing of the physical influences around—to be entirely insensible to pain or danger—we have a strong tendency to *explain* the whole by the theory that he is an "absent man;" perhaps careless of *why* he is absent, and how mind can so influence matter; not clearly recognizing that therein is involved one of the most important questions of our nature.

In natural sleep, as before observed, volitional attention is dormant, whilst memory and imagination are thereby allowed to run riot, and to wander in rapid succession over the nearest and most distant scenes, and to represent intercourse with the distant living or dead, without arousing any sensations of surprise or incongruity. Under peculiar circumstances, however, the attention may be aroused to certain objects, or classes of objects, around which then all the thoughts cluster, and towards which all the actions tend; whilst it remains not only indifferent to all other surrounding objects, but is incapable of being attracted to them by any means short of such as will interrupt the special mental condition. Many of the phenomena attendant upon this and allied conditions were investigated recently, and it was concluded that they were due to an organic *polarity*, by virtue of which the brain became sensitive to certain impressions in an extraordinary degree, remaining insensible to all others, physical or otherwise; in the same manner as the charged conductor of an electrical machine responds only to conductors, appearing indifferent to all non-conductors or electrics; or as a magnetized steel bar is sensitive only to steel, and indifferent to other matters. Perhaps a more apt illustration may be drawn from the horse-shoe bar of soft steel,

which becomes a powerful magnet (that is, polar) on passing an electric current through coils of copper wire around it; but [as soon as the current ceases, the polarity is resolved, and the bar presents only the properties of common steel. It was remarked, also, that during the continuance of this polarity, this species of attention, the sleep of the other faculties became much more profound, and more difficult to interrupt by any influence; the nervous influence being so concentrated upon the awakened parts of the organism, that the sensitivity of the remainder was destroyed, or much lessened.

The one remarkable circumstance about all the various and complicated actions observed in the higher forms of somnambulism, is, that they occur during sleep, and indicate a special attention of the faculties only to one class of objects, the insensibility towards others being complete. Now we meet with phenomena during the waking hours, which, considered objectively, are strictly analogous to these—they have only a different point of departure. Such are the phases of absence of mind, reverie, and abstraction—all essentially different in nature, yet all presenting the same external aspect; and so far allied as that they depend respectively upon the degree of attention which the will has brought to bear upon certain pursuits. These, one and all, it would be difficult to distinguish by accurate description, from the higher lucidity of somnambulism—except in so far as the former have originated by a disturbance of balance amongst the faculties during waking moments; whilst the latter commenced by the polarity itself, organically excited during sleep.

It must be borne in mind that, for the complete appreciation of the external world, three things are essential: (1) organs of the senses in a normal healthful condition; (2) a proper distribution of nervous fluid,* ready to be stimulated by

* Here again we would remark that no theory is implied, or to be understood, by the use of this term "*nervous fluid*." It is used only to express the fitness or adaptedness for appropriate excitement, by any nerve or set of nerves, as thus: the optic nerve is properly supplied with nervous fluid, when it responds normally to its own special stimulus of light, etc. But by this we no more hypothecate the actual existence of a fluid proper, than we do when speaking popularly of the electric fluid.

the appropriate objects, as light to the eye, sonorous vibrations to the ear, etc.; and (3) an exercise (more or less under the influence of the will) of the faculty of attention to the impressions so produced and conveyed. All these are obviously necessary; if the first be absent, the negative result is clear; the second is equally essential; and it is with the variations of the third element that we are now especially concerned; and with those changes which these variations induce in the distribution of the nervous fluid. We will notice these under three natural divisions, according (1) as the attention can not be directed to any one train of thought, but wanders off to any other, defying the efforts of the will to restrain it; (2) as it is voluntarily surrendered up, and the fancy or imagination allowed or even encouraged to roam amongst things known or unknown, things in heaven, and things on earth; and (3) as the attention is firmly fixed on one train of thought, to the exclusion of all others, and to the ignoring of all external influences. All these present the same external aspect; all are classed popularly under one head—that of “wool-gathering,” or some analogous expression; yet, whilst the first form is the characteristic of the feeblest and most inefficient intellects, the second is the great prerogative of poets and artists; and the third, the highest of all, is generally found in the persons of men of intellect the most exalted, of genius the most transcendent. These forms may be known, for convenience, as *Reverie*, *Voluntary Waking Dream*, and *Abstraction of Mind*.

1. *Reverie* is an approach to dreaming or sleep: the attention to surrounding objects begins to fail; and instead of being fixed on what is passing, is wandering over a thousand vague and imperfectly connected ideas. It is common, as Dr. Mason Good remarks, “at schools and at church; over tasks and sermons; and there are few readers who have not frequently been sensible of it in one degree or other.” Who has not often read page after page of a book, of which either the matter has been uninteresting or the style repulsive, and suddenly discovered that the reading has conveyed no ideas to the mind? Who has not often in succession taken out his watch to see the time, and put it back without acquiring the knowledge, though he has gazed most wistfully

at the hands? We may talk to a person in this state, and his ears will gather in the sound; but the mind does not interpret it into ideas; he may be obscurely conscious of our presence, but we serve only as a starting-point for some weak chain of associations, which end—probably nowhere. He listens to a grave discourse with an apparent attention most profound and edifying; and at the most affecting part, his train of thought has led him possibly to some ludicrous association, and he breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

All men are, at some time or other, more or less experienced in this state; it almost invariably precedes gradual sleep; often occurs for a short time before awaking. At other times it is productive of results amusing enough; but it must be remembered that those minds of which this has become the habitual and incurable condition are in the most pitiable state of unfitness for all those high purposes of knowledge and reflection, for which our marvelous powers were bestowed upon us. Things the most important and the most sacred equally fail to fix his attention; and in a more than usually significant sense, trifles make up the sum of his existence.

An extreme case of *Reverie* is related by Sir A. Crichton, concerning a young man of good family, and originally sound intelligence, in whom errors and defects of education had induced an almost unconquerable and constant absence of mind. He would sit for the whole day without speaking, yet without any signs of melancholy; for the play of his countenance, and his occasional laughter, showed that a multiplicity of thoughts were passing through his mind. He would sometimes begin to speak, but break off half-way, having completely forgotten what he wished to say; yet when thoroughly aroused, he manifested no intellectual feebleness; and could judge correctly on any matter to which he could be induced really to attend. Most probably in this case, an original defect aided the faulty mode of education. This extreme form of inattention, or rather inability to attend, may occur temporarily as a morbid condition, as in the well-known case of Mr. Spalding, who, in attempting to write a receipt, could not by any possibility form the correct words; and finally, after long and arduous effort, discovered that he had written “fifty dollars, through the

salvation of Bra—.” This is generally, as in the instance related, the result of overstrained attention; the faculty is exhausted, and will work no more.

2. Voluntary waking dreams result essentially from the voluntary surrender of the influence of the will and attention; the imaginative faculties being allowed undisturbed play. Macnish observes that “young men of vivid, sanguine temperament, have dreams of this kind almost every morning and night. Instead of submitting to the scepter of sleep, they amuse themselves by creating a thousand visionary scenes. Though broad awake, their judgment does not exercise the slightest sway, and fancy is allowed to become lord of the ascendant. Poets are notoriously castle-builders; and poems are in fact, nothing but waking dreams . . . Milton’s mind, during the composition of *Paradise Lost*, must have existed chiefly in the state of a sublime waking dream . . .” By another law, to which we have not alluded, the emotions are more excited in proportion as attention, will, and judgment are dormant; and thus we attain to the vivid coloring of the poet’s dream, and the artist’s ideal. There is a strong tendency in this form to become morbid, and as uncontrollable as that first noticed; then, from one of the noblest gifts of human nature, it becomes one of its most formidable scourges. Closely allied to this form of day-dreaming, though in one respect different from it, is the Reverie which is characteristic of several forms of religious mysticism. By withdrawing the attention continuously from all objects of sense, the spirit is supposed to become purified, and united with the Deity; and the mystic is favored with celestial visions. All this is accomplished by directing the sole attention to some object as uninteresting as the point of the nose, at which the Fakirs squint horribly, “until the blessing of a new light beams upon them.” “The monks of Mount Athos,” says Dr. Moore, “were accustomed, in a manner equally ridiculous, and with the same success to hold converse, as they fancied, with the Deity. Allatius thus describes the directions for securing the celestial joys of Omphalopsychian contemplation: ‘Press thy beard upon thy breast, turn thine eyes and thoughts upon the middle of thine abdomen; persevere for days and nights, and thou shalt know uninterrupted joys, when thy spirit shall have found out thy heart,

and illuminated itself.’” Similar is the practice of the Yogis, as quoted by Mr. Vaughan.* “He planteth his own seat firmly on a spot that is undefiled, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth upon the sacred grass which is called Koos, covered with a skin and a cloth. There he whose business is the restraining of his passions should sit, with his mind fixed on one object alone; in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and body steady, without motion; his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around.” By this interesting and enlivening process, the soul is supposed to be “reünited to the Supreme.”

All fixed attention intensifies sensation; attention to bodily sensation produces a form of hypochondria; attention to scientific investigation is rewarded by clearer and more accurate appreciation of its truths; but above all, constant attention to the emotions has an overwhelming tendency to heighten them to an incredible and morbid extent. Hence arise many of the strange psychopathies of the present day; and hence we can readily imagine the constant waiting and watching for visions in these mystics, to be attended with the required result, in accordance with the simplest laws of mind. But we pass briefly over this, that we may be enabled to devote a little more space to the third and most important form of absence of mind.

3. Neither in reverie nor day-dreaming is there determined what we have termed a true polarity, that is, a concentration of nervous force upon one point, attended by a corresponding diminution in all the others. There is certainly observed this diminution, but without concentration; the place of this last being usurped by an exhaustion of the nervous energy upon a multitude of ideas. But in abstraction, the complete and typical form of absence of mind, this polarity is developed. By earnest attention to one point, or line of thought, the whole energy of the mind becomes absorbed in, and expended upon this; and although the senses remain intact, the nervous fluid receives no stimulation from them, and the mind attends to no impressions but such as are connected with the chain of ideas—as are within the sphere of polarity. Then ensues the whole train of phenomena, the odd mis-

* *Hours with the Mystics*, vol. i. p. 63.

takes, the singular misinterpretations of external objects, the indifference to outer sights and sounds, and the insensibility to inconvenience, or even acute pain, which gain for their possessor the character of eccentricity at least. This, the extreme development of the most valuable faculty of the mind, and that without which all the others, however brilliant, are worthless, is the direct agent in bringing its possessor into the most absurd and troublesome dilemmas; and continually suggests the close association between great wit and madness. The most characteristic illustrations are found amongst names which have made the world's mental history. Archimedes was at the taking of Syracuse so absorbed in a geometrical problem, that he merely exclaimed to the soldier who was about to kill him, *Noli turbare circulos meos*. Newton's absence of mind is well known: he frequently forgot to dine, and it is said he on one occasion used a lady's-finger as a tobacco-stopper. It is said that Joseph Scaliger was so engrossed in the study of Homer during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that he was only aware of his own escape from it on the next day. Carneades had to be fed by his maid-servant, to prevent him from starving. Carden was wont, on a journey, to forget both his way and his object, and could not be roused from his thought to answer any questions. Alcibiades relates of Socrates, that he once stood a whole day and night, until the breaking of the second morning, with a fixed gaze, engrossed with the consideration of a weighty subject; "and thus (he continues) Socrates is ever wont to do when his mind is occupied with inquiries in which there are difficulties to be overcome. He then never interrupts his meditation, and forgets to eat and drink and sleep—every thing, in short, until his inquiry has reached its termination, or, at least, until he has seen some light in it." The mathematician Vieta was sometimes so absorbed in meditation, "that he seemed for hours more like a dead person than a living, and was then wholly unconscious of every thing going on around him."* The great Budæus forgot his wedding-day, and was found deep in his Commentary, when sought up by the party.

The forgetfulness of time is a very com-

mon event during abstraction; of this the instance already given of Socrates is almost equaled by that of a modern astronomer (quoted by Dr. Moore) who passed the entire night observing some celestial phenomenon; and being accosted by some of his family in the morning, he said: "It must be thus; I will go to bed before it is late."

Perhaps the insensibility to pain is the most remarkable of all the phenomena connected with abstraction. Pinel relates of a priest that in a fit of mental absence, he was unconscious of the pain of burning; the same is stated of the Italian poet Marini. Cardan relates something analogous concerning himself. Cases like these might well leave some doubt in the mind as to their authenticity, had we not analogous facts sufficiently illustrative of their possibility. Thus in Mr. Braid's hypnotic (or sleep-producing) process, which consists only in fixing the sight and the attention on one point for some time, a deep sleep is induced, during which much pain may be inflicted without producing any signs of suffering. In this case, as in that of extreme abstraction, the attention so directs the nervous fluid, energy, excitability, or whatever we please to call it, in one direction, that it responds to no other stimulus, until the polarity is naturally resolved or forcibly broken.

The absent man is looked upon with a very different degree and kind of appreciation by the man of the world, the poet, and the philosopher; whilst the former only sees in abstraction a subject for burlesque and ridicule, the latter recognizes in it a great and important faculty, mysterious and worthy of investigation; and the poet revels and glories in the gift as something divine. Budgell in the *Spectator* (No. 77) represents Will Honeycomb as throwing away his watch instead of a pebble into the Thames. "While you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country house." Bruyère in his *Characters* gives a graphic but somewhat coarse sketch of a similar character, in which he is supposed to swallow the dice and throw his glass of wine on the table; and many other equally absurd acts, wherein nothing is seen but the ridiculous aspect of the mental condition. How different is the same phase of mind described by Cowper, in lines which com-

* Sir William Hamilton.

tain so many of the noteworthy points of reverie, that we quote them entire :

"Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never feel a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess,
Fearless, a *soul that does not always think*.
Me, oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, *myself creating what I saw*.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps, and is refreshed. Meanwhile the
face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of *deep deliberation*, as the man
Were tasked to his full strength, absorbed and
lost."

But Sir Walter Scott, great wizard equally in prose or verse, gives by far the most life-like and attractive representation of the abstracted man; with just that slight artistic soupçon of caricature, for want of which a photographic portrait always fails to convey a perfect idea of the original. What can be more admirable than the picture of the *distract* Dominic Sampson, with his ungainly figure, his child-like simplicity, his pro-di-gi-ous er-udition, as he would call it, his tender affectionate heart, and his endless uncouth *gaucheries*? Who that has once seen him, can ever forget him; or remembering, fail to love him?

But it is in the person of Mr. Cargill, in *St. Ronan's Well*, that we meet with a sketch the most accurate and philosophically true that we have ever seen of mental abstraction. From the original cause, to the most minute details in the results, all is correct; the utter absorption in one train of ideas, the insensibility to all others, the imperfect awakening to practical life when the familiar sounds of "distress" and "charity" partly arouse the old instincts, even as the sound of a man's own name will sometimes break the chain of ideas, when a pistol fired at the ear would fail to do so; the dream-like absence of surprise at any thing which chimes in with the current idea, however strange the source, the incapacity to be recalled completely, except through the emotions; are all admirably represented. We are tempted to quote one scene: Mr. Touchwood, a rich testy old gentleman, finds himself in a country place in want of

company, and resolves to call on the minister. After much difficulty in obtaining admission, he gets into the student's room, but when there, appears to be as far from his real purpose as ever; for no noise that he can make will attract his attention. At last he speaks to him, explaining that he is in "distress for want of society," and begs him "in Christian charity" to give him a little of his company. Mr. Cargill only heard "distress" and "charity," and "gazing upon him with lack-lustre eye," quietly thrust a shilling into his hand. To this Mr. Touchwood demurs, and by degrees so far arouses Mr. Cargill's attention, that he believes he has the pleasure "to see his worthy friend, Mr. Lavender." When this hypothesis fails equally with the other, he begs permission for a moment to "to recover a train of thought — to finish a calculation;" and then relapses into a total disregard of his visitor. At length, just as Mr. Touchwood began to think the scene as tedious as it was singular, the abstracted student raised his head, and spoke as if in soliloquy: "From Acon, Accor, or St. John d'Acre, to Jerusalem, how far?"

"Twenty-three miles, N. N. W.," answered his visitor without hesitation.

Mr. Cargill expressed no more surprise at a question which he had put to himself being answered by the voice of another, than if he had found the distance on the map. It was the tenor of the answer alone which he attended to in his reply. "Twenty-three miles! Ingulphus, and Jeffery Winesauf, do not agree in this!"

Mr. Touchwood's reply is a private commination of these respectable authorities, which arouses the pastor's instincts, though it fails to completely awake him. "You might have contradicted their authority, sir, without using such an expression." Drawn out at length into rational colloquy, and under the promise of much information on the subject of the geography of Palestine, Mr. Cargill accepts an invitation to dine with his visitor; he, of course, forgets it immediately, and on being sought up by Mr. Touchwood at dinner-time, he commences an apology for having forgotten to order the dinner, and proposes milk and bannocks. On the true state of the case being explained, he becomes rather triumphant as to his memory. "I *knew* there was a dinner engagement betwixt us, and that is the main point." He

wishes to set off in his old dusty ragged dressing-gown, and remarks in passing, "What strange slaves we make ourselves to these bodies of ours; the clothing and the sustaining of them costs us much thought and leisure, which might be better employed in catering for the wants of our immortal spirits;" a reproach to which he of all men would seem least obnoxious.

We have had occasion more than once to allude, in the course of these observations, to the obliviousness of time in reverie. Sometimes we are unconscious that more than a few moments have passed, after many hours of thought: this is the case in abstraction proper. At other times, as in true reverie, we seem to pass over immense periods of time in a few seconds. A phenomenon strictly analogous to this is observed in dreams, where, as all are conscious, scenes are enacted occupying weeks, or months, or years, in as many moments.* Hence we might conclude that our only personal measure of time consists in the observation of successive acts of attention; and when this is dormant, time for us may be said not to exist. But we would venture to suggest that in these cases, both in active reverie and dreaming, there is not so much a succession of ideas, as a simultaneous picture presented, which the mind interprets by a law of its own into the past and the passing, even as the eye interprets the distance of the various parts of a perspective, according to the degrees of light and shade therein involved. In a landscape, the most uneducated eye will pronounce the red coat or cloak, or the prominent feature, whatever that may be, to be near at hand; and the dim dusky mountain in the background to be miles away. The

* Mohammed (*ipso teste*) was conveyed by the angel Gabriel through the seven heavens, paradise, and hell, and held fifty-nine thousand conferences with God, and was brought back to his bed, before the water had finished flowing from a pitcher which he upset as he departed. There is another marvelous story related in the Turkish Tales, founded upon this; where to convince one of the sultans of the possibility of this adventure of Mohammed's, he himself is sent off in a vision upon a journey which lasts for years, during the instant which elapses between plunging his head into a vessel of water and drawing it out. But these fictions are not necessary to convince any one who has ever dreamed, how much incident, thought, and emotion, may be crowded into an almost immeasurably short moment of time.

ear is subject to similar illusions, and it would not be difficult to prove that the mind itself is subject to the laws of perspective, and *interprets occasionally faint impressions into the fading traces of past experiences*. That the mind has an arbitrary system of interpretation, must be immediately obvious, for to take only one illustration, what can possibly be more dissimilar than the vibrations conveyed through the medium of the auditory nerve to the mind, and the concert of sweet sounds into which the mind interprets them? The same theory, if admitted, will serve fully to elucidate a curious mental phenomenon, which has often been described, but never satisfactorily explained; we refer to that feeling which many experience occasionally, of having witnessed, or taken part in, the passing scene of the moment, at some previous time; as though we had even heard all that is passing before, and could almost predict the next act or word; or as a friend graphically describes it, "as though the play were now being performed, which we had previously seen rehearsed." The explanation which we would suggest is this. Whatever may be the truth as to the duality of the *mind*, there can be no doubt whatever that its organ, the brain, is dual and symmetrical, and constantly receives double impressions or images. Under ordinary circumstances of innervation, these impressions strictly coincide, and convey but one idea to the mind; as the images on the two retinæ convey but one object to the mind, so long as the axes of the eye coincide. But under circumstances of exhaustion, or other influences producing irregular innervation, the one half of the brain receives a perfect, and the other a dim and imperfect impression of what is going forward; and this dim and indistinct phantasm, occurring side by side with the correct image, is interpreted involuntarily by the mind into the semblance of a memory, a fading impress of a long past event.

But this is a digression; and we have now but space briefly to sum up the practical conclusions from these considerations on reverie. We have seen reason to believe that Attention, under the power and command of the will, is the most important of our faculties; inasmuch as without this, all the others are absolutely or comparatively valueless. We have seen the pitiable condition to which the mind is

reduced when this faculty is no longer controllable by the will; and also how completely, if over-exerted, it runs away with the entire consciousness; and makes the subject of it a mere thinking-machine, and one, moreover, which can only think in one direction. It only remains to inquire how, and under what conditions, these variations of attention occur and originate.

There appears sometimes to be an *original defect* of the faculty; should this be the case, vain will be all efforts directed to its cure; let this be well understood. Much more frequently, however, a want of the faculty of attention is induced by some of our ingenious devices for the "artificial production of stupidity." Perhaps the faculty is neglected altogether, and, for want of exercise, dies. Perhaps the young mind is compelled to devote exclusive attention to subjects thoroughly distasteful and useless, and for which it has no aptitude; nothing encourages wandering of mind more than this. Perhaps, again, the subjects of study are proper enough, but too numerous for the powers; and the faculty of attention is thus distracted, frittered away, and lost. Again, the faculty may have been acquired and

fully developed, but may decay from indolence, from disease, from luxury, and from all debilitating influences. The prophylaxis and remedy against all this is too obvious to dwell upon.

Abstraction proper is most frequently due, as to its origin, we believe, to some want of balance in the human interests of the life in question; probably some lack of outlet for the emotional part of our nature has thrown its possessor upon his intellect as a relief; and upon one branch of study for an all-absorbing interest. There may, however, be an original tendency as in the last case; and it may also occur from voluntary cultivation, or from the impression produced by some scientific or philosophic discovery.

Whatever may be the sources and origin of absence of mind, it can not be too strongly urged that it is necessary to guard sternly and strictly against its progress, and to use those means which will in the one case promote attention, and in the other, modify its intensity. For diverse as are the forms which we have described, they have a strong tendency, one and all, to terminate in literal and emphatic "*absence of mind*," that is, in annihilation of the power of thought.

From the *Hornæ Subseclivæ*.

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS.*

BY JOHN BROWN, M.D., LIBRARIAN OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago, Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary street from the High School, our heads together, and our arms intertwined, as only lovers and boys know how, or why.

When we got to the top of the street, and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog-fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both

of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! and is not this boy-nature? and human nature too? and don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance, and skill—in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and

* I need hardly add that the story of *Rab and his Friends*, is in all essentials strictly matter of fact.—*The Author*.

aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy—be he ever so fond himself of fighting, if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough: it is a natural, and a not wicked interest, that all boys and men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely-ignorant woman wish to know, how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog-fight to his brain? He did not, he could not see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference, a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting, is a crowd, masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside, and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men, as so many "brutes;" it is a crowd annular, compact, and mobile; a crowd centripetal, having its eyes and its heads all bent downwards and inwards, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are up, and find it is not over; a small, thoroughbred, white bull-terrier, is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog, unaccustomed to war, but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy fighting wildly, but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon took their own; the Game Chicken, as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat—and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, "drunk up Esil, or eaten a crocodile," for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many shouted for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd. "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more anxious than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much-enduring, much-spiriting shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer upon our large, vague, benevo-

lent middle-aged friend—who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed sharply a calm, highly-dressed young buck, with an eye-glass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronted and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observes the buck, but with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull which may have been at Culloden, he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant stalks off with Yarrow in his arms—comforting him.

But the Chicken's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, but discovering she is not a dog, in Homeric phrase, he makes a brief sort of *amende*, and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him; down Niddry street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow—Bob and I, and our small men, panting behind.

There, under the large arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway, as if with his hands in his pockets: he is old, gray, brindled; as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakspearian dewlaps shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him, and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment, the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar—yes, roar; a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. *He is muzzled!* The bailies had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus, constructed out of the leather of some ancient *breechin*. His mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage—a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bow-string; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round: "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.

We soon had a crowd: the Chicken

held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife: you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise—and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp, and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over, and saw he was quite dead: the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up, and said: "John, we'll bury him after tea." "Yes," said I; and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing: he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candlemaker Row, and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-avised little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringeing up, and avoiding the heavy shoe with more agility than dignity, and watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be—thought I—to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging, cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer, or King David, or Sir Walter, alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated, and condescended to say, "Rab, ma man, *puir* Rabbie"—whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip were given to Jess; and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we hadn't much of a tea) in the back-green of his house, in Melville street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and being at the time in the

Iliad, and, like all boys, Trojans, we called him, of course, Hector.

Six years have passed—a long time for a boy and a dog: Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday; and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did not notice him he would plant himself straight before me, and stand wagging that bud of a tail, and looking up, with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John," but was laconic as any Spartan.

One fine October afternoon, I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that great and easy saunter of his. He looked as if taking general possession of the place; like the Duke of Wellington entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart; and in it a woman, carefully wrapped up—the carrier leading the horse anxiously, and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo," and said: "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest—some kind o' an income we're thinkin'."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid around her, and his big coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet. I never saw a more unforgettable face—pale, serious, *lonely*,* delicate, sweet, without being what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch, white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, but full also of the overcoming of it; her eye-brows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said

* It is not easy giving this look by one word; it was expressive of her being so much of her life alone.

James : "this is Maister John, the young doctor ; Rab's freend, ye ken. We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing ; and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon, in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba at his palace-gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers—pale, subdued, and beautiful—was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for any thing that might turn up—were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor ; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting-room, all four ; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be quite the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and, without a word, showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully—she and James watching me, and Rab eyeing all three. What could I say ? there it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, "so full of all blessed conditions"—hard as a stone, a center of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, permitted by providence to bear such a burden ?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide?" said James. "You may ; and Rab, if he will behave himself." "I'se warrant he's do that, doctor ;" and in slunk the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now : he belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled, and gray like Aberdeen granite ; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's ; his body thick-set, like a little bull—a sort of compressed Hercules of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight, at the least ; he had a large blunt head ; his muzzle black as night ; his mouth blacker than any

night, a tooth or two—being all he had—gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, a sort of series of fields of battle all over it ; one eye out, one ear cropped as close as was Archbishop Leighton's father's—but for different reasons—the remaining eye had the power of two ; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag ; and then that bud of a tail, about one inch long, if it could in any sense be said to be long, being as broad as long—the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud was very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the subtlest and swiftest. Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size ; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar or the Duke of Wellington ; and he had the gravity* of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher, Andrew Fuller.† The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same inevitable eye, the same look—as of thunder asleep, but ready—neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day, my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed—it might never return—it would give her speedy relief—she should have

* A Highland game-keeper, when asked why a certain terrier, of singular pluck was so much graver than the other dogs, said : 'O sir, life's full of seriousness to him—he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'.'

† Fuller was in early life, when a farmer lad at Soham, famous as a boxer ; not quarrelsome, but not without "the stern delight" a man of strength and courage feels in their exercise. Dr. Charles Stewart, of Dunearn, whose rare gifts and graces as a physician, a divine, a scholar, and a gentleman, live only in the memory of those few who knew and survive him, liked to tell how Mr. Fuller used to say, that when he was in the pulpit, and saw a brawny man, he would instinctively draw himself up, measure his imaginary antagonist, and forecast how he would deal with him, his hands meanwhile condensing into fists. He must have been a hard hitter ; he boxed as he preached—what "The Fancy" would call "an ugly customer."

it done. She courtesied, looked at James, and said, "When?" "To-morrow," said the kind surgeon—a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate every thing in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words: "An operation to-day. J. B. Clerk."

Upran the youths, eager to secure good places: in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I: they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity, as an *emotion*, ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive*, is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theater is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie: one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity shortgown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous; forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; and chloroform—one of God's best gift to his suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something

strange was going on—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up, and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over: she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she courtesies,—and in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children; the surgeon hopped her up carefully—and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her in bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tackets, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying: "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer stryng nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell, peremptory little man. Every thing she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candlemaker Row; but he was somber and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities; and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to *that* door.

Jess, the mare—now white—had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and had doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention;" as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in

quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her check colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick, she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could. James did every thing, was every where; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said: "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle,

"The intellectual power, through words and things,

Went sounding on its dim and perilous way;"

she sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager, Scotch voice—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings, which

James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and meter, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his "ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blanda, vagula, hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bedgown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast,—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who is sucking, and being satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love. "Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn." "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain; it was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her sin wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sunk rapidly ; the delirium left her ; but as she whispered, she was clean silly ; it was the lightning before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said, “James!” He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out ; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. “What is our life ? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless : he came forward beside us : Ailie’s hand, which James had held, was hanging down ; it was soaked with his tears ; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don’t know how long, but for some time—saying nothing : he started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out, and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches, and muttering in anger : “I never did the like o’ that afore !”

I believe he never did ; nor after either. “Rab !” he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leapt up, and settled himself ; his head and eye to the dead face. “Maister John, ye’ll wait for me,” said the carrier ; and disappeared in the darkness, thundering down stairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front-window : there he was, already round the house, and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid ; so I sat down beside Rab, and being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was in *statu quo* ; he heard the noise too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out ; and there, at the gate, in the dim morning—for the

sun was not up, was Jess and the cart—a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James ; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs, and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted out—who knows how ?—to Howgate, full nine miles off ; yoked Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets, and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of old clean blankets, having at their corners, “A. G., 1794,” in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without—unseen but not unthought of—when he was “wat, wat, and weary,” and had walked many a mile over the hills, and seen her sitting, while “a’ the lave were sleepin’ ;” and by the firelight putting her name on the blankets for her ain James’s bed. He motioned Rab down, and taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets, and happed her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered ; and then lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and with a resolved but utterly miserable face, strode along the passage, and down stairs, followed by Rab. I also followed, with a light ; but he didn’t need it. I went out, holding stupidly the light in my hand in the frosty air ; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong, and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before—as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only “A. G.”—sorted her, leaving that beautiful sealed face open to the heavens ; and then taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me, neither did Rab, who presided alone behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College, and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets, and die away and come again ; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton brae, then along Roslin muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts ; then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past “haunted Woodhouselee ;” and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own

door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black ragged hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling spotless cushion of white. James looked after every thing; then rather suddenly fell ill, and took to bed; was insensible when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery, made him apt to take it. The grave was not difficult to reöpen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him next week at the new carrier who got the

goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off, and said rather rudely: "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be so put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused and red, and intermeddling with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly die; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss wi' the mear, and wadna come oot. I temptit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad tak naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill—but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

A YOUNG GIRL'S THOUGHTS ON HER TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

GIRLHOOD's sunny days are over
 With to-day;
 They, with all their wayward brightness,
 Pass away!
 Woman's earnest path before me
 Lieth straight.
 Who can tell what grief and anguish
 There await?

Guide me, Father! God of mercy!
 On the way:
 Never from thy holy guidance
 Let me stray!
 Give that meet of joy or sorrow
 Pleaseth thee,
 Whatsoe'er thy will ordaineth
Best for me.

In the shadow and the darkness
 Be my star,
 In the light, lest radiance dazzle,
 Go not far!

Make me patient, kind, and gentle,
 Day by day:
 Teach me how to live more nearly
 As I pray.

That my heart so much desireth
 Grant me still,
 If that earnest hope accordeth
 With thy will:
 Should thy mercy quite withhold it,
Be thou near.
 Let me feel I hold its promise
 All too dear.

Here, upon life's very threshold,
 Take my heart;
 From thy holy guidance let it
 Ne'er depart.
 When life's stormy strife is over
 Take me home,
 There to be more fully, truly
Thine alone!

From Sharpe's London Magazine.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.

IN no one article, perhaps, is female extravagance in dress carried to a greater length than in the use of elegant and costly laces and embroideries. Almost fabulous prices are sometimes paid for them. The rich laces in this country are imported principally from France and Belgium. The costliest specimens of lace are easily disposed of. Lace at twenty shillings a yard — and that but one tenth of a yard wide — finds ready purchasers. The demand for rich laces is constantly increasing, outrunning the supply, thus appreciating the prices; and consequently the genuine article can only be worn by the wealthy.

Belgium supplies us with more laces than all the countries of Europe together, and laces of the rarest kind, finest quality, and most artistic design. In fact, lace is indigenous to Belgium and has been so for generations. In some parts of Belgium the flowers are made separately, and then worked into the ground, while others carry on the pattern and the design together. The division of labor is very great.

The labor of washing lace is almost an art; and only the most skillful in that line are engaged in it. After washing, lace is spread out to dry on a cushioned table, and pins of a peculiar sort are run through each hole to prevent the fabric from shrinking. When very fine, or the pattern intricate, an entire day will be spent upon one yard of lace. "Mechlin" was formerly the "queen of lace," but *Point de Venise antique* now occupies the first place. It is a rare old lace, light and open, raised in some parts like embossed work, and has an air of antiquity that is highly prized. The manufacture of it is said to be entirely abandoned, and it is only found now as heirlooms in families, except when a stray specimen finds its way into market, in which case there is a great competition for its possession. The *Point de Venise antique* is seen more fre-

quently in Italy than in any other country, for the high dignitaries of the Catholic Church have their official robes trimmed with flounces of this costly material. It finds its way into this country chiefly through the medium of travelers, who seize upon every opportunity to obtain these relics of ancient fashion.

Next in value is *Point d'Alençon*, of which it is said nearly three thousand pounds' worth was used in the outfit of the King of Algiers. It has a dingy hue, and the first idea connected with it by unsophisticated minds is, that it needs washing. Fashion however corrects this notion. *Point de glaze* is as fine as a spider's web, and as light as thistle-down. Brussels *point d'applique* ranks very high. It is formed by sewing sprigs of the real point upon illusion or any other kind of plain lace. It is very much used for flounces, and costs from six to eight pounds per yard, five eighths wide. It is very pure in color, which is owing to a white powder with which it is saturated, and which it continues to retain, and obviates the necessity of washing. Honiton lace came into fashion in 1842, and owes its present position to Queen Victoria. Commiserating the miserable condition of the lace-workers of Devon, she determined to assist them by bringing their manufacture into fashion, and in furtherance of this laudable purpose had her wedding-dress made of it. Honiton at once became the rage, and has continued popular and expensive ever since, although previously purchasers could hardly be found for it. Chantilly lace is always black, is exceedingly fine, and is much used for vails and flounces.

Our supply of the more elaborate specimens of embroideries is derived from France and Switzerland. Although the Swiss laces are really superior to the French, yet so despotically do French fabrics rule the fashionable world, that they are obliged to be sold as French.

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

[THE MOUNT VERNON FUND.]

THE June number of the *ECLECTIC* presented an admirable full-length portrait of the great American orator, ambrotyped as he appeared delivering his oration on the Character of Washington. Our distant readers, who may not have seen his face or heard his voice, will be gratified to know, that there is but one opinion among his numerous friends and admirers of the accuracy and striking likeness of the portrait. Long distinguished in public life, and renowned for his eloquence and learning, his portrait will be preserved by his countrymen with pride and pleasure.

As this carefully engraved portrait of Mr. Everett was particularly designed to represent him in the attitude of delivering his oration on the Character of Washington, and to perpetuate this attitude to after-times, it seems not only fitting in itself as a matter of historic interest, but justly due to the orator himself, to make some record of his great labors on behalf of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Fund, to secure a successful and happy result to this truly national enterprise, so worthy the character of American ladies, and their eloquent advocate, who has so nobly come forward with his powerful aid for its accomplishment. In the number containing the portrait, we were obliged to omit the record in its proper place, for want of the necessary statistics, which we have since obtained. We place them in this closing number of our volume, as a matter of interest to our readers.

The name and objects of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association have become national and renowned over the land. It forms an interesting chapter in our history, lasting as the green fields and shades of Mount Vernon, and continuous as the flowing waters of the Potomac, which lave its peaceful shores. How much is owing to the self-denying labors and prolonged efforts of Mr. Everett to crown the enterprise with success, his intelligent countrymen and countrywomen well

know and appreciate, we doubt not, and all future visitors to that memorable spot will thank him with grateful hearts in all coming time.

We do not know whose mind originated the suggestion, and the design of this proceeding, so happily complied with by Mr. Everett. It doubtless belongs to some lady, or the Ladies' Association, and the honor is enough for many minds to share it. The first delivery of the Washington oration, by Mr. Everett, was on February 22, 1856. Since that time he has generously repeated it one hundred and twenty-nine times, in various places both North and South. The sum total which has accrued by the delivery of the oration is \$55,233.62, without including that of the last repetition, which the papers stated to be \$550. By this and other efforts, and chiefly by Mr. Everett's generous literary contributions to the *Ledger*, adding \$10,000, the sum total which he has secured to the Mount Vernon Fund is \$68,163.56. Besides this sum for the Mount Vernon Fund, Mr. Everett has raised, since December, 1857, for different charitable institutions, by the repetition fifteen times, of a discourse on "Charity and Charitable Institutions," about \$13,500; by the repetition five times of a discourse on the "Early days of Franklin," about \$4000, and by two repetitions of a Eulogy on the late Thomas Dowse, about \$1500, making a total of above \$87,000. If to this be added the proceeds of seven repetitions of the "Washington," not included in the above returns, and given for the benefit of various associations, other than the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Fund," (four of them to immense audiences,) the grand total will considerably exceed ninety thousand dollars. In addition to all the labor and exhaustion involved in the repetition so many times of these different orations in many different places — an amount of labor in speaking in the aggregate, which perhaps no mind can justly estimate but

the speaker himself—Mr. Everett has traveled many thousand miles, written above a thousand letters, spent a large sum of money at his own cost, not having deducted a dollar from the sums received, by way of compensation or in payment of expenses. "Honor to whom honor is due." All honor to the distinguished man who has achieved such an achievement. A far greater honor to have gained the peaceful conquest of a hundred thousand dollars in such a cause, than to have conquered a hundred thousand men amid the carnage of battle. We hope not to tread or encroach upon any of the courtesies to be observed towards the distinguished personage and the subject, by making this brief record on our pages of facts which shed a lustre on our country, and furnish a chapter quite unparalleled in its history.

In writing this brief sketch, we call to mind the choice and valuable library of Mr. Everett, with its rich and varied treasures of literature, science, and learning, which we have had the pleasure of admiring. A few words concerning it will not, we trust, be out of place in this brief record. We quote from Mr. Farnham's book on *Private Libraries*. "The private library of Mr. Everett is one of the most perfect in its arrangement, and most useful for a general scholar. The department of international law, diplomacy and political economy, (to which Mr. Everett has been led by his public duties to pay particular attention,) is well supplied. It contains the principal collections of treaties, elementary writers and commentators on these subjects. In American history, general and special, and in works belonging to the political progress of the country, the collection is full; containing complete sets of Force's Archives, Gales and Seaton's State papers, the Annals of Congress, the Congressional Globe, Niles' Register, and numerous other works of this class. In the department of American literature are found complete sets of most of the literary and scientific journals which have been published in the United States; also many of the principal works in American science, such as Wilson, Audubon, Michaux, Nuttall; and a very fine large paper copy of the Exploring Expedition and the accompanying reports. The collected works of the great American statesmen, and also of the principal American

authors are in their places. Another division of the library contains the standard authors in prose and poetry of Great Britain—many of those of recent dates being presents from the authors. Complete sets of the leading English periodicals are found in this class, which is also well supplied in English history. The department of ancient literature, sacred and profane, contains copies of the Scriptures in the original and other languages—among them a fine copy of Eliot's Indian Bible—a large number of dictionaries, cyclopedias and grammars, and the principal Latin and Greek authors. The division of modern languages is supplied with the principal works of the French, Italian, and German standard writers, with a few in most of the other languages of the Continent of Europe. In French history, we notice, besides the more popular authors, the great work of Dom Bouquet—a copy formerly belonging to Joseph Bonaparte—and the *Documenta Inedita*, published under the government of Louis Philippe. There is a copy of Voltaire's Historical Essays in several volumes, which formed a part of the traveling library of Napoleon I., and was presented to Mr Everett by his nephew, the Prince Canino. The library also contains a pretty large collection of works in practical theology, ethics, and mental philosophy.

"A few years ago Mr. Everett presented to the city of Boston, as a contribution to the Public Library, a collection of Congressional documents and other works pertaining to the politics and history of the country, amounting to more than a thousand volumes. The number of volumes remaining is from seven to eight thousand. A separate apartment connected with the principal library room contains a large collection of pamphlets. They are arranged according to subjects in above four hundred pamphlet-cases, and must amount to five or six thousand. This is in addition to many hundreds which have been separately bound up. A large cabinet is filled with Mr. Everett's manuscripts, consisting of his own letter-books, diaries, and the letters of his correspondents—the latter arranged alphabetically in port-folio volumes—the whole amounting to a hundred and thirty or forty volumes. These manuscripts cover the entire period of Mr. Everett's literary and public life. Among the files of his

correspondence are letters from a large number of the men of eminence in this country and Europe for the forty last years. There are also a few manuscripts of some antiquity, among them a collection of the original commissions and grants of the Spanish Crown to Columbus, substantially a duplicate of that preserved at Genoa, and published in 1823.

"The masked door, communicating with one of the adjoining rooms, presents three rows of imitation-shelves, with the titles of the lost works of ancient literature and imaginary French works, very skillfully executed.

"We have thus taken a bird's-eye view of the library proper. It has been too hasty and imperfect to give any adequate view of its treasures. Before dismissing the subject we may observe that the library room is ornamented with the portraits and busts of some of the most distinguished men of our own and foreign countries. The room being lofty and wholly lighted from above, is well adapted to show them to advantage, as arranged—a bust and a statue alternately on the tops of the cases. Among the busts and portraits in the library and the adjoining rooms are those of Presidents Washington and J. Q. Adams, Marshall, Webster, Clay, Channing, Prescott, Burke, Grotius, Sir Walter Scott, the Poet Rogers, Lords Aberdeen and Brougham—and several family likenesses by Copley, Stuart, Powers and Healey, together with

a few copies from the antique. A beautiful deer-hound in marble, by Horatio Greenough, guards the entrance.

"A few articles of curiosity are distributed about the library and adjoining rooms. Among these may be mentioned implements and weapons of the native tribes of this continent, and of the islands of the Pacific; an ancient halberd from the tower of London; specimens of the stamped paper prepared under the stamp act in 1765; balls from some of the principal battle-fields in Europe and America; an ear of Indian corn from an ancient Peruvian tomb; various local souvenirs of foreign countries; a small lock of the hair of Napoleon I., and so forth.

"The library room itself is worthy of inspection. It was added by the owner to his mansion-house. It is altogether a very striking one, and is beautifully adapted to the double purpose of a library and a study. In this very room have been prepared numbers of those orations and less formal addresses that have charmed Senates, alike with the more miscellaneous assemblies that have never heard our Cicero but with the greatest delight. If the great orator has caught any inspiration more than the subject and the occasion have excited, in connection with his own genius, it has come from those speaking shelves—those towering busts—those animated faces, that look out from the canvas, all conspiring to make one eloquent."

TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE.

This is the title of the engraved print which embellishes the present number of the *ECLECTIC*. It has been carefully copied from Harlow's magnificent painting, which has been much admired for its artistic beauty of composition and execution. We hardly need say how much we and our readers are indebted to the rare talents and skill of Mr. Sartain for this and for other beautiful embellishments which enrich the *ECLECTIC*.

This print is full of historic interest. It

lifts the curtain before a memorable scene of by-gone ages. It presents a group of personages who acted a conspicuous part on the great theater of the world. Their names are renowned in English history, and their names will live in history as long as human history lasts. We beg to point our readers to the print itself, and to the leading portraits which are there presented, and add some brief biographical sketches by way of explanation.

Queen Catharine of Aragon, seemingly

on her trial in the engraving, was the first wife of Henry VIII. She was the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, sovereigns of Spain, and, of course, aunt to the Emperor Charles V. She was born in 1483, and when eighteen years old was affianced to Arthur Prince of Wales, at the age of sixteen years, the eldest son of Henry VII. She brought her husband a dower of 200,000 ducats. A few months after the marriage ceremony, Arthur suddenly sickened and died, leaving Catharine a virgin widow, as she had occasion, afterwards, solemnly to asseverate. The avaricious and money-loving Henry VII., unwilling to restore the dower of Catharine to her parents, obliged Henry, then only twelve years old, to espouse Catharine, his brother's widow, though he stoutly resisted his father's mandate. But his father created him Prince of Wales on the occasion, and he yielded. Catharine was six years older than Henry. On the death of his father, he became King Henry VIII., April 22, 1509, and his marriage with Catharine was consummated in June following.

Catharine remained the wife of Henry VIII., and Queen of England, twenty years — was the mother of three children — the first two, being sons, died in infancy, and Mary, the daughter, lived to be Queen of England. History affirms that the character and deportment of Catharine were blameless. She went over to France with King Henry to meet Francis I., when the nobility of the two countries displayed their magnificences with such profuse expense, under the prodigal arrangements of Cardinal Wolsey, who was master of ceremonies on the occasion, that the place of meeting gained the name of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."

We have only room to glance at a few more preliminary facts, in order to introduce to the eye of the reader, the scene and the personages of the alleged trial.

Catharine of Aragon had been upwards of twenty years the wife of Henry, when his fancy for Anne Boleyn, (one of the Queen's waiting-women,) made him desire to be rid of her, that he might marry Anne. The pretext for obtaining a divorce was, that it hurt his conscience to have for a consort the wife of his brother, on account of his near relationship, and that although a former Pope

had, by a Bull, allowed the marriage, he denied the right or authority of the Papal power to absolve him. The trial-scene represented in Harlow's magnificent picture, is, therefore, not a trial of the Queen for any offense, for none was pretended, but simply an arguing of the question of divorce on the ground alleged. As Shakspeare presents it — and it is Shakspeare rather than history that the picture illustrates — they are all assembled in a Hall at Black-Friars. Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio acting as judges, besides whom there are present, the King, Queen, attendants, several bishops, noblemen, officers of state, and numerous officials.

The reading of the commission from Rome having, at the King's request, been dispensed with, the scribe, and after him the crier of the court, repeats: "Henry, King of England, come into the court." The King answers: "Here." The Queen is summoned in like form, but makes no answer.

She rises from her chair, goes about the court, and coming to the King, kneels, and then utters that long and admirable appeal, with which Mrs. Siddons was accustomed to impress her audience so profoundly, when she acted the part of Catharine, as presented in the picture. Cardinal Wolsey expostulates on the needlessness of the appeal, and Campeggio approves his remarks, which brings us to the point of time in the illustration. Here is the exquisitely beautiful dialogue:

Q. Cath. Lord Cardinal—

To you I speak. (*Pointing to Wolsey.*)

Wolsey. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Cath. Sir,

I was about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dreamed so,) certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wolsey.

Be patient yet.

Q. Cath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
You tender more your person's honor, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him."

We only add, in the words of the his-

torian, that at length Queen Catharine was seized with a lingering illness, which at last brought her to the grave: she died at Kimbolton in the county of Huntingdon, in the fiftieth year of her age, 1509. A little before she expired, she wrote a very tender letter to the King; in which she gave him the appellation of *her most dear Lord, King, and Husband*. She told him, that as the hour of her death was now approaching, she laid hold of this last opportunity to inculcate on him the importance of his religious duty, and the comparative emptiness of all human grandeur and enjoyment: that though his fondness towards these perishable advantages had thrown her into many

calamities, as well as created to himself much trouble, she yet forgave him all past injuries, and hoped that his pardon would be ratified in heaven: and that she had no other request to make, than to recommend to him his daughter, the sole pledge of their love; and to crave his protection for her maids and servants. She concluded with these words: "*I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things.*" The King was touched even to the shedding of tears, by this last tender proof of Catharine's affection; but Queen Anne is said to have expressed her joy for the death of a rival beyond what decency or humanity could permit.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES. A Series of Lectures on 2 Peter 1: 5-12. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. Pages 280. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

In this neat and choice volume of Lectures, Dr. Thompson has embodied many treasures of practical religious thought, not only for the spiritual benefit and instruction of his own flock, but of many others of different denominations, who love the sincere milk of the word. Dr. Thompson holds the pen of a ready writer, whose style is easy, familiar, flowing, and instructive. The title of the book is well chosen, and the topics well presented, and all inviting to a careful perusal of its pages. We should be glad to know that it had found a place in the library of many Christians.

THE AVENGER, A NARRATIVE; AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY, Author of "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," etc. Pages 327. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

Those of our readers who are at all acquainted with the name and writings of De Quincey, will need no labored commendation of this neat volume. He is one of the most racy and pungent writers of the age. His style gleams like a glittering sword, and sparkles like dew-drops on the grass in the morning sunbeams. In this volume, De Quincey serves up for the reader nine dishes, chapters, stories, or papers, exceedingly varied in their character. They must be read in order to be appreciated.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI, written by himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by his Friend and Admirer, THEODORE DWIGHT. Embellished with a fine Portrait engraved on steel. New-York. Pages 320. Published by A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

THE name of Garibaldi has become renowned over the civilized world, and it needs only the bare announcement of a volume containing the marvelous incidents of his life to excite an interest in the public mind to read it. The book is a very timely issue from the press of Barnes and Company, and the edition ought soon to be exhausted from the interest awakened in his deeds of bravery in the present war-struggle in Italy.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT; or, the Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. Righter, Agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant. By SAMUEL IRENEUS PRIME, D.D. Pages 336. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

As Dr. Prime, with his keen, observing eye, was the personal friend and fellow-traveler of the noble-hearted and lamented Righter, it would naturally be expected that he would make a volume of rare interest. He has done so. It is a rich addition to our religious biography. The friends of the Bible cause in the Levant will thank Dr. Prime for this choice volume. It should be read by multitudes, particularly by young men who have an important part to act in the world and ought to be active in the cause of Christ.

SUMMER PICTURES FROM COPENHAGEN TO VENICE. By HENRY M. FIELD, author of the "Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798." Pages 291. New-York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

THERE is a luxury in foreign travel and personal inspection of oriental lands, cities, localities, rich in historic associations. And next after the personal enjoyment of such luxuries is the perusal of well-written and graphic descriptions of scenes, cities, and countries. Such are the *Summer Pictures*. Mr. Field is an accomplished traveler, a good observer, and a graceful and pleasing writer. His pen has traced pleasant "pictures" all along his summer journey. The reader of this book can borrow his eye-glasses and through them gaze instructively at the scenes and objects which he describes. These *Summer Pictures* were gilded by the presence of his accomplished lady, his traveling companion, who is well versed in the literature and languages of Europe, imparting a vivid coloring to the scenes through which they passed. We wish all readers of Mr. Field's instructive book a pleasant excursion among the "summer pictures."

TRUTH IS EVERY THING: A TALE FOR YOUNG PERSONS. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART. First American from the third London edition. Pages 171. New-York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

THIS neat little volume is a gem sparkling with truths and sentiments scattered over its pages, alike interesting and instructive. It should be put into the hands of thousands of the younger members of families. "George," said our great Washington, when a boy, to his father, "George can not tell a lie," which endeared him to his father more than any thing he ever said. We commend the volume to the perusal of all.

MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS. By MRS. JAMESON: from the tenth English edition. Pages 352. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

THIS volume forms one of the cabinet series in its neat dress of blue and gold, in the uniform style in which the publishers have placed before the reading public so many choice works. The matter on the pages of the letter-press is both interesting and instructive—introducing the reader to those immortal artists whose works enrich and adorn the great galleries of Italy and the world.

STUDIES, STORIES, AND MEMOIRS. By MRS. JAMESON, author of "Characteristics of Women," etc. Pages 408. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

THIS neat cabinet volume is made up of twenty studies, or papers of varied interest and subjects, both literary and biographical—four tales and three memoirs. They are all literary gems, well-suited to sparkle in any library of choice reading. The volume is attractive both to the eye and to the literary taste.

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.—A lecture was delivered lately, at No. 5, Haymarket, by Mr. Skaife, of Vanburgh House, Blackheath, upon a new method of employing the art of photography. Several months ago, as we have already noticed, Mr Skaife was led to undertake some experiments

in relation to the velocity of shot and shell, and the possibility of using photographic means for registering the character of the motion. The phenomena presented were of a novel and peculiar kind; and they suggested the idea of a practical application. In the narrow compass of some four inches, Mr. Skaife has resumed an entire photographic apparatus, which can be carried in the hand, and which, working by means of a trigger, can be used with ease and certainty. Mr. Skaife has denominated his instrument the pistol-camera, and the value of it will speedily be seen in various ways. The weapon is leveled at an object, and a microscopic photograph is taken on the instant. Thus the scout may photograph a hostile movement, and the microscope discloses the position of the enemy. The mariner at sea can hoist the machine to the very vane at top of the mast, and photograph the view around. The traveling student of natural history can photograph the wildest roebuck, the fiercest lion, the most sudden meteor, the most inaccessible rock. The watchman can photograph the criminal *flagrante delicto*. The instrument may be made the means of domestic discipline or endearment, the spoiled child being shown "how it looks when it is cross;" while the enchanted suitor can catch the sweetest aspect of assent, and immortalize it for future reference. Indeed, the effect of the discovery can scarcely be estimated to its full extent, socially or practically.—*Spectator*.

GARIBALDI AND HIS VOW.—There can be no doubt that some light cloud has arisen to overshadow the splendor of the receptions at Milan. True to his vow, Garibaldi would not consent to remain in the city while the French were in occupation. In vain the King of Sardinia, that jolly cosmopolite, essayed to point out to him that the presence of the whole French army was not so dangerous as that of a single priest. The chieftain had made up his mind never to trust to expressions or asseverations, however solemn, made from the lips of a Frenchman, and consequently declared to the King that until he could forget the false French Republicans in Republican Rome, he could never consent to treat the French as a serious people. The prejudice seems really to have acted upon Garibaldi's mind in the most violent manner, for even the French correspondents from Milan notice the unaccountable fancy which led the patriot to take up his residence, during the few short hours he remained there, just outside the town, in spite of the urgent supplications of his friends, and the offers of hospitality made by the first families in Milan.

AN EGYPTIAN MUSEUM.—The Viceroy of Egypt has ordered that henceforth the historical monuments which exists in Egypt shall be preserved, and that a museum shall be established for the reception of the movable antiquities which may be discovered. He has charged M. Mariette, who has distinguished himself by his antiquarian researches in Egypt, to take measures, as already stated, for carrying out these objects. Already has the clearing away of the rubbish which surrounds certain monuments commenced, and amongst those monuments is the temple at Edfou. As to the museum, it is said that M. Mariette proposes to establish it in a large temple discovered by himself in the vicinity of the great pyramid.

BATTLE OF CAVRANA.—The London *Times* of June 25th, says: "This crowning victory, as it is reported to be, has won over many to the Imperial cause—for there are or were many Legitimists here—and created a general confidence in the Emperor that was not to be expected, and which has, perhaps, never been witnessed since the days of his uncle. The marvelously rapid successes of his Majesty have invested him with the prestige of military glory—all that was wanting, it was said, to rivet his hold upon the loyalty and devotion of the nation. It is universally believed—and certainly with every appearance of truth when the blunders of the Crimea are remembered—that the admirable and faultless organization of the French advance and the expulsion of the Austrians from Piedmont and Lombardy have been due entirely to the Emperor. To his unceasing supervision, even of the minutest details, and to his strategical knowledge, France is believed to be indebted for her recent victories. An individual who had the indiscretion to say in public that 'it was all very well to talk about the Emperor, but it was his Generals who devised the plans and gained the victory,' was silenced in a manner he little anticipated. However great may be the national *penchant* for *dénigrement*, there is not the slightest disposition to detract from the Emperor's credit, to which he is held to be fairly entitled. It is certainly a marvelous instance in the history of military operations for a commander who previously never witnessed a shot fired in earnest, nor had the slightest practical knowledge of the art of war, whose whole knowledge of military strategy has been derived from books—it is marvelous, and calculated to destroy all existing ideas, to see him defeat the highly-educated and practiced veterans of the Austrian armies when fairly matched, and command the generals of the First Napoleon as well as the celebrities of African campaigns.

"Besides the feelings of satisfaction at success, there is a vague sentiment of surprise and astonishment which gradually merges into unlimited confidence, and resuscitates a belief in the star or destiny of the Bonapartes to such a degree that were the Emperor to declare war against England to-morrow, he would have the cordial and enthusiastic support of the nation, with but numerically insignificant exceptions."

RACES AND RELIGIONS.—The whole North-American continent has only 36 millions of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South-America has only 23 millions; less, then, than Italy. European Russia, with its 60 millions, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia, and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia, and Africa together; and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the new world. The result is, that our planet bears 1288 millions of mankind, of which sum total 522 millions belong to the Mongolian, 369 millions to the Caucasian, 200 millions to the Malayan, 196 millions to the Ethiopian, and 1 million to the American race. Divided according to their confessions, there are 335 millions of Christians, 5 millions of Jews, 600 millions belonging to Asiatic religions, 160 millions to Mohammedanism, and 200 millions of heathens.

THE WILD HORSE OF THE PRAIRIES.—According to Azara, those magnificent troops of *insurgent* horses (*Alzados* is the Spanish term) which have become wild in the plains of America, to the south of the Rio de la Plata, sometimes amount to 10,000 individuals. Preceded by videttes and detached skirmishers, they advance in a close column so broad and dense that nothing can break through it. If a traveling caravan or a body of cavalry is seen approaching, the leaders of the wild horses advance upon reconnoissance, and then, in accordance with the movements of the chief, the entire body passes at a gallop to the left or right, inviting, at the same time, by a deep, prolonged neighing, the domestic horses to desertion. These often join the "rebel host," and are said never voluntarily to submit themselves again to man's dominion.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*—New Edition.

The south portal of the Cologne Cathedral is now so far completed that the scaffolding can be removed in a few days, when this decorated architectural structure will be seen in its full beauty and imposing features by the complete restoration, according to the original design, of that magnificent and imposing structure.

On the seventh of July, the birthday of the late Emperor Nicholas, the solemn uncovering of the monument erected to his memory will take place at St. Petersburg. It is an equestrian statue, representing the Emperor in the uniform of his first regiment, the silver double eagle on his helmet. The sculptor is Baron von Clodt.

ENORMOUS SIEGE PREPARATIONS.—A naval expedition, possessing immense means of destruction, is on the way to Venice. 120 flat-bottomed boats, sheeted with iron and armed with rifled cannon, are, it is said, to ascend the Adige and the Po. If Venice falls, the fleet may land a *corps d'armée* on the Adige and take the Austrians in the rear, while the land army attacks them in front. There are also in Tuscany French troops which will at an appointed day appear on a given point.

THE SUNKEN SHIPS AT SEBASTOPOL.—Advices from Sebastopol state that 28 vessels—brigs, schooners, and lately one corvette of 18 guns—have been successfully raised; of the 28 vessels, 15 have been raised whole, and with the hulls in very fair condition; the others were broken to pieces, and taken out in that condition; but even in this latter case the copper bolts, sheathing, and the timber pay for the expense of raising. The wrecks find a ready sale on the spot, or are sent to Odessa and Constantinople. There are about thirty-two Americans and from sixty to seventy Russians employed on the works.

The late visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to Jerusalem has had the result of effectuating a truce between the ever-squabbling Greeks and Latins over the Holy Sepulchre. This is a new symptom of good understanding between Russia and France. The cupola of the church, now a ruinous structure, is to be repaired at the joint expense of both Governments, and the hours of separate worship are agreed on so as to keep the peace.

In the funeral *cortège* of Prince Metternich there were nearly five hundred carriages.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM.—Osborne, May 22.—Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Royal Family crossed over from Gosport in the *Fairy* yesterday, (Sunday,) and were joined on the passage to Osborne by the Princess Frederick William, who arrived in the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, which had proceeded to Antwerp to fetch her royal highness and suite. The Princess came on board the *Fairy* immediately, and accompanied her Majesty to Osborne, where the royal party arrived at two o'clock. Princess Frederick William will remain about a week or ten days on a visit to her Majesty. Prince Frederick William is unavoidably detained in Prussia by his duties under present circumstances. Count and Countess Perponcher are in attendance on the Princess.

DEATH OF PRINCE METTERNICH.—The death of the Prince Metternich at the very time when the sword of a Bonaparte hangs over Italy, and the Treaties of Vienna are being weighed in the balance, might in an age of superstition be regarded as a solemn portent. In the age of railroads and electric telegraphs it must be recorded simply as a coincidence which acute historians may centuries hereafter regard as too symmetrical to be true.

Clement Wenceslas Metternich was born at Coblenz on the fifteenth of May, 1773, so that when he died he had completed his eighty-sixth year. His ancestors had been distinguished in the wars of the Empire against the Turks; his family had given more than one Elector to the Archbishoprics of Mayence and Treves; and his father, the Count Metternich, had obtained some reputation as a diplomatist and as the associate of Kaunitz. At the age of fifteen Metternich entered the University of Strasbourg, where he had for his fellow-student, Benjamin Constant, and from which, two years afterwards, he removed to Mayence in order to complete his studies.

In 1790 he made his first public appearance as master of the ceremonies at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II.; and in 1794, after a short visit to England, he was attached to the Austrian Embassy at the Hague, in the following year marrying the heiress of his father's friend, Kaunitz. Thus far he was but serving his apprenticeship in diplomacy. He first came into notice at the Congress of Rastadt, where he represented the Westphalian nobility, after which he accompanied Count Stadion to St. Petersburg, (1801,) was appointed Minister at the Court of Dresden, then (1803-4) proceeded as Ambassador to Berlin, where he took a leading part in the arrangement of that well-known coalition which was dissolved by the battle of Austerlitz, and at length, after the peace of Presburg, was selected for the most important diplomatic appointment in the gift of the Emperor—that of Austrian Minister at the Court of Napoleon.

The rise of the young ambassador had been unusually rapid, and the French Emperor greeted him with the remark: "You are very young to represent so powerful a monarchy." "Your Majesty was not older at Austerlitz," replied Metternich, with a slight exaggeration which could not make the compliment less acceptable; and indeed, young as he was, he exhibited an address and a knowledge before which Napoleon might bluster, but of which he could never get the better. In

Metternich all the arts of society had been cultivated to the highest degree—his conversation brilliant and inexhaustible, his manners most easy and graceful, his flattery delicate and insinuating.

Without much ardor, with very limited sympathies, with no deep convictions, he had a clear head and a firm hand; he could keep his own secret, and he could worm out the secrets of others; and, making himself the most agreeable man in the world, he plotted in the midst of smiles, maneuvered in a dance, and struck the hardest when he seemed to yield the most. He managed with so much ability that when the war broke out in 1809, and he had to return to the Austrian Court, which was seeking refuge in the fortress of Comorn, he was appointed to the ministry of foreign affairs as the successor to Count Stadion.

It was during his tenure of office that he struck out the idea of a marriage between Prince Napoleon and an Austrian Archduchess as a means of purchasing a respite for the empire. He conducted the negotiations with Champagny; Napoleon was divorced from Josephine; and Metternich escorted Marie Louise to Paris. It was but an expedient; it was a humiliating sacrifice, which could not be a permanent settlement; and in 1813, after the great French catastrophe in Russia, war was again formally declared by Austria against France. In the autumn of that year the grand alliance was signed at Tœplitz, and on the field of Leipzig, Metternich was raised to the dignity of a prince of the Empire.

In the subsequent conferences and treaties the newly-created prince took a very prominent part, and he signed the Treaty of Paris on behalf of Austria. He afterwards paid a visit to this country and received the honors of a doctor's hood from the University of Oxford. This is worth mentioning, as we believe it is the only honor which he received from this country. He who received decorations from all the courts of Europe, obtained none from the English Court. The only very celebrated orders to which he could not boast that he belonged were the orders of the Bath and of the Garter.

When the Congress of Vienna was opened, Metternich, then in his forty-second year, was unanimously chosen to preside over its deliberations, and this presidency in the Congress may be regarded as typical of an ascendancy, which from this time, he exerted for many years in the affairs of Europe. . . . Metternich early penetrated the character of Louis Philippe; saw that his influence would not be exerted in direct opposition to that of Austria; and in the mean time sent troops to Italy to crush every symptom of popular liberty, while throughout the lesser States of Europe, he brought the whole weight of his power into play for the same end—the repression of popular aspirations and the destruction of national independence.

The game which he thus played has not been very successful: but least of all has it been successful in the empire the affairs of which Metternich himself administered. Composed of heterogeneous races, the Chancellor of the Empire was unutterably unable to weld them into a unity, and he was not capable even of outrooting a deep disaffection which is the natural result of baffled hopes and wasted energies.

The day of retribution came. In 1847 Cardinal Ferretti ascended the Papal throne. Pio Nono

has since proved of what metal he is made, and we do not stay to criticise his conduct. But his professions on assuming the tiara, it is well known, aroused all Italy, called forth the cry of national independence, and effectually shook the Austrian influence throughout the peninsula. Then came the third French revolution that overturned for a time half the thrones of Europe. At Vienna, too, the shock was felt. The government fell, in spite of the resistance of Metternich, who maintained his state policy to the last.

A deputation of citizens made their complaints to the Archduke John, who calmed them by promising, first of all, the resignation of the Chancellor. Out came the Prince Metternich from the next room where the ministers had assembled to deliberate, and with all the tenacity of age—the tenacity of a minister who had directed the affairs of the empire for some forty years, exclaimed: “I will not resign, gentlemen, I will not resign.” Archduke John, without replying to the Chancellor, simply repeated his statement: “I have already told you, Prince Metternich resigns.” “What, is this the return I get for my fifty years’ services?” he said, and the next day he left the city with an escort of cavalry.

He came to England, and here remained till the old state of things began to return. Not till 1851 did he venture to appear again at Vienna, but in the autumn of that year he made a sort of royal progress to his palace in the Rennweg. The old man was never again asked to undertake the cares of office. He held such a position in society as the Duke of Wellington in his latter days held in this country; and his advice was often taken in affairs of state, but really his power was gone, and many among us perhaps may be surprised to learn that the renowned statesman had lived until now. Renowned rather than great, clever rather than wise, venerated more for his age than for his power, admired but not lamented—the oldest courtier in Europe has passed away.—*London Times*.

LETTER FROM PROF. O. M. MITCHEL.—At the urgent solicitation of the Trustees, and to gratify the wishes of many personal friends, I have consented to assume the direction of the Dudley Observatory.

I must retain, for the present, the charge of the institution with which I have been for many years connected; and hence my hesitation in accepting a trust which would require me to divide my time. Under these circumstances, it is with special pleasure that I announce that Dr. Brünnow has accepted the position of Associate-Director of the Dudley Observatory.

Dr. Brünnow will have the charge of the Olcott Meridian Circle, and will bring the instrument into immediate activity. It is his intention to devote it specifically to a new determination of the stars of Bradley’s Catalogue, and to the observation of certain asteroids, which, on account of their small size, may require high optical power.

In addition to this regular work, the Circle will be employed to determine, with all precision, the places of certain stars to be used hereafter in zone observations, which will be commenced so soon as the new Transit can be mounted.

I have long been engaged in preparing new and delicate methods of fixing, differentially, the places of stars in right-ascension and declination. The

apparatus has now been tested for five years in its present form, at the Cincinnati Observatory, and gives promise of admirable performance when used in connection with instruments to which it is adapted.

It is intended to mount two Transits of equal size and power, the one in the Dudley, the other in the Cincinnati Observatory; to each of which the new declinometer and electro-magnetic machinery will be attached. With these two instruments in the hands of able observers, I hope to commence the execution of a long-cherished plan, involving the formation of a Great Catalogue of Stars down to the tenth magnitude inclusive, by sweeping the heavens in zones. Should the new methods prove as rapid and delicate as experiment has thus far shown them to be, this work will advance with extraordinary rapidity under the combined action of the two Observatories. It is intended to verify each by the other, as the same zones will be swept at the same time by the two instruments.

It gives me great pleasure to announce that the Cincinnati Observatory, which from its commencement has been dependent solely on my own individual efforts for its support, is soon to be placed on a permanent foundation, and will be endowed with an income, small indeed, but sufficient, under economical management, to pay its current expenses and keep two able assistants in constant activity.

O. M. MITCHEL.

Cincinnati Observatory,
May, 1859.

JUBILEE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT MUNICH.—Within less than a year Munich has witnessed three grand “jubilees,” as such celebrations are—not quite correctly—called. Last summer there was the great Fine-Art Exhibition, celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Academy of Art. Following that was the festival of the seven hundredth anniversary of the city itself, which surpassed in splendor every thing of the kind yet seen in Germany. It was difficult for the festival of the Academy of Sciences, which is illustrated by our engravings, not to fall short of such a display, being cramped up within the walls of the Academy, and not open to hearing and seeing in the public streets; but, thanks to the combined auspices of his Majesty himself, the Academy, and the Corporation of Munich, the jubilee was brilliant, earnest, and exciting, and went off with very great *éclat*.

The celebration began with religious services in the Cathedral of St. Michael, and in the Protestant church; and on the 28th and 29th of March orations were delivered in the handsomely-decorated library of the Academy, before a splendid audience, embracing royalty, nobility, military, clergy, and members of the Government. After this, a play of Terence and a play of Sophocles were represented, and one hundred and six guests sat down to a feast at the royal table. So far, all was classic, and what we English call “select;” but now the great life of Munich at large was to participate in these glories, and make itself happy (says a German account, with a *naïveté* truly delightful) “with its glass of good beer, its jest, its music, and its song.” And the people of Munich really had their fling. The Town Hall was gayly decorated, and besides seven chandeliers, with more than 300 jets of gas, 200 branch candlesticks

decked the tables. All around were rare plants, rare flowers, and rarer statues and pictures; and there were music and song, each the first of its class. By 7 o'clock every chair was occupied, and the "business" of the evening began in right good German earnest. Between and after the appropriate toasts there was singing, and "Gaudemus igitur" was of course not forgotten, and no doubt woke up the usual youthful memories. At 10 o'clock "suddenly" appeared four stalwart fellows, bearing on their shoulders—"enthroning there," says our German friend—an enormous tun, vat, or vessel, set round with garlands of roses, and full of a liquor dear to the Teuton. The band struck up a march, and the four men strode around the hall in step, accompanied by four pretty damsels, who "had their hands quite full in ladling out the royal stuff" to the eager applicants, who nearly trod their toes off. "Right soon," says our German friend, "was the vat clean empty." And who can not guess what followed? The everlasting lay, "What is the German's fatherland?" was sung in universal chorus, which "echoed from the hall far, far out in the distance and the still night; and after "the other toasts" the jollity was bravely kept up, "not later than the moderate hour of four o'clock in the morning."

We like our German friends; they know how to turn an art-festival into a heart-festival; and our correspondent is no doubt right in his belief that the foreigners who were present will remember the celebration all their lives with pleasure.

ADDRESS OF THE MILANESE TO THE EMPEROR.—The *Moniteur* publishes the following address from the municipality of Milan to the Emperor:

SIRE: The Communal Council of the City of Milan has held this very day an extraordinary sitting, at which it has decided by acclamation that the municipal body should present to His Majesty the Emperor Napoleon III. an address expressing the ardent gratitude of the country for his generous assistance towards the great work of Italy's deliverance. Sire, the municipal body regards itself as most honored by so high a commission, but it knows how powerless words are to discharge it. In a speech, the magnanimous sentiments of which were admired by all, but to which the Italians listened with religious joy, and knew how to interpret as a splendid augury, your Majesty said that you relied on the judgment of posterity.

Sire, the judgment on the hallowed motives of the war undertaken by your Majesty, in concert with the King Victor Emanuel II., is henceforth pronounced by the unanimous opinion of civilized Europe; and the names of Montebello, Palestro, and Magenta belong to history already. But if, on the day of battle, the greatness of your Majesty's plans, hardly equaled by the heroism of your soldiers, makes us sure of victory, we can only deplore bitterly the day after the loss of so many brave men, who followed you to the field of honor. The names of the Generals Beuret, Cler, Espinasse, and of so many heroes prematurely fallen, figure already in the sanctuary of our martyrs, and will remain engraved in the hearts of Italians as an imperishable monument. Sire, our gratitude to your Majesty, and to the great nation it has been your mission to render yet greater, will be manifested yet more energetically by Italy when she is set free; but we are proud, meanwhile, in being the first to express it, as we have been the first to

be delivered from the odious weight of Austrian tyranny.

Permit us, Sire, to salute your Majesty with this cry of our people—"Long live Napoleon III. ! Long live France!" Milan, June 6, 1859—Alberto de Herra, Massimiliano de Sera, Margarita Francesco, Uboldi de Capei, Fabio Boretti, Achille Rougier, Cesare Giulini, Alessandro Porro, Giovanni d'Adda.

ADDRESS OF NAPOLEON III. TO THE ARMY.—Soldiers: A month ago, confiding in efforts of diplomacy, I still hoped for the maintenance of peace, when suddenly the invasion of Piedmont by the Austrian troops called us to arm. We were not ready. Men, horses, material and supplies were wanting, and we had, in order to assist our allies, to pass in small divisions beyond the Alps before an enemy formidable and prepared beforehand.

The danger was great; the energy of the nation and your courage supplied all; France has again found her old virtues, and, united in one feeling and for one object, she has shown the power of her resources and the strength of her patriotism. It is now only ten days since operations commenced, and the Piedmontese territory has been already cleared of its invaders. The allied army has fought four combats, and gained a decisive victory, which has opened to it the gates of the capital of Lombardy. You have put more than 35,000 Austrians *hors de combat*, taken 17 cannon, two colors, and 8000 prisoners; but all is not terminated; you will have more struggles to support and obstacles to overcome.

I rely on you. Courage, then, brave soldiers of the army of Italy! Your fathers from above contemplate you with pride.

NAPOLEON III. IN LOMBARDY—HIS ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.—PROCLAMATION TO THE LOMBARDS.—The following is the text of the address of the French Emperor to the people of Northern Italy:

"Italians—The fortune of war having brought us into the capital of Lombardy, I am about to tell you why I am where. When Austria unjustly attacked Piedmont, I resolved to support my ally the King of Sardinia, the honor and interest of France making it a duty for me to do so. Your enemies, who are also mine, endeavored to diminish the sympathy which was felt in Europe for your cause by making it be believed that I only made war from personal ambition, or to aggrandize the territory of France. If there are men who do not comprehend their epoch, I am not of the number. In the enlightened state of public opinion there is more grandeur to be acquired by the moral influence which is exercised than by fruitless conquests, and that moral influence I seek with pride in contributing to restore to freedom one of the finest parts of Europe. Your reception has already proved to me that you have understood me. I do not come here with the preconceived system of dispossessing the Sovereign, nor to impose my will on you. My army will only occupy itself with two things—to combat your enemies and maintain internal order. It will not throw any obstacle in the way of the legitimate manifestation of your wishes. Providence sometimes favors nations as well as individuals by giving it a sudden opportunity for greatness, but it is on condition that it knows how to profit by it. Profit, then, by the fortune which is offered to

you to obtain your independence. Organize yourselves militarily. Fly to the standard of King Victor Emanuel, who has already so nobly shown you the path of honor. Remember that without discipline there can be no army. Be to-day only soldiers, and to-morrow you will be the free citizens of a great country.

"HEAL-QUARTERS, MILAN, 8th."

FIRE-PROOF COMPOSITION TO RESIST FIRE FOR FIVE HOURS.—Dissolve, in cold water, as much pearlash as it is capable of holding in solution, and wash or daub with it all the boards, wainscoting, timber, etc. Then diluting the same liquid with a little water, add to it such a portion of fine yellow clay as will make the mixture the same consistence as common paint: stir in a small quantity of paper-hanger's flour paste to combine both the other substances. Give three coats of this mixture. When dry, apply the following mixture: Put into a pot equal quantities of finely pulverized iron filings, brickdust and ashes: pour over them size or glue water: set the whole near a fire, and when warm stir them well together. With this liquid composition, or size, give one coat; and on its getting dry, give it a second coat. It resists fire for five hours, and prevents the wood from ever bursting into flames. It resists the ravages of fire, so as only to be reduced to coals or embers, without spreading the conflagration by additional flames; by which five clear hours are gained in removing valuable effects to a place of safety, as well as rescuing the lives of all the family from danger! Furniture, chairs, tables, etc., particularly staircases, may be so protected. Twenty pounds of finely sifted yellow clay, a pound and a half of flour for making the paste, and one pound of pearlash, are sufficient to prepare a square rood of deal boards. When the Chinese were told the risk we ran of being roasted alive in our many-storied mansions, they remarked: "What little land the English must possess, that compels them to build such *high* houses."—*Corresp. Builder.*

PROPERTIES OF DEW.—The chief facts to be accounted for are these: 1st. Dew (as distinguished from small rain or the moisture produced by visible fog) is never deposited except on a place colder than the air. 2d. It is never deposited in cloudy weather; and so strict is its connection with a clear sky, that its deposition is immediately suspended whenever any considerable cloud passes the zenith of the place of observation. 3d. It is never copiously deposited in a place screened or sheltered from a clear view of the sky, even if the screen be of very thin material, such as muslin or paper suspended over it. 4th. It is most copiously deposited on all such bodies as are good radiants and bad conductors of heat, such as grass, paper, glass, wool, etc., but little or not at all on bad radiants, such as polished metals, which are also good conductors. And, lastly, it is never deposited if there be much wind. All these circumstances, as Dr. Wells has shown, point to the escape of heat from the bodies exposed by radiation out into space, or into the upper and colder regions of the air, faster than it can be restored by counter-radiation, or by conduction from contact with the warm air or with solid substances—wind acting in this respect with great efficacy, by continually renewing the air in contact. Hoar frost differs only from dew by being frozen in the moment of deposition, and therefore accreting in crystalline *epicure*.—*Encyclopædia Britannica—New Edition.*

AN UNFORTUNATE LINGUIST.—De Quincey relates a story of a German, whose English education had been rather neglected. Having obtained an interview with an English lady, who, having recently lost her husband, must (as he in his unwashed German condition took for granted) be open to new offers, he opened his business thus: "High-born madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket——" "Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased. "Oh! pardon!—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning—quite oder beginning. Madam, since your husband have cut his stick——" It may be supposed that this did not mend matters; and reading so much in the lady's countenance, the German drew out an octavo dictionary, and said, perspiring with shame at having a second time missed fire, "Madam, since your husband have gone to kingdom come——" This he said beseechingly; but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved towards the door. Things had now reached a crisis; and, if something was not done quickly, the game was up. Now, therefore, taking a last hurried look at the dictionary, the German flew after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair: "Madam, since your husband—your most respected husband—your never-enough-to-be-worshipped husband—have hopped de twig——" This was his sheet-anchor; and as this also came home, of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the dictionary he had used—(Arnold's, we think), a work of one hundred and fifty years back, and, from mere German ignorance, giving slang translations from Tom Brown, L'Estrange, and other jocular writers—had put down the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following worshipful series of equivalents: 1. To kick the bucket; 2. To cut one's stick; 3. To go to kingdom come; 4. To hop the twig; to drop off the perch into Davy's locker.

A reviewer asks what can be more amusing than this. And who would not think that the one, two, three, and four heads of meaning cited were, at any rate, to be found in the old German lexicon of Arnold? Reading, however, the above passage, we happened to recollect that among our German lumber we had the obsolete dictionary in question, and we indulged the whim, at some trouble, of looking out the word—that is, the verb—"sterben," (to die.)

Here it is: "STERBEN—To dye, deccase, depart, depart this life, starve, breathe your last, expire, give up the ghost, *kick up your heel, tip off, tip over the perch.*"

How different the fact from De Quincey's reminiscence!

An imperial ukase, just published in St. Petersburg, makes some important ameliorations in the position of the Jews in Russia, and attests the enlightened and liberal spirit of the Emperor Alexander. The value of the concessions obtained may be gathered from the fact that they embrace, as we are assured, all the principal points for which Sir Moses Montefiore asked, upon his visit to St. Petersburg, some five years ago. They include the admission of Jews into the high trading guilds, as well as into the Russian colleges, etc.

THE Submarine Telegraph Company are about to submerge a cable from Weybourne, on the Norfolk coast, to Tønning, on the shores of Denmark. The cable will be 388 miles in length, and of three wires. The line is expected to be completed in a month.

TESTIMONIALS AND COMMENDATIONS.

From the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, President of Rutgers College.

"I could not afford to take all the Foreign Quarterlies and Magazines, if I wished; and if I had them I have not time to travel over all their pages to find what is in them; but in the ECLECTIC I find, in well-selected articles, nearly all that are truly desirable."

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TERMS.

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